

ADVENTURES of the WORLD'S GREAT DETECTIVES

By George Barton

The Clue of the Bamboo Canes

An Episode in the Life of General Trepoff, Chief of Police of St. Petersburg.

THE winter palace at St. Petersburg is one of the largest buildings in the world. There was a time, it is averred, when the wonderful structure housed several thousand persons. Nobles, attendants, servants and employees of all kinds came and went in swarms.

The discipline was lax. Scores of soldiers, detectives, policemen and secret service officials were employed to guard the person of the czar, but their very numbers helped to make them a menace rather than a protection.

In October, 1879, a carpenter, carrying his box of tools on his shoulder, appeared at one of the basement doors of the palace and said that he had been sent to assist in making some repairs to the drying rooms of the czar's winter residence. He was admitted without question and within an hour was at work with other mechanics in the lower part of the great building.

The foreman of that section came lounging along. He noticed a new face among the men. He stopped and said:

"What is your name?"
"Sergiy Batschhoff."
"Who sent you here?"
"My employer—"

"My employer—" giving the name of a well-known cabinet maker. The foreman shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"That is irregular. I am tired of having men put on me in this way." The new carpenter held out his hands pleadingly.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I need the work badly—please overlook the irregularity this time."

"Very well," was the gruff response, "but this will be the last."
So his name was entered with the other mechanics, and that act had far-reaching consequences.

On the 5th of February, 1880, the czar had arranged a splendid dinner in honor of the Prince of Bulgaria. It was a state affair and all of the details were planned on a scale of grandeur commensurate with the greatness of the Russian empire. Five minutes before the royal guests had assembled in the state dining room there was a dynamite explosion in the imperial palace. The mine had been set in the basement and the explosion pierced the two stories and made a gap ten feet long and six feet wide in the dining hall in which the table had already been laid for the dinner. The explosion killed five men of the police guard and injured thirty-five others.

The greatest consternation prevailed. The czar, of course, realized that the Nihilists had been at work, but he was terrified to think that they had gained entrance into the palace and that the explosion which had just taken place was intended to encompass his death as well as that of the members of the royal family.

The conspiracy in this case seemed to be widespread and far-reaching. Almost on the eve of the explosion in the winter palace a woman visited General Trepoff, the chief of the St. Petersburg police. She said her name was Vera Zassulic, and that she had called for the purpose of demanding satisfaction of General Trepoff for his tyranny in ordering a political prisoner, named Bogoljubus, to be flogged for a slight breach of prison discipline. It seems that for years she had been nursing a grievance against the chief of police. She believed that she was to be the instrument by which Trepoff was to be removed from his position. Her life, it is asserted, was an apprenticeship for one thing—the killing of the czar's chief of police.

At the age of seventeen she had been arrested and kept in prison for two years because she had received letters from a revolutionist. After that she passed an examination as a school teacher and was working at book binding. At the end of 1875 she returned to St. Petersburg. Her experience had prepared her for the deed. On the morning in question she presented him with a paper, and while he was reading it fired her revolver and then escaped.

It was soon after this that the czar called upon Trepoff, promoted him to the position of councillor of state and then charged him with the commission of capturing and punishing the man or men who were guilty of the outrage in the winter palace.

Trepoff was a man of remarkable capacity. He was burly in form but singularly nimble in thought. He had the cunning of the fox with the patience and persistence of a well-trained hunting dog. A number of men were arrested on suspicion. That was necessary. It seems to be the practice of the police in all countries to arrest somebody at some time in connection with every crime that is committed. Afterwards, if the person can prove his innocence, all is well, but in the meantime there is a feeling that the police have been alert and have done everything in their power to capture the criminal. But in this instance those who were acquitted with the redoubtable Trepoff knew that he was not satisfied. A dozen or more men, who were placed in confinement immediately after the explosion, might or might not be guilty, but Trepoff knew in his own mind that he

had not captured any of the principals. The months lengthened into a year, and still he had not run across the person who was guilty of this great outrage. But the case was never out of his mind day or night, and scarcely a week passed by that he did not invent some new scheme for bringing the guilty man to justice. From time to time persons were arrested for minor political offences, and in these instances he closely scrutinized the evidence in order to form some connecting link with the affair of the explosion at the winter palace.

