

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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No. 78.

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

THE QUEEN OF CHINATOWN: OR THE BRADYS AMONG THE "HOP" FIENDS. BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



As Young King Brady dropped to the floor, Old King Brady grabbed Yung Foo's wrist and pressed his revolver at the head of the other villainous Chinaman. The "Queen" was an interested onlooker.

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THE QUEEN OF CHINATOWN

OR,

The Bradys Among the "Hop" Fiends.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE CAB.

"Help! Help!"

This frantic cry, in the smothered tones of a man, came from a passing cab.

It was ten o'clock, Tuesday night, on June 19th, and Centre street, near Grand, was almost deserted, except for the vehicle alluded to.

The carriage was an ordinary, fairly good one, numbered 2678, and was drawn by an old roan horse, wearing an ancient set of harness.

Mike Muldoon was the owner and driver.

He was a big, red-headed Irishman, with a pug nose, small side whiskers and a round, red, good-natured face.

As that wild, appealing cry reached his ears, he glanced around with a puzzled look upon his face, wondering where the sound came from.

"Begorry," he muttered, "if it wasn't that I only have ther loikes av a woman in me keb, I'd be tinkin' that yell kem from ther carriage!"

At this moment two Chinamen rushed from somewhere in the gloom, and darted across the street in front of the horse.

"Howly floy!" gasped Mike, in alarm, as he tugged at the reins, stopping the old horse. "Whoa, there, Saint Patrick! Git out av that, ye moon-faced moonkies! Is it run over yez want to be? Bad luck ter yer fer a pair av aould wash-woman-men. It's a prisoner in Jefferson Mar-

ket I'd be if I tuck ther legs av yez wid me wheels. Begob, I'll do no toime on the Island fer the loikes av two yeller-faced, pig-tailed aould haythen who—Och, be ther poker av Moses, what's that?"

"Murder!" screamed the same frantic voice.

This time it sounded louder, and Mike's horse sprang ahead, one of the cab doors flew open and hit a wheel, and the next corner was reached.

A man and a boy were standing on the corner, earnestly conversing.

They were Old King Brady and his partner and pupil, Harry Brady, the celebrated Secret Service detectives.

Of the same name, they were not related, but a warm friendship existed between them, and their wonderful detective work made them a terror to the criminals at large.

The elder detective was a big, muscular man, with white hair, and strong features.

He was clad in a tight blue frock coat, a standing collar encircled by a black stock, and he wore a big, white felt hat.

There was no braver or more efficient officer on the force than he.

Young King Brady, as the boy was called, dressed similar to his partner.

He was a handsome, dashing fellow, and was equally as shrewd, brave, and intelligent as his friend. In fact, the boy's chief ambition was to excel his partner in his profession.

As Mike Muldoon's cab drew near, an awful cry came from within the vehicle—a despairing shriek, followed by the frantic appeal:

"Save me! I'm dying!"

Now that the cab door was open, the voice was quite distinct.

It frightened Mike.

He was going to rein in once more, but before he could do so, Old King Brady sprang at his horse's head, and grasped the reins at the bit, stopping the animal. At the same moment he cried sternly:

"Hold on there, driver!"

"Faith, I'm holdin' on!" gasped Mike.

"Who is that screaming in your carriage?"

"No wan that I knows av, but, bedad, ther voice seems ter come from in there."

"Who have you got in the cab?"

"A lady."

"We'll investigate. That cry was suspicious."

"An' is it coppers yez be?"

"Yes. Harry!"

"Well?" asked the boy, approaching.

"See who's in the carriage."

Young King Brady drew out a dark lantern and lit the lamp.

He flashed the dazzling light through the open door of the cab, and it fell upon the only occupant of the carriage.

It was a man.

There was no woman in the vehicle.

Lying back listlessly in the cushions, the well-dressed old gentleman in the cab was bare-headed, his silk hat having fallen to the floor.

He was bald-headed, a sparse fringe of grey hair over his ears, while his broad face was covered by a closely trimmed grey beard.

Harry gave one quick, searching glance at the pallid face, glaring eyes, and fallen jaw of the man, then a curious look crossed the boy's face.

He saw the hilt of a queer dagger protruding from the man's breast.

The boy stepped back.

"Well?" demanded Old King Brady, impatiently.

"No woman here," said Harry, quietly.

"The divil you say!" gasped Mike, in profound astonishment.

"It's an old man."

"A man?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes. He's dead."

"What!" roared Mike, wildly.

"Murdered!"

"Good Lord!"

"He's stabbed to the heart with a dagger!"

Down from his seat sprang the startled and amazed cabman, and he and Old King Brady rushed to the cab door and peered in.

Harry flashed the light upon the corpse.

They now saw that the young detective had told the truth.

"Where in thunder did this feller come from?" gasped the driver. "Sure, I had a lady passenger. Where the deuce has she gone entoirely? I didn't see her git out. Faith, it's daffy I'm gettin', so I am."

The detectives shot a quick, meaning glance at each other, and Old King Brady took a chew of plug tobacco, and asked the driver:

"You say you had a woman in the cab?"

"I did that. Half an hour ago, she wor comin' out av an illegant house in Aist 15th sthreet. Sure, she looked like a quane, wid her illegant clothes, an sparklin' diamonds. 'Take me ter No. 27 Mott street,' ses she. In she got, an' away I dhriv. 'She's goin' ter hit ther poipe,' thinks I. Corner av Bowery an' Houston sthreet she shtops me. 'Dhroiver, have a dhrink,' ses she, givin' me a quarter. 'Tank yer, mum,' ses I, an' I goes in ther corner saloon, an' I pours down an ale-an'-lager. 'Go troo Cinther sthreet,' ses ther lady. 'Yis, mum,' ses I. An' here I am, but divil a bit av ther lady do I see, an' it's no fare I'll git, but a dead man whom I niver clapped eyes on afore in me loife!"

The Bradys listened attentively till he finished.

"Didn't this man get in the carriage on the corner of Bowery and Houston street when you stopped your cab?" asked Old King Brady.

"Perhaps. He moight have. If he did, bad cess to him, I didn't see him. Ther lady wor in ther carriage whin I shtarted, kase I seen her. But as I didn't shtop wanst, all ther way down until I just nearly ran over two haythen Chinaise a block back there, how did she get out widout me seein' her?"

"The cab door was open. She may have alighted when you paused to let the two Chinamen pass before your horse."

"Be Heavens, it must a-be'n that way," eagerly assented Mike, "for it wor then this poor spalpeen yelled, an' me horse lept, an' ther dure banged agin ther hoind whale fit ter busht it inter toot-picks."

"Can you describe the woman?"

"I can. She wor foive-an'-twenty, wid a head av yaller hair, an' she wore a low-necked red dhress, an' a chain av diamonds around her neck wid a locket on it. Ther diamonds in her ears, an' on her wrists an' fingers wor worth a fortune, an' she had ther beautiful face av an angel, wid two front teeth made av gold. The eyes av her wor as big as a bullfrog's, an', bedad, she had ther voice av a fog-horn."

The detectives smiled, and Harry remarked sarcastically:

"She must have been a beauty indeed."

"Yis," said Mike, earnestly. "She wor a goold-bug—wan av ther "400" yez read about."

"Could you find the house she came from?" asked Old King Brady.

"Wid agility."

"And the place she was going to?"

"Arrah, wid aise. It's a hop-shop."

"Opium joint, eh?"

"Ther toniest wan in Chaneytown. 'I've offen tuck shlummin' parties there."

"Very well. We want you to carry us to both places later on. For the present you are under arrest, until we solve this mystery. You can now drive us to the nearest

station-house with the dead man. We must find out who he is."

"Howly mackerel! Is it arristed I am?" asked Mike, in dismay.

"Yes."

"Thin who will look out fer Mollie an' me baby? How will St. Patrick get fed, an'—bad cess ter me fer a hoodoo, it's a corpse I'll be next."

The Bradys laughed at his dismay.

"What's your name?" asked the old detective.

"Moickaël Muldoon, forty year av age, from Inneskillen, County Kerry——"

"That will do," interrupted Old King Brady. "Now, Mike, don't get scared. We ain't going to lock you up. We'll just take your name, address, and license number, so we can find you when you are wanted again to give your testimony about this case in court."

"Oh," said Mike, with a sigh of relief. "I thought I was goin' ter get hung or sint up fer loife. Gintlemin, have a dhrink wid me, an'——"

"We don't drink," laughed Old King Brady. "Come. Let us be off. We've got a serious and very mysterious case on our hands, and the quicker we solve it the better."

They entered the cab with the dead man, and Mike mounted his seat and drove away to the police station.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN OF CHINATOWN.

When the cab paused before the police station, the Bradys carried the dead man into the building, and laid the body on the floor.

The captain of that police precinct was at his desk, and glancing at the newcomers in some surprise, he exclaimed:

"Hello, Old King Brady! What have you got there?"

"A murdered man. We found him in a cab."

"Know who did the job?"

"Not yet."

"Who is he?"

"Going to find out now."

The detectives carefully searched the body, and while so employed the doorkeeper, a ward detective and a couple of policemen joined them and looked on.

Old King Brady found a valuable watch and chain, diamond stud, ruby ring, and a pocketbook containing sixty dollars on the dead man.

"Robbery wasn't the motive of this crime," he muttered grimly, as he held up the valuables. "Ah, here's a bunch of keys, a pen-knife and a silver match-box. What's this in the breast pocket? An envelope."

He drew it out.

There was no letter inside.

Upon the envelope was written in a woman's hand:

JOE THOMPSON, Esq., 44 Exchange Place, N. Y. City.

There was nothing else in any of the pockets, and the old detective next seized the dagger and drew the blade from its human sheath.

"It must have pierced his heart at the first blow," remarked the detective, as he examined the wound.

"Queer-looking dagger," commented Harry. "See what a long, thin blade. The handle is bound with bamboo. This is a Chinese dagger. I've seen similar ones for sale in the Chinese stores down in Chinatown."

"No doubt of it," assented Old King Brady, with a nod.

"Do you think he was killed by a Chink?" asked the police captain, curiously.

"The evidence seems to indicate that a white woman who goes to Chinatown did the deed," replied the old detective, thoughtfully. "Look in your directory, captain, and see if you can find Job Thompson's name there."

The officer obeyed.

Finally he exclaimed:

"Here it is. Job Thompson, cotton broker, 44 Exchange Place. Home, the City Club. He must be a cotton broker. Evidently he has no family, else he would not be living at his club-house."

"Provided," interposed Harry, "that this is his name and address. It may belong to somebody else. I'll verify it with your telephone, captain."

"Go ahead, Young King Brady."

The boy went to the telephone and rang up the City Club.

When the steward answered him, he asked:

"Does a member named Job Thompson live there?"

"Yes," was the ready response.

"Is he in?"

"Yes," was the unexpected reply.

"Describe the gentleman."

"He is a man of thirty, with a black mustache, clean-shaven face, and——"

"That will do. When can I see him at his office?"

"He usually leaves here at eight o'clock in the morning for business."

"Thank you."

"What is the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing. Good-by."

And Harry rung off with a puzzled look upon his face.

When he told the other officers what he learned, they looked as perplexed as Harry did, and Old King Brady remarked:

"There isn't a clew on his person to establish his identity now."

"We'll find out to-morrow."

"Going to leave the body here?" queried the captain.

"Yes. You can send it to the morgue," replied Harry. "We have no time, as we wish to get right out on the trail of his murderer."

"Very well. I'll attend to it."

Old King Brady carefully examined the dead man's clothing. There was not an identifying mark upon even his collar.

As it was useless now for the officers to prolong their stay,

they took the dead man's possessions and left the police station.

Mike Muldoon was waiting outside for them.

"We want to go to 27 Mott street," said Harry to the driver.

"Jump in, an' it's there I'll have yez in jig-toime," cheerfully answered Mike.

The detectives complied, and were driven away.

After a few moments' silence Harry asked his partner:

"What are you going to do now, Old King Brady?"

"Try to find the woman Muldoon described, and arrest her."

"You believe she's the guilty party?"

"Decidedly."

"I don't."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. It's unlike a woman's crime. Females don't usually go around armed with Chinese daggers. They rarely stab men, when committing a murder—they shoot. Moreover, this man was assassinated."

"Might he not have committed suicide?"

"No. The position of his body, and the situation of the dagger don't admit of such a theory. The manner in which the knife penetrated his body shows plainly enough that somebody else did the deed. His hat was knocked off and dented. It looked as if he had a slight struggle with his murderer."

"Why do you say a slight struggle?"

"Had there been a great fight the driver would have noticed it. He very evidently knew nothing about the crime till we showed it to him."

After a moment's thought Old King Brady nodded, and said:

"I agree with your view of the case. The man was a victim of foul play. A suspicious circumstance worth investigating is the two Chinamen dashing in front of Muldoon's horse a moment after he heard the first cry. As the man was killed with a Chinese dagger and those Mongolians were the only ones near at the time, they may have had something to do with the case."

Discussing the matter in this manner, they finally reached Mott street, and the carriage paused before No. 27.

The detectives alighted and told Mike to follow them.

Glancing at the building, they observed that the store was occupied by a Chinese firm of merchants by the name of Wing, Foo & Co.

On the second floor was a Chinese restaurant, with colored paper lanterns, banners, and Chinese signs hanging out of the windows.

The windows on the third floor were very dark.

Observing this and pointing up at the windows, Harry remarked:

"That must be an opium joint."

"I never heard of one being there," replied the old detective, dubiously.

"Nor did I. But here comes the evidence," said the boy, pointing at a Chinaman in native costume, coming down the stairs.

Accustomed as they were to seeing the "hop-fiends" of that neighborhood, the detectives saw at a glance that this man was a slave to the opium habit. It was shown in the expression of his face and the queer look in his eyes.

He passed out, glanced furtively at the detectives, and was joined by another Celestial who came out of the store.

Old King Brady stepped up to him and tapped him on the arm.

"See here, my man," said he, showing his badge, "what's your name?"

"Yung Foo," replied the Chinaman in uneasy tones. "You cloppee?"

"I am. Isn't that an opium joint on the third floor?"

"Belly fine place, allee samee."

"Who runs it?"

"Queen of Chinatown."

"Easy to get in?"

"Yo' pullee joint, me no savvy."

"No, we ain't raiding," assured the old detective.

"Da's nice. Yo' wantee go hitee plipe?"

"That's what we want, Mr. Foo."

"Clome on. Me showee way in. Wing, you go 'long, too."

He nodded to his silent companion, and they led the way upstairs, their sandals making a loud noise on the bare boards.

The Bradys were suspicious of the pair, and brought Muldoon with them.

Old King Brady observed a treacherous gleam in Yung Foo's eyes, and noted the hang-dog expression upon Wing's long face.

When they reached the upper stairs, they smelled the sickening odor of cooking opium, and knew what it meant.

