

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

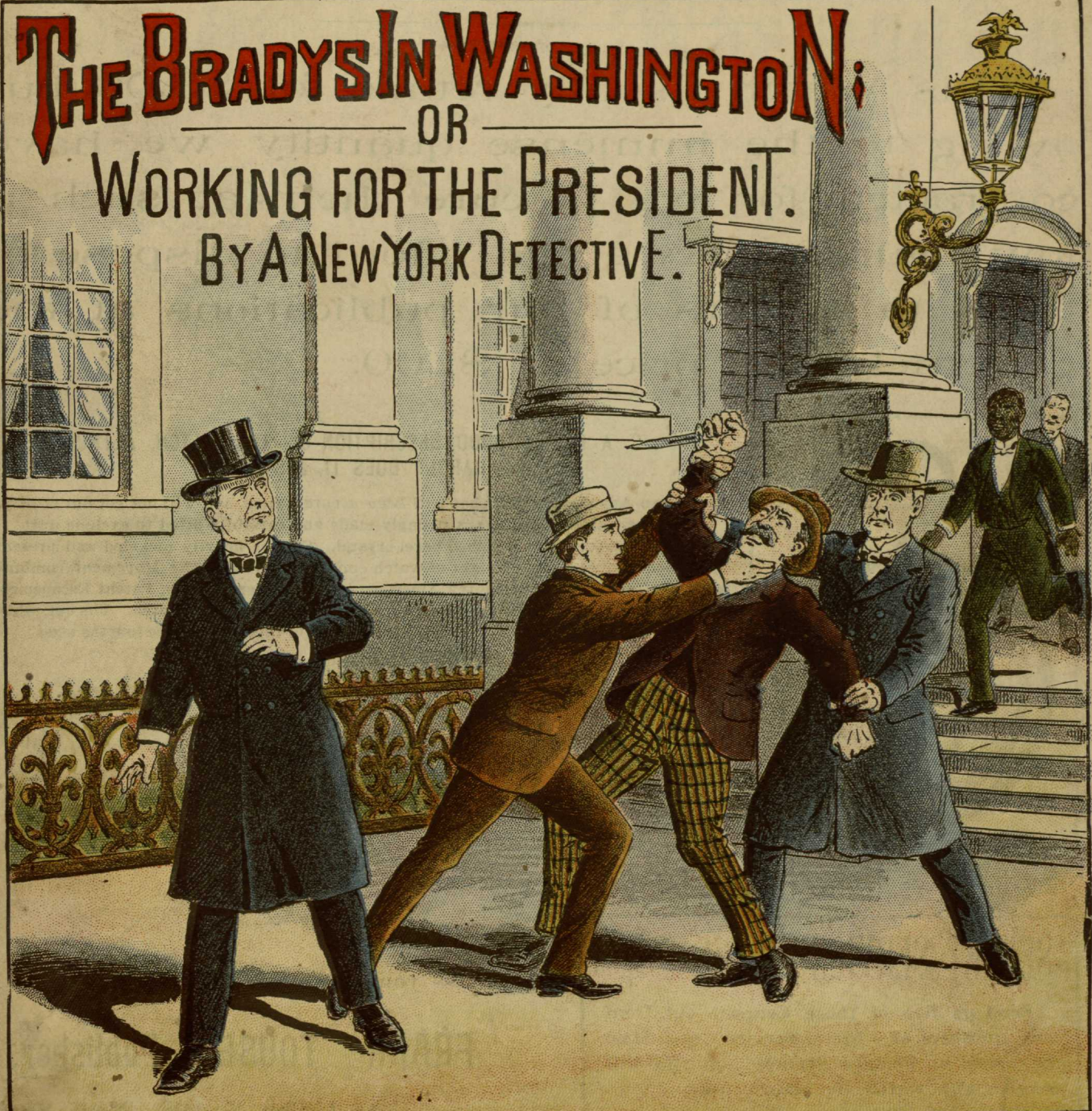
Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 98.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS IN WASHINGTON; OR WORKING FOR THE PRESIDENT. BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



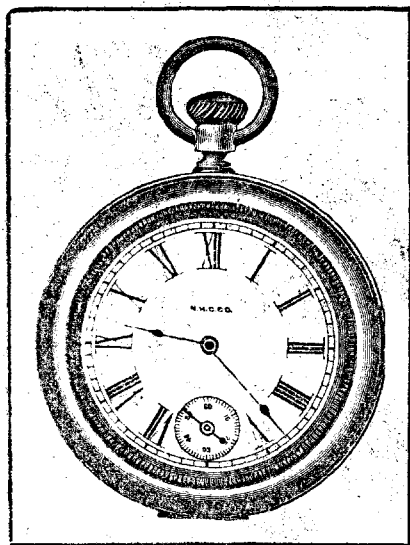
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The Bradys in Washington;

OR,

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BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERY OF NEW YORK.

It was ten o'clock at night on the 15th of October, in New York city. And a mysterious event occurred on the corner of the Bowery and Grand street.

A coach was coming downtown at a furious pace.

Just as it reached the corner alluded to, the door flew open, there sounded a stifled shriek, and a beautiful young girl in stylish clothing leaped out.

She fell to the pavement, and lay stunned.

For an instant the light from the corner street lamp revealed the coarse, brutal face of a ruffian in the carriage; then there sounded a pistol shot.

The man fired at the girl, but missed her, as the vehicle dashed ahead.

On the corner stood two noted detectives, called the Bradys.

They witnessed the strange incident while talking to the policeman on that post.

One of the detectives was a tall, powerful old man with white hair, and a clean-shaven face, who wore a blue frock coat, a white felt hat, and an old-fashioned standing collar, encircled by a black stock.

This man was Old King Brady, the keenest, smartest, and bravest officer in the New York branch of the United States Secret Service.

His companion was a boy of about twenty.

His name was Harry Brady, although he was not related to the other.

Some people called him Young King Brady, for the detective had once become interested in him, taught him the detective profession, and then had formed a partnership with his bright young pupil.

Harry was a finely developed youth, attired somewhat like his partner, and was a bold, dashing fellow, full of life, ambition and skill.

As soon as the startled detectives witnessed the occurrence, Harry exclaimed:

"An attempted murder!"

"The man in the carriage was Bill Pugsley, the trunk burglar!" replied Old King Brady. "You'd better chase and arrest him, Harry."

"Attend to that girl then," said the young detective, hastily.

And down the Bowery he ran swiftly, in pursuit of the coach.

Old King Brady and the policeman strode over to the beautiful girl. Lifting her up, they carried her to the steps of the bank on the corner, and laid her down.

As her injury was very slight, she quickly revived, and sat up.

She had been clutching a letter in her hand, but let it fall as she recovered, and bounding to her feet she gasped in tones of horror:

"Where is he? Where is he?"

"There—there!" gently exclaimed the old detective, as

he laid a hand on her arm. "Don't get frightened, Miss. You are safe in the hands of friends."

His words calmed the excited girl.

She glanced at him, and then swept her gaze around the street.

"Now I remember," she muttered. "Pugsley lured me into that coach. When I found out that he was going to abduct me, I leaped out."

"Just so. And he tried to shoot you."

"I feared he would."

"Why?"

"Because he knew I might baffle his plot to rob the Government of millions of dollars," replied the young lady in earnest tones.

Old King Brady was greatly startled to hear this declaration.

He keenly sized her up.

She was not over eighteen, was clad in silk, and had the refined look and air of a person accustomed to luxury and wealth.

It puzzled him to know why such a girl was in company with so desperate a ruffian as the ignorant cracksman.

The girl had a beautiful face, and a graceful figure.

Her complexion was white and clear. She had big brown eyes, light yellow hair, and she wore valuable diamond jewelry.

There was a marriage ring on her finger, he noticed.

Finally he asked her:

"What is your name?"

"I cannot tell you, sir," she answered.

"You mean you will not."

"Exactly."

"Where do you live?"

"I must decline to say anything about myself."

"Can't you tell us why you were riding with that notorious crook?"

"No. Impossible. I must keep my own counsel."

"That's a very mysterious proceeding, young lady."

A sad smile crossed the girl's face, and she impulsively laid her hand on the old detective's arm, gazing up beseechingly into his eyes, and said in soft, low tones:

"Oh, sir, you would not think it strange if you knew all. But my lips are sealed. Should I speak, my life might pay for it. Have mercy on me. Let me go home. You have a kind face. Perhaps you have a daughter like me. Imagine her placed in my position. You would want a stranger to aid her, and leave her unmolested if she were in distress, wouldn't you?"

Old King Brady's heart was touched.

He pitied her profoundly, and he replied in gentle tones:

"Since you desire secrecy, I shall not press you for answers. I have no family. But you have the appearance of being a lady. Come—I will put you on a car."

"How good! How kind of you, sir."

"Say no more about it."

He was just about to lead her away, when the policeman gave a short laugh, caught him by the arm, and exclaimed:

"Say, Old King Brady, don't be a fool!"

"What do you mean by that?" queried the detective in surprise, as he paused.

The policeman held up the letter which the girl had dropped.

He had found the seal broken, took out the letter, and read it through.

"Just read this," said the patrolman, drily, "she dropped it."

Old King Brady took the letter and the girl gave a scream of alarm, and made a desperate effort to snatch the sheet of paper from his hand.

He adroitly frustrated this attempt by stepping back and she cried frantically:

"Give me that! Give it to me, I say! It's mine. You can't have it. You must not read it. Hand it to me, or I'll tear you to pieces!"

The old detective was startled at the violent change in her actions.

She was now like a ferocious tigress, her eyes were glaring like balls of fire, her bosom was heaving from excitement, and she trembled with passion.

"Why," said the detective, "she's insane."

"I'll kill you, if you don't give me that letter!" screamed the girl, madly.

"John, hold her!" said Old King Brady, quietly.

The policeman grasped the struggling girl in a grip of iron.

Holding the letter in the light of the street lamp, the old detective carefully read the following startling lines:

Washington, D. C., March 10th.

"Dear Kate.—At the last meeting of the Anarchists in Paterson, we drew lots to see who would kill the President. The job fell into my hands. To carry out my task, I came here at once. In a few days the whole country will be in a furor of intense excitement, as I shall faithfully carry out our plans. It is the intention of Bill Pugsley and his gang to take advantage of the excitement to carry out their plot to rob the Treasury of millions. I told you what their game was. They want to make the public believe that their work was part of a gigantic plot, carried out by our society. Their object is to throw the blame all on us, in order to protect themselves. Beware of Pugsley. He hates me. We do not intend to shoulder his crime. Go to the inspector, at the general post-office, and tell him what Pugsley and his men are going to do, if I am captured. Demand my release for the information you can give. Pugsley suspects me of being a traitor to the gang. He may approach you and try to learn my plans. Give him no information. Keep very shady. You will hear from me again in a few days. Meantime I must keep my present whereabouts a secret. With much love, I am as ever yours.

"Ivan."

Old King Brady was amazed.

He held the evidence in his hand that a gang of anar-

chists were plotting to kill the President, and that a gang of thieves were planning to loot the Treasury.

No wonder the girl was frantic to prevent him from reading that letter.

Moreover, it gave him an inkling of why the girl had been in the carriage with Pugsley, and explained why the cracksman tried to kill her.

He had probably seen what the letter said.

The detective realized that this mysterious girl was concerned in the assassin's plot, and he resolved to put her under arrest at once.

"Young woman," he exclaimed, as he thrust the letter in his pocket and turned toward the now passive but pale-faced girl, "I am going to arrest you."

The girl shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

"It's no use for me to resist," she replied, bitterly. "You've read the letter and discovered my secret just as Pugsley did. I should have destroyed that letter. Regrets are useless now, however. I must submit to my fate."

Just then a cab came along, and Old King Brady hailed the driver.

As he stepped into the vehicle after the girl, he wished the policeman good night.

"To Secret Service headquarters," he exclaimed, addressing the driver.

The door banged shut and they were rapidly driven away.

As Old King Brady took a seat beside the silent girl, he felt a wet cloth strike his face, and smelled a deep, pungent odor.

"Chloroform!" he gasped, as he made a desperate effort to tear it away.

A cold, metallic laugh in the girl's scornful voice reached his ears, and he felt her pressing the handkerchief closer to his nostrils.

Unfortunately he inhaled the deadly fumes.

His brain was reeling—an awful lethargy was creeping over him, and he vainly fought against his senses stealing away.

But he was too far gone.

A groan escaped him, and he fell back on the cushion overcome by the drug, and as all became a blank, he heard the girl laughing at him, like a demon.

CHAPTER II.

ORDERED TO WASHINGTON.

"Is he dead, doctor?"

"No, chief; merely drugged."

"Can you revive him?"

"Oh, yes. He's coming to his senses now."