One morning one of the secret agents informed him that a number of men had been seen in the vicinity of the winter palace carrying bamboo canes. That, in itself, did not seem like a very extraordinary proceeding, but the fact that a number of persons carried the same sort of walking stick made it sufficiently interesting to be worthy of report to the chief of police. The response of Trepoff to this bit of news was characteristic:

"Arrest every man of them and bring them before me."
His instructions were carried out to the letter. Some fourteen men were rounded up and brought to the central police headquarters for examination. They were examined, but nothing of any importance was found on their persons. Then the canes were taken and carefully scrutinized. This search brought rich results. Every one of the sticks proved to be hollow and each one contained a sheet of tissue paper on which was printed a call for a meeting of revolutionists. It was the biggest haul that Trepoff had made in many months. The evidence proved that the men were enemies of the government. It did more than that—it paved the way to another dis-

covery which bore directly on the mysterious explosion of February 5, 1880. One of the prisoners, being put to torture, revealed the names of several of his associates.

One of these was a certain Victor Chalturin. He was the son of a peasant, a very energetic agitator and an experienced organizer of associations of malcontents. The police visited his rooms and made a thorough search of the premises. A number of books and pamphlets found on the shelves and in closets indicated that he was a man with Nihilistic tendencies. That, man with Nihilistic tendencies, was not in itself, while interesting, was not very important. The searchers continued at work and finally came to a cabinet with locked doors. It was broken open and in a secret drawer they found a blue print of the plans of the winter palace. It was worn and frayed at the edges as though it had been carried in someone's pocket for a long while. Most significant of all, the lines indicating the cross. These hall were marked with a cross. These facts were promptly communicated to Trepoff, and he sent out a description of Chalturin to every police official in the Russian empire.

While awaiting reports from his subordinates the energetic chief of police made another discovery. It was a slip of paper which was found in the basement of the imperial palace. On it was written these words:

"Do not delay any longer. Now is the time to act."

Some bits of paper corresponding with the material on which this was inscribed, were found in Chalturin's room. The case against him appeared to be complete. It was in March, 1882,—over two years after the explosion occurred—that the chief culprit was taken into custody. He was given a speedy trial and on the 23d of March of that year was executed, and it was then, and then only, that he was recognized as the man who had introduced himself as a carpenter in the winter palace.

The testimony which was brought out at the trial of Chalturin gave the authorities some idea of the marvelous ingenuity and wonderful perseverance of the Nihilists. Just prior to the explosion in the winter palace they had organized their forces under the title of "The Will of the People" and at once began to issue proclamations and pamphlets in order to swell their numbers and strengthen their cause. In January, 1880, their secret printing presses were discovered and seized by the police, and numerous arrests were made. In spite of this, they managed to issue, on the 26th of January, a program in which they declared that unless the government granted constitutional rights the czar must die. The result of this was fresh arrests, banishments to Siberia for some and death on the scaffold for others.

It was at this stage of the game that the Nihilists planned their most daring program. It was to blow up the emperor in his own palace. Its execution, as has already been stated, was undertaken by Chalturin, who was young and fervent and filled with an exaggerated sense of his own wrongs and the wrongs of the people. He was a clever cabinet maker and this enabled him, under the assumed name of Batschhoff, to obtain a situation as a carpenter in the imperial palace. He ascertained that the emperor's dining room was above the cellar in which the carpenters were at work, although between it and the cellar there was a guard room used by the sentinels of the palace. Chalturin lived in the palace for nearly four months, and every night he used a package of dynamite for his pillow. A gendarme had been installed in the carpenter's cellar shortly after he began to work there, and this made the introduction of the dynamite exceedingly difficult, and in-

stead of going to the cellar, he hid the dynamite in the room of a cabinet maker named Batschhoff, who was a well-known cabinet maker. The foreman shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

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THE CARPENTER HELD OUT HIS HANDS PLEADINGLY.