A party of four sleepy-looking, elegantly dressed people came downstairs, and the Bradys saw they were high-toned victims of the drug.

The detectives inferred from this that the woman known as the Queen of Chinatown catered to a good class of trade.

Yung Foo opened a door with a latch key, and they entered a small, dark room.

At the end was a large door, covered with a pair of parted portieres, through which a dazzling light gleamed into the small apartment.

Standing in the bright room opposite the portieres was a beautiful young woman.

The moment Muldoon saw her, he became intensely excited, pointed at her, and gasped hoarsely:

"Be Heavens, there shtands ther woman who rode in me cab afore we found that dead man! She's ther woman, an' I can swear to it!"

CHAPTER III.

IN THE OPIUM DEN.

The Bradys were startled by the driver's remarks, and Harry darted over to Muldoon's side, and said in low, stern tones:

"You get out of here! Return to your cab, and wait there until we come down. Don't let this woman see you, or it will spoil our game."

The cabman nodded and hurried out of the room.

With querulous looks upon their faces, the Chinamen watched him until he was gone. Then Yung Foo said to Old King Brady with a pleasant smile, as he pointed through the curtains:

"Dat opium joint, allee samee, savvy?"

"Ain't you coming in to introduce us?"

"No. Me hab smokee, boss."

"Very well. You may go."

The two Chinamen retreated to the door.

Old King Brady saw the tricky look on their faces, and whispered:

"You go ahead in, Harry. I'll follow in a moment."

The boy nodded, and strode ahead.

Old King Brady glided unseen behind an open door.

From his covert he kept a watch on the two Chinamen.

He saw them pause at the door, and glance back.

They saw Harry going through the portieres, and failing to see Old King Brady, they evidently inferred that he had gone ahead of the boy.

Yung Foo darted over in a corner, picked up two clubs, and gave Wing one.

He said something to his companion in his native language, and they both darted over toward the portieres, behind Young King Brady.

The boy knew nothing of their actions.

But his keen-eyed old partner was watching the villains.

Harry had his glance fixed upon the beautiful girl in the next room, and observed that her fine figure was magnificently attired, while numerous valuable diamonds flashed and sparkled all over her.

She had a fan in her hand, and was intently surveying the big room which was fitted up in the most magnificent Chinese style.

"What a beauty she is!" Harry muttered.

She wore the red dress Muldoon described, her yellow hair was arranged becomingly, and her big blue eyes sparkled with animation.

The boy was puzzled to know how this dazzling beauty could have entered Muldoon's cab at the corner of Houston street and the Bowery, and then so mysteriously vanished, leaving a dead man as her substitute.

He thrust aside the blue portieres and strode in on the red carpet, tipped his hat to the Queen, and said pleasantly:

"Good evening, madam. You've got a magnificent opium den here."

A sweet, winning smile crossed her white face, and she replied in musical tones:

"You are a stranger here, I believe, sir?"

"This is my first call, madam."

"Come in, sir. I presume you wish to indulge in the drug which wafts the dreaming soul to the realms of bliss, and drowns the sorrows of the day. Ah, none but the smoker of the subtle poppy weed realize the beautiful vis-

sions and soft, gentle repose that comes of a quiet hour here. Come in—come in."

Her majestic glance met his and fascinated him.

She extended her beautiful white hand, and almost hypnotized, Harry strode toward her with a faint smile on his lips.

He now beheld the exquisite furnishing, the rich carpets, rare tapestries, costly bric-a-brac, and dainty paintings.

An air of quiet elegance prevailed in the room.

As he swept his glance around he observed a number of finely clad "hop" fiends lying upon the silken couches and velvet divans, with carved stands beside them holding the lamps for smoking.

Some were inhaling the fumes from the long bamboo pipes, others lay in a stupor, haunted by wild, delirious dreams, and not a few were preparing to smoke or finishing a nap.

In the centre of this Oriental room, with its bird cages, potted palms and gilt ornaments, rose a beautiful onyx fountain, spraying deliciously scented water which filled the air with its fragrance.

A slender Chinaman in full silken costume of the most gorgeous colors was quietly moving about among the miserable fiends serving them with the opium as they called for it.

Young King Brady was enchanted.

A dreamy feeling overpowered him, and he failed to notice the two rascally Chinamen coming in through the portieres behind him.

The Queen observed it all, but the enticing smile never left her lovely face to betray what she saw, and put Harry upon his guard.

Gliding up behind the boy, the two Chinamen raised their clubs.

Yung Foo's descended heavily upon Harry's head.

The boy gave a deep groan, and pitched forward, and his partner rushed in.

As Young King Brady dropped to the floor, Old King Brady grabbed Yung Foo's wrist, and pressed his revolver at the head of the other villainous Chinaman.

The Queen was an interested onlooker.

"Blast you!" roared the furious detective; "I'll fix you for this!"

With cries of alarm the two Chinamen recoiled, but Old King Brady retained his grip on the Chinese merchant's wrist, and cried excitedly:

"Stand, or I'll blow your heads off!"

They understood him, and paused.

Both realized the danger they were in, and with scared looks upon their yellow faces, and with trembling limbs, they waited, fearing instant death.

The detective pulled a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and with great rapidity he linked the Mongols together by their wrists.

"You'll go to jail for that attack!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, as he glanced at Harry, who lay stunned upon the floor.

The Queen gazed on calmly.

She was entirely unmoved by the exciting occurrence, and merely showed the curiosity of a disinterested spectator.

Old King Brady noticed her careless air.

Fixing a burning glance of bitter wrath upon her, he exclaimed hotly:

"Madam, you are the cause of this attack!"

"What—me?" she asked, in low, sweet tones, elevating her eyebrows.

"Yes—you!" thundered the angry old detective.

"Surely, sir, you are mistaken," she remonstrated gently.

"No, I ain't. These dogs did your bidding."

"You wrong me. I did not ask them to attack you."

"Confound your impudence, do you mean to deny it?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Well, your brass is simply wonderful."

The Queen's cheeks flushed slightly, and drawing herself up with an imperious air of hauteur, she exclaimed in arrogant tones:

"You are very insulting, I must say."

"Oh, don't try to throw any bluffs into me. I'm dead onto your curves. I can't see how a man can insult the keeper of a gilded dive like this. You ain't any better than any other criminal who runs an illegal joint. Just come down off your perch, and get me some water to revive my partner, or I'll run you in so quick it will make your head swim!"

She gave him a look of hatred that was so different from her customary soft, pleasant manner that even Old King Brady was startled.

For an instant she looked like a demon.

That black, malignant look showed him plainly that this strange woman had a dual disposition.

At one moment she could make a man imagine she was an angel, and the next moment she could show the temper of a fiend.

She seemed to realize that all her blandishments were lost upon the gruff old detective, for she called to her attendant:

"Chin Gow, fetch a basin of ice water in a hurry, please."

The silk-robed Chinaman obeyed, and Old King Brady, glancing around, observed that the row had in no wise disturbed the "hop" fiends in the room.

All were too much under the influence of the drug to pay any attention to anything that was transpiring in the room.

Pointing at Harry, the old detective exclaimed, sternly:

"Bathe his head with that water!"

The Chinaman silently and meekly complied.

In a short time Young King Brady revived, with a severe headache from the effect of the terrible blow he had received.

When all his faculties returned, he got up and beheld the situation of affairs.

"So you have the master hand, eh?" he asked.

"They're all at my mercy," replied Old King Brady, emphatically.

"That's good."

"Are you badly injured?"

"No."

"Then take charge of that brace of rascals."

"And you?"

"I'm going to arrest this woman."

"For what?" demanded the Queen, in surprise.

"Murder!"

She gave a violent start, caught her breath, flashed a quick, apprehensive glance at him, and then muttered in low, hissing tones:

"Fool! You must be mad. Who am I accused of killing?"

"You stabbed an old man to the heart in a cab, not an hour ago!"

"You lie!" she fairly screamed, white with rage. "Look out. Don't you interfere with me. I've got a pull with the police, and I'll have you broke."

"Bosh!" said Old King Brady, contemptuously. "The Police Commissioners have no authority over us, madam. We are Secret Service agents! Come on!"

She groaned despairingly, and looked very much frightened now.

The old detective laughed at her, for he saw the state of mind she was in.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRESTED AND DISCHARGED.

The Queen of Chinatown, realizing that her vaunted "pull" would not save her from arrest, quickly decided to go with the Bradys.

She said something in a whisper to her attendant, picked up a magnificent opera cloak of figured white silk edged with swansdown, and putting on an expensive bonnet and a pair of gloves, she said, quietly:

"I am ready, gentlemen."

"Harry, take those two Chinks."

"Come along!" said the boy, seizing his prisoners.

They filed downstairs, and, finding Mike Muldoon and his cab at the door, they entered the vehicle and Old King Brady said briefly:

"To the Secret Service headquarters, Mike."

And a moment later they were driven away at a lively pace.

Not a word was uttered during the drive.

When the carriage pulled up before their destination and all hands alighted, Old King Brady said to Muldoon:

"Wait for us."

"Wait it is," cheerfully answered Mike.

Entering the office, Old King Brady left Harry with the prisoners in an ante-room while he explained matters to his chief.

He found his superior officer smoking a fragrant Havana at his desk, and detailed all the circumstances.

In conclusion he added:

"You know, chief, you sent us out to look for an illicit whisky still, which you heard was in operation somewhere in the neighborhood of Elm and Grand streets. Well, we

didn't get a trace of it. But when we were just about to give up the hunt for the night we ran into this case."

"This is a most singular affair, Old King Brady," replied the chief, "and as it is very important, you had better give up the moonshine whisky makers and devote your attention to unraveling this mystery."

"Very well. Do you wish to speak to the woman?"

"Yes. Call her in here."

The detective complied, and the Queen appeared.

She had recovered her wonted composure and now fearlessly approached the chief with a disdainful smile upon her handsome face.

"Well," she demanded, curtly, "what is wanted?"

"I wish to question you, madam," the chief replied.

"Very well, sir. What do you wish to know?"

"First, your real name."

"I decline to tell you."

"You are known as the Queen of Chinatown?"

"Some people give me that cognomen."

"Where do you reside?"

"I refuse to state."

"Don't you live at No. — East 15th street?"

The woman started, looked frightened for a moment, recovered her composure by a violent effort, assumed a faint smile, and said:

"Yes."

"Are you married or single?"

"I am married."

"And you own the opium joint at 27 Mott street?"

"I own a smoking parlor there."

"That's merely a blinding term. It means opium den."

"Does it?" she asked, coldly, shrugging her shoulders.

The chief could not help admiring her cool audacity, and he said:

"Who is Job Thompson?"

"I don't know the gentleman."

"And don't you know the man whom you had in the cab with you after you left the corner of Bowery and Houston street to-night?"

"My dear sir," she replied, quickly, "I had no one in a cab with me when I hailed that vehicle, and rode from 15th street to the corner you alluded to. When the cab reached that corner, I paid the driver, alighted, and while the driver entered a saloon to get a drink, I continued my trip downtown in a 3d avenue surface car. I can prove this assertion by a witness who was with me. I met him on the corner. We went downtown together. If a dead man was found in the same cab, after I had left it, I am sure I don't know anything about it. It was none of my business. The driver after I quit him, could easily have picked up another fare that I knew nothing about. If the man who hired the cab was found dead in the vehicle, all alone, what have I got to do with it?"

"Ah! So that is your contention, eh?"

"Of course it is. I don't know anything about this alleged murder."

"But the driver claims that when he came out of the sa-

loon, you were still in his cab, and ordered him to drive through Centre street."

"Then he told a falsehood. Or, perhaps he was deluded."

"In what way?"

"He'd been drinking. It may have muddled his wits. Perhaps the murdered man entered the cab while he was in the saloon. It must have been this poor man he saw, and, muddled from drink, and never expecting to see a stranger in his cab, he naturally inferred it was me, without taking the trouble to look, and paying no heed to the change of voice."

"That sounds plausible enough."

"I can't understand the mystery any other way."

"Such an excuse may let you out."

"Oh, it's bound to, chief. I'm no murderess."

"You certainly don't look like a guilty person."

"Of course not. I'm an injured party. See the indignity I am suffering."

"It's a pity. I'm sorry for you."

She smiled sweetly at him for saying this.

But the subtle chief was deceiving her adroitly about his intentions in order to draw her out so she would commit herself.

He was a very deep and cunning man, despite his innocent-looking face, and he saw that he had a very smart, shrewd woman to deal with.

"You are a very sensible gentleman!" she exclaimed, gushingly.

"I want to be fair and just to a lady," he replied, insinuatingly. "You seem to be wrongly accused. Yet I am puzzled to understand why those two Chinamen attacked my two detectives."

"I think I can explain it."

"How?"

"The residents of Chinatown have a deep-rooted aversion to officers of the law. These two men knew who the detectives were. They were very loyal to me. Probably suspecting that the officers had come to arrest me for running my smoking parlor, they evidently tried to protect me by attacking the two detectives. Of course I don't thank them for their rough gallantry, yet I cannot help feeling grateful to them for defending me."

The chief nodded, and said:

"Of course. Your idea of it must be right."

"I'm sorry they've broken the law by attacking officers in the discharge of their duty. But they meant well, and I will gladly pay you any reasonable fine you may wish to impose upon them for their exhibition of hasty temper."

The chief pondered a moment.

Finally he came to a conclusion, and said abruptly:

"Bring in the two Chinese."

Harry fetched the terrified pair in and the chief scanned them sharply.

Failing to recognize them as professional crooks, he finally said:

"Release them, Harry."

The boy unlocked their shackles.

"Going to let them go?" he asked the chief in surprise.

"Yes. Hey—you—Wing and Foo—you are discharged. Get out of here."

The two delighted Chinamen bolted for the door, and disappeared from the office as quick as a flash.

When they had gone, the chief turned to the Bradys and said, with a wink:

"I don't see the use of detaining this lady, Mr. Brady. It looks to me as if you acted too hastily and made a gross error in arresting her. You have no evidence to convict her on your theory. Her explanation satisfies me that she is merely a victim of circumstances. She certainly ain't responsible for what happened in that cab after she dismissed it."

"Very true, sir," assented Old King Brady, assuming a very humble tone.

"Madam, you may go."

"Thank you," graciously said the Queen, smiling archly at the chief, then scowling darkly at the Bradys. "I thought you would not entertain such a preposterous charge against me after you got my version of the story."

And bowing politely, and showing her white, even teeth in a sarcastic smile, she swept out of the office with her head poised high in the air.

When she was gone, the chief chuckled and said:

"For a person who was not supposed to know anything about that crime, ain't it strange she had all the details down pat? All she learned from you was that she was arrested for murder. Then, how, unless she is guilty, did she know all the facts of that crime?"

The Bradys laughed, and Harry said:

"You drew her out fine."

"Why did you dismiss them?" asked Old King Brady, curiously.