"It's a mysterious affair," remarked the Chief of the Secret Service, as he and the physicians bent over the body of Old King Brady, who lay on a couch in an anteroom

behind the office. "And, I say, Tom," he added, addressing a policeman who held the cab driver, "you hang onto that fellow."

"He can't get away, sir," replied the officer, in grim tones.

The unlucky cabman was very much frightened.

When he reached headquarters, he only found the old detective in his vehicle.

The mysterious girl had vanished.

She had jumped out of the carriage while it was in motion, unseen by the driver, and made her escape before it had gone five blocks.

Finding only the detective in the cab, and unable to arouse him, the driver hastened into the building and notified the chief of the whole circumstance.

Old King Brady was carried in, the driver was held, and a doctor was summoned.

It took him an hour to revive the sleeping detective from his stupor.

Old King Brady finally came to a realization of all that happened to him. Gazing around, with a look of surprise, he asked faintly:

"How did I get in here?"

"You were carried in, badly drugged," said the chief.

"Have you got the mysterious girl?"

"No. You were alone in the cab when it reached here."

"Thunder! She must have given me the slip after she drugged me."

"We are holding the driver. He may understand the matter."

The old detective gazed at the worried man intently, and finally asked him:

"What became of the girl I had in the carriage?"

"I'm blest if I know, sir," confessed the man. "She wasn't in the cab when we reached here. I believe she jumped out on the way to this place."

"Did you stop to let her do so?"

"No, sir. I didn't even see her do it."

The detective saw plainly that the driver was telling the truth.

He questioned the man closely, but failed to get any information of value.

As the driver could shed no light on the mystery, Old King Brady said:

"You may go."

"Thank you, sir."

And with a sigh of relief the man departed.

When he was gone, the chief asked the old detective:

"Old King Brady, what does this all mean, anyway?"

"I'll tell you," replied the detective, as he sat up, and took a chew of plug tobacco. "We've made a very important discovery, chief."

He thereupon explained everything that transpired.

The chief was a very much startled and astonished man when he finished.

"By Heavens, the anarchists are busy again," he exclaimed, when he had turned the matter over in his mind.

"They are bound to kill a king, or a president, or a ruler of some kind. There have been plans laid to assassinate the chief magistrate of this country before. But we have always been lucky enough to prevent it, excepting in the instances where Booth killed Lincoln, and Guiteau assassinated Garfield."

"If we knew who this man Ivan is, we would have no trouble to arrest him," said Old King Brady. "But we don't. Our only means of finding out his identity is to get the information from either the mysterious girl, or from Bill Pugsley, the bank burglar. As the girl has disappeared, leaving no clew behind as to her identity or her whereabouts, we cannot expect to get any information from her. On the other hand, Harry is on Pugsley's trail, and may let us know where we can find the cracksman so we can pump him."

"Exactly," replied the chief, "and we must notify the President at once that a plot is brewing to kill him, so he will be upon his guard. Let me see the letter you took from the girl. The writing may be of some interest to us."

Old King Brady nodded, and thrust his hand in his breast pocket.

A blank look of dismay flashed over his face, and he exclaimed in startled tones:

"It's gone!"

"Gone?" echoed the chief in perplexity.

"Stolen. The girl must have recovered it while I was drugged."

"What a pity!"

Just then the door opened, and Young King Brady entered, and the doctor departed.

Old King Brady rose to his feet eagerly, and demanded:

"Did you arrest the burglar, Harry?"

The boy shook his head negatively.

"No," he replied. "He and I had a fight. He hit me on the head with a slungshot, and escaped on a train, bound for Washington."

Old King Brady and the chief were dismayed.

They glanced significantly at each other, and the old detective growled:

"Our only chance to get the important information is gone!"

"I'll send out every detective on the force to hunt for that girl!" the chief exclaimed angrily. "She must, and shall be found!"

Harry was puzzled over their remarks as he did not know what occurred.

Seeing his perplexed look, his partner explained matters, and asked:

"How did you happen to lose the burglar?"

"I shadowed his coach to Centre street," replied the boy. "He went into one of those old junkshops. The owner was secretly filling an order for him. It was for a complete kit of the finest kind of burglar's tools. There were jim-mies, braces-and-bits, steel clamps, and wedges—in fact everything a modern, up-to-date safe breaker needs in his business. He paid the old machinist a big price for them,

put them in his carriage, and was driven downtown. I followed him, waiting for a favorable chance to get the nippers on his wrists so he could not escape me. In the Pennsylvania depot he bought a ticket for Washington, and was driven aboard the boat in his carriage. I boarded the boat, too, figuring that he could not escape me if I made the arrest while the boat was out on the river. But Pugsley must have seen me. The boat left the slip. I opened the coach door to take the villain. Before I had time to utter a word, he hit me on the side of my skull with a leaden slungshot, and dropped me. When I came to, the boat had discharged its passengers, and was on its way back to New York. Disgusted, I finally landed, and telegraphed to the police of Baltimore and Washington to arrest him on the train."

"You had bad luck," commented Old King Brady, "but it seems to me, you did the best you could under the circumstances."

"We had better notify the President of his peril at once," said the chief.

There was a telegraph operator in an adjoining room, and Old King Brady sent the following dispatch:

"President of U. S., White House, Washington, D. C.,—Anarchists in Washington planning to assassinate you. Be on your guard.

"Chief of Secret Service, N. Y."

Old King Brady glanced at his watch.

It was then nearly midnight.

"Such an important message will surely be delivered to him at once," muttered the old detective.

"I'll send out a general alarm to the police, and let loose an army of detectives to find that mysterious girl," said the chief, as he went to the telephone on his desk. "They'll scour the city for her, and if she's seen, we'll land her."

It occupied some time to do this.

He had hardly finished when a telegram came in, saying:

"Chief of Secret Service, N. Y.—Send the Bradys here immediately to work for the President.

"Chief Hammond, Washington."

When the detectives read it, Harry remarked:

"The President must have received that warning message."

"And turned the matter over to Hammond's office in the Treasury Building," assented the chief. "You'll have to go right on and see what he wants."

The Bradys assented to this plan.

Having but few preparations to make beyond packing a grip, they took the 1:30 train from Jersey City and turned into a sleeper.

When they awakened in the morning, they were in Washington.

Leaving the depot and boarding a Pennsylvania avenue car, they rode down to the Arlington Hotel, registered, left their valise in their room, and, after breakfast, made their way to the Treasury Building.

Ascending to the office of the Secret Service Department, they sent in their cards, and were ushered into the presence of the chief.

They were well acquainted with each other, and after the first warm greetings were over, Old King Brady said:

"We are here in answer to your telegram, chief."

"So I presumed. Do you know what your chief telegraphed to the President last night, in reference to a plot to kill him?"

"Yes. We are the ones who brought in the information."

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it, as you must be familiar with the work required of you here, in that case. Your message to the President was sent to me by his secretary, with a request that I send for you to look the matter up for him."

"You have plenty of good men here——"

"True. But he has heard that you two were the most skillful detectives in the Secret Service, and for that reason he prefers to have you here."

"We will be glad to be of service to him, I'm sure."

"Then meet him at the White House at ten o'clock sharp."

After some further talk, the Bradys left the building.

At the appointed hour they proceeded to the Executive Mansion, and sending in their cards, they were presently ushered into the blue room.

The President and his secretary were there awaiting the noted detectives.

CHAPTER III.

ATTEMPTING TO KILL THE PRESIDENT.

The President arose, and shook hands cordially with the detectives.

He sized them up at one keen glance, and, favorably impressed with their appearance, he said in low pleasant tones:

"You are very prompt, gentlemen."

"It was necessary, in this case, sir," replied Old King Brady.

"Kindly explain what you know about the proposed attempt upon my life?"

The old detective tersely complied.

When he finished his explanation, he added:

"Has there yet been any attempt made to assassinate you?"

"No. But I have recently observed a man of striking appearance, who has frequently been loitering about places I have gone to. He looks like a Russian. Each day of the past four days I have met him in a different place. Sunday, he was at the door of the church I attend. I saw him glaring at me with a singularly ferocious expression. A policeman pushed him back into the crowd, as he was getting too close. On Monday, when I went to the Senate, I saw the same man watching me intently in the gallery.

Tuesday, I was out for a ride in an open carriage with my wife, and I caught view of the same individual standing on a street corner, still staring at me in a scowling, earnest manner. Yesterday, he was on the steps of the Army and Navy Building when I entered, and I saw another man whisper to him, whereupon he suddenly hastened away."

"Very peculiar," commented Old King Brady.

"His persistent watching made me nervous."

"Can you describe the man's general appearance, sir?"

"Easily, as his image is stamped indelibly upon my mind. He is about thirty years of age, of medium build, wears a plain jacket, a pair of striped trousers, and a felt hat. There was a dark mustache upon his lip; he had large black eyes, a sallow complexion and dark hair. On the left side of his neck is a livid scar three inches in length."

"It is probable that he is the 'Ivan' who wrote that letter I mentioned."

"Possibly."

"We shall watch for him."

"Do so, by all means, Mr. Brady."

"Have no further alarm, sir," said the veteran detective, as he prepared to go. "We shall remain in Washington to guard you, until we find and take the assassin who has threatened your life."

The President bowed and smiled.

"You have removed a feeling of deep depression from my mind, Mr. Brady," he exclaimed. "You shall be well recompensed for your interest in my welfare."

"Good morning, Mr. President."

"Good morning, gentlemen. I have some business to attend to, or I would be glad to continue our conversation a while longer."

The Bradys bowed and withdrew.

Outside the door, the President's negro valet escorted them to the entrance with the doorman, and the officers paused a minute to speak to the latter.

He was well acquainted with them.

"Got business in Washington?" he inquired.

"Yes," responded Harry. "We are working for the President."

"Oh! I see. In that case I won't hesitate to admit you, any time you call."

Just then the President came out, afoot, wearing a high silk hat.

He passed them, went down the steps, with his head bent in a thoughtful manner, and passed along the curved path.

Old King Brady glanced around the spacious front grounds.

Not a soul was in sight except the President.

Just then, however, the keen eyes of the old detective rested upon an object protruding from behind one of the big columns.

He saw it move out into the path behind the President.

It was the figure of a man.

He had evidently been hiding behind the column.

To the detective's amazement he now saw that the man

fit the description given by the President of the mysterious fellow who had been so intently watching him during the past four days.

Moreover, the man now clutched a dagger in his hand.

"Harry!" muttered Old King Brady, pointing at the rascal.

The boy peered out of the doorway, and took in the situation at a glance.

"The assassin!" he panted.

And the next moment the startled detectives sped down the steps.

They saw the man gliding up behind the President, as silently and as swiftly as a shadow.

He soon arrived close to the Chief Executive.

Up went the knife in the air, as he drew back his arm to stab his victim in the back.

But the Bradys were upon him like a thunderbolt.

Harry grasped the would-be assassin by the throat, just as Old King Brady sprang at him from the rear, and clutched his arms.

"Villain! Drop that knife!" cried the young detective furiously.

A startled cry escaped the President, as he glanced around and saw how the detectives had baffled an attempt to murder him.

He recoiled, and watched the detectives struggling with the ruffian, with an expression of anxious alarm upon his face.

The negro valet and the doorkeeper came running toward the Bradys to lend their aid in capturing the villain.

But the plucky detectives required no assistance.

They hurled the wretch to the ground, and Harry jumped on him, and wrenched the dagger from his hand.

"Give me the ruffles, Old King Brady!" he panted.

"Let me up!" yelled the man, as he struggled furiously to get upon his feet.

"If you don't keep quiet, I'll shoot you!" replied Harry, and he pressed the cold muzzle of his pistol against the man's head.

This threat subdued him quicker than anything else could have done.

He suddenly became passive, and, glaring at Harry with bloodshot eyes, he gnashed his teeth and hissed in malevolent tones:

"Curse you, I vont forget dis!"

"I don't believe you will," grimly answered the boy.

"You foiled me," continued the man in malignant tones, "but we will yet have dat man's life—you see!"

"I'll bet you won't be the one to do the job!"

Just then Old King Brady stooped down and snapped a pair of handcuffs upon the villain's wrists, saying:

"Ivan, it was Kate who gave you away!"

An involuntary yell burst from the man's thick lips.

He sprang to his feet, glared at the old detective like a wild beast, and, panting hard for breath, he finally gasped in hoarse tones:

"He knows—he knows!"

"Yes. We know you put up this job in Paterson among

the anarchists. We know you are a traitor to Bill Pugsley the burglar, of whose gang you were a member. And we know that Kate will never purchase your liberty by squealing about the job Pugsley is putting up to rob the Treasury!"

The villain was staggered to hear this.

A dogged look of despair crept over his dark features.

It was evident to him that these detectives knew about matters which he always thought were a dead secret.