"But what sort of men were they?"

"Just everyday, ordinary kind of men. The sort that would not be noticed in a crowd. For instance, the fact that a baker handed a couple of rolls to Chalturin would excite no comment, and yet those innocent bits of bread might have contained one-tenth of all the dynamite smuggled into the palace. Some of it was hidden in carpenter's tools, some in the lining of workmen's caps. But why go further? The men who plan great things must possess great ingenuity as well as great courage."

But to get back to the narrative, Chalturin said that while he was in the basement of the palace he suffered frightfully from headaches, which were caused by the poisonous exhalations of the nitroglycerine on which he rested every night. When the first of February arrived, fifty kilogrammes of dynamite had been introduced, and the counterfeit carpenter was now in

CONTRASTS IN THE HOME

Reading of the Homes of Antiquity Should Make Us Complaisant Over Our Own Homes.

(Copyrighted by J. S. Kirtley.)

"Hello, Central, give me heaven!" That is what the young man said when he installed the new telephone in the study and wanted to test it. At once they connected him with his home and he found the instrument working to his intense satisfaction. And he had been married several years, at that.

The general level of the American home is pretty high, if we may judge by the external signs of comfort—the average quality of the houses, foods that come from all over the world, good clothes, schools for children, with text books furnished free, in many places, large and attractive parks for recreation, or, better still, open country, and luxuries like the telephone in almost all homes, whether in city or country. And, if we judge by the sentiments of orators and writers, especially the apostrophes of the poets, we may be led to imagine that Eden is blooming and even booming here in our country, the lost Paradise regained.

We certainly have a right to be somewhat complaisant over our homes when we read of the homes of antiquity. When Mrs. Wiggs was asked if she did not feel her privations, she gave a good long list of her blessings and asked in reply, "Ain't you proud you ain't got a hare lip?" We may be proud we are not a part of an old Roman home, for instance. To use a Hibernianism, it would not be a home at all. The Latins had a word for family and one for house, but none for that something which a family in a house constitutes, which we call home. The family, with or without children, plus the house form something called home, a thing more easily spoken of than described. Well, the Romans had no word for that, because they had no need for such a word. And whenever we catch anyone trying to reestablish such a domestic anachronism and monstrosity in our land and time, it is taken in hand either by the white caps or the blue coats, or the petticoats, themselves.

It takes at least two persons to make a home, and in the Roman house there was only one, the man. The woman was not a person, in her own right, under the law. She could not intervene in the government of the family. If one of the children wanted to get married, her consent was not necessary. If her husband wanted to put her to death or leave her for a handsomer woman, he had a right to do so, without legal process or prejudice.

It could not be a real home when the children had no rights which the father and mother were bound to respect. A defective or girl baby was usually exposed or abandoned or killed. Sometimes, when the father was away, the mother, too tender-hearted to kill the child, would abandon it.

There is space left to speak of two facts about the American home. One is that it is safeguarded by just and generous laws. The reason for this is that the people themselves hold in their deepest consciousness and convictions the sentiments that are essential in the home; and the legislatures and courts have given them what they were taught by the home to give.

Another fact is that the American home has been the most powerful institution in generating tides of patriotism and education and in conserving the treasures of religion. It has felt the need of schools, and, under urgent home sentiments, the leaders have gone forth to found and fashion educational agencies to assist the home in its nurture of the young.

And two very hopeful signs encourage us. One is that the psychologist has invaded the home. He is studying the institution as a whole and in detail, especially mothers and boys. The great international home congress just held in Brussels, helped. The children's exhibit on home conditions, now being prepared by some men and women in New York, will help some. The other sign is that movements are starting in the home for self-inspection and self-rectification. It has got as far as the mother and we have mothers' clubs. Next we must have fathers' clubs for the study of the whole situation. We have boys and girls' clubs, but no sons' and daughters' clubs as yet. These will come next.

Why Not?
"Munyon says that death before the age of 100 years is reached is suicide."
"That's good news. I guess I'll live to be a hundred."
"You guess you will!"
"Sure. My relatives won't care; I ain't got any money."—Houston Post.