"Simply because I found that we could not wring a confession from her or her Mongolian pals. The only way to convict that woman is to watch her closely. She will soon do something to convict herself. Once you've got bona fide evidence, you can convict her, and not before. I'm convinced that she knows all about that murder, but won't give her secret away. I've thrown her off her guard now and she's more liable to commit herself. It now depends entirely upon yourselves whether that woman is convicted or not."

The Bradys departed a few moments later to look for Mike.

CHAPTER V.

JOB THOMPSON APPEARS.

The driver was at the door, and telling him to take them to the house from which the Queen came, in Fifteenth street, they entered the cab and drove off.

After a few moments' deep silence, during which he had been thinking deeply, Old King Brady remarked:

"I question the wisdom of the chief in discharging the Queen and her pals from custody. We have pretty good presumptive evidence against that slick young lady. Enough, in fact, to hold her for trial, during which a smart district attorney could so puzzle her with questions on a cross-examination that she'd be sure to convict herself, if she's guilty."

"The chief didn't seem to think we had a good case yet," replied Harry, "and as he's the boss, we've got to abide by his decision."

"That's all very pretty," growled the old detective, "but I believe in the saying that 'a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.' We had the lady nicely nailed. She was at our mercy. Now, even if we manage to secure any additional evidence against her, we are going to have all the trouble over again of arresting her. Next time it is going to be much harder, for she's on her guard now, and may fight like a tigress to keep out of our hands and cover up her tracks."

"Can't be helped. We've got to obey orders."

"Very true. But I insist that the chief has made a mistake, thinking it would be an easy matter for us to nab her again."

"Why didn't you kick to him at the time, then?"

"Because I didn't think over the matter then and see all its difficulties. Moreover, I thought he had a better scheme ready for us to carry out in regard to that woman. He has simply undone all the good work we accomplished at the expense of your head getting clubbed!"

The old detective was sadly out of humor with the chief.

Still, he did not know what his superior's plans were, and finally arrived at the conclusion that the chief might, after all, have had some ulterior object in letting the woman go, which he did not mention.

This reflection stopped his grumbling and they reached Fifteenth street.

Here Mike pointed out the house from which the Queen came, and they saw that it was a huge brownstone building with no lights in the windows.

Repeated rings at the front door-bell failed to bring any response.

Finally concluding that no one was in, the Bradys returned to the cab and Harry asked Mike in earnest tones:

"Say, are you positive that the woman rode downtown in your cab after you came out of the liquor saloon at Houston street?"

"Av course I am," replied Mike.

"But she declared she left you on that corner and when you entered the gin-mill, the man we found dead must have got in the carriage during your absence and told you to go down Centre street."

"Faix, it's a loie! Didn't Oi see the face av her at ther cab windy?"

"So you said."

"Was I paid me fare?"

"You said not."

"Divil a cint! Sure, if she left me cab, wouldn't she

have been afther payin' me loike a man afore she wint, unless she wor a beat?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, she didn't cough up a pinny."

"Then she must have lied to the chief."

"Bad manners to her, she did."

Harry questioned him closely. He stuck to his original story, stubbornly, though, declaring the woman was in the cab after leaving Houston street.

Moreover, he demanded:

"Am I dhrunk now?"

"No," laughed Harry.

"Would wan ale an' lager make anny man tipsy?"

"I doubt it, if he's used to drinking."

"Well, that's all I dhrunk, an' be heavens I can swally a kag av beer an' not feel it."

"Then you wasn't full at the time?"

"I wish I was, bedad," grinned Muldoon.

Harry handed him a ten-dollar bill.

"This is for your trouble to-night, Mike," said he. "When we want you again you must come willingly and give your evidence."

"It's a gintleman you are entoirely," chuckled the delighted driver, as he pocketed the bill. "Yez can foind me anny night at No. 123 Cherry street, an' I'll go ter coort wid yez whin I'm wantin'."

"Now drive us home like a good fellow and we'll trouble you no longer."

"Joomp in, an' ther besht av look ter yez. Get along there St. Patrick, ye aould shpalpeen! This do be yer lasht thrip to-night, aould feller."

And he drove the detectives home.

Worn out, they went to bed.

Next morning at the breakfast table they saw in the newspapers a full account of the mysterious murder in the cab.

The report asserted that the celebrated Bradys were on the trail of the murderer and would undoubtedly soon run him down.

That day Harry haunted the morgue and Old King Brady made numerous fruitless efforts to gain admittance to the Fifteenth street house.

It was Young King Brady's idea that some one might identify the corpse and thus give him a clew to the old man's identity.

Numerous people called to view the remains.

Some were morbid curiosity-seekers, and others were sorrowing people who had loved ones missing from home whom they feared might be the unknown dead man lying on the slab.

Harry keenly watched them all.

But they turned from the corpse shaking their heads, and looking relieved at not recognizing the remains.

The day passed uneventfully.

Toward nightfall a fine-looking middle-aged man entered.

He had dark eyes and a black moustache, gaunt features

and a quick, nervous way about him which impressed the observer at once.

Clad in the height of fashion and carrying a peculiar-looking cane, he entered in a bustling manner and the keeper asked:

"Permit?"

"Got none," replied the man.

"Name?"

"Job Thompson."

Harry was startled, and glanced keenly at him.

The boy recognized the name as the same on the envelope found in the breast-pocket of the dead man.

The keeper now asked:

"Are you looking for any missing relation?"

"I read of a man being found in a cab——"

"Oh, yes! We've got him."

"I think he may be a friend of mine."

"Do you want to see him?"

"If you please."

"Come in, sir."

He led Job Thompson to the murdered man and exposed the corpse.

An involuntary cry burst from the stranger's lips, as his glance fell upon the pallid face of the corpse and he bent over and gasped:

"Yes, that's him—that's him!"

"Who is he?"

"Ralph Ranger—my old friend."

"Indeed! Has he any relations?"

"None that I know of."

"Where did he live?"

"At the City Club, where I reside."

"Will you claim and bury the body?"

"Certainly. I can't let him go to Potter's Field."

"Well, the coroner will hold an inquest some time to-day, and you can have your undertaker come for the corpse to-morrow."

"I shall have it attended to. Who killed him?"

"No one knows yet."

"Strange!"

"Had he any enemies?"

"I'm sure I don't know any of his private business."

"The police are apt to question you."

"If they do, I'll give them all the information I can. I certainly can't throw any light on this mysterious deed. But I sincerely hope the miscreants who killed my old friend will speedily be brought to justice."

He handed the keeper a business card, and continued:

"Give this to the authorities. It's my name and address. Tell them to call on me. I'll do all I can to aid them."

"I shall, sir."

"Good-night."

He strode hastily from the grewsome place, and when he was going out, the keeper slipped the card in Harry's hand and whispered:

"Here's your clew at last."

"Thank you," said the boy, glancing at the card. "It's the same address I have on the envelope, namely: 'Job

Thompson, cotton broker, 44 Exchange Place, New York.' Keep this call a secret."

"Certainly if you say so."

"I'm going to shadow him."

"Good-night, Mr. Brady."

The next moment the keen young sleuth was gliding out of the morgue in pursuit of Thompson, who was heading for East Twenty-third street at a swinging pace, deeply buried in thought.

He boarded a crosstown car and Harry followed him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HIDDEN CASKS.

When Old King Brady found he could not get into the house in Fifteenth street, he placed a wardman to watch the premises and went downtown.

The old detective was anxious to find out something about Job Thompson, and made his way to the Wall street secret police department.

Inspector Byrnes had established a branch office in the great financial center and Old King Brady was familiar with the officer in charge.

After the first greetings he plunged right into the object of his call by asking:

"Do you know anything about a man in 44 Exchange Place, who calls himself Job Thompson, and who figures as a cotton broker?"

The official opened his record book.

Searching the index the name he sought was found and referring to a certain page, he glanced over a brief biography.

"I've got him on my list," he announced, finally.

"What's his history?"

The official read off a description of the man Harry met, and then added:

"He's a mystery."

"In what way?"

"Well, he figures as a cotton broker, but he isn't. No one in the Cotton Exchange knows him. He never buys or sells cotton."

"That's mighty queer."

"Precisely. He has no office assistants. Tends to all his business himself."

"What business does he follow?"

"Shipping. He ships small quantities of boxed merchandise on the river and coastwise ships and steamers."

"What sort of merchandise?"

"I have no record. Nor do we know where it comes from. Trucks reach his office about twice a week laden with boxes. He marks them, ships them and sometimes disappears for weeks at a stretch."

"Where does he go?"

"On the ships which carry his packages."

"What ports do they sail to?"

"Most of the sound and sea ports between here and Maine."

"Rather mysterious sort of business."

"Our detectives don't think so. It's their impression that he is a commission merchant. Everything seems regular about his business except the queer fact that he poses as a cotton broker, when in reality he isn't."

"It's my impression he is doing some crooked work."

"Why do you think so? Has he done anything out of the way?"

"Not that I'm aware of. Still, I've got a reason for being suspicious of him. I'm going to watch that man and find out more about him."

"Can I aid you?"

"No more than you have already done."

Old King Brady departed after asking a few more questions, and made his way down to Exchange Place.

Shadowing Mr. Thompson's office, he finally caught sight of the man and was not very favorably impressed with his appearance.

"Looks like an unscrupulous man," commented the old detective.

In the afternoon an ordinary truck pulled up before the alleged broker's office, laden with four big packing-cases looking like piano boxes.

Old King Brady wrote the license number of the truck in his note-book and saw the driver go up into Thompson's office.

A few minutes afterward he returned with the broker, who carried a marking-pot and brush and a shipping receipt.

Mr. Thompson climbed upon the truck and marked the cases with the address of an M in a diamond, Boston, Mass.

It was an ambiguous address and Old King Brady muttered:

"To find out who got those cases, I'd have to go to Boston and watch them to see who came after them. Perhaps I can play a trick on the river and find out what's in those cases later on."

Thompson returned to his office.

The carman mounted his truck and drove away with the detective in pursuit; when the truck arrived near the foot of Wall street, Old King Brady shouted:

"Hey, there! Stop! Hold up, I tell you!"

Looking back and seeing the detective running after him the man stopped his team.

"Wha' d'yer want?" he muttered.

Old King Brady paused beside the vehicle and replied, earnestly:

"Mr. Thompson sent me after you."

"Oh! Anything wrong?"

"Yes. He wants you to get duplicate receipts for this load."

"Got ther receipt wi' yer?"

"No. He told me to mind the truck till you went back and got it. Besides, he's got something private to tell you."

"All right. Ther team'll stand."

He jumped down and hastened back to Exchange Place.

The moment he was gone, Old King Brady hastened over to a porter who was opening a packing-box with a nail-puller, in front of a store.

"Say, will you loan me that thing and your hammer for a few moments; I want to open one of the cases on that truck?" said the detective.

"Certain, I will," replied the porter, handing them over.

Old King Brady got on the truck and set to work pulling out nails.

In a few moments he drew the cover off one of the boxes and glanced in.

There was a big fifty-gallon whisky-cask nicely braced in the box.

He was startled and amazed to see it.

Taking a small vial of potash troches from his pocket, he flung away the medicine, drove a nail in the cask and pulled it out.

A tiny stream of whisky squirted out.

He filled the vial, corked it, put it in his pocket and drove a wooden plug in the hole in the cask.

Then he nailed the cover on the box and returned the tools to the porter.

"I wonder if that's moonshine whisky?" he muttered.

His suspicions were aroused.

As is known, he and his partner were on the lookout for some illicit distillers about whose nefarious operations the chief had gained some clues.

The driver returned after a while.

"Office wuz locked an' ther boss garn," he growled.

"That's queer," commented the detective, looking puzzled. "He must have thought I missed you and went up to the place where you got these boxes from."

"Yer mean ther store in No. — East Fourteenth street?"

"That's the place. Seems to me I've seen you up there before?"

"Oh, I does all o' Thompson's truckin'?"

"Do you? Then that's where I saw you."

"Likely enough. You workin' fer him?"

"Yes. Do you know any of the people there?"

"Only old Mr. Ralph Ranger, who always gives me ther boxes ter cart away."

"I see. Well, you'd better go ahead to the—the——"

"Fall River line?"

"Yes. So long."

The driver started his team and Old King Brady went up Wall street, a smile of satisfaction upon his face.

He had made an important discovery.

"I must find out what sort of store the Fourteenth street place is," he mused. "There's something decidedly mysterious about shipping casks of whisky in packing cases. It's been done no doubt to conceal the casks. There would be no need of concealment if it was a legitimate business. I'll have this sample of whisky tested and find out if it's moonshine or not. If it is, Thompson must be pushing out the stuff for an illicit distillery and we'll soon have him pounding his ear on a pillow in jail."

He found a refiner and had the liquor tested.

As he expected, it proved to be newly-made stuff of an inferior quality and this convinced the detective that it was moonshine whisky.

It was rather late when he returned to Fifteenth street.

To his amazement he found Harry shadowing the house he had the wardman watching, and dismissing the detective, who said the Queen had not come back, he asked Harry:

"What brought you here?"

"I've met Job Thompson at the morgue and traced him here."

"Where did he go?"

"In the house from which the Queen of Chinatown came."

"What! He went in?"

"Yes. Admitted himself with a latchkey, a few minutes ago."

"How strange!"

He told Harry all that befell him and Young King Brady told his story. When the boy finished, the old detective remarked:

"I see how it is. When Thompson left his office he must have gone to the morgue, where you saw him."

"Exactly."

"Then, according to the truck driver and Thompson, the murdered man's name was Ralph Ranger, and he was mixed up in the gang making the moonshine whisky. The Queen of Chinatown being in this house shows that she has some acquaintance with Thompson, whom she said she did not know. As Ranger was murdered in the cab she occupied, and she may have been with him during that fatal ride downtown, she must have known him, too."

"In a nutshell," said Harry, "Thompson, Ranger and the Queen are members of a gang of illicit whisky distillers, and they manufacture the stuff right here in New York and ship the casks, disguised, to various out-of-town cities where it is disposed of by agents of theirs at a fancy figure."

"So it seems," replied Old King Brady, "and they may be the very crooks we have been hunting for before we dropped on the murder case."

CHAPTER VII.

A COMMON OPIUM DEN.

Realizing that the importance of the case was developing, Harry said:

"The Queen has proven that she is not a truthful person. Therefore, she may have lied about being in the cab with Ranger when he was killed."

"Yes. We've got evidence of that fact," assented Old King Brady, grimly.

"Now, what brings her and Thompson to this house?"

"I'm at a loss to understand it."

An idea suddenly flashed across Harry's mind.

He then remarked in eager tones:
 "You spot the house till I return."
 "Where are you going?"
 "To test a theory I've formed."
 "Go ahead."

Starting from the spotted house, Harry strode toward Irving Place and counting the number of steps he took to reach the corner, they amounted to precisely one hundred and eighty.