"What has Kate done?" he groaned.

"Never mind about that now. You've made an attempt to murder the President of the United States. And high treason of that kind will cost you your life, or else you will perish in a prison."

He seized the man by the arm, and Harry ranged up on the other side, while both held their revolvers in readiness for use.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "take him away."

The detectives saluted, and Old King Brady tapped the prisoner's arm and said:

"Come! At the first sign of treachery, we shall shoot you!"

And they marched him from the grounds.

A short distance away, on the opposite side of the street was a comparatively new theatre, with which some laborers had been making sewer connections.

Observing a policeman on the corner, further along on that side of the street, Old King Brady remarked:

"We'd better have this fellow committed through the medium of that officer."

"It will save us a good deal of trouble," replied Harry.

"Then cross the street, and we'll speak to him."

They headed over at an angle, going toward the theatre.

As they stepped upon the opening cut for the sewer through the asphalt pavement, there sounded a sudden rumble beneath their feet.

The next moment, to their astonishment and alarm, the ground suddenly caved in, and all three disappeared down in a dark opening amid the mass of stone and dirt.

Separated from each other, the three landed in an immense sewer through which a sluggish shallow stream was drifting down to the Potomac river.

As what dirt fell had scattered, the three escaped injury when they landed, although their legs were held as if in a vise.

They could easily have secured their freedom in a few moments; but a most singular incident now occurred to them.

There were half a dozen men in the sewer.

Some of them were armed with bull's-eye lanterns, and, after they recovered from their first shock of surprise, the leader yelled:

"It's men! Grab 'em, quick!"

The whole gang rushed at the Bradys and their prisoners, and the next moment a terrific fight was going on.

Held by the dirt burying their legs, the startled detectives could only put up a feeble defense, and their antagonists quickly overpowered them.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG THE SEWER DWELLERS.

The mysterious men in the sewer did not have much to say. They tied the detectives' arms behind their backs with their handkerchiefs so they could not get away or defend themselves.

Then they gagged the trio.

When this was finished, they hastily marched the prisoners away.

It was difficult to walk through the mud and water in the sewer, but they pressed on as rapidly as possible, and passed around a bend.

Not a word was now spoken.

Each prisoner had a masked man on each side of him, tugging at their arms, and once in awhile the two last men glanced back, much as if they feared somebody might be following them.

The Bradys were puzzled.

Who were these men, they thought. What were they doing in the sewer? Why had they so eagerly pounced upon the trio, and made prisoners of them? Where were they going?

No matter how the detectives viewed the matter, they could not find a reasonable solution of the problem.

"There's one point that's certain—they ain't honest men," reflected Old King Brady. "If they were, they would not be prowling through this dirty gloomy sewer, with masks on their faces. Nor would they have captured, bound, and gagged us."

A long walk followed.

They finally reached the mouth of the sewer, and one of the men went out.

He came back hurriedly, after a few minutes' absence, and exclaimed:

"Get back! There are some people in boats out there."

The burly leader of the gang grumbled a moment, then said in rough tones:

"We've got ter git in de nigger's celler, see!"

They tramped back into the sewer several hundred yards, and finally paused before a small doorway in the brick wall.

It was locked, but the leader of the gang opened it with a key, and they all passed through into a good-sized cellar.

A big lamp hanging from the rafters shed a dull glow through the place, and the detectives glanced around to examine their surroundings.

It was quite evident that the cellar was used by these men to live in, for it contained large quantities of food, a stove, cooking utensils, some chairs, a table, and a number of straw pallets for beds.

The place was very silent.

There were no stairs leading to the house above, but in the ceiling was a trapdoor at least ten feet overhead.

"Looks as if the only means of going in and out was through the door leading into the sewer," cogitated Harry.

When the leader of the gang locked the door, he turned his attention upon the three prisoners.

Before this he did not have time to examine them as closely as he wished, and as the big lamp gave him a good chance to observe their features, he carefully looked them over.

Old King Brady first came under his observation.

The moment his glance fell upon the great detective's features he gave a sudden start, recoiled a step, and roared excitedly:

"Thunder an' lightnin'—it's Brady!"

A chorus of surprised cries escaped the masked gang, and they curiously gathered around the puzzled detectives, and eyed them sharply.

"Who on earth are they?" thought the old sleuth. "They know us."

The leader of the gang next turned his attention to the man who tried to assassinate the President.

He fairly yelled with astonishment when he saw the prisoner's face, and, suddenly gripping him by the throat, he roared excitedly:

"An' dis one is Ivan Novgorod, de traitor, boys!"

If the masked men showed surprise when they recognized the Bradys they were still more astonished when they learned the identity of the anarchist.

Every man there was armed, and on a sudden impulse of rage they drew the knives and pistols they carried and crowded in around the strangling man.

The big leader of the gang saw by the sullen, ugly actions of his men that they would destroy Novgorod in another moment, unless he interfered.

He therefore swung the traitor around behind him and cried:

"Hold on dere, boys; don't do him up yet!"

"Kill him!" hissed one of the men.

"I tell yer no!" thundered the giant.

His men were afraid of him, and slunk back, cowed by his voice.

He watched them keenly a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Take off dem masks. Dese blokes don't know us."

His order was obeyed, and he, too, uncovered his face.

As soon as he bared his bulldog features the prisoners recognized him.

"He's Bill Pugsley, the burglar!" flashed through Old King Brady's mind, "and he reached Washington without being detected in spite of the message Harry telegraphed ahead, to have him arrested!"

Then he glanced at the five others.

He recognized every one of them as noted crooks, whose pictures adorned the Rogues' Gallery at headquarters.

One was a notorious forger, named Tom Jones, another was a footpad called Dublin Dan, the next was Yank Swipes, the well-known bank sneak, the fourth Fancy Fred, a western gambler, and the last he recognized as Andy Kelly, a safe lock expert who had gone to the bad.

There was a premium on the heads of every one of these

crooks, for one crime or another, and they feared the Bradys accordingly.

A cynical smile crossed Old King Brady's face as he recognized each one in turn, and he thought:

"Pugsley has surrounded himself with the worst assortment of desperate ruffians ever banded together to commit a crime. He has evidently got them together to crack the Treasury. But it will take more men and wiser men than this little gang to get past the wonderful method the Government has got for guarding the nation's funds."

Pugsley removed the gags from his prisoners' mouths.

He finished with Ivan, and stood glaring balefully at the cringing Russian, with a dark scowl on his low, brutal forehead.

"So!" he exclaimed at last. "Yer've fallen in me power, have you?"

"Well," sullenly answered the Russian.

"I've got a bone ter pick wit you," exclaimed the burglar. "Den I'm agoin' ter let de daylight troo yer—see? Now, when yer jined dis gang, yer foun' out de hull lay we wuz on. Den yer deserted, an' blowed de snap ter Kate Lyons, de confidence rag. You wuz de red, aimin' ter plug de President. If yer got ketched, yer wuz agoin' ter buy yer freedom by squealin' on our game."

"It's a lie!" retorted Ivan.

"Shut up!" roared Pugsley, slapping him violently in the face.

"You dog!" hissed the Russian furiously.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled the burglar. "Strain at dem darbies till yer bust a blood vessel. Yer can't git free—see? I've got yer cold. I ain't no liar. I 'spected yer wuz goin' ter make game o' yer pals. So I met yer gal, an' I got her in a coach wit me, an' tole her dat you wanted ter see her. She had a letter from yer. I read it. Yer gives yer hull game away on de dead in dat letter. She got it away from me, but I didn't keer as long's I seen wot yer graft wuz. She jumped out o' me coach on de Bowery, an' I gived her de razzle with me pop gun. Her goose is cooked now."

"What!" shrieked Novgorod frantically. "You killed her?"

"Soitinly I did," declared Pugsley, enjoying the other's anguish. "If yer hadn't kep' yer location secret, she might a let yer know about it, pervidin' I didn't land her in de Morgue—see?"

Ivan was wild. But he was helpless.

He could only glare the unutterable wrath he felt against the burglar.

The Bradys had been listening intently to what they said.

It enlightened them upon the mystery of the woman in the case, and defined the position Novgorod occupied.

Pugsley laughed coarsely at his victim, and growled:

"Yer knows wot yer kin expect frpm de lads yer betrayed, now. We'll talk yer over. But I don't tink yer will escape wit a whole skin. Ter-morrer mornin' de police may fish yer body out o' de river, wit a stone tied ter yer neck."

He then turned to Old King Brady abruptly, and demanded:

"Wuz dat guy your prisoner?"

"He was. We caught him trying to kill the President."

"Well, yer did me a favor, puttin' him in me hans. How did yez happen ter come tumblin' down inter de sewer?"

"The earth above caved in with us."

"Sure yez didn't come down a purpose ter nab me?"

"How were we to know you were in the sewer? Besides, Bill, the only grudge we owe you was for knocking Harry out with a slungshot. We tried to head you off on the railroad, but you managed to escape, I see."

"Dat's fer knowin' how ter disguise proper," chuckled the burglar. "I s'pose yez wanted ter pinch me fer shootin' de gal?"

"That's the only thing we had against you. Your shot didn't hit her though."

"Well, yer knows de graft I'm on now, an' yer kin jist bet I ain't agoin' ter let yez go now, ter dump us on dis game—see?"

"Have you got any money out of the Treasury yet?"

"Not a sou. But we'll git dere pretty soon, an' don't yer fergit it. Why, we got a engineer ter get us plans o' der hull buildin', an' he's showed us jist how we're agoin' ter reach de scads in dem vaults, too."

"I don't believe you'll ever reach it without detection, Bill."

"Won't we?" chuckled the burglar. "You wait, an' yer'll see, purty soon."

He said no more to them after that. One of the men had prepared dinner, and they all sat down to the meal, and left the prisoners to go hungry.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE BURNING CELLAR.

When night fell, Pugsley's gang quit their smoking, sleeping, drinking and talking, and prepared to leave the gloomy cellar.

They held a whispered conference, put on their hats and masks, and one of them gagged Novgorod, and said in sinister tones:

"You come with us."

The Russian shuddered, for he read in the ugly glances of the gang that they had evil design upon his life.

It was useless to hang back, however, so he went with them, with faltering steps, and a look of unutterable woe depicted upon his face.

The Bradys were left alone in the den.

They heard Pugsley lock the little door opening into the sewer after the last man passed through, and then Harry exclaimed:

"I believe they are taking the anarchist out to kill him."

"Nothing is more likely," grimly assented Old King Brady.

"This is an excellent chance for us to make our escape."

"I don't see how we are going to do it."

"Couldn't yer knock down that lamp, so the chimney will break on the floor? We would sever our bonds on a piece of the broken glass, very easily."

"Yes, that could be done. But even if we were free of our bonds, how could we get out of this cellar? It's impossible to break that heavy door without tools."

"We might try to force that trapdoor open, in the ceiling."

"Very well. It's worth a trial, at any rate."

The old detective approached the hanging lamp.

He struck the bracket with his head, and the lamp was knocked to the floor.

There came a violent crash, the jingle of broken glass, and the oil ran over the floor in blazing streaks, and set fire to the straw pallets.

The detectives became alarmed, for a terrific heat and a blinding smoke arose, and threatened them with destruction.

"By thunder, we've made a mess of it!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"Hurry and find a bit of broken glass, or we'll perish!" Harry gasped.

The lamp had fallen and broken, dangerously near the fire, and the old detective had to plunge into the midst of the fire and smoke.

He was almost blinded, and could hardly breathe.

But he kept on hunting for a piece of broken glass, with the most dogged perseverance, and finally discovered what he wanted.

He kicked it away from the fire.

"Get down on the floor and hold this piece steady with your feet!" he exclaimed in choking tones. "Hurry up about it, too!"

Harry quickly had the piece firmly wedged between his shoes.

Kneeling down and bending over it, Old King Brady drew his bonds over the keen edge, and it cut through them like a razor.

In a few moments he was free.

Snatching up the glass, he liberated the boy.

By this time the smoke was so dense in the room that they could not see a yard ahead, and the heat made the sweat pour from their bodies.

A loud crackling sound came from the fire.

Every piece of furniture and other inflammable article caught afire, adding to the horror of their situation.

The detectives rushed at the door in the sewer first.

A quick examination plainly showed them that they could not open it without forcing it, and they retreated.

"No escape that way!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"Stand under the trap and I'll try to reach it by getting up on your shoulders," said Young King Brady, hastily.

His partner complied.

Just then the trap swung upward.

"Hello, dar!" yelled a voice in the opening. "What am dat aburnin'?"

"Save us!" shouted Harry eagerly. "We're afire."

"Oh, lordy—de fire am comin' up heah!"

By opening the trap, the negro speaker created a draught, and the flames and smoke began to shoot up and pour through the opening.