Adding Insult to Injury.
First Hen—Stopped laying?
Second Hen—Yes, they expect us to lift the mortgage for the auto, that runs over us.—Harper's Bazar.

KILLING CATTLE TICK

Host of Insect Is Animals of Bovine Species.

Where Large Number of Cattle Are Maintained Spraying Is Best Method of Destroying Injurious Little Parasite.

(By A. M. SOULE, Georgia Agricultural College.)

It is unnecessary to detail to the thoughtful farmer the material advantages which the south offers for live stock production in the matter of a desirable climate, an abundance of suitable feed, and a well watered country. The average man from the north and west on his initial visit to the south is astonished to find so many advantages for the industry evidenced on every hand and to witness so little progress in its development. The cause is not far to seek. Large numbers of the choicest animals brought into the United States in early times came directly to the south, but they all suffered a rapid and almost complete extermination. Finally it was definitely determined that the trouble was due to the infestation of the animals by what is now known as cattle tick. Nearly all of the states are fighting the tick, and Georgia has already cleaned up some of her infested counties, and it is believed others will be released from quarantine in the next few years.

What the destruction of the tick means to the live stock industry few can picture. It is costing our state in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000 annually. We cannot build up a cattle business until the tick is completely vanquished. The tick is the real cause of bloody murrain, Texas fever and red water, names locally given to the trouble resulting from infestation of cattle by this parasite. The investigations made relative to the relation of the tick to the destruction of cattle have been so thorough, complete and exhaustive as to leave no ground for further doubt.

When the tick attacks cattle germs enter the blood and increase in number until they destroy the greater part of the red corpuscles. This lowers the vitality and restricts the growth of the animal, and in the case of milk cows, the flow of milk is materially reduced. Milk represents the surplus energy and vitality of the cow, and any agency which reduces these lessens the ability to give milk. The loss to the dairy industry on this account is very great, and has done more to hold it in check than anything else. When ticks attack fattening animals, they lengthen the time required for development and for maturity, and hence increase the cost of production. The cattle tick prevents effectively the bringing in of good purebred animals for the improvement of our native stock, for an animal which is brought into a section where ticks are found, and has not had the ticks, will suffer an attack, and the chances are it will die. At least this has been the history of importations up to the present time. Our native animals are of a low grade, giving but a comparatively small yield of milk, maturing slowly, and not producing the quantity and quality of meat desirable in animals of the beef-type. These characters can only be changed through the use of pure-bred sires, and they cannot be freely imported until the tick is destroyed. At present time animals from the tick country are put in quarantine pens, where they command lower prices than animals from the north, because of their poor quality. This often amounts to as much as three dollars a head, or anywhere from \$60 to \$30 a car.

The host of the tick is the cow or other animals of the bovine species, and if the tick can be kept from getting on their hosts, they will starve to death. This being true, methods of eradication have been devised which have proved very effective when put into practical operation.

One may pick the ticks from the animals before they have obtained their growth. This prevents a new crop from developing. This method is only practicable where there are few animals on the farm. Another method where a limited number of cattle are treated is to sponge or brush them with crude petroleum, kerosene oil, or equal parts of kerosene and

lard. Where the pastures are badly infested this treatment should be pursued every ten or twelve days, care being taken to keep the ticks off the legs thoroughly. On a large number of cattle are maintained spraying in a chute is the best method of destroying the ticks. An ordinary spray pump may be used. On large plantations a dipping vat should be constructed. If built of concrete it will last indefinitely and it may be built by ordinary farm labor. Probably the most complete and satisfactory method of destroying ticks is by rotation of pastures or feed lots. Ticks may be destroyed in four and a half months by dividing a part of the farm, say into four lots. Field A should be a permanent pasture; field B is cultivated in farm crops and sown in cereals in the winter; field C should be Bermuda pasture or velvet fields. Those desiring to secure details of this plan can do so by applying to the Georgia College of Agriculture for bulletin 147. If the cattle are removed from permanent pasture A on June 15 and kept off until November 1, it will be free of ticks, and in the meantime they should be maintained on fields C and D. The simplicity, efficiency and practicability of this plan, which may be so easily adopted on the greater part of our farms, renders it one of the most desirable methods of destroying ticks, and it does not involve much expense. It is worth while making the effort needed to free our lands permanently from this menace to our live stock industry.