He walked over to East Fourteenth street.

Starting at the corner, he measured off 180 steps.

That brought him to a store and he paused and glanced at the number.

"By thunder, according to the number my partner gave me, this is the store where the truckman got the cases of whisky from old Ranger!" the boy muttered. "My theory is correct. This store, by actual measurement, backs up against the Fifteenth street house! There must be a means of communication between the house and this store. In other words, the moonshiners may make their whisky in the Fifteenth street house, cask it and box it in this store and deliver it here to the truckman."

He made an effort to look into the store, but failed.

Heavy, dark-green shades covered the door and show-windows, not a crack showing by means of which he could see inside.

Sizing up the building very carefully, Harry finally went around the block and joined his partner again.

Old King Brady did not know what the boy had been doing, but he surmised that it was something important, and asked him, curiously:

"Well, did you succeed?"

"Better than I expected."

"What's the idea?"

Harry told him.

It pleased the veteran.

Slapping the boy on the back, he said:

"You've hit on a good idea."

"We might watch here all night and finally discover that Thompson entered by this house and escaped through the Fourteenth street store."

The old detective pondered a moment, with bent head.

When he finally looked up, he said in low, earnest tones:

"Harry, we must get into that house."

"To-night?"

"Not necessarily. Any time."

"Very well, I'll risk it."

"Look out, now. Here comes Thompson."

They glided into a dark hallway, and from this covert saw the alleged cotton broker emerge from the house they were shadowing.

He walked to Third avenue and boarded a downtown car. The Bradys were at his heels like a pair of shadows.

Riding on the same car, without attracting attention, they watched the man and finally saw him alight at Bayard street.

Going through the Italian and Hebrew district, he finally reached Mott street and abruptly turned to the left.

The detectives never lost track of him for an instant.

He passed the building in which the Queen had her luxurious opium joint, and passed around into Doyers street, keeping a sharp lookout at the different Chinamen he met.

"I thought he was going into the Queen's place," muttered Harry.

"So did I, but he isn't. He seems to be looking for some one."

"Evidently a Chinaman."

"There he goes around the bend."

"He's heading for Pell street."

"I wonder if he isn't a 'hop' fiend?"

"Looks like one," replied Harry.

When Thompson turned into the narrow, dirty little lane dignified by the name of Pell street, he suddenly paused before a dilapidated old building.

It was such a rotten old structure that the wonder was that the Building Department inspectors allowed it to stand.

Several gaunt, hollow-eyed Mongolians were silently lurking in the doorway and one of them scrutinized him sharply an instant and stepped out before him.

He glanced sharply at the Chinaman.

"Chin Gow!" he exclaimed.

It was the same man who wore the gorgeous silk raiment in the Queen's smoking-parlor. He was now very plainly dressed.

A faint smile crossed his sallow face.

"Kleen wantee you," he remarked, briefly.

"I know. Where is she?"

"Here. Down cellee, hop-joint."

"Lead the way."

The Chinaman led him inside and the other Mongolians who were keeping him company strode away along the street.

From behind a stack of beer kegs the Bradys had been watching all that transpired and the old detective chuckled.

"There he goes into Lee Toy's joint."

"You are familiar with the place?"

"It's a resort for Chinamen and very low, depraved people."

"Going in?"

"Not in these costumes. They'd know us at once and that would spoil all."

"There's nothing easier than changing our appearance."

"Hurry up about it, then."

The Bradys were fitted out with several changes of costume and appearance, which they could adopt at a moment's notice.

Drawing wigs, false eyebrows and whiskers from their pockets, they put them on and rapidly marked each other's faces with cosmetics. Next they reversed their coats and pants in a hallway, took off their collars and neckties, put on caps and pocketed their hats.

In a remarkably brief space of time they made such a wonderful change that no one would have supposed they were the same people.

To all outward appearances they were now a pair of typical toughs. Harry with a red nose and black eye, and Old King Brady with a grimy face.

Not only were they a hard-looking pair, but they assumed a swaggering air, a pompous walk and a rough dialect in changed voices.

As actors they would have been deemed simply wonderful.

"Git out o' me way, Buttsey," said Harry, in hoarse tones, as he stuck a cigar stump in the corner of his mouth. "I'm de toughest proposition wot ever came over de pike, and' I kin lick any rooster me weight on de Bowery—see! If you'se is a panhandler, why, don't yer git fresh wit' me, or I'll soak yer!"

Old King Brady chuckled.

"Well, I'll take me oat', Kid Swipes," he replied, "as long's I've been a hobo I never seen any mug take off a prize-fighter better'n you does, an' dat ain't no lie."

Satisfied with each other's characters they went down to the dark, squalid building where their quarry disappeared.

Several Chinamen were standing close by watching them, for many of the residents of the Chinese quarter are in the streets all night long.

Observing that they were being watched and fearing these men were spies, Old King Brady said to Harry in loud, coarse tones:

"Say! How yer goin' ter hit de pipe if yer don't know where de joint be's?"

"Oh, I'll find it," replied Harry, and swaggering over to the Chinamen he demanded in rough tones: "Looker here, John—we wants ter get inter Lee Toy's hop-joint. Where is it? Can't git me lamps on de den nohow."

"Lee Toy light downee cellee," said one of the men, pointing at the doorway into which Mr. Thompson had disappeared.

"Kin any guy go in?"

"Allee samee one, allee samee evlyblody."

"Come on, Buttsey. Dis is de dope-house."

And they passed into the gloomy hall and seeing a dim light back at the end, they found it to be a lamp shining at the head of a flight of rickety stairs leading down in the basement.

There was an awful stench in the hall.

The fumes of opium mixing with the result of standing garbage and bad sanitation, made this place a veritable pest hole.

Going down the stairs they reached the cellar.

A long, gloomy passage was ahead.

There was a light burning in the room they penetrated—a dim, ghostly light which faintly showed the sort of place they were in.

It was a grimy cellar with a brick floor and bare stone walls which had once been whitewashed. Some rough board bunks were built against the walls, in which lay a number of Chinamen and whites smoking the cheapest grade of opium.

Lee Toy, a big, raw-boned Chinaman in a blue blouse, was

dealing out the stuff and cooking the pills for his rough patrons.

The Bradys glanced around in quest of Thompson and saw him and the Queen sitting behind a piece of hanging matting at the end of the cellar, earnestly conversing in low tones of voice.

It made the Bradys curious to know what the pair were talking about.

CHAPTER VIII.

OVERHEARING A CONFESSION.

Old King Brady could not approach the place where Thompson and the Queen sat conversing, without attracting attention. Yet he felt it was imperative for him to hear what they were saying. It was very evident that the pair had prearranged this meeting in Lee Toy's den.

The detective observed an empty bunk near the whispering pair, and turning to the Chinaman, he said:

"Fix me up some dope, Lee Toy, an' hurry up about it—d'yer hear?"

"An' me, too—see?" added Harry in aggressive tones.

The Chinaman nodded.

Waiting until the Queen was looking in another direction the old detective glided over to the bunk he wanted and laid down.

He remained so still that he did not attract any attention.

Harry selected another bunk further away and kept up a rattling talk to attract attention to himself.

"Blame yer!" he roared at Lee Toy; "don't keep a feller waitin' more'n twenty-seven years. Dere's udder joints in Chinatown wot's better'n dis one. Come now, Chink, git a move on yer!"

While he was thus talking Old King Brady was carefully listening to the talk going on between the Queen and her companion.

He could distinctly hear every word they uttered now.

The Queen was laughing, and asking:

"How many boxes did you ship to Boston to-day?"

"Four," replied Thompson. "But that isn't what brought me here. I read in the papers of Ralph's death in a cab, and your arrest. In fact, I saw his body in the morgue, and have claimed it——"

"What an unwise thing to do!" she exclaimed.

"I know it," he replied. "But I couldn't bear to see him go to Potter's Field. I can't understand the mystery of who killed him. It looked black for you. But you had no grudge against him, and didn't do the job. Now, if you know who did it, tell me, won't you?"

"I haven't the faintest idea who did it, Job," she replied in low, musical tones.

"But you must have!" he persisted, directing a keen, searching glance upon her beautiful face. "And, more—"

over, if you do know, it's your duty to give me the particulars. This is a very serious piece of business, remember."

"I realize the importance of the case," she replied, "but I ain't afraid of the police, or anybody else, for that matter."

"See here!" he exclaimed, "wasn't you in that cab when Ranger was killed?"

The woman hesitated a moment.

She was rapidly turning the question over in her mind.

Finally she replied in reluctant tones:

"Yes."

"But you told the police you wasn't."

"Naturally. I don't want to be held as a suspect."

"Then you lied to them when you declared that you had left the cab on the corner of Houston street and the Bowery?"

"I did."

"Then, if you was in the carriage when the deed was done, how is it that you don't know who killed my old business partner?"

Again the Queen hesitated.

She showed by the expression on her face that this cross-questioning was very distasteful to her, and replied in surly tones:

"The reason I don't know who did the job was because I didn't see the face of the party who killed Ranger."

"How odd!"

"Not at all. I'll tell you. I'd left home and was on my way down to the opium joint when I saw Ranger on the corner. When the driver went to get a drink I asked your partner in to ride with me. He said he was going to my place anyway, to hit the pipe. You know he was a hop fiend. Well, when we started off the driver didn't know I had Ranger in the cab with me. While going through Centre street I suddenly caught view of some one outside running along beside the cab on the side nearest to where Ranger was sitting. Suddenly an arm darted in through the open window of the cab. A Chinese dirk was clutched in the fist. The blade pierced Ranger's body. He shouted. I was frightened. Opening the door, I sprang out while the cab was in motion. I saw that the man was fatally injured. Having no desire to figure in a murder case and be charged with the crime, I got out of sight at once. Had I remained I might have been charged with the deed."

"All the evidence was against you."

"Of course it was. I knew that."

"But you had no motive to kill him."

"None at all."

"What motive had the assassin?"

"That's the mystery."

"Haven't you any idea who the murderer was?"

"No. But I observed his nationality."

"How could you?"

"By his attire."

"And he was——"

"A Chinaman."

"You are sure?"

"I am."

There was a deep silence.

Old King Brady had not lost a word.

He felt sure the woman's confession was true.

She could have had no object in distorting or evading facts in conversation with Thompson.

Her mention of a Chinaman being the assassin startled Old King Brady, for it brought to his mind what Muldoon said about the two Chinamen his horse nearly ran over.

In the beginning Old King Brady imagined they might have had something to do with the mysterious case.

Now he felt sure of that point.

But who were they?

How was he to learn their identity?

The task seemed impossible.

The Queen did not seem to know what mysterious object actuated the assassin to kill Ranger in that strange manner.

Just then Lee Toy brought him a pipe of opium.

Pretending to be smoking it, the old detective heard the woman and her companion resume their conversation.

Thompson now said:

"Well, it's a queer case. I'm puzzled. I'm sorry Ranger's gone. He was a great help to me in my business. I'll have to attend to everything myself now. It makes it very hard for me. However, I'm the gainer by it. I own the whole distillery now."

The Queen smiled, and said:

"You forget my interest in it."

"Oh," laughed Thompson, "that don't count."

"Yes, it does. You couldn't get along without my Chinamen."

"Well, they're mighty good distillers. But they're all hop fiends, and half the time are lying around the cellars smoking their confounded opium. However, they never give anything away, and that's in their favor. My business requires people who keep their own counsel."

"Don't blame them for smoking," she pleaded. "You love the poppy weed yourself, Job. Ah, the enchanting dreams, and calm peace of the mind after the business worries of the day. Come, let us drop our troubles and seek the bliss of the soothing drug."

"What—here?" he asked aghast.

"Yes, any place. Lee Toy has good opium, if you pay for it."

It was evident that Thompson was a fiend, for he did not hesitate long, but called Lee Toy over and asked for a pair of pipes.

He and the Queen inspected the bunks.

They were going to select one upon which to recline while smoking when the woman stumbled and fell against Old King Brady.

His pipe was knocked from his hand and the violence of the impact of her arms against his head knocked the wig and whiskers from him.

She was just going to apologize, when she caught view of his face, and despite the grime with which it was daubed she recognized him.

A suppressed shriek escaped her.

She recoiled crying:

"Old King Brady, the detective!"

"I'm exposed!" gasped the officer in disgust.

"There's treason here!" roared Thompson, glaring at him.

"He's been shadowing us, and must have overheard all our talk!" she cried frantically. "We'll go to jail now!"

"Not yet!" yelled Thompson, springing at the detective, and pulling a revolver out of his hip pocket.

"Harry!" panted Old King Brady.

Seeing the furious attack coming, he made an effort to get out of the bunk so as to have the freedom of his limbs.

But Thompson was too quick for him.

Seizing the detective by the throat with one hand, he pinned the officer down and pressed the revolver against his head, saying:

"Move an inch, and by Heavens, I'll kill you!"

The Queen rushed to Lee Toy and said something to him just as Harry sprang from his bunk and started on a rush across the room to go to his partner's aid.

Lee Toy yelled something in his native tongue, and every Chinaman in the place not overcome by opium rushed to his side.

CHAPTER IX.

WALLED UP ALIVE.

At a word of command from Lee Toy half a dozen hoppers flung themselves upon Harry Brady and bore him to the floor.

He did not have a chance to go to his partner's aid.

Struggling with tremendous energy, the boy shouted:

"Let me go, you yellow dogs!" and bang! went his fist against the nose of the nearest Chinaman, knocking him over. "You won't nail me without a fight!" and up went his foot, kicking another Mongolian on the shins with such painful force that the man howled. "By thunder, you won't down me without a fight. Let go my hair, confound you!"

The Chinaman who was gripping the boy's luxuriant locks and banging his head on the floor got an awful thump in the stomach from the young detective's knee, and he gave a groan and doubled up with agony.

Fiercely struggling, violently squirming, turning, twisting, and using every effort to break away from his assailants, the boy fought on desperately. But he was outnumbered. The Chinamen overpowered him.

He was finally tied hand and foot.

Old King Brady fared equally as bad.

While Thompson held him in submission with the revolver, he was bound by Lee Toy and rendered perfectly helpless.

The Queen watched these proceedings anxiously.

When she saw the two noted detectives rendered powerless, she glided over to Old King Brady, and after regarding him with a wicked gleam in her handsome big eyes, she said in pleased tones:

"We are too much for you this time, Mr. Brady."

"I'd like to know what you mean by ordering these Chinks to attack and make prisoners of us?" panted Old King Brady, angrily.

"We are looking out for our own safety," sweetly replied the Queen.

"Did we threaten you?"

"Oh, dear no. But you were prying into my secrets."

"Ain't you under suspicion?"

"By you officers, yes."

"This attack shows we were correct."

"How?" she asked, innocently.

"If you were not in fear of us, you wouldn't have them attack us."