It drove the man back.

Seeing they could expect no aid from him, the half stifled and agonized detectives made one last desperate effort to save themselves.

Mounting Old King Brady's shoulders, Harry got a grip on the edge of the opening, and hanging on, he shouted:

"Climb up my body!"

"Can you bear my weight?"

"I'll try hard."

"Here I come."

Old King Brady made the attempt.

Unluckily, however, Harry's fingers slipped.

The Bradys fell, and landed in a heap on the floor.

Here the old detective's clothing caught afire, and he scrambled to his feet, and beat out the flames with his hat.

"Let me go up!" he panted.

The boy braced himself and the next moment the old detective had a tight clutch on the boards above and Harry climbed up his body.

Hot air rushed into their lungs.

It made them faint and dizzy for the smoke and heat rushing upward about their heads were unbearable.

Young King Brady swung himself up into the basement.

Seizing his partner's wrist he shouted:

"Now come!"

Only the awful excitement kept them up.

Old King Brady strained his muscles, got his elbows on the floor and with the boy's aid he came up the rest of the way and rolled over beside Harry.

"Safe!" he gasped, getting upon his feet.

"See if we can get out of here."

They saw that the place was filling with smoke, and gazing around, observed that it was a small, narrow hall.

In the back room they heard the same negro voice shouting:

"Don't yer git skeered, Dinah. It's only de straw in de cellar. I'll hab dis hose fastened on de kitchen faucet in a minute, an' put out dat fire in two shakes ob a lamb's tail."

The Bradys saw a door ahead, leading to the street, and rushed for it.

"Bettah sen' fo' de engines," they heard a negress say.

"No, sah," roared the other. "Yo' want dem fo' ter see dat den, an' hab Massa Pugsley's business exposed? No, sah—no fire engines heah!"

The detectives unlocked the door, opened it, and rushed out.

Glancing around they saw that they were not a great distance from the enormous monument, and quite close to the river.

The house they came from was a little, yellow, dilapidated structure, occupied by a family of negroes.

Smoke was issuing from crevices all over it.

Having once got some fresh air into their lungs, it revived the Bradys, and they located the smoking house so they would recognize it again if they ever wished to return.

Then they hastened toward the Treasury Building. Night had fallen, clear and starlit.

"Doubtful if we'll find Chief Hammond in at this late hour," said Harry, "and I'm hungry as a bear."

"Go ahead to the hotel and order supper for two," replied Old King Brady. "I must see the chief without delay, tell him how we lost our prisoner, and send out an alarm among the police to keep a lookout for him and the members of Pugsley's gang."

Harry nodded, and left his partner.

Old King Brady headed for the Secret Service office.

Contrary to his expectations he found the chief at his desk.

"Hello," cried Mr. Hammond, gazing at him in surprise. "Where did you come from? Look as though you came in through the chimney. The last account I had of you and Harry, you had captured the rascal who tried to kill the President, and were taking him away to lock him up. Up to the present time I haven't heard that the man reached the jail."

"He escaped."

"You don't say so?"

"Listen, and I'll give you an account of it."

He thereupon told the chief all that occurred.

A grave look kept settling upon Mr. Hammond's face as he proceeded, and when Old King Brady finished, the chief exclaimed:

"There's every probability that we'll find Novgorod's body lying around loose, waiting for burial, somewhere, to-morrow."

"Pugsley's gang certainly would not hesitate to murder him out of revenge, and to seal his lips about their plans."

"Outside of that gang only Ivan and Kate Lyons know how they propose to break into this building to plunder it, you say?"

"Yes. Do you know the girl?"

"I've got her picture here in my rogues' gallery."

"By this time the New York police must have found her."

"No, they didn't. She has given them the slip."

"How do you know that?" asked Old King Brady in surprise.

"Because she arrived in Washington to-night. One of my men spotted her coming from the train, followed her to the hotel you are stopping at, and learned that she registered there as Mrs. Novgorod."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Old King Brady. "I must see her."

And after some more conversation he hastily left the office.

CHAPTER VI.

HURLED OVERBOARD.

Old King Brady found Harry in their room at the hotel washing himself and changing his garments.

"Better disguise yourself," said the old detective, as he started in to follow his pupil's example. "I've got some news for you."

"What is it?" asked the boy, curiously.

"Kate Lyons is stopping at this hotel."

"You amaze me."

"Hunted by the police, she was evidently successful in getting away from New York, and anxious to learn what success Ivan met with, she must have made a bee line for this city."

"We've got her right under our thumb then."

"It will be best for us to watch her, for there are some friends of Ivan's in this city who may communicate with her. We can thus learn all who are concerned in the plot to kill the President."

"Very true," assented Harry. "Is that why you want me to disguise?"

"Yes. The fact that the President saw some one speak to Ivan at the time he saw him at the Army and Navy Building leads me to think Ivan had a confederate."

"As Bill Pugsley and his gang are likely to remove Ivan from all chance of doing any further harm, we need not trouble ourselves much about him any more."

When they were dressed, they each donned wigs and false whiskers, and so changed their appearance that Kate Lyons would not know them even if they met face to face.

Descending to the dining room, they sat down to their dinner.

There were numerous guests at the hotel, and as the Bradys glanced around, they soon detected the girl they sought.

Attired in an expensive costume, and fairly blazing with jewels, she sat at a table opposite a thin little man with a bushy beard and long hair brushed straight back from his forehead.

He had every appearance of being an Italian.

Old King Brady beckoned to the head waiter, and asked him:

"Who is that little man with the bushy whiskers?"

"Don't know, sah," replied the waiter. "Ain't a guest here. Mrs. Novgorod just arrived to-day, and sent a telegram. Soon afterward that gentleman came in and asked for her. She was in here, and when she got his card, she asked me to send him in, and ordered an extra dinner for him."

"Didn't you notice the name on the card?"

"Oh, yes, sah. It was Angelo Picoli."

"Italian?"

"Yes, sah."

"That will do."

The waiter withdrew.

Both detectives were anxious to hear what the pair were talking about, but dared not approach in hearing distance for fear of attracting their attention and arousing their suspicions.

After dinner they saw the man politely take his leave of the girl and they followed him out to the street.

He boarded a Capital Traction car and rode out to Georgetown.

The detectives followed in a Herdic carriage.

Reaching the terminus of the road at the bridge, Picoli went down to the river, and entered a rowboat.

A few moments afterward he was pulling away from the shore and the Bradys went out on the aqueduct bridge to see where he was heading for.

They scarcely reached the centre of the span, when they saw another boat containing several men coming down the stream.

As it passed the boat containing Picoli, he suddenly rested on his oars, and, pulling out a pistol, he aimed it at the other boatmen.

The moon had risen by this time and lighted the river as if by day.

Everything that transpired was distinctly visible to the Bradys, and they heard the men in the second boat begin to yell and swear.

In another instant two of them lifted the figure of a man from the bottom of their skiff, and hurled him into the river.

Brief as the space of time was in which the Bradys saw their victim, they recognized him as Ivan Novgorod, and knew the next moment that his captors were some of Pugsley's gang.

No sooner had they thrown the Russian overboard, when they rowed away like mad for the Arlington shore.

Picoli fired several shots from his revolver at them.

The next moment he dove overboard in an attempt to save Ivan from a watery grave.

"It's quite evident," remarked Old King Brady, as he keenly watching the swimming Italian, "that Picoli met them by accident. They were carrying Ivan away in the boat to drown him in some hidden spot. Recognizing his pal, the Italian must have demanded his release. Fearing to lose their prey and suffer exposure, the crooks hurled the anarchist overboard, and are now trying to escape."

"Queer they don't fire back, or wait to see if Ivan is rescued or not," remarked Harry. "They must see Picoli trying to save him."

"I suppose they fear the shots may bring the police, and as they are not over anxious to clash with the authorities, it's likely that they are trying to get away as quietly as—"

"Ah! Picoli's got him!" interrupted Harry.

They saw the Italian swimming toward his boat with one arm, and supporting the limp figure of Ivan with the other.

Secured at the wrists with the Bradys' handcuffs, and having his ankles bound together, Novgorod had been utterly unable to help himself, and was now unconscious.

The Italian managed to get him into the boat, and rowed swiftly away.

Watching him keenly, the detectives observed his boat turning in toward the shore after awhile, and Harry exclaimed:

"He's going to land in the city with Novgorod."

"I've got the place located. Come—see if we can't head them off."

They rode on a car to about the location where Picoli landed.

Making their way to the river, they hunted about and finally found the boat, but saw no sign of the men.

Not a soul was in sight.

"We can't get any news here," said Harry.

"No, nor can we tell where Picoli brought his pal."

"Let's hunt around. We may stumble across them."

They spent two hours searching.

It was useless, however.

The pair had dropped completely out of sight.

Finally the Bradys abandoned the search.

Returning to the hotel, Harry remarked:

"There's good reason for believing now that the President's enemy is alive, and may resume his cowardly attacks."

"If he were dead, the Italian would not have taken the trouble to carry him ashore in the manner he did," replied Old King Brady.

"In that case, we may meet him at our hotel."

"Well, Picoli will tell him Kate is there, and he will most likely go there to see her. We must watch out carefully now."

Nothing could be done that night.

They finally retired.

On the following day the detectives scoured Washington in a hunt for Ivan and his pal, and a spotter kept watch over Kate.

Neither of the anarchists were found.

Several more days passed by, the detectives keeping up the hunt assiduously, and having the girl watched all the time.

Nothing transpired.

The detectives finally came to the conclusion that the two anarchists had left Washington and were hiding somewhere.

Kate did not show much concern.

She received some mail, but the detectives could not get at it.

They concluded, however, that it came from Novgorod.

While Harry was watching the girl, one afternoon, Old King Brady went to the Treasury and saw the head of the department.

"Haven't been robbed yet," remarked the Treasurer with a smile.

"Then those thieves haven't shown their hand yet, eh?"

"No; and never will."

"You are mistaken, sir. They will rob you, all right."

"Impossible, Mr. Brady; utterly impossible. I can't imagine how they can get at the vast treasure stored in this building."

"Bill Pugsley will find a way, you mark what I tell you."

"Since receiving your tip, we have doubled the guards who are on duty here night and day. But it seems like a foolish precaution."

"What do the police report?"

"Told me they've searched the sewers and scoured the city. But they have not found the slightest trace of that gang of thieves."

"I suppose the villains are lying low to await a favorable chance to get at your treasure."

"Well, I——"

But just then the guardian of one of the gold bullion vaults rushed in pale and breathless and fairly yelled in frantic tones:

"The Treasury has been robbed!"

"What!" roared the Treasurer.

He bounded to his feet as if he was electrified, a startled look upon his face, and his whole body shaking.

The detective and Treasurer glanced at each other very much excited.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE TREASURY WAS ROBBED.

As soon as the first shock of excitement wore away, the Treasurer turned to the man who brought the startling news, and asked him:

"What were the circumstances of the robbery?"

"A requisition came from the mint in Philadelphia, sir," replied the guard. "We entered the special room to get thirty bars of gold. According to the paper I carried, there should have been eighty bars in the vault."

"Yes; I am aware of that. They were counted yesterday."

"Well, sir, to-day there is not one bar remaining!"

Very much agitated, the Treasurer turned to the detective and said:

"Come with me, Mr. Brady. We shall investigate this."

"It begins to look as if Pugsley had kept his promise to rob you."

"The mystery is, how he got the gold, unless he is in collusion with some of our employers. There must be a keen investigation made at once."

Accompanied by the guard, they left the room.

Descending into the basement, they were met by various guards, officers and custodians of the nation's money.

Below ground they had electric lights.

In one corner was a section partitioned off with wooden slats.

This space was filled with over sixty millions of dollars worth of silver, packed in little, sealed wooden boxes.

At another side was a vault containing a small counter, back of which was a man in care of numerous huge envelopes.

Each envelope contained bank bonds worth millions.

They approached the metal vault containing the gold specie.

A huge safe door was swung open, showing the great steel bolts and mechanism operating the time lock.

A second steel grated door gave ingress to the vault.

Inside was a man on guard over the canvas bags and wooden boxes containing millions of dollars' worth of gold coin.

Pausing at the grated door, the Treasurer demanded of the guard:

"How often was this door opened to-day?"

"Not once, sir, except to let me in at seven o'clock."

"You relieved the night guard at that hour?"

"I did, and checked off the list of contents of this vault he gave me."

"Were the eighty bars of gold among the items?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you saw the gold?"

"I did."

"Where was it?"

"Back in that corner in the gloom."

"When did you last notice it?"

"At noon time. Since then I did not look at it."

"You haven't been out of that vault all day?"

"Not an instant."

"And no one took the gold out past you?"