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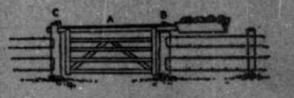
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FARM GATE WITHOUT HINGES

Very Practical and Durable Article May Be Put Together at Small Cost—How It Is Done.

A very practical and durable gate may be put up at small cost without hinges, as shown in the cut. The top piece, a, should be strong enough not to bend with the weight of the gate and the counterbalance hung upon it, says a writer in the Farm and Home. It must project about 6 ft. over the



A Hingeless Gate.

top of the post, to which it is secured by a large pin or bolt, b. On the short end of a box made of boards is placed, which is filled with stones or other weights until it is almost as heavy as the gate. When closed the gate is held in place by a notch at c, and if it is desired to fasten this securely a pin may be placed in a hole bored through the top of the post.

NOT HARD TO GROW ALFALFA

Entire Process Consists in Knowledge of Requirements of Plant—Is Easily Acquired.

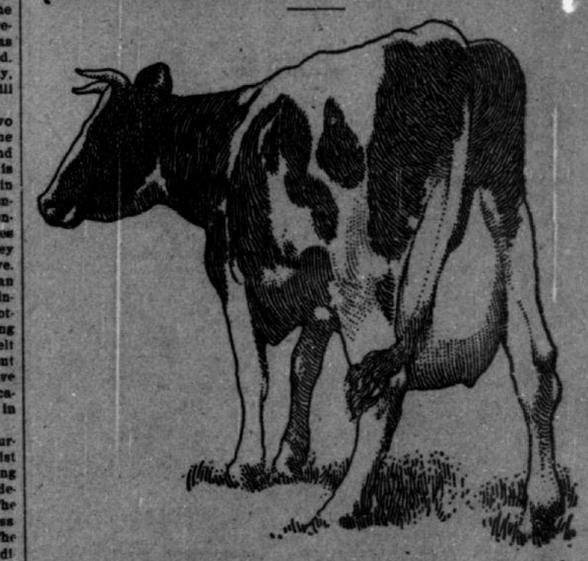
Mr. A. P. Groat, president of the Illinois Alfalfa Growers' association, says:

"I do not know that success in growing alfalfa is limited to any one or only one way or method, for varying conditions may modify some usually considered essential requirements. From the knowledge which I have gained from the numerous experiments which have been made, from information received from alfalfa growers and my own actual experience in sowing alfalfa annually for nearly 20 years, I have reached the point in alfalfa growing where I look for favorable and certain results just as confidently as I do when I sow wheat, rye, oats, timothy or clover. There is no unexplainable mystery connected with the seeding and growing of alfalfa. The entire process is easily acquired and consists in a knowledge of the requirements of the plant, in knowing how to do and doing what is required."

Garden Is Valuable.

There is no farm so small that a liberal garden spot cannot be afforded in it. A good spring, fall and winter furnishes greater return for the time and money expended in it than any other piece of land of equal size on the farm. Let us keep something good to eat growing in the garden at all times. Let us give the garden careful attention.

QUEEN POLKA IS A WORLD-FAMOUS COW



DeKor Queen La Polka 2nd. produced 124 pounds of milk in a single day, \$48.8 in seven days and 3,376 in 10 days.

Her record in milk yields for one even and thirty days, is said to beat that of any other cow in the world. She does her 30-day butter test—145.13 pounds. This wonderful cow consumes no more feed than a scrub that will not produce enough milk and butter to pay for what she eats, and in that fact lies the great advantage of owning well bred cattle of large producing qualities. Queen Polka is owned by Clayton Sisson of Shirburne, N. Y.

Save the Hay. Save all the hay possible. It will be needed on the farm this winter. A surplus can be sold for fancy prices within a few months.