"Nonsense, my good fellow," she replied testily. "Actually we hadn't anything to fear except a blunder on your part which might be very unpleasant for us. To protect ourselves we've made prisoners of you."

"You fear now that we know too much for your safety?"

"Well, you were listening to our talk."

"I was."

"And heard me contradict what I told your chief?"

"Just so."

"You know the reason, don't you?"

"I know your alleged reason."

"Can you blame me for keeping out of the murder case?"

"No; not if you are innocent."

"Have you still any doubts about the matter?"

"I've got my own opinion, madam."

"Oh, you are welcome to it. Now you know Mr. Thompson's private business, and who Ralph Ranger is. You might make it very unpleasant for us about the whisky stills. Therefore, we are going to put you where you can't do us any harm. Mr. Brady, you are not quite as smart as you thought you were. No man can outwit a sharp woman when it comes to a struggle of cleverness."

"So it seems!" dryly answered the detective.

"We've neatly turned the tables on you. Instead of us being your prisoners, you are ours. Turn about is fair play."

She laughed loud and long.

The old sleuth saw that she was in a dangerous mood, and he presently asked her:

"What are you going to have done to us?"

"Put you out of work!" she replied, significantly.

Then she drew Lee Toy aside and held an earnest whispered talk with him lasting fully five minutes.

She then called to Thompson, saying:

"Let's get out of here."

"Will Lee Toy attend to them?"

"With a vengeance!"

"Going to leave us in the hands of these coolies, eh?" asked Harry.

"We are," she replied in cold tones.

"If we come to grief, Heaven help you!"

"That's a threat."

"And I mean it. Our department knows we are here,

and will mete out a terrible vengeance upon you for any villainy you may instigate."

"Yes?" she asked, with an amused smile. "How dreadful!"

And with this sarcastic reply, she gave the boy a singularly cruel and vindictive look, grasped her companion's arm, and they left the cellar.

The detectives eyed the Chinamen.

Lee Toy was jabbering to his friends.

He then went to the forward part of the cellar, unlocked a door in the wall and passed into a damp vault extending out under the street.

After a few minutes he reappeared.

Saying a few guttural words to the other Chinamen, they lifted Old King Brady and carried him into the vault.

There were several openings made through the front two-foot walls to let in the sewer, gas and water pipes.

Standing Old King Brady in one of them, they went after Harry, and put him in another one under Lee Toy's order.

The detective observed a stack of bricks, several barrels of cement and sand, and imagined a mason was to fill in with brick the openings they stood in.

"Harry, what the deuce are they going to do to us?"

"I'm blest if I can imagine."

"Can't you work your bonds loose?"

"No. The strings fairly cut into my wrists. Can you?"

"I'm cutting them now on the edge of the bricks."

"Look out now. Here come some Chinks with a light."

Several of Lee Toy's friends now entered the vault with a dim lamp and began to mix the mortar.

The detectives eyed them curiously.

When the cement was ready several of the Chinamen began to lay up the bricks over the faces of the opening in which the detectives stood.

A cold chill passed through Old King Brady.

"Harry!" he cried, "they are going to wall us up alive!"

"By Jove, that's rough. I can't move an inch."

"Can't you turn around to present your back to them?"

"Yes."

"Do so."

Harry complied.

He wondered why his partner asked him to do this, but reasoned that he must have some potent reason for making the request.

While the Chinese opium fiends were building up the brick wall they kept chattering at a lively rate.

The work went fast.

In the course of an hour the openings were sealed up, and the two detectives were in a living tomb.

"We'll smother to death pretty soon," Old King Brady muttered, "if we don't make an effort to release ourselves. It's only a question of time when we will use up what little air there is remaining in these tombs."

He could not hear the Chinamen outside.

Ten minutes passed by, and the cramped recess became hot and stifling.

Old King Brady had been chafing his wrist bonds against

the rough brick, and now exerted all his strength straining at them.

The cords cut and pained, but he persisted.

Suddenly there sounded a sharp snap as the cord parted, and Old King Brady's nerves tingled with joy.

"I've broken them!" he muttered.

It required some work to shake the cords loose, but he finally got rid of them and his hands swung free at his side.

He quickly got out his pocket-knife.

To cut the bonds on his legs was an easy task.

The space he occupied was so narrow he had no chance to turn around, now that the opening was bricked up.

But that did not trouble him.

He knew that the cement mortar was still green, and he raised his leg and pressed his knee against the brick.

Giving the wall a strong push, he caused it to bulge out and then the whole thing fell with a violent crash, out upon the floor of the vault.

Some of the falling bricks hit Old King Brady, but he paid no heed to the bruises, and plunged out of the opening.

The furious clatter of the falling wall brought Lee Toy and his friends racing into the vault.

Out came the old detective's revolver.

Taking aim at the startled Chinamen, he cried:

"Hands up! Hands up, or I'll fire!"

They understood him, and raised their hands above their heads.

The detective smiled at their cowardice.

CHAPTER X.

THROUGH FIRE AND SMOKE.

For a few moments Old King Brady thought he was master of the situation. He had the Chinamen at his mercy, and all were badly frightened.

But the situation took a sudden turn.

The Queen appeared in the doorway.

She took in the scene at a glance, and said a few words to Lee Toy in low tones, whereupon all the Chinamen bounded to their feet and retreated.

Once in the cellar, they banged the door shut.

Old King Brady heard the bolts shoot into the sockets.

Then the voice of the Queen was heard laughing on the other side of the door. After a brief interval of silence she cried:

"Old King Brady! Old King Brady!"

Going to the door, he remarked:

"What do you want now?"

She answered:

"You'll never get out of that vault."

"I won't, hey?"

"No. You'll never open this door."

"Oh, you can't beat me, madam, as you'll find out."

"Boast all you please. I don't fear you now."

"A day of reckoning will come, madam."

She laughed scornfully, and after a pause she cried:

"Not on this earth. To get out of that vault will be impossible. You shall never use your knowledge of our private business against us in a court of law. Good-by until eternity! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"You unprincipled wretch!" cried the indignant detective. "You are deliberately committing what you firmly believe to be a murder. It shows me plainly enough now what an unscrupulous woman you are. And when I get out of here I'll land you behind the bars in short order!"

She made no reply.

The detective drew a dark lantern from his breast pocket and lit it.

Walking over to the wall behind which Harry was entombed, he flashed the light around and saw the vault floor littered with packing boxes.

The sight of these cases gave him an idea how to escape from the vault.

"Harry!" he shouted.

"Hello!" came the muffled reply. "Is that you, Old King Brady?"

"Yes. I'm out of my prison."

"Can't you help me? I'm nearly suffocated."

"Press your back against the wall and push!"

The boy obeyed, and getting his knee against the back of the opening, he secured a leverage, and the wall tottered.

Then it suddenly went down.

Harry fell on top of the debris and his partner dragged him out in the vault and severed his bonds.

"How did you get free?" he asked in amazement.

Old King Brady detailed what he did.

In conclusion, he took a chew of tobacco and remarked dryly:

"Well, we've secured our freedom anyway."

"Not yet," replied Harry, pointing at the heavy door separating the vault from the cellar. "We've got to open that yet."

"We can't do so by ordinary means."

"It's a heavy affair and strong as iron, I imagine."

"Still," laughed Old King Brady, "we'll get through."

"How?"

"By burning it down."

"Can we?"

"Yes. See those packing boxes? They'll make a fine bonfire piled up against that door, and it will have to succumb to the flames."

"Let's try the experiment."

They broke up several of the boxes and stacked the pieces against the door.

A fire was kindled in the heap, and in a few moments a cloud of smoke and a mass of flames arose, and the door caught fire.

Then an unforeseen danger arose.

The smoke filled the vault, choking them.

They could hardly breathe, as there was no way for it to escape, and the heat became so intense the sweat ran out of them.

As the smoke got into their eyes it almost blinded them.

"I'm afraid we've jumped out of the frying pan into the fire," gasped Harry.

"By thunder, we're in a sorry plight," admitted Old King Brady.

"I can hardly endure this heat and smoke."

"Get as far away as possible and lie on the floor."

When this was done it relieved their sufferings a little.

In the meantime the roaring flames licking against the wooden door, cracked and snapped, the sparks flew in all directions, and the door catching fire, added to the heat and smoke.

The interior of the vault became like a furnace.

A deep ruddy glow spread over everything.

Catching the reflection of the flames, the smoke banks looked as if the air was afire, as it grew thicker and denser.

The Bradys were panting for breath and groaning with agony, for the heat blistered their skin, and their mouths grew dry and parched.

An intolerable thirst overpowered them.

Their eyes burned, and perspiration drenched their clothing.

"I can't stand this much longer, Old King Brady," groaned the boy.

"Keep up your courage," replied the old detective, hoarsely. "There's no other way out of this. In a few minutes the door must give away. We can't remain passive. If we do our doom is sealed."

"The Chinamen are yelling in the cellar."

"Yes, I hear them. Smoke must be pouring in there."

The fire roared on, and they soon were gasping for breath.

They endured it to the last possible moment, then Harry gasped:

"Let's try the door."

"Scatter the flames first."

Armed with a board, blinded, dizzy and aching, they knocked the fire aside.

This done, they seized the bricks and hurled them against the blackened and charred door with all their strength.

Bang! Bang! Bang! went the bombardment.

Some of the bricks went crashing through the panels, and others shook the frame and rebounded.

A second furious fusilade and the weakened door went to pieces revealing the opium joint beyond filled with smoke.

Not a Chinaman was there to dispute their exit.

Believing the house was afire and driven out by the smoke, all the hop fiends had gone rushing pell-mell up the stairs.

With a fierce, exultant shout Old King Brady roared:

"Come on, Harry!"

And dashing through the burning doorway, they raced through the smoky cellar and reached the stairs.

The draught was carrying up the smoke in dense clouds.

Once out of the pent-up vault, the detectives' sufferings were relieved immediately, and they were enabled to see.

"Keep close beside me, Harry."

"Go ahead. Hold your pistol handy."

They reached the upper hall and saw a vast crowd of ex-

cited Chinamen gathered in Pell street before the building.

Among them they saw Lee Toy and most of the hop fiends who had caused them all their misery.

"See if we can't nab some of those yellow devils!" hissed the old detective. "It will be some satisfaction."

In the dark hallway they were not seen by the Chinamen who were standing out in the lighted street.

They each got their pistols in readiness, and having recovered their breath and paying no heed to the smarting of their eyes they suddenly rushed out.

It was such an unexpected charge that the Mongolians were taken by surprise, and had no time to get away.

Letting drive with their fists they knocked down several of the hop fiends, and while Old King Brady seized Lee Toy by the throat, Harry caught Chin Gow.

"Snap!" went the handcuffs upon their wrists, and aiming their pistols at the fallen men, they ordered them to remain where they were.

Frightened by the warlike actions of the dashing detectives, the rest of the gang fled in wild disorder, uttering cries of dismay.

Harry kept blowing his police whistle, and several patrolmen who had been on post on Chatham Square came rushing down the street with drawn clubs, looking for the source of the summons.

"This way!" cried Harry.

"What's up?" panted the first officer to reach him. "House afire?"

"No. We're Secret Service men raiding this joint."

"I see. But all that smoke pouring out of the hallway there?"

"Oh, that's only a box burning in the cellar. Nab those prostrate Chinks and summon a patrol wagon so we can haul them in."

There were three whining and terrified hop fiends lying upon the cobblestones, and the policemen pounced upon them.

One of the officers hastened away and telephoned for the wagon.

Like magic the street was cleared of all disreputable characters, and when the wagon arrived, the prisoners were hustled into it.

Driving them to the nearest police station, the Bradys made a charge against them, and they were locked up.

The detectives then went home to plan out a raid on Thompson's distillery, and to seek some much-needed rest.

CHAPTER XI.

RAIDING THE WHISKY STILL.

The Bradys had telegraphed on to the chief of the Boston Secret Service office to seize the four cases marked M in a diamond, and then they spent several days shadowing

Thompson's office, the store and the house in Fifteenth street.

They also kept a watch upon the Queen's resort in Mott street.

But their birds had taken to cover.

Frightened by the escape of the Bradys from the Pell street vault, they evidently feared arrest and hid themselves completely.

The detectives had no desire to raid the still unless they could capture the owners with it, in order to secure their conviction.

One night, as they sat in the lobby of the Morton House, the old detective said:

"There's one fact we must not overlook, Harry, and that is, that they don't know we are aware of the location of their plant. They think we know they make moonshine whisky, but they don't know we've located the still."

"By this time Thompson must be aware that we got onto the truck which took the stuff from his office in Exchange Place," replied Young King Brady. "If he met the truckman he must have been told about the man who sent the driver back on a false errand to get a duplicate receipt. That would let Thompson know that we learned how he ships the liquor out of town to sell it."

"Very likely," assented the old detective. "I made inquiries at the morgue and found out that Thompson sent an undertaker for the murdered man's body and gave it decent burial. But the undertaker didn't know anything about Thompson beyond the fact that he paid for the coffin, carriage and grave."

"And I've made some inquiries at the City Club," added Harry, "and found that both Thompson and Ranger are members and lived there. But neither of them have been seen there since the night of the murder. It's my impression that we might find that pair hidden in the Fourteenth street house."

"Suppose we descend upon it to-night?"

"It can't do any harm."

"Then let's get a platoon of policemen."

Leaving the hotel, they went to the station house and made the most careful arrangements to break into the Fifteenth street house and the Fourteenth street store at the same moment.

An hour later twenty policemen met them at Union Square and the force was divided in two, Harry taking ten around into Fourteenth street, and Old King Brady leading the rest around the corner to the suspected house.

At the same moment both forces made an attack.

Old King Brady rang the door bell.

Receiving no reply, he battered down the door with an axe.

Leaving a pair of policemen outside to guard the exits, he led the rest into the hall and lighted the gas.

Rushing upstairs, they found the house to be elegantly furnished, but entirely deserted as far as human beings were concerned.

The softest carpets covered the floors, the furniture was upholstered in rich tapestries and gold, magnificent curtains

and portieres were hung at doors and windows, valuable ornaments were scattered about in profusion, and priceless paintings hung on the frescoed walls.

No expense had been spared to make this house an abode fit to suit the most extravagant taste.

The officers began in the attic and searched each floor thoroughly, but failed to find the slightest trace of anybody.

But there were several points that did not escape the watchful eyes of the old Secret Service detective.

The house had been recently occupied.

This was shown by several of the beds being disarranged.

Down in the dining-room the remains of a dinner with all the necessary dishes for half a dozen people stood on the table and the coffee pot was yet warm.

"Some one slept here last night," said the detective to the police sergeant, who accompanied him. "And the same party has been dining here not much more than an hour ago. Feel this coffee pot."

The sergeant nodded and smiled.

"But we're too late," he remarked. "They're gone."

"Gone from up in the living rooms, you mean."