"How could they? I'm locked in. Nothing can go out of here unless I unlock this door from the inside and pass out everything that goes out."

"Are you sure you did not go to sleep, or hand out the gold and forget it?"

"Positive, sir."

"Then how did it get out?"

"I don't know. I'm puzzled."

An incredulous look overspread the Treasurer's face.

He could not swallow such a peculiar explanation as that.

It seemed too absurd.

Turning to the general superintendent, he said briefly:

"Have a count made of everything and report to me."

"Yes, sir."

"Keep this matter a profound secret."

"No one shall hear of it."

As the superintendent walked away to have the inventories made, Old King Brady said to the Treasurer:

"Let me into that vault, until I examine it."

"Expect to find a hole through the wall?"

"I don't expect anything till I find it."

"You may go in. But it's useless."

"Why so?" asked Old King Brady.

"Simply because the place is burglar proof."

"Describe the construction."

"First a room of solid masonry, three feet thick, was built. This was lined with sheets of steel an inch thick. A two foot brick wall was built against them, and the big safe was built inside of it. The safe is made of metal plates which could not be cut without making a great deal of

noise. It would take a mason a month to cut through these walls with a hammer and cold chisel. The noise would be heard by every one."

Old King Brady smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I could cut my way into this vault in less than four hours," he remarked.

"How?" incredulously asked the Treasurer.

"With acids. I could rot the cement joints with acid, pull out the masonry, cut the plates with corroding acids, and you would not hear a sound."

The Treasurer looked surprised, but made no reply.

He ordered the guard to unlock the door.

As the grating swung back, an alarm bell rang, and they walked in.

Old King Brady made a careful examination of the vault.

He made no comments.

When he finished, he said quietly:

"That will do."

"Have you discovered anything?" asked the Treasurer curiously.

"Yes."

"What?"

"How the gold was removed."

Every one was amazed to hear this reply, for they, too, had been looking over the vault, and failed to observe anything suspicious.

The Treasurer glanced at Old King Brady a moment in silence then asked:

"How was it done?"

"I must decline to tell you yet, sir."

"But I insist upon knowing."

"My dear sir, you must let me keep my own counsel."

"Why this secrecy from me, I'd like to know?"

"Simply because I wish to capture the thieves and recover that gold."

"But I ain't going to tell them anything."

"That makes no difference. My rule is to keep my business to myself, and trust nobody until I can do so without danger."

The Treasurer looked offended.

Still he could not help feeling that the detective was right.

He then said in reluctant tones:

"I can't blame you, after all."

"Take my advice and remove all valuables from this vault."

"Isn't it safe?"

"If you don't do as I tell you, by to-morrow not only will that gold coin be gone, but the guard may be found stretched dead upon the floor."

"Very well," replied the Treasurer. "I will follow your advice."

And he forthwith ordered some of the men to do as the detective suggested.

When the vault was stripped, the Treasurer asked him:

"Do you attach any blame to our men?"

"None whatever."

"You think they had no hand in this job?"

"I know they didn't."

"Then you are aware of the thieves' identity?"

"The gold was taken by Pugsley's gang."

"You speak quite positively, Mr. Brady."

"I have reason to. I saw the evidence of Pugsley's guilt."

"Well, I hope you are right."

"Let us get out of here at once. I must get to work."

"Hunting for the thieves?"

"Just so. I must not let them get away with the booty."

They passed from the vault.

In another place stood a locked machine in which mutilated paper money was put and ground to a pulp to avoid the possibility of any one using it again.

Upstairs, the detective took his leave of the Treasurer.

He made his way back to the hotel.

Meeting Harry, he told the young detective all that happened, and explained what his theory was of how the thieves got into the vault.

In conclusion, he said:

"We must make an immediate effort to capture Pugsley and find out what he has done with the stolen gold."

Harry nodded and handed his partner a new pistol.

"We dropped our old weapons when we fell into the sewer," he remarked, "and as we are likely to need these I bought them."

"A wise precaution."

"We shall have to let Kate Lyons drop for awhile then."

"Only for to-night."

"Where are you going to begin the hunt?"

"In the sewer, or, better still, we can commence by securing a boat on the river and let it drift us up into the subterranean tunnel."

"Very well. Come ahead."

They departed from the hotel together.

Going straight down the river, they finally secured a good light skiff, embarked, and rowed away.

In a short time they drew near the mouth of the big sewer.

CHAPTER VIII.

FINDING THE TUNNEL.

There was plenty of water in the sewer to float the skiff, and as it bore the Bradys into the dark opening, Old King Brady lit his lantern.

Harry was rowing.

The old detective seated himself in the bow.

He clutched a revolver in his hand, ready for action.

Finally he said to Harry:

"Stop a moment."

"Well?" asked the boy, ceasing to row.

"Dig an oar down in the mud, and lift some up."

"What do you want to do—examine it?"

"Yes."

Young King Brady did as he requested.

A sandy, yellow mud came up, and the old detective turned the light of his lantern upon it, and bent over to examine it.

"Just as I thought," he muttered. "Mostly fresh dirt."

"Queer to find fresh dirt where there should be mud and filth."

"This dirt proves my theory to be right."

"About what?"

"I'll tell you. Pugsley and his men must have been burrowing through the ground like moles to reach the Treasury vaults. Large quantities of dirt were excavated, and had to be disposed of without exciting suspicion. They found a simple way to do it. This method was merely to throw it in the sewer, a little at a time, and let the sewage wash it away into the Potomac river."

"I understand."

"Of course a certain quantity settled in the bed of the sewer and remained there. That was some of it you dug up with your oar. Now we must find the place they excavated."

"That should be an easy matter if they began their boring inside the sewer," said Harry.

"You are mistaken. It ought to be a hard job."

"Why?" demanded the boy, with a surprised look.

"Because they had to keep the spot concealed from the observation of any one who might happen to enter the sewer. Should a plumber, making a connection between a house and the sewer, happen to see the tunnel they dug, it would mean exposure for them."

"Sure enough."

"Now, I've measured the distance the Treasury Building stands from the river, and I'm making a measurement here. When we reach a point opposite the Treasury, I will know it. That's the section we must examine. The thieves would naturally select a spot as near to the point they wish to reach as they could. It would save labor and more rapidly bring them to the vaults."

"That's reasonable. Shall I row ahead?"

"Yes. Go carefully. Pugsley's men may be in here."

The boat continued up the dark, foul-odored sewer.

Finally Old King Brady said:

"No further!"

"Is this where the Treasury stands?"

"Just about. I'll examine the walls now. You move the boat ahead very slowly, according as I direct."

He turned the glare of his light upon the concave side.

Up and down upon the slimy brickwork flickered the light, and as the boat moved ahead, the keen glance of the detectives was swept over every inch of surface exposed to view.

About one hundred feet further along, Harry suddenly exclaimed, in low, excited tones, as he pointed at the wall:

"See there!"

"What is it?" queried Old King Brady.

"Don't you notice the loose bricks out of alignment?"

"Ah—yes. A square piece of the wall without an ounce of cement in the joints. They are simply laid up dry, Harry."

"Merely a blind wall to cover an opening."

"Then this must be the place they excavated."

"Pull them down and you'll see."

"We must not injure them. We may have to put the bricks back as we found them. It wouldn't do to let Pugsley's crowd know we have fathomed their plan. They'll probably lay low, expecting a hue and cry about the robbery of the gold bars. Nothing will be made public, so they will think their theft has not been discovered. It will give them confidence to come back and try to get more of the tempting treasure. We can lie in wait for them to run into a trap. If we change the looks of this blind opening they will know it, take alarm, and keep away from the trap."

"I see your game."

"We'll remove the bricks carefully, explore this place, and replace the bricks so they won't know that they've been disturbed."

They fastened the boat, stepped out up to their knees in the water, and began to take down the loose, four-inch wall.

A tunnel was exposed.

It ran straight in toward the Treasury.

The opening was about four feet wide by four high, and had been very carefully cut through the yellowish, sandy loam.

Old King Brady crept into the opening on his hands and knees.

"You remain there on guard until I come back," he exclaimed.

"Very well," assented the boy. "Be careful."

Harry was left in the dark, as his partner took the lantern.

Old King Brady crawled ahead about one hundred feet on his hands and knees, and reached the end of the tunnel.

The latter part of it was cut through a solid mass of cement concrete. But the concrete was as soft and spongy as clay.

Moreover, it was badly discolored, and had a strong acid odor.

A smile crossed the old detective's face, and he reflected:

"This must be the concrete under the vaults. It's rotten. My theory was right. They dared not cut into the flinty mass, as the noise would have betrayed them. So they soaked it with powerful acid, and softened it. It must have been a slow, tedious task. No doubt it was for this job Pugsley bought that kit of new tools in Centre street, New York. But I doubt if he had any occasion to use them."

He glanced upward.

The tunnel roof was open for a space four feet square.

Old King Brady could stand upright in the aperture.

His light flashed upon the material which had been cut through, and he saw that after another foot of concrete was passed, the burglars had gone through considerable masonry and a thick steel plate.

The latter had been disintegrated so with an acid that there had been very little trouble for the thieves to remove it.

An entire section of plate had been taken out of the bottom of the vault by removing the rivets with the acid.

This plate was now replaced with log-screws and fish-plates.

Its edges fit so closely together with the adjoining plates that the crack could hardly be seen.

Blind rivet heads had been inserted in the counter-sunk holes where the original rivets had been removed.

Everything to restore the plate to its former appearance was so neatly and cleverly done that an expert observer would have been deceived. In fact Old King Brady had merely discovered the way the job was done by accident.

He noticed a hollow sound when he first stepped upon the plate.

Then he drew his own conclusions as to how the tunneling had been performed by the crooks.

He unscrewed the nuts on the ends of the bolts holding the fish plates in position, and took out the heavy steel plate.

Climbing up through the opening he found himself within the vault from which the eighty gold bars had been abstracted.

Walking out of the vault, he confronted one of the guards.

The startled man gave a yell, recoiled, and half drew his pistol.

"Hold on," laughed the detective. "It's me!"

"Good Lord! Old King Brady! Where did you come from?"

"The vault, of course."

"But how did you get in there past the guards?"

"In the same way the thieves did."

"By golly! Did you come from the street?"

"Yes—or, rather, from the sewer under the street."

"Then there's a tunnel?"

"Exactly. Please summon the Treasurer, and I'll show it to him."

A messenger was dispatched post haste for him.

Within a few moments he joined Old King Brady.

"I did not wish to let on what my theory was until I had proved it, sir," said the detective to him. "Now, I find I am correct, I don't mind letting you see how those robbers got in and secured the gold."

He then showed the Treasurer the ingenious tunnel.

The official was for filling in the tunnel and securing the floor better right away. But Old King Brady objected.

He wanted a trap baited to catch the thieves if they were unwary enough to come back for more plunder.

A plan was arranged upon the spot, and the detective parted with the Treasurer, returned to the tunnel, and replaced the steel plate.

He then crawled through the tunnel back to the sewer.

But when he got there both Harry and the boat were gone.

"What can this mean?" muttered Old King Brady in amazement.

CHAPTER IX.

CAUGHT IN THE MONUMENT.

Old King Brady fastened his lantern, replaced the bricks in the opening as he had found them, and waded down through the sewer toward the river.

When he reached the outlet, he paused.

Peering out, he saw no sign of Harry.

Just as he was about to retrace his steps the sound of a low whistle reached him.

He recognized it as a signal he and his pupil understood, and replied to it.

Then Harry's voice behind him in the sewer sang out:

"Is that you, Old King Brady?"

"Yes, Harry, where are you?"

"Coming. I've been back under the city."

"Oh, I see. Why did you go away?"

"Some of Pugsley's men came wading up in the sewer and I retreated."

"Did they see the bricks removed from the mouth of their tunnel?"

"No. They didn't come up so far."

"What were they up to, anyway?"

"Here, get in, and I'll tell you."

The boat reached the old detective and he climbed aboard.

Harry then pulled out into the silent river a ways, and said:

"It was Pugsley, Dublin Dan, Novgorod and Picoli in the sewer."

"The deuce! Fighting?"

"No. On very friendly terms."

"You amaze me."

"But it's a fact. I gathered from what they said that Pugsley's gang captured the anarchists when the Italian carried the Russian ashore. Ivan and his pal joined the thieves' gang for self-protection. Past animosity was forgotten. They pooled their issues, as they were valuable to each other."

"I don't understand how they could be," remarked the old detective in tones of perplexity. "The anarchists only wanted to kill the President, and the robbers only wanted to loot the treasury. And to save themselves in case of arrest, both parties were willing to sacrifice each other."

"Well, it was this way: They struck a bargain. Novgorod and Picoli agreed to aid the gang to loot the treasury vaults on condition that the thieves help them to carry out their cherished project to put away the President."