"Do you expect to find them in the cellar, Brady?"

"I do. We'll go down at once. Have your men got lights?"

"All have lanterns."

"They'll need them now."

"I'll order them lighted."

"And let the boys keep their pistols ready for use."

The sergeant spoke to his men and a few moments later every one clasped a lighted bull's-eye in his left hand and a pistol in his right.

Old King Brady opened the cellar door and led the way down.

It was just an ordinary cemented cellar, containing a furnace and some coal and the walls were built of stone.

At the front there was a coal-chute, and at the rear a stone wall.

Not a sign of an exit was to be seen.

Old King Brady looked worried.

"I'm afraid your theory is wrong about there being a door of communication between this cellar and the one in back," said the police sergeant, in tones of disappointment.

"Looks that way," growled the detective. "Feel the walls. See if there's a secret door concealed there."

A search was made but no good came of it.

Finally the sergeant said:

"Guess we'd better go."

"There's nothing out of the way here," admitted Old King Brady, reluctantly. "We may as well give it up."

He took out his tobacco box to console himself with a chew, but it slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor.

As he stooped to pick it up, his glance fell on an iron ring in the floor.

"Hello! What's this?" he exclaimed, seizing it.

Giving the ring a tug, he lifted up a square section of the cement finish and saw that it was laid over a wooden trap door.

An opening with a ladder in it was revealed.

"Come down—quick!" he muttered.

And down the ladder he went, followed by all the policemen.

At the bottom of the brick-lined man-hole into which he descended, he observed an arched passage along which he hurried for twenty feet.

It ended in a second man-hole, containing a ladder.

He ascended.

The top was covered.

Forcing it up, he sprang out into the well-lighted cellar under the Fourteenth street store, and glancing around saw several Chinamen.

The place was fitted up as a whisky still and the Chinese workmen were busily employed making moonshine whisky.

There were six of them.

Among them was Job Thompson.

"Here they are!" yelled Old King Brady.

"Cops!" roared Thompson, and he rushed through a partition door. The detective did not worry about him for he knew that Harry and the other policemen were up in the store, and would more than likely head him off.

Up came Old King Brady's policemen and with yells of dismay the interrupted moonshiners stopped working and recoiled.

Every one was armed, and without parleying, they drew their weapons and opened fire on the policemen.

Bang! Bang! went the shots.

One of the policemen fell, badly wounded and Old King Brady roared:

"Stop firing, or we'll kill you!"

A defiant yell and more shots came from the moonshiners.

Seeing he could not stop them, the detective shouted:

"Shoot them down, boys!"

All the policemen were up in the cellar by this time, and they raised their weapons coolly, took deliberate aim at the Chinamen and shot.

The volley roared loudly in the narrow confines of the cellar.

A chorus of wild yells followed.

Two of the Chinamen fell.

Frantic, the other four now made a mad rush at the officers, firing as they came and two more policemen were struck.

"Club them!" cried Old King Brady, grappling a Chinaman.

In a moment more the Mongolians and the policemen were engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle.

The Chinamen fought like demons.

When the policemen began to use their clubs, the shrieks and groans and clamor of excited voices made up such a furious din that it became fairly deafening.

The Chinamen fought like rats in a trap, but they were not only outnumbered, but were outclassed.

Many a club descended upon their shaven heads with loud whacks, and by the time they were beaten into submission they were a gory spectacle.

In a short space of time they were subdued and secured.

Then Old King Brady left a couple of the men to guard the prisoners and attend their wounded comrades. Followed by the rest of the police he ran into the front cellar to learn what became of Thompson and to find out what Harry was doing with his force of men.

CHAPTER XII.

WHO COMMITTED THE CRIME.

There was an elevator shaft and a flight of stairs in the front cellar and when Old King Brady ascended the stairs he found the door at the top locked.

"It's plain Thompson didn't go up this way," he said to the sergeant.

"He may have gone up on the elevator, Mr. Brady."

"Well, he isn't down here, anyway."

"Hark! What's that?"

They listened and heard a furious uproar.

Several pistol shots pealed out, and they heard a man yell:

"Don't fire! I'll give in!"

Old King Brady smiled grimly, and said:

"It's Harry. He's working in the store."

"Smash down the door."

The axe was brought up and with two lusty blows they broke open the door and rushed into the store.

Young King Brady and his officers occupied the place, and stood aiming their pistols at three white men who were crouching back against a partition dividing the rear office from the store.

Two gas-jets were lit.

A glance around showed Old King Brady that the store was to all appearance the wareroom of a piano dealer.

It was admirably suited as a blind for the real business, for the few dummy pianos in the place were never sold and the big cases holding the whisky casks looked like boxed pianos.

When Harry and his men broke in, they found the three men busily employed in the rear office filling gallon cans with whisky and packing them in boxes. They were thus sold to liquor dealers on the east and west sides of the city at a very low figure.

There ensued a fight, but Harry's force quickly subdued the moonshiners, while Old King Brady's men were busy in the cellar with the Chinamen.

Noticing that Thompson was not there, Old King Brady ordered his men to search the building for him.

"He must be in some of the upper lofts," he told his men. "If he attempted to escape out the front door, the men on guard there would nab him."

The policemen rushed upstairs.

Harry's men were handcuffing the prisoners.

When the boy joined his partner, he asked, eagerly:

"Didn't you get in here through the cellar?"

"We did. A subterranean passage connects the two cellars."

"Anyone downstairs?"

"A bunch. We got all except Thompson," said the old detective and he thereupon related all that he had done.

Harry explained his part of the raid and said in conclusion:

"We didn't see anything of Thompson. If he came up at all it must have been in the elevator. He could thus reach any of the upper stories without us knowing anything about it."

"If he's upstairs, my men will arrest him."

"Just look at this plant. See how they fixed up the whisky for small dealers. It's no wonder you can get whisky in some saloons so cheap. Look at the cans and boxes they are sold in. Here's a pipe for filling the cans. It runs down to a barrel of liquor in the cellar and is forced up here with a pump."

"Let's go below and examine the plant there."

They descended the stairs.

In the rear cellar they found a twin still of 150 gallons each which the Chinamen had been operating under Thompson's instructions.

There were sixty barrels of mash standing along the walls, and ten casks of illicit whisky ready for shipment.

The big brass hoppers had been used, and ventilators carried the fumes away by a flue running to the roof.

While a policeman was summoning an ambulance to carry away the wounded men to the hospital and a police patrol wagon to take the prisoners to the station house, the Bradys entered the office.

It contained a safe which the moonshiners had no time to lock, and the officers pulled out the books.

They clearly showed to whom the illicit whisky was sold and consigned and the Bradys kept them.

"These books are very valuable," remarked Harry. "By means of these entries, we can make some wholesale arrests in this city, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Thompson has agents all over. We must wire the news to the various police departments of the different cities at once. By to-morrow night the whole gang will be broken up."

In a short time the prisoners and wounded men were taken away and the Bradys departed with the policemen, for it was found that Thompson had made his way to the roof and escaped over the adjoining buildings.

Having secured the moonshiners' books at headquarters, they soon had the telegraph wires hot with messages.

Then they proceeded to the jail where the prisoners were confined and succeeded in finding a man so terrified that he was ready and willing to confess all he knew.

He was a little thin man, without much courage, who declared that he went to work for Thompson because he could not get anything else to do to support his family.

He answered to the name of Tom Bangs.

"How long have you worked for that man?" Harry asked him.

"About a month."

"How was the business conducted?"

"We were all under the charge of Ralph Ranger."

"But he is gone."

"Yes. Since he disappeared, Mr. Thompson came and took charge. He and his wife, whom they call the Queen, live in the Fifteenth street house——"

"Is she his wife?"

"Oh, yes."

"So they live in that house, eh?"

"They did. When they entered the distillery they always came by way of the passage under the cellar. We all slept and dined there——"

"By 'we,' you refer to the Chinamen, too, don't you?"

"Exactly so."

"Well, how about selling the whisky?"

"It was made in the cellar and barreled, boxed and carted to Thompson's downtown office, where he marked it for shipping. The same truckman always did the hauling. Some of it was canned and sold to dealers——"

"We've got the names, addresses and records of all those transactions."

They tried to find out from the man something about the history of Thompson and the Queen of Chinatown, but he would not tell them anything.

Old King Brady then asked him:

"Was the Queen friendly with old Ranger?"

"They were the best of friends."

"Did Ranger have any enemies?"

"The only person I ever saw him have any trouble with was a Chinaman named Yung Foo who used to be employed in the distillery."

"Ah!" said Old King Brady, evincing the greatest interest, as he recalled to mind that the Queen said a Chinaman had killed Ranger. "Do you know what caused the bad feeling between them?"

"Yes. Ranger caught the Chinaman selling the whisky on the sly and pocketing the proceeds. He gave Yung Foo a terrible beating, kicked him out and threatened to kill him if he betrayed the distillery to the police."

"And Yung Foo swore vengeance?"

"Yes. I heard him declare that he would kill Ranger the first chance he got. He went down to Mott street, when he got out of the hospital, and taking a partner named Wing, he opened a fan-tan joint with a store front as a blind, so the police would not catch on to his game. It's down stairs from the hop-shop run by the Queen."

"I've met that Chinaman and know where his place is."

"As far as I know, Ranger never saw Yung Foo again. His oath to kill Ranger was only an idle boast after all."

"You are mistaken."

"Why am I?"

"Because Yung Foo has kept his word!"

"What! Did he kill Ranger?"

"Yes. And your evidence will send the villain to the electric chair!"

"Good Lord! So that's where poor Ranger disappeared suddenly?"

"It is, and I've been fishing for some time to find out who killed him. I've discovered at last. And the ends of

justice will be met. We'll run the villain down and make him pay the penalty of his crime, eh, Harry?"

"This is a surprise to me!" exclaimed the boy."

The Bradys were overjoyed at the unexpected revelation and when they left the police prison, Old King Brady remarked:

"Now we've got a tangible clew to work on. There's a motive for the murder. The Queen's confession seems to be truthful. I haven't the faintest doubt but what Yung Foo killed old Ranger. We've already seen evidence of the fact that he's a bad man. Your head bears testimony to the fact."

"And nothing will please me more than to arrest the scoundrel," declared Harry, "for I haven't forgotten that crack he gave me on the head with a club in the Queen's place."

CHAPTER XIII.

PLAYING A GAME OF FAN-TAN.

On the following afternoon a large number of arrests were made, and a tremendous quantity of illicit whisky was seized by officers of the United States Internal Revenue Department, in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

The information upon which the Deputy Commissioners worked was furnished by the Bradys. They had gained it from Thompson's books.

In this wholesale raid, thousands of dollars' worth of liquor was recovered, upon which not a cent of duty had been paid.

The still in Fourteenth street was stripped of its apparatus for making the contraband liquor and the owner of the building was arrested and rebuked for letting the premises for such a nefarious business.

He, of course, pleaded ignorance and was finally discharged.

The men arrested in the place received a hearing, waived examination, and were indicted to go before the grand jury.

As they were put under heavy bail, no one came forward to furnish bonds, so they were committed to the Tombs pending trial.

The Bradys' connection with the prisoners ended there.

But they were determined to run down the chief offender, Thompson, and as the Queen of Chinatown was equally implicated with him, it followed that they must take her, too.

The pair must have read all the details of the raid, the fights and the commitment of the prisoners, in the newspapers.

Warned thus of their danger they kept under cover.

But the opium den was open.

The Bradys found it in full blast.

A Chinaman called Hop Chow was in charge of the place, and the Bradys figured that the Queen put him there.

When the detectives emerged from the joint that night, Harry said:

"If she put Hop Chow there, she must see him occasionally to get the money he takes in for her. The profits of this place are enormous, and she is out for the coin every time."

"In that case," replied Old King Brady, thoughtfully, "we might find her by keeping a watch on the Chinaman."

"That's the plan exactly."

"Well, we can't bother about her now."

"No. We are after Yung Foo to-night."

"I thought we might find him in the Queen's place."

"He wasn't there. But he may be in his fan-tan shop. I don't think he will recognize us in these costumes if we venture in there now."

Young King Brady referred to the disguises they now wore.

These costumes were such as the Italian peasants wear, Harry's a corduroy suit and his partner's a ragged blouse and pants of jean.

Old felt hats, bushy wigs and whiskers and with their skin colored dark, they had earrings fastened to their ears, and hob-nailed shoes on.

Harry wore a red bandana handkerchief around his neck.

Fully armed and ready for any danger, they passed out into the street and strode over to Yung Foo's store.

Like nearly all the Chinese places in that section the store was dimly lighted and had a gloomy appearance.

Behind the counter there was a young Chinaman.

He eyed them curiously when they entered, and demanded:

"Whatee want?"

"Me playa de fan-tan," blandly answered Harry, pointing at his bosom.

"You glotee money?"

"Gota plenta da mon', signor," chuckled Harry, pulling out a handful of gold pieces and showing them, boastfully.

The sight of that gold tempted the Chinaman and overcame any suspicions he may have entertained.

A guileless smile crossed his placid face and he said:

"Allee light. Clome on disce way."

There was a wooden partition in the rear.

He pushed open a door in the rear, beckoned to the detectives, and led them into a small apartment in which were a number of Chinese gamblers.

In their own way, these rogues are as clever as white men at cheating, and their thirst for games of chance is proverbial.

The detectives carefully scanned them.

Neither Wing nor Yung Foo were there.

It disappointed the Bradys.

The dozen Chinamen were surrounding a fan-tan table over which hung a big lamp with a shade reflecting the light downward.

A big, raw-boned Chinaman with evil, slanting eyes and a long queue, was acting as banker of the game.

The young Mongolian spoke to him rapidly a few moments, telling him what a lot of money the supposed Italian had.

It made his evil eyes glitter.

He greeted the detectives affectionately and made a mental vow to have the money in his own pocket ere the night was over.

"You play fan-tan?" he asked in pretty good English. "Allee light, me glad you here. Slit down. You my fiends allee samee."

"Ave Maria," chuckled Harry, "me playa de game betta dan de China. I busta da bank."

He understood the game thoroughly.

"You fiend he play?"

"Me?" asked Old King Brady, shaking his head. "No."

"Den you lookee on?"

"Yes."

"Velly good."

Harry sat down and went in the game.

He played with such skill that the Chinamen were amazed, and Old King Brady stood looking on, an amused spectator.

The gamblers made no effort to cheat the boy, yet they shrewdly planned to let him win a while, in order to arouse his cupidity and make him eager to play.

In the end they designed to swindle him out of every cent he had.

"Wherea de Yung Foo?" carelessly asked the boy after a while.

"He clome in soon," replied the banker.

"Signor Wing out too?"

"Yes. Dey havee business—savvy?"

"Ah! Me knowa dem mens."

"Where you meetee he?"

"Upa de stair."

"Inee Queen house?"

"Yes."

Just then Harry noticed that he began to gradually lose. He knew what was happening, but did not betray it by word, look or deed, and so did Old King Brady.

The play went on and Harry's money began to flow out.

In a short space of time he had several hundred dollars on the table and every one of the Chinamen's nerves were on edge.

They kept bending nearer and nearer the money, a tigerish expression gleamed in their snaky eyes and some fairly trembled from suppressed excitement.

The old detective noted these alarming signs and a cold smile crept over his disguised face and his right hand swiftly slid into his hip pocket and clutched the butt of his revolver.

Suddenly Harry observed the way the Chinamen had been cheating him, and he raised his hand and banged it down on the money.

As quick as a flash the banker pulled a dagger from up his loose sleeve.

Raising the gleaming blade he aimed a savage blow at Harry's hand, intending to pin his hand to the table.

Down came the dagger.

But the keen boy saw it coming and pulled his hand back.

Bang! Jingle-jingle.

The knife plunged among the coins, the point pierced the table and stuck there and the coins flew in all directions.

"Treachery!" gasped Harry.

"Hi-ya!" screamed the banker, springing up.

In an instant every Chinaman was upon his feet with a knife in his fist and the boy was the center of their furious attacks.

"Back!"

It was Old King Brady's sharp voice.

The dangerous click-click of his pistols followed.

A howl of wrath and fear escaped the Chinamen when they found that grim brace of firearms confronting them, and saw the keen glance of the supposed Italian flashing over their sights.

And back they scrambled.

"Taka de coin!" said the old detective, coolly.

Harry swept it into his pocket.

Then he drew his own weapons and rose to his feet.

For a moment there ensued a deathly silence, and the banker glaring at them like a madman, rushed to the rear of the room.

In the floor was a short lever.

He grasped it, and gave it a violent pull.

The floor suddenly opened beneath the feet of the detectives and they plunged down into a dark shaft with the mah-tan table, some of the chairs and a big stone cuspidor.

It was a double trap door, hinged to open inward and by pulling that lever the Chinaman had unfastened the bolts that secured it and precipitated the detectives into the abyss.

A yell of derision from the gamblers was the last thing the detectives heard as they went plunging down in the dark shaft.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIGHTING THE RATS.

"Harry!"

"Is that you, Old King Brady?"

"Yes. Where are you?"

"Lying under some chairs. And you?"

"Pretty badly bruised. I can hardly move."

"Try to get these things off my body, will you?"

It was a quarter of an hour after the detectives landed at the bottom of the dark shaft into which they had fallen when this dialogue ensued.

The Bradys had gone down a distance of twelve or fifteen feet.

The shock knocked them senseless.

When they came to both felt very sore.

Old King Brady had his lantern with him, and lit it.

Flashing the light around, he observed that they were in a small cellar, and he saw Harry lying under the chairs.

The table, heavy enough to have crushed the life out of him, was lying overturned dangerously close to the boy.

It was very dark in this pit-like cellar, and the lights caused an army of rats to scamper away.

Rising to his feet and brushing off his pants with his hand, the old detective found he had several painful bruises. Luckily, however, no bones were broken.

"Have you been injured badly?" he asked the boy.

"Wrenched my left arm, and it hurts like fury."

Old King Brady pulled the chairs aside.

He helped the boy to his feet and a quick examination showed Harry that his arm was cut and his neck scratched.

Aching all over, his clothes torn and dirtied, he looked very much depressed over the trick played on him by the Chinamen.

He finally got some use of his sprained arm and glanced around the cellar to see if there was an exit.

A flight of wooden stairs led up to a cellar door opening on the street, and he pointed at it and said:

"Perhaps we can get out that way."

"I'll see. If we do, the Lord help those fan-tan players."

The old detective ran up the stairs.

He tried to push open the door, but found it locked outside.

"Can't move it," he exclaimed.

"Let's see if there's any other way."

The old detective descended, and they examined the cellar.

While so employed they heard a noise above their heads, and glanced up.

In the open trap they saw the banker peering down.

He had seen them by their lantern light, and now shouted:

"Hello!"

"Hello yourself!" replied Harry.

"You no gitee lout now."

"No?"

"No. You die dere."

"So you say."

"Allee light. Me gitee you money soon."

"That's what you think, but you won't."

Several more Mongolian heads appeared around the opening, peering down at them, and Old King Brady flashed his light up in their faces all of a sudden.

He gave a start of surprise, for he recognized two of them.

"Harry!" he whispered, excitedly.

"Well?"

"There's Yung Foo and Wing!"

"The deuce!"

"Don't you recognize the villains?"

"Yes; now I see them."

"This is a regular man-trap."

"I suppose other victims have fallen in here before us."

"No doubt of it. They probably mean to starve us to death, and rob our bodies of our money when we are helpless."

"That's what that villain's words seem to indicate."

Just then Yung Foo shouted down at them:

"De lats soon killee you."

Then he said something to his companions, and the trap was closed and the officers were left alone.

They discussed the situation.

"It's of no use trying to force the cellar door unless we have something with which to smash it," said Harry.

Old King Brady pointed at the table.

"Won't that thing do?" he asked.

"We might try it."

They walked over to the table, and Harry gave a startled cry.

"See there!" he exclaimed, pointing at the floor.

It was swarming with rats.

They did not seem to fear the detectives.

Half famished, they saw in the officers' food to keep them from starvation.

"By Jove, they're going to attack us!" said Old King Brady. "Get out your gun—quick!"

They drew their pistols, and began to fire at the rodents.

Scores of them were killed and the detectives' cartridges gave out.

At the first fusillade the beasts scampered away, but when the firing ceased they returned.

There were hundreds of them.

They were fierce, ugly-looking creatures.

"We are going to have trouble with those brutes!" muttered the old detective.

"They'll eat us alive if they once get the best of us," Harry replied.

"Grab the table and let's get out of here as quick as we can."

The table was very heavy.

Lifting it, they carried it up the stairs.

They noticed that the rats came swarming after them.

Swinging the table back, they drove it forward like a battering-ram, and it gave the cellar door such an awful blow that it nearly burst the door from its hinges.

But the recoil sent the table flying from their hands, and it fell down the stairs with a crash.

The rats were driven back before it.

Down rushed the detectives to recover the table, but when they reached the cellar, the rats made a dash for them.

On they came from all directions.

The next moment scores of them ran upon the detectives and with loud squeaks sank their sharp teeth in the officers' bodies.

"Fight them off, Harry!" yelled the old detective.

"Roll on the floor!" the boy replied.

Down they dropped, and over and over they rolled.

This was the only way in which they could dislodge their tormentors, and many of them were crushed.

Freed for a moment of the pests, the detectives seized the table again and once more carried it up the stairs.

For the second time the rats followed them, but they paid no heed to the hungry beasts, and let the table fly.

Boom! it went against the stout boards with a report like a gun, and with a splintering crash the door burst open.

Once more the table fell down the stairs.

"At last!" gasped Old King Brady.

"Can you get through that ragged opening?"

"I can rip off a few boards with my hands now."

He seized them and tore them from the cleats.

The opening was thus enlarged enough to admit the passage of his body, and he crawled through, followed by Harry.

The Chinamen in the fan-tan joint were aware of what the officers had been doing, and were now grouped on the sidewalk before the door to seize them when they came out.

As a result, the moment Old King Brady made his appearance he was set upon by the whole gang, and they punched, kicked and began to beat him unmercifully.

But they did not know what a powerful and courageous man he was. He soon let them know it, however.

Doubling up his fists, he pitched into them.

Harry joined him.

In a moment more the pair were the centre of a struggling mass of humanity, and a terrific fight began.

"Go for them, Harry!"

"I'm with you!" replied the boy.

He only had one useful arm, but the execution he did with it was terrific. Every time he punched a Chinaman the heathen went down. Old King Brady's fists shot out right and left with the force of a pile-driver.

Yells rent the air, and scores of Chinamen flocked to the scene from all directions, and surrounded the combatants.

The danger of the detectives was momentarily increasing, for, though they expected to cope with the gamblers, they were no match for the army who now surrounded them.

CHAPTER XV.

WING CONFESSES.

Among the scowling mob of Chinamen confronting the detectives, Harry recognized the evil faces of Yung Foo and his partner, Wing.

Gaining a moment in which he could speak to Old King Brady, he pointed at the evil pair, and said in an excited whisper:

"See! There stand the men we most want!"

"And, by Heavens, we'll capture them!" panted Old King Brady, fiercely.

"You tackle Wing and I'll go for the other."

"Very well, Harry. Never mind the rest."

"We've floored Hop Chow, the banker, and the other gamblers."

"See how Wing and his partner keep aloof from the rest."

"One bold dash for them and they are ours."

"If we only had our pistols loaded!"

"We can depend upon our hands."

"I'm afraid the mob will try to prevent an arrest."

"Oh, they don't yet suspect we are officers."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Go!"

Like two cyclones they swept into the crowd.

Nothing could withstand that terrific rush, and the awful blows they struck out right and left.

The crowd parted.

Some in their haste to escape the onslaught stumbled over their friends as they darted aside out of the way.

Yung Foo and his partner seemed to instantly realize that the two dashing detectives were aiming for them.

They made a swift attempt to get out of the way.

But they were not quick enough in their movements, owing to their friends hemming them in on all sides.

The detectives reached them.

Harry seized Yung Foo by the throat and Old King Brady grasped Wing's arm.

"I want you!" panted the boy.

A yell of alarm escaped Yung Foo, and he recoiled, crying:

"Letee go!"

At the same time he struck Harry squarely in the face, wrenched himself free and started on a run down the street. Harry darted after him.

A Chinaman tripped the boy and he fell sprawling on the pavement, but he was upon his feet in an instant and off in pursuit of the flying Chinaman again with renewed zeal.

Harry was determined to capture him.

Out of the mob, he now had a chance to do so.

The terrified Celestial ran fleetly, but he was no match for Harry, and Young King Brady rapidly overhauled him.

"Stop! I'll shoot!" shouted the boy.

He pointed his empty revolver at the man.

Glancing around over his shoulder, Yung Foo saw the pistol and it made him weaken so that he suddenly paused.

Throwing up his clasped hands, he fell on his knees on the pavement, bowed his forehead to the ground, and sobbed:

"Me no flight! No shootee! No shootee!"

Harry pounced upon him and handcuffed the rascal.

Two policemen had been racing after him, and they now came up and received an explanation of the scene.

Harry turned his prisoner over to one of them.

"Take him in. He's a murderer!" he exclaimed. "Don't let him escape. The chief wants him badly—understand?"

"They'll have to kill me to rescue him," said the policeman.

"Lend me some cartridges—quick. I've got to hurry back to my partner. He's in trouble, and I need help."

The officer gave him three cartridges from his own weapon, and as they luckily fitted Harry's pistol, he loaded it on the spot.

He then said to the other policeman:

"You come with me. My partner is fighting a mob."

Rapping his club on the pavement, the policeman rushed along with Harry toward the crowd surrounding Old King Brady.

In a few moments they arrived near enough to see an exciting scene.

The old detective clinging to Wing was in the centre of an excited rabble of Chinamen who were trying to rescue their countryman.

Unarmed, the old officer could not put up much of a defense against the blows and missiles directed at him.

But he fought doggedly as best he could, hoping against hope that somebody would come to his aid.

It revived his courage when he caught view of Harry and the policeman rushing like a whirlwind toward him.

"Officer," panted the boy.

"Well, Mr. Brady?"

"Only heroic measures will save him."

"He's badly surrounded."

"Shoot straight into the crowd."

"That will scatter them."

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"Fire!"

They paused and blazed away.

A chorus of wild shrieks pealed from the threatening Chinese as the bullets winged them, and an uproar ensued.

Seeing Harry and the bluecoat, they dashed away in all directions, heading for the hallways, alleys and cellars, into which they plunged with frantic haste.

"Give it to them again, too keep them moving, and at the same time to let them know we won't take any nonsense from them," said Harry, as they rushed forward again.

Bang! Bang! went two spiteful reports.

Yells followed as two Chinamen were hit and dropped in their tracks.

Their friends picked up the yelling and squirming men, and carried them to a place of shelter in one of the houses.

The two last shots clinched the matter.

Like magic the street was cleared.

Old King Brady was left standing in the middle of the street handcuffed to Wing and menacing Hop Chow and the banker of the fan-tan dive, who lay on the ground where he had knocked them.

Up to him rushed Harry.

Glancing around, he cried:

"We came just in season."

"I would have been torn to pieces if you hadn't arrived just when you did," replied Old King Brady, quietly.

"You don't look very much rattled," admiringly said the policeman.

"I ain't," replied Old King Brady. "I've got my man, too."

"You have three."

"Yes. Each of you take one."

Harry seized Hop Chow and the policeman took the banker.

Missing Yung Foo, the old detective asked:

"Did you lose your quarry, Harry?"

"Not much. Yung Foo is on his way to jail now."

Old King Brady looked intensely relieved, and a smile broke over his usually stern face, and he said:

"Good for you, Harry. I feared he got away from you. We had better take our prisoners out of this street before those Chinamen get over their panic and renew the attack."

Acting upon this sound advice, they left Mott street, and made their way to the station-house with their prisoners.

A crowd of boys followed them.

When they reached the police station they found Yung Foo there in the hands of the other officer.

The captain of that precinct sat at his desk.

"Well," he asked Wing, "give me your name, age and address."

The Chinaman was badly frightened, but did so.

Then the captain asked Old King Brady:

"What's the charge against this man?"

"Murder!" said the detective, winking at the captain.

Wing looked terrified upon hearing this, for he knew the penalty.

"Who did he kill?" asked the police captain.

"Ralph Ranger."

"When?"

"Night of June 19th."

"Where?"

"In a cab, in Centre street."

"How?"

"Ran beside the cab and stabbed the man through the carriage window."

"Why?"

"For revenge. And here's the knife he did it with."

He held up the Chinese dagger with which Ranger was killed.

Wing gave a wild yell.

"Me no killee dat man!" he howled.

"Who did, then?" sternly asked Old King Brady.

"Yung Foo. Dat his knife."

"I've got his confession," chuckled Old King Brady, gleefully, "and that's the evidence I've been playing for. Wing was the only witness, and his testimony will convict Yung Foo!"

CHAPTER XVI.

HURLED IN THE TUNNEL.

By cleverly playing upon the fears of Wing, the old detective had wrung from his lips the very confession he wanted.

He glanced at Yung Foo.

That individual stood with a stoic look of utter indifference upon his face as he heard his friend give him away.

"Do you hear what he says?" asked Old King Brady, meaningly.

"Yep," replied the accused.

"Is it true?"

"Allee samee he speak light."

"This is your dagger, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"And you killed Ranger because he gave you a beating when you were working for Job Thompson?"

Yung Foo nodded assent very gravely.