"And they agreed?"

"Yes. It was a passing boatload of policemen who scared them into the sewer."

"Did they mention us at all?"

"Yes. Think we were burned to cinders in the fire which gutted the cellar under the negro's house. We are technically dead, to them."

"Let us remain so as long as we can," said Old King Brady.

"That belief on their part will cloak our actions."

"So much the better for us. Where are they living?"

"In the city. They buried the stolen gold somewhere on Analostan Island."

"Did you learn the location?"

"No. Only Pugsley knows it."

"Are they going to tackle the Treasury again?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow night at twelve."

"Good! We will be ready for them."

"I heard them say they expected the robbery would be discovered, and a terrible fuss would ensue. As nothing has yet been mentioned about the matter they concluded that the theft hasn't yet been exposed. It emboldens them, and they have determined to make another raid, overcome the guard, and get away with as many boxes of specie and bars of bullion as they can."

"And the two anarchists are going to join them in the game?"

"Yes, indeed."

Old King Brady laughed.

He had a clever trap ready for the robbers.

When his mirth subsided, he exclaimed:

"Did you find out where the gang now lives?"

"No. But from their conversation it might be over in Arlington. At any rate, they are nearly all prowling about the capital in disguise every day and night, having oysters at Harvey's, taking in the shows at Kernan's, sight seeing at the Smithsonian, and gambling with the sports at the clubs."

"Can we do anything more to-night?"

"No, for the four villains went away, and I haven't the faintest idea where we are going to find them."

"Then let's get back to the hotel, and find out what Kate is doing."

They soon afterwards landed.

Reaching the hotel, they learned that the confidence woman had retired, and as they were very tired, they followed her example.

On the following morning Harry and his partner called on the Treasurer, informed him of the expected raid on the Treasury vaults, and prepared a trap into which the thieves were bound to fall.

This done, Harry returned to the hotel to watch Kate, and Old King Brady went up to Secret Service headquarters to confer with the chief.

Young King Brady found Kate in the parlor attired to go out.

He watched her closely.

She finally departed, and he tracked her over to the mall.

The girl was heading for Washington Monument, but before she reached the high crest of ground above which the great obelisk-like shaft towered 555 feet in the air, a man hastily approached her.

Although he was very stylishly dressed and wore gray hair and a full beard of the same color, the boy recognized him as Ivan, the anarchist.

The boy saw the rascal link his arm in that of the girl, and, earnestly conversing, they strolled leisurely toward the monument.

As they disappeared inside, Harry muttered:

"I'll wait till they go up in the elevator. Then I'll follow them. Novgorod will be cornered up in the top of the monument, so he won't be able to get away. Then I'll have him at my mercy."

From where he was the boy saw the pair enter the huge elevator, and get carried up to the top of the shaft with a few other passengers.

Harry climbed up the hill, entered the monument, and put on a false beard.

When the elevator came down and discharged its passengers, the boy got in, and was carried to the top.

He glanced around, and seeing nothing of the pair he was pursuing, he made his way up into the observatory.

Several people were peering out the openings at the wonderful expanse of landscape below.

He saw Ivan and the girl, and quietly drew near them.

They were leaning out one of the windows, viewing the scene, and were conversing in low tones.

"You got my letter?" he heard Novgorod ask.

"I did," the girl replied, "and it surprised me to learn that you and Picoli had joined Pugsley's gang. Why did you do it?"

"For self protection."

"But those men tried to kill you, and tried to kill me in New York."

"So they did. But Picoli saved me, and the Bradys saved you. We were even, den. By joining dem we get a share of de swag, an' all we lose is de chance to throw de blame on dem or dey to throw de blame on us for our different work."

"Then you have all to gain and nothing to lose."

"Dat's it. Besides, Picoli can help dem."

"How?"

"He once worked in de Treasury, an' know just how everything is arranged in dere. So he can tell dem, an' when dey go back, dey know just where to go for de best parcels."

"I see."

The approach of some of the other people in the room caused the girl to hastily glance around to see if they were getting in hearing distance, as she knew how dangerous their conversation was.

Harry had no time to retreat.

She faced him, and changed color when she saw him so near.

It flashed across her mind that he could not have failed to

hear all they said, and as the boy's approach had been very silent, she was ignorant of his close proximity till that moment.

"Ivan!" she muttered.

"Yes!" he replied, turning around.

"That man has been listening to us."

She pointed at Harry, but need not have done so, as everyone else had gone down the stairs to the elevator below. The Russian seized Harry by the throat.

"What you mean by dat?" he demanded fiercely, and he gave the boy a shake that dislodged his false beard.

The girl detected it.

"See!" she cried. "He's disguised."

And springing forward, she tore the beard from his face.

Harry's identity was revealed, for the Russian cried hoarsely:

"It's Young King Brady!"

"Yes," replied Harry, as he poked his pistol in the man's face, "and if you don't let go, I'll blow your head off!"

A cry of alarm escaped Ivan.

His face turned pale, and he released his hold and recoiled.

"Don't shoot!" he gasped in tones of alarm.

"Then throw up your hands, you blackguard!"

"I surrender!" groaned the frightened man, obeying.

"Fool!" cried the girl. "Do you want to go to jail, when you can avoid it by giving this boy a fight?"

CHAPTER X.

A DARING LEAP FOR LIFE.

Harry realized that it would have been a very easy matter to arrest the cowardly anarchist if the girl had not urged him to revolt.

Angry at her for inciting the man to fight, he cried:

"You keep quiet, Kate Lyons, or you'll regret it."

"Oh, you can't scare me," she replied. "Go for him, Ivan!"

"Move an inch, Novgorod, and you are a dead man!" exclaimed Harry sternly.

His pistol was aimed squarely at the Russian's face, and Ivan saw that resistance would seal his doom.

With a cold sweat oozing out of him, he cried despairingly to the girl:

"He'll kill me if I fight. Can't you help me, Kate?"

"Yes, and I shall. You are my husband, and I won't allow any man to harm you while I've got the power to aid you!"

Harry was surprised to learn that she was the anarchist's wife.

It accounted for the wedding ring she wore.

Sure that she would interfere, he shouted angrily:

"Look out, now, Kate, or you may get it, too!"

"Shoot me. I ain't afraid!" was her reckless reply.

And she darted at him from the rear, flung her arms around him, and the boy had to turn on her to free himself.

That distracted his attention from Ivan.

He made the most furious efforts to get free; but she was nerved to desperation and clung to him tenaciously.

"Go, Ivan, go!" she screamed.

The Russian darted away.

Harry was wild at seeing the man escaping.

By a mighty effort he tore himself free.

Hurling the girl aside, he rushed downstairs after the fugitive, under the impression that he could catch the man on one of the many flights of stairs he would have to descend before reaching the bottom.

But Novgorod had paused at the elevator door and found it unfastened.

Pushing it open, he glanced down the enormous shaft below.

The car was at the bottom.

Clinging to the fancy iron work, he closed the door.

Harry could not reach him now, as the door was locked.

The man was crazed with desperation when he heard Harry come flying down the stairs in pursuit of him.

He stood on the tiny ledge formed by the doorsill.

The huge cables which operated the car were over six feet away, hanging from the drums above, and going straight down the enormous well.

Novgorod only hesitated an instant.

He measured the distance to the cables.

Then he leaped for them.

A miss meant death!

For an instant his body was poised in the air.

Then his outstretched arms flew around the ropes of steel.

Down he shot for a moment, until his fingers closed around the cables checking his descent.

Harry had seen that awful leap for life.

The boy arrived at the door, and paused.

"Stop!" he shouted at the man.

But Novgorod had wrapped his leg around the cables by this time, and let himself slide down.

"I've baffled you!" he yelled exultantly.

And down he shot rapidly and disappeared from view.

Young King Brady did not pursue him.

It was useless.

He knew that Ivan would reach the bottom far in advance of him if he had to run down those innumerable flights of stairs.

The boy, therefore, did not attempt to follow him.

He remained watching the cables, filled with the hope that the car might start for the top before Ivan reached the bottom.

In that case the man would be carried up again.

But at the end of five minutes, during which the cables remained stationary, the boy realized that his hope was in vain.

A short, silvery laugh aroused him.

He glanced around, and saw Kate standing behind him. She, too, had witnessed her husband's desperate leap.

"Well, he foiled you, didn't he?" she asked tauntingly.

"Yes," replied Harry in frank tones. "The only consolation left is that you are my prisoner."

The sarcastic laugh left her face.

In fact, she assumed a glum expression and frowned.

This disagreeable phase of the matter had not dawned upon her mind before, and she became very uneasy.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Going to lock me up?"

"Yes. You are his accomplice, you know."

"I deny it."

"Oh, I expected you would."

"Now, see here, Brady——"

"None of your con-games," interrupted Harry drily.

"You've got to go along, and that's the end of it."

"What can you prove against me?" she asked defiantly.

"Plenty," replied the young detective emphatically.

"Plenty! Oh, here comes the elevator. We'll go down in it. Do you want me to put a pair of steel bracelets on your wrists over those gold ones?"

"No!" she replied with a shudder.

"Will you go along quietly, then?"

"Yes, if I must."

"Very well. You certainly must."

She had a troubled look on her pretty face, and bowed her head in token of submission, as the car reached the top.

When the passengers alighted Harry boarded the car with the girl, and while they were descending he asked the elevator man:

"Did you see the fellow come down on the cables?"

"Yes, sir. He had a narrow escape from death."

"What became of him?"

"Reaching the bottom, he landed on top of the car, and I lowered it so he could get out the doorway. I asked him to explain how he got at the cables, and why he slid down that way; but he only gave me a scared look, bolted out the door, and ran away."

"He feared you might detain him."

"Do you know anything about it, sir?"

"Yes. He was an escaping criminal I'm after."

"Oh! I see."

"Finding the top door unfastened he jumped for the wire and slid down."

"So that's the way of it, eh?"

"Yes. Come on, Kate. Here's the bottom."

They left the car and walked away side by side.

Harry brought her over to Secret Service headquarters.

Old King Brady was there and heard Harry's story, and they made an attempt to question the girl, but she refused to say anything.

Finding her obstinate, she was locked up.

When the Bradys left the office the old detective asked the boy:

"Did you find out in which direction Novgorod ran?"

"No. It wasn't worth while. He'd go anywhere to get away from me."

"Well, we can make some more arrests to-night."

"At the Treasury?"

"Yes. The thieves are coming back."

"We must be on hand, too."

"Pugsley and his gang thought we were burned up in the fire in the negro's cellar," said Old King Brady, "but now that Novgorod has seen you alive, he will tell the others, and they will know we escaped from that furnace."

"It will make them uneasy, too," chuckled Harry.

The detectives sauntered about the city all day, but saw nothing of any of the gang, and after supper made their way to the Treasury Building.

A conference was held in the office of Chief Hammond.

"The thieves will arrive at midnight," said Old King Brady, "and they will doubtless enter by way of the sewer. Now, presuming that a few of them get into the specie vault, you can have some men handy to nab them."

"We are going to fix up a dummy guard for them to tackle," said the chief.

"So much the better. You had better have some men up the sewer ready to rush to the entrance of the tunnel on signal, and then catch them in a trap. More men must guard the outlet of the sewer into the river. And as they are apt to head for Analostan Island, some men might be posted there, ready to receive them when they arrive. A few detectives in a boat on the Potomac might chase them effectively, too."

"Every avenue will thus be guarded," said the Treasurer smilingly.

"If the plan succeeds, we may catch the whole gang," Harry remarked.

No time was lost about making their preparations.

The chief gathered a force of armed men, detailed them in squads to their various posts, and the watch was begun.

Old King Brady remained at the Treasury, and Harry proceeded down to the river, and joined the officers in the boat.

By the time every detail was in readiness, the clocks in the Capitol were striking the hour of twelve.

Although the men on the river kept a keen lookout from a place of concealment for the expected thieves, none materialized there.

In spite of this fact, however, Pugsley's gang, unsuspecting of danger, were preparing to carry out their plot.

CHAPTER XI.

RUNNING INTO A TRAP.

The lights were burning dimly in the treasure laden vaults, and an intense silence prevailed as the hour of midnight arrived.

Within the vault to which the thieves had gained access

there was a stack of sealed boxes filled with stones and rubbish.

But they looked just like the boxes containing the gold coins.

The stuffed figure representing the guard was reclining in a chair as life-like as a genuine man, looking as if he had fallen asleep.

A box of gold eagles was opened, and some of the coins scattered on the floor as bait, among the dummy boxes alluded to.

Just as the clocks struck twelve, the metal plate in the floor moved, and Old King Brady, hidden behind the dummy boxes, observed it.

A moment later the plate noiselessly vanished.

The head and shoulders of Dublin Dan appeared in the opening in the floor.