He evidently had no intention of trying to conceal the fact. Indeed, he seemed to think he had a perfect right to kill his enemy out of revenge. But he did not reckon on the consequence of his crime.

Old King Brady turned to the rest and asked:

"You all bear witness to his admission of guilt."

"We do," replied the police captain.

"That will do. Lock them up."

"How about this fellow, Wing?"

"He was an accessory."

"With Yung Foo when the deed was committed?"

"He was. It was Mike Muldoon's cab. He saw the two Chinamen at the time the crime was committed, running away from the carriage. He saw that they were Chinamen, but I doubt if he recognized their features in the dark. Besides, the Queen of Chinatown saw them in the gloom. I think we have all the evidence we need now to convict this villain."

"And so do I," added the police captain.

The prisoners were thereupon locked up and the Bradys went home.

On the following day they went down to headquarters and made a detailed report of all that happened, to their chief.

He looked very much pleased.

"You've done your work well!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps now you see the wisdom of my having discharged the Queen and those two men from custody when you first arrested them."

"How do you mean, sir?" asked Old King Brady.

"Why, by letting them go and watching them, they gave themselves away so completely that there is now no question about convicting them. At the time you first brought them in, the evidence was so flimsy that you could not have held them. Your proof was not strong enough to warrant a conviction. It was purely circumstantial evidence, which is no good. Now, however, you have got something substantial upon which to work when the case goes to trial."

"That's a fact," replied Old King Brady.

"You've carried the case to such a successful issue so far, why don't you put on the finishing touch by running down the Queen and her delectable husband? They were the prime movers in that moonshine whisky game. Your work will not be complete without them. Do you realize it?"

"We do."

"And you'll find them?"

"Yes."

"Good!"

The Bradys departed.

Where to look for the Queen, they had no idea, so in place of nothing better to work on, they began to keep her opium den under strict surveillance.

On the first night they started to watch the place, Harry

ent in to survey the premises and saw that a new Chinaman had taken control. He was a short, fat fellow, with a good-natured face and wore the most gorgeous clothing. Harry met him in the smoking parlor and asked him:

"Where is the Queen?"

"Gone," replied the Mongolian.

"When is she coming back?"

"Never."

"What!"

"I bought her out."

"You did?"

"Yes. Last night."

"Do you know where she went?"

"To Europe."

Harry studied the man's face.

It was evident he suspected Harry's identity.

That was shown by the way he looked at the boy.

Moreover, Young King Brady believed he was lying.

He said so.

"You ain't telling the truth!" he exclaimed.

"I can't help it if you don't believe me," said the man, with a smile. "Why do you ask these questions?"

"Because I wish to see her on important business."

"To arrest her?"

"You are suspicious."

"Oh, I know you're a detective."

"Then that's why your are lying."

The Chinaman laughed outright and shrugged his shoulders.

He was a well-educated fellow.

"I can't force you to believe me," he remarked, quietly.

"By no means," replied Harry, emphatically. "But I'll tell you one thing, my boy, and that is, you can't deceive me."

He returned to Old King Brady who was waiting outside for him, and the veteran asked him in eager tones:

"What luck, Harry?"

"None."

"She isn't there, eh?"

"No. She's got a new manager, though."

"Can't you pump him?"

"By no means. He suspects my business."

"Well, we'll watch him."

They remained on guard all night, but as the opium joint did all its business in the night-time, the Chinaman did not emerge.

Next morning Old King Brady went to breakfast.

While he was gone, the fat Chinaman came out, and glancing carefully up and down the street, he strode down Park Row.

There he boarded a Third avenue car.

Harry tracked him.

The boy had changed his appearance and now looked like a laborer.

He got on the same car as the Chinaman, and although the man he was shadowing glanced at him several times he did not seem to recognize the disguised boy.

Uptown they rode as far as Fifty-fifth street.

Here the Chinaman alighted and went over toward the west side.

Upon reaching Park avenue, he mounted the steps leading to the bridge over the railroad tunnel.

Harry was close behind him.

When the Chinaman reached the middle of the bridge he heard a train coming from the Grand Central depot.

Pausing in the middle of the bridge, he glanced down in the tunnel and as Harry was coming along close behind him, the boy had to pass the Mongolian or else attract his attention by pausing.

There was no help for it but to get ahead of the man.

Harry kept right on.

Just as he was about to pass the Chinaman a startling event occurred.

As quick as a flash the Mongolian turned and seized him by the throat.

"I've got you!" he hissed.

Then he pushed the boy back against the railing.

"He has penetrated my disguise!" flashed through Harry's mind and he made a grab at his assailant and seized him.

The Chinaman was powerful.

He gave the boy a violent shove backward.

A smothered cry escaped Harry as he felt himself going over the railing backward, and he clung to his assailant.

Not a soul was watching them.

Over pitched Harry.

He had such a grip on his enemy that he pulled the man with him and locked in a tight embrace, they fell down into the tunnel.

They landed on the rails.

It was a bad fall, and the shock stunned them.

For a few minutes they laid like dead men.

An outward-bound train was rushing swiftly toward them and the engineer leaning out his cab window saw the pair.

A frightened look crossed his face.

He made an effort to stop the locomotive.

It had such headway, though, that he could not bring it

to a standstill ere it would reach the young detective and the Chinaman, who laid across the tracks.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

The engineer of that train was a brave and quick-witted man. When he saw the two figures ahead upon the track, and realized that he could not stop the train in time to prevent it from running over them, he dashed from the cab. Rushing along the foot-path beside the boiler, he slid down on the pilot. Grasping one of the braces with one hand, he leaned down, and as the car was about to crush the life out of Harry, he seized and lifted the boy.

It required all the strength in his right arm to jerk the young detective upon the pilot out of harm's way, but he did it.

He had seen that the other was a Chinaman.

He had to take his choice, as he could not save both, and preferred, of course, to save the white man.

The cow-catcher struck the Mongolian and tossed him up in the air.

He never knew what struck him.

When they afterward picked him up, he was dead.

His skull was fractured.

The train was backed up to the Grand Central depot, and by the time it reached there, Harry had revived and heard what happened.

He explained what happened and thanked the engineer.

The body of the Chinaman was taken to the morgue and the train went on its way, while Harry went in search of his partner.

He found Old King Brady and told him what occurred.

"We are as badly off now as before," he said, when he finished his story. "Now we have no one to lead us to the Queen's hiding place. What shall we do?"

Old King Brady pondered.

An idea finally entered his mind and he said:

"She's bound to read of the Chinaman's death in the papers and thus find that her opium joint is running with no one in charge of it. That will either bring her in haste to the place or she will send another manager whom we can shadow."

"Then you advise watching that joint?"

"I don't see what else we can do."

This plan was put in operation.

As Old King Brady predicted, the newspapers that day had a full and startling account of the railroad tragedy.

They gave a description of the Chinaman and mentioned the fact that he carried the address of the Queen's joint in his pocket.

Enough was said to establish his identity to anyone who knew him.

That night, the Bradys might have been seen lurking about the vicinity of the Queen's establishment, on the watch.

About eleven o'clock a cab dashed up to the door, driven by Mike Muldoon, and an elegantly-attired lady and gentleman sprang out.

Hurriedly glancing up and down the street, the veiled woman darted into the opium joint building, while her companion said to the driver:

"Wait here till we come out. We want you to take us away again."

"Yis, sor," said Mike.

The man then ran into the building.

No sooner did he vanish when Harry glided from an adjacent doorway and running over to the cab, he whispered:

"Mike!"

"Who's that?"

"Young King Brady."

"Ther Lord bless us."

"Who were those people?"

"D'ye moind ther quane?"

"Yes."

"That's her."

"And the man?"

"I niver saw him afore."

"Are they coming out?"

"Yis. I'm ter take 'em away."

"Where to?"

"Ther Fifteenth street house."

"Is that where you brought them from?"

"It is."

"Then, by jove, that's where they've been hiding all this time!"

"What's that?"

"Oh, nothing! Come down here."

The driver obeyed.

"What's wantin'?" he asked.

"Swap hats and coats with me. Then you go to headquarters and wait there for me. I'm going to drive your cab."

"But——"

"Hush! No delays."

Mike exchanged clothing and Harry got upon the driver's seat, gathered up the reins and waited for the Queen and Thompson to come out.

Old King Brady was watching all that transpired.

In a short time the man and woman emerged.

They had closed up the opium joint.

Darting swiftly into the cab, to avoid being seen, they closed the door without paying any attention to the driver.

The Queen then shouted through the open window:

"Down to the White Star line in a hurry, driver!"

Harry made no reply but started off the horse at a break-neck pace.

"If they attempt to alight from the cab while it is going at this speed," the boy muttered, "they'll break their necks."

Old King Brady was hanging on to the rear axle, and was carried along with them unknown to the passengers.

Young King Brady drove straight to headquarters, and as he alighted and opened the door, he sang out:

"Here you are!"

The Queen and her companion had been riding with the shades drawn down to escape observation. They failed to see where they were being taken.

As they alighted from the cab, Harry grasped the Queen and Old King Brady seized Thompson by the collar.

"You are our prisoners!" said the boy.

The Queen gave a shriek of dismay.

"The Bradys!" she cried, recognizing them.

"Yes, and we've got you at last!" cried Harry.

They saw where they were, and with expressions of blank despair upon their faces, realized that further struggling was useless.

"Will you submit quietly?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Yes. The jig is up!" growled Thompson.

"Then come in and see the chief."

Just then Muldoon came along and was paid liberally for the use of his cab, exchanged hats and coats with Harry and drove away.

The prisoners were brought into the building.

The chief was amazed to see them, and when he heard how cleverly Harry had captured them, he laughed heartily and said:

"Well, Queen, we've got you again it seems. This time you'll stay. My detectives have got dead evidence against you and your husband."

"I hope you don't mean for that murder of Ranger?"

"No, indeed. For your illicit whisky distilling."

"Oh!" said the Queen, with a relieved look.

"We have got Yung Foo and Wing for the murder."

"Were they the ones who did it?" she asked, in genuine amazement.

"Yes. They've confessed. They saw you riding in the cab that night with your husband's partner, Ralph Ranger, and Yung Foo rushed out at the cab and stabbed Ranger, whom he owed a grudge. I don't blame you for lying to escape being charged with the murder. But you'll have to pay the penalty for your other misdeeds."

They were then locked up.

Soon afterward the distillery case was brought to trial and the evidence of the truck driver and Thompson's clerk convicted all who were engaged in it.

The Queen, Thompson and all their help were sent to prison.

Yung Foo and Wing were tried, and the former was found guilty of having murdered Ranger in a spirit of revenge.

He paid the penalty of his crime by execution.

Wing was sent to Sing Sing for ten years.

After that the opium joint was closed up, and the Bradys were detailed on other work.

They had made a great record for themselves, and added laurels to the wonderful reputation they already enjoyed.

In conclusion we have only to add that they were soon engaged on another exciting case, the details of which will be set forth in the next issue of this weekly.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE GIRL SMUGGLER; OR, WORKING FOR THE CUSTOM HOUSE," which will be the next number (79) of "Secret Service."

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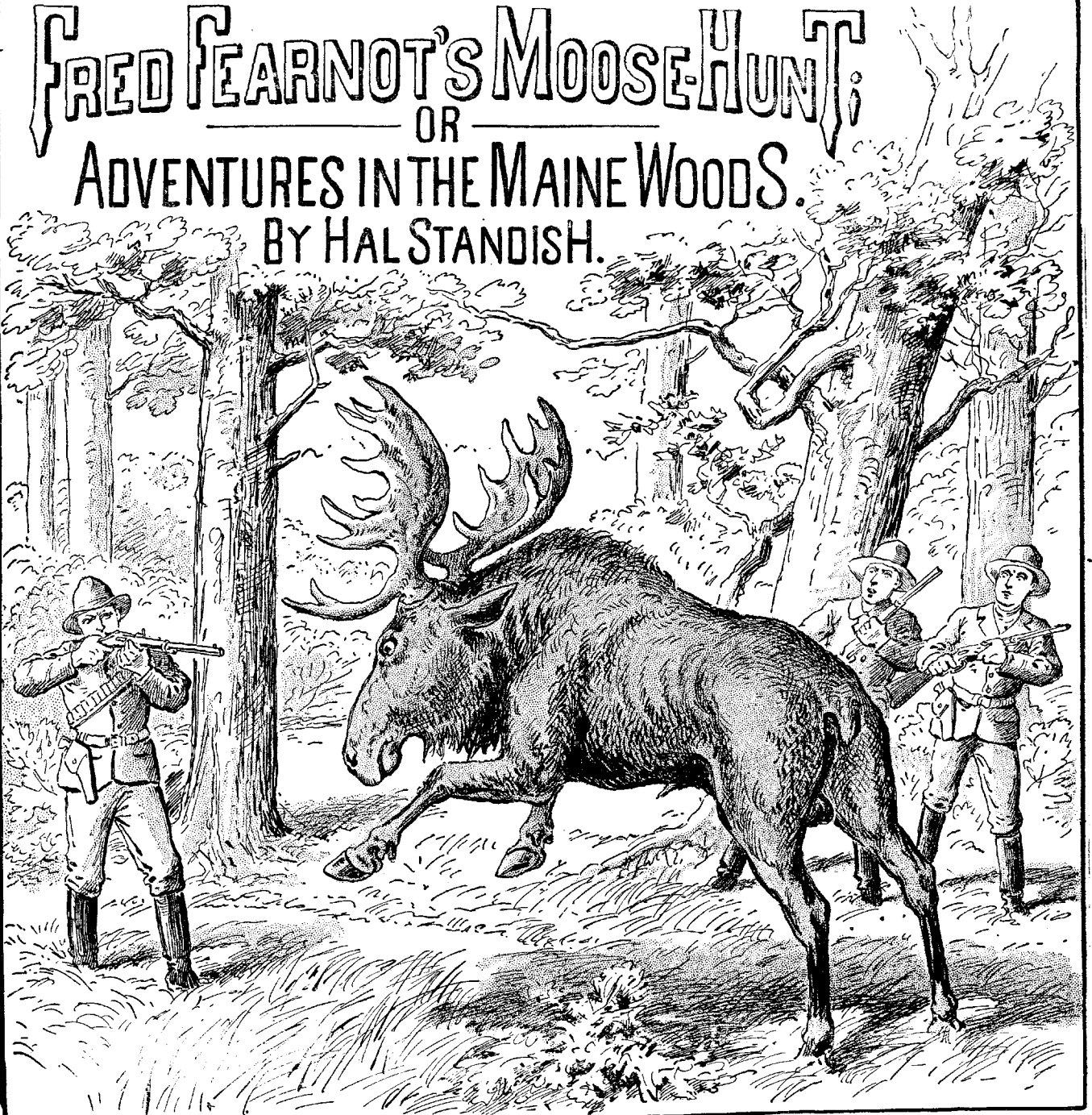
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