He listened intently, and peered around with extreme caution.

Presently satisfied that the coast was clear, he silently climbed up into the vault, and drew a billy from his pocket.

He was followed by Tom Jones, the forger, and Picoli, the anarchist.

Dan pointed at the dummy.

The others nodded.

As the footpad crept forward, they followed.

The felt soles on his shoes drowned every sound.

Reaching the figure of what he supposed was the sleeping guard, Dan raised his club and brought it down with fearful force upon the head of the quiet object. Had it been a man his skull would have been fractured.

Instead, a false face and wig stuffed with excelsior flew up in the air.

Dan recoiled, smothering a cry of astonishment.

"It's a scarecrow!" he gasped.

"There's treachery here!" exclaimed Jones, uneasily, in a whisper.

"We'd better work fast," Picoli declared.

"Out with those boxes, then!"

They swiftly seized some of the decoys, and began to drop them down into the tunnel to Kelly, who passed them along to Fancy Fred.

The latter was in a rowboat.

He began to stack up the boxes in the sewer.

Old King Brady let them work a while, to better deceive them.

Finally, however, he popped up from behind the heap of boxes, with a revolver in each hand, and quietly covered Dan and Picoli.

As the thieves turned, Old King Brady fired a shot.

It made a tremendous report in that confined space.

A yell burst from the Italian.

He fell to the floor with a bullet in his thigh, and rolled over and over clutching at the wound, groaning with pain, and cursing his misfortune.

Dan and Jones wheeled around.

But only to find the detective's pistols staring them in the face.

And they heard him say in quiet tones:

"Gentlemen, I want you!"

The two crooks nearly fainted from fright, and stood irresolute.

Meantime that pistol shot acted as a signal.

It warned the rest of the gang that they were discovered, and it notified the watching officers that the ball was opened.

Kelly and Fancy Fred beat a retreat.

"Our pals are seen!" gasped the former.

"Go for the boat!" the latter advised.

When they reached the sewer they met Fancy Fred, who roared:

"Don't wait for the boat. There are cops up the sewer coming down here with a rush. Head for the coon's joint!"

And away they dashed.

Old King Brady was having a hot time.

Dublin Dan and Tom Jones recovered from their first shock of horror and alarm, and the former exclaimed:

"It's Old King Brady!"

"Right you are!" exclaimed the detective.

"Run!" hissed Jones, in a panic.

"Don't budge, or I'll fire!" cried Old King Brady.

"So can we!" panted Dan.

"Up with your hands!"

"Not on your life!"

And out came Dan's pistol.

Bang! went the detective's weapon.

The footpad roared with pain as a ball ploughed its way through his side.

But he was game.

Up rose his pistol, and he discharged a volley as fast as he could fire.

The bullets hummed around Old King Brady like a swarm of bees.

One pierced his hat, another tore a hole in his sleeve, and the third stung him as it scraped the skin on his cheek.

Jones made a flying leap into the tunnel, and vanished.

Paying no heed to his danger, the old detective coolly aimed at Dan again, and pulled the trigger.

He was aiming at the footpad's pistol.

The old detective was a fine marksman.

True to the spot flew the ball, and the pistol went flying out of the crook's hand, and fell to the floor with a loud noise.

Disarmed in this remarkable manner, Dublin Dan was about to run, when the cold, metallic voice of Old King Brady rang out with:

"Stand, or I'll shoot to kill!"

Dan paused, savagely shook his fist at the detective, and yelled:

"I'll die with my boots on, Brady!"

Then he rushed at the officer.

Bang!

One shot ended the matter.

Dan fell, shot in the stomach.

By this time some of the officers who had been hidden in the vault came rushing to Old King Brady's rescue.

Pointing at Picoli and Dan, the old detective said in hurried tones:

"Grab that pair!"

"We'll take care of them," replied one of the detectives, as he and his companions pounced upon the wounded crooks.

Old King Brady rushed over to the opening in the floor, dropped through, and heard a terrific uproar ahead in the sewer.

Jones, Fred and Kelly had encountered the officers who had been stationed up the sewer, and were fighting furiously for their liberty.

Yells, curses and pistol shots at frequent intervals broke the stillness as the crooks retreated toward the river.

Every time the pair fired, the officers returned double the number of shots; and the air was filled with flying bullets.

Old King Brady plunged out into the sewer.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted. "After the villains!"

The detectives' lantern lights flashed upon him.

Seeing who spoke, they went rushing along after the gallant old sleuth, regardless of the bullets from the fugitives' weapons.

Along the sewer rushed Old King Brady.

He could not see the crooks, but could hear them moving, and he quickly had them on the run.

Several times he received slight wounds from the bullets they fired back towards him, but he did not pause.

The crooks were rushed to the river.

Here another party of detectives were waiting for them, and they were made aware of the fact that they were caught between two fires when the officers sprang out in front of them.

The detectives in front sent the rays of their lanterns at the rogues, and recognized them at once.

They did not wait to parley, but sent a number of well-directed shots at the already wounded men, and dropped them.

With cries of pain and despair the crooks wallowed in the mud, and to save themselves from further injury Jones yelled:

"We quit! Don't kill us!"

"It's about time!" growled Old King Brady, who just then reached them.

In another moment they were handcuffed.

Then Old King Brady demanded of Kelly:

"Where's Yank Swipes, Novgorod and Pugsley?"

"Out on the river," growled the man, between his groans of pain.

"What doing?"

"Expecting us, I suppose."

"Where are they going to wait?"

"Near the foot of F street.

"Do you know where the gold was to be taken?"

"Yes. Out to Analostan Island."

"To be buried with the gold bars?"

"Yes. But how did you learn that?"

"Oh, never mind about that. Where were the bars buried?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you lie to me."

"That's on the level, Brady."

"Who does know?"

"Only Pugsley."

"Well, we'll see about that later. Come on, boys, and we'll take these villains back to the Treasury and lock them up."

They returned to the tunnel, passed through with the prisoners, and finally took the villains to jail.

Old King Brady then advised the Treasurer to have the tunnel filled up, and the vaults repaired.

The detective then departed to see what became of his partner.

CHAPTER XII.

A HOT FIGHT ON THE POTOMAC.

Harry Brady was having his own trouble while his partner was fighting the gang of crooks in and about the Treasury Building.

The boat in which he embarked contained three detectives, two of whom were rowing, while the third, in the stern sheets, was steering.

Armed with a pistol and lantern, Young King Brady had taken up a position in the bow, as the boat glided out on the Potomac.

It was a dark night, and the river had a deserted look.

"Better keep in the shadows close to shore," said Harry to the detective sergeant in the stern. "We don't know what direction they may come from, and it won't do for them to see us first."

"It's doubtful if they'll come in boats at all," replied the officer, as he changed the direction of the skiff.

They lurked in the shadows a long time.

In fact, the fight had begun in the tunnel before they were alarmed by the sound of row-locks creaking and the splash of water out on the river.

"Someone is coming," whispered Harry.

"It's a skiff. I can just see it," replied the sergeant.

They listened and strained their glances through the gloom.

The officer pointed out on the river, and they caught view of a dim, shadowy object moving over the water, some distance away.

It was a boat containing three men.

Harry became restless.

The smothered sound of a pistol shot in the sewer was heard, and the men in the oncoming boat suddenly paused.

"Let's investigate that boat," suggested the boy.

"There's trouble going on in the sewer," commented one of the detectives, as another shot reached their ears.

"Give way, boys," said the sergeant.

Down went the oars, and the boat suddenly shot out on the river, and Harry unmasked his lantern.

The dazzling streak of light darted over the water, and fell upon the other boat, exposing its occupants, who uttered startled cries.

"It's Pugsley, Novgorod and Yank!" exclaimed Harry.

The crooks saw them, and the bank burglar yelled:

"Run for it. Dey is cops!"

"The jig is up!" they heard Yank growl savagely.

Ivan swore in his own language, and he and Yank pulled away with all their strength toward the opposite side of the river.

"After them!" cried Harry.

The detectives pulled with a will.

An exciting chase then ensued.

Both boat crews rowed with all their strength.

As the stout ash blades bent before their powerful strokes the sharp, narrow boats fairly flew through the water.

Up at the bow spurted tiny jets of spray.

"Faster, boys, faster!" cried Harry.

"Doing the best we can, sir," replied an officer.

"Work with a will. We are gaining."

"Very good, sir."

And on they dashed, the oars moving with the regularity of clock-work, the row-locks giving forth a steady bumping and clicking sound, and the sergeant steering with great precision.

The crooks were frightened.

It was manifest that their plot was a failure.

They figured that the police had learned all about the raid on the Treasury, and were on the lookout to arrest them.

"Bend yer backs, dere," Pugsley growled restlessly to his men. "If dem blokes gits de irons on us, it's a case of goin' up fer long terms, see?"

His words frightened the other two.

They worked at the oars like madmen.

Every stroke of the oars brought them nearer to the Arlington shore, and Pugsley urged them on with threats and curses.

He knew his only salvation lay in reaching land in advance of his pursuers, for they were certainly gaining on the water.

In order to retard the officers, the desperate thief now drew his pistol, discharged several shots at his pursuers, and yelled:

"Haul to, dere, blast yer, haul to!"

A cry of pain escaped one of the detectives.

"He has hit me!" he groaned. "I can't row. My arm is cut."

"Give me your oar!" replied the sergeant quickly.

The boat stopped while they exchanged places.

Harry saw that the crooks were gaining a lead, and he raised his pistol, took quick aim at Yank, and pulled the trigger.

A flash and report, followed by a howl of anguish.

The boy heard the villain cry:

"He has killed me!"

"May de demon roast him!" hissed Pugsley.

He was like a savage beast.

Aiming at the detectives again he fired three shots in quick succession, and the leaden messengers whistled around his pursuers dangerously.

Once more Harry discharged his weapon.

The ball took effect in Pugsley's body, for he raved like a madman, and exchanging places with Yank, he bellowed:

"Dey will do us if we don't git right away!"

Their boat was quite near the shore then, and a few yards further along its prow was driven upon a shoal.

Finding that they could not move it, they leaped overboard, and made a rush for the shore.

They were at the base of the hill below Arlington cemetery, and made a rush up the steep acclivity.

As they were now in plain view of the detectives, Harry drew a bead on Yank, and let a shot drive.

It winged the man, and he toppled over, fell, and rolled down the hill, shouting with pain, and begging his pals to save him.

Pugsley and Novgorod abandoned the man to his fate.

They were too anxious to save themselves to trouble about their wounded companion.

Plunging ahead up the hill, they headed for the old yellow homestead of Washington on the crest of the eminence.

Here they vanished.

Young King Brady had disembarked.

He saw Yank lying helpless at the bottom of the hill, and when he reached the man it was but the work of a moment to handcuff him.

Two of the detectives pursued Ivan and Pugsley.

Although they searched the grounds above with the utmost care, and scoured the grove, they found nothing of the fugitives.

Both had made good their escape.

Finding they could do nothing further, the two officers returned to the boat into which Harry had gone with his prisoner.

"Got away," they announced in disgust.

"No chance to trace them?" asked Young King Brady.

"Not the slightest, in this gloom."

"Then we'll return to the city. This rascal needs medical aid."

The officers embarked and rowed away.

Reaching the city shore, they tied up their boat, and summoned an ambulance to carry Yank and the wounded officer to the hospital.

Harry then hurried over to Secret Service headquarters, and arrived there after the fight was over.

The chief gave him all the details, and in return was told what success the boy met with.

"The raid has practically been a success," remarked the chief.

"How many were taken?"

"Five. Only Pugsley and Novgorod remain at large."

"The two worst of the bunch."

"Without a doubt the ringleaders. But they can't stay free very long."

"No. We'll run them down soon, I'm sure. Where's Old King Brady?"

"Went to the hotel to look for you."

"Then I'll go."

He was upon the point of departing, when the telephone bell rang, and an officer who answered it sang out:

"It's Old King Brady, and he wants to speak to you, Harry."

The boy hurried into the closet, and called:

"Hello, partner, what's wanted?"

"I've spotted Pugsley and Novgorod."

"Where are they?" eagerly asked the boy.

"In the Division among the negroes. Come right up to Willard's."

"Are you at that hotel?"

"Yes, and you'll find me at the door."

Harry hastened out, boarded a passing car, and was carried up Pennsylvania avenue to the place where his partner was awaiting him.

They met, and rapidly exchanged stories.

"I've traced the pair into a dirty little coon gambling joint," said Old King Brady, "and they don't know it. Probably they imagine they are safely hidden there; but we'll undeceive them. They are surrounded by the toughest black citizens in this town, and will put up a stiff fight."

"We'd better strike while the iron is hot," said Harry.

"Come on, then, and keep your gun handy."

Crossing the avenue, they hurried down a dark cross-street, and turned into the worst section of Washington.

It was populated almost entirely by negroes of wicked reputations.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROWN DOWNSTAIRS.

"Here's where the crooks are hiding, Harry."

"Can we venture to go right into the dive?"

"No. White men don't frequent the place."

"How did Pugsley and the Russian gain ingress, then?"

"The negro crook who runs the joint is a friend of Pugsley."

"Queer you should know that."

"Not at all. When we traced them here I hid behind a tree, and heard the bank burglar greet the coon who opened the door. What they said explained everything. The negro readily agreed to conceal and defend them."

"Wouldn't we stand a better chance to arrest them by getting a posse of officers, and raiding the den?" asked Harry.

"I'm afraid not," replied Old King Brady, shaking his

head. "I questioned a workman about the place. He told me it was raided often, but they seldom caught anyone, as the coons have got several underground exits leading to the rear street, and into adjoining houses."

"Then what do you purpose doing to reach the villains?"

"Gain admittance to the building and take them un-awares. That's our only chance to detect the two crooks out of their hiding place."

"It's a question how we are to get in."

"Oh, I've got that point settled. See that empty house next door? We can reach the roof through that building, and get into the gambling den by passing over the roofs and descending through the scuttle."

"Very well. We will try it."

They glanced around the street, but saw nobody looking.

The Bradys were crouching behind a pile of lumber outside of a saw mill, and observed that the gambling den was a little frame house.

Faint, dull lights gleamed redly from behind the edges of the yellow shades, and occasionally they saw negroes leave and enter the house.

An alley separated the building from the adjoining one, which was to let, and some trees shaded the fronts of the dilapidated houses.

The detectives glided across the street, dodged in the area under the front stoop of the vacant house, and tried the door.

It was locked, but Harry opened it with a button-hook, and they entered and quietly made their way upstairs through the dark, silent halls.

On the top floor a ladder leading to the scuttle was found in a hall closet, and when they got out on the peaked shingle roof, they crawled over to the alley and jumped across the dark space.

They found the scuttle cover fastened on the next roof.

It checked their further advance.

"Can't force it open," whispered Old King Brady. "The noise would alarm them and betray us. Look over the front cornice, and I'll examine the rear."

They separated and went in opposite directions.

At the front there was no means of getting into the house, and Harry returned to his partner, who was peering down at a slanting roof below.

It covered an outside staircase, and was very steep.

"Would you venture down on that thing?" asked the old detective.

"It will bring us to the upper windows," replied the boy.

"There isn't any light on the top floor."

"So much the better. Let me get over that cornice."

He slipped down as he spoke.

It was hard to keep a foothold on the staircase roof, but by clutching at the rear of the house Harry retained a footing.

Slowly moving downward he reached a window.

The sash was raised and he climbed through.

Old King Brady followed the boy.

They found themselves in a comfortable little bedroom, and passed out a door into the hall, where they paused to listen.

All was silent on the floor they then occupied, but from downstairs there came the sound of laughter and the hum of voices.

Among them were the well-known tones of Pugsley.

The detectives leaned over the balustrade to listen to what the thief was saying, when a tall, silent figure glided from the front bedroom.

It was Novgorod, and as his startled glance fell upon the pair dimly lit up by the glow ascending from the floor below, he recognized them.

With the utmost difficulty he suppressed a cry of alarm.

It seemed as if he would flee in terror, when the first panic of alarm seized him, but he quickly mastered this feeling.

A cunning plan to get the best of the detectives entered his mind, and he crept toward them as silently as a shadow.

The moment he was behind the pair, he arose.

Grasping each by a leg, he suddenly raised them, with a powerful pull, and hurled them head first over the balustrade.

Startled cries escaped the Bradys as they fell.

The next instant they struck the stairs, and shocked and jarred, they went tumbling down to the bottom.

"Fly cops!" yelled Novgorod.

The noise and his yells aroused the gamblers in the rooms below, and they rushed into the hall and saw the detectives.

Pugsley was the first to recognize them, and he shouted excitedly:

"Nail 'em! Dey is de Bradys, fellers!"

A dozen ugly-looking negroes pounced upon the bewildered and half-stunned detectives ere they could realize what happened.

Although the Bradys had a vague idea they were in trouble, and put up a slight resistance, they were quickly overpowered.

When they fairly regained their senses they found themselves bound, lying on the floor in the hall, and a gang of negro gamblers surrounding them, with Pugsley and Ivan in their midst earnestly discussing their presence there.

"We're caught," Old King Brady muttered.

He was utterly aghast over his peril.

Just then Pugsley bent his grinning face above the old detective.

"I t'ought yer had some common sense, Brady," said he, with a low chuckle, "but it don't seem as if yer had, de way yer stuck yer nose in de lion's jaw. Yer goose is cooked now, fer fair—see!"

"How in thunder did this happen?" growled the old detective.

"Why, de Rooshun nabbed yez on de top floor, an' chucked yez over de bannisters," replied Pugsley. "Dat feller is all right, he is."

"I'd like to know what you've got us tied up for?"

"Well, yer don't s'pose we're a-goin' ter give yer de

chance ter do any more fightin', do you? Not much. We knows our little book. You goes under on dis deal. Looker wot yer done fer us to-night—dished us outer gettin' about a million plunks wort' o' gold."

"You got enough already."

"Did we? Well, I don't know. Mebbe we did. I ain't a-kickin' ag'in yer nabbin' my hull gang. Cause why? I'll tell yer. It leaves less ter divide de swag we's already got—see? Dat means dis: Me and de Rooshun gits de whole boodle, an' de gang gits it where de chicken got de ax. Dat's why we ain't sorry yer jugged 'em, Brady. But I am a-sweatin' wit' a bullet in me hide wot yer pal chucked inter me. An' yer kin stake yer life I'll git square wit yez fer it, too."

"It's a pity I didn't kill you!" retorted Harry.

"Ah-h! you cork up! Don't yer git too fresh wit me," said Pugsley, bending a fierce scowl upon the boy. "I won't take none o' yer back talk after wot yer done. Dere's goin' ter be a dead fly cop aroun' dis shebang afore long, an' we won't be here ter wear mournin' fer yer."

"Going to quit Washington?" asked Old King Brady.

"Soitin'y. Dere's only two t'ings keepin' us now. I don't mind tellin' yez. One is ter git de gold bars away where we kin sell 'em, an' de odder is, fer his nibs here ter plug de President."

"Still determined to kill the President, eh?"

"That's what I'm here for," replied Novgorod, with a scowl.

"You won't succeed. Every detective in Washington is on the lookout for you," said Harry. "They won't hesitate to shoot you on sight, either."

"I'll accomplish my purpose if I have to give my life for de cause," calmly replied the anarchist. "Ven men in our party start to do dese jobs, we go feeling sure ve get caught, an' die for it."

"You fellows must have a sublime faith in the principles you are following out," said the old detective, "but it's silly. If you only paused to think, you would realize that no sooner do you kill one ruler, when the people elect another to take his place. Therefore you make no difference in the social conditions."

"It lets them know that no monarch invested with arbitrary power is safe," said Novgorod darkly. "It shows them we are alway on the watch to better the conditions of those who are oppressed—"

"Oh, rats!" interposed Pugsley. "Quit de lecture. We've got work ter put dese guys where dey won't do us no more harm. Den we kin finish our business in dis village witout much fear o' gittin' pinched."

"Going to put them away?" significantly asked the big negro proprietor.

"Yes; de quicker de better," said Pugsley, with a nod. The negro turned to his companions.

"Pick them up," he exclaimed, with a wicked look, "an' carry them down into the basement. We want to help our friends here."

The rest of the negroes seized the detectives.

Carrying them down a flight of stairs, they went into the rear room, laid the officers on the floor in the dark, and re-treated.

The detectives were cast in a state of doubt.

Neither of them had any idea what their fate was to be.

The approach of Pugsley and the anarchist was heard a few minutes later, and the prisoners prepared for the worst.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HARD FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

The dull, flickering light of a candle cut through the gloom, as Pugsley and Novgorod entered the room in which the Bradys laid.

Paying no heed to their victims, the crooks dropped two pieces of rope and a piece of pitch pine wood upon the floor beside the officers.

The burglar set down his candle, and Ivan raised a trap door in the floor.

A round brick wall was revealed below the floor beams.

It was a deep well, half filled with water.

Bill Pugsley stood glaring viciously at his victims a moment; then he said:

"We're a-goin' ter git square wit yer, Brady."

"So I presume," replied the old detective coolly.

"Our revenge is a-goin' ter try yer nerves, too, I kin tell yer."

"Indeed! I'm not surprised to hear you mean to torture us."

"Yer'll have plenty time ter say yer prayers afore yer passes in yer chips."

"What in thunder are you up to, anyway?"

"Well," chuckled the burglar, "we are goin' ter make yer perish in such a way dat yer can't swear we really killed yer. Me an' de Rooshun is werry tender hearted blokes, we is. Couldn't bear ter kill yer off-hand. Our consciences would trouble us too much afterwids, wouldn't dey, Ivan?"

"Dat's what dey would," said the anarchist, with a grin.

"'Sides dat," said Pugsley, "youse made us suffer in de body, an' ter git even wit yer, we is goin' ter make youse suffer in de brain—see?"

"Torture our minds, eh?"

"Dat's about de size of it."

"Well, proceed with the show."

"Yer won't be in such a blamed big hurry pretty soon," growled Bill, who felt chagrined because he had not frightened them.

The fact was, the Bradys felt more curious than scared.

Both were wondering what the crooks designed to do.

They watched the pair closely.

Bill gagged the detectives.

"Dis," said he by way of explanation, "is done so's

yer can't yell, an' attrac' attention while yer gittin' ready fer yer funerals."

He then laid the stick across the top of the well hole.

This done, he tied one end of the short rope around Old King Brady's breast and fastened the other end to the stick.

Harry was served in the same manner.

Then the villains lowered the Bradys, one by one, into the well.

They were left hanging in the shaft.

Below, they could see the water ten feet further down.

Leaving the detectives dangling over the pool at the ends of the ropes the burglar next took the candle and bent over the well.

A few inches from the top a brick was protruding from the wall.

He dropped some tallow on the brick, stuck the candle to it, and then shoved the stick over till it was over the candle flame.

"We've left yer a light so's yer kin see wot happens ter yer when de time comes," said Pugsley. "Good-by forever, yer devils!"

And he banged down the traps over their heads.

The detectives heard their footsteps retreating over the bare floor.

Neither could speak, on account of the handkerchiefs bound over their mouths and tied behind their necks.

They glanced wonderingly at each other.

The Bradys were at a loss to understand where their death came in.

It was no torture to hang as they then were.

Perhaps the burglar meant to starve them to death?

If that was the plan, why had he made these peculiar preparations?

No—that could not have been his purpose.

They were puzzled to understand his plan.

But this state of doubt did not last very long.

The old detective first discovered the real truth of the matter when he saw that the candle had set fire to the pine crossbar from which they were suspended by the two ropes.

It was clear enough that Pugsley expected the candle to ignite the highly inflammable piece of pitch pine.

He then expected that the flames would either reach the ropes, or else eat through the wood, and weaken it.

Their weight would then either snap the ropes or the crossbar, and then would plunge them down into the water at the bottom of the well.

As their arms were bound, they would drown!

The cruel ingenuity of the fiendish plan made Old King Brady shudder.

It certainly was slow torture to watch the flames eating into the wood, and keep wondering which moment would be their last.

Seeing Old King Brady's glance so intently fixed above, Harry looked up at the burning wood and saw the danger.

He was overwhelmed with horror.

The boy quickly noted one redeeming fact.

As the air was heavy, vitiated, and very damp, the flame soon began to diminish, and the wood burned very slowly.

Fresh, wholesome air is necessary for a good flame.

"How can we extinguish that fire altogether?" thought the boy.

He was hanging just below the candle.

The wood was burning only at a point above the wick.

Turning the matter over in his mind, Harry hit upon an expedient.

He observed that the candle stood at least twelve inches above his head, and he noted that the diameter of the well was about four feet.

With this data fixed in his mind, he tried his plan.

First, drawing up his legs, he tilted himself over, and his head bumped against Old King Brady's body, at the same time his feet touched the wall of the well in front of him.

Holding his feet pressed against the wall, and gaining a leverage by pushing his head against his partner, who in turn was pushed against the other side of the well, he walked up the wall.

In a moment he hung horizontally from the rope instead of hanging feet downward in a perpendicular position.

He then continued his walk up the wall of the well, till his feet were brought to a point much higher than his head.

The boy had the distance and location of the fire carefully estimated.

When his head overbalanced his feet, he suddenly kicked upward, his shoe struck the candle, dislodging it, and his foot slipped ahead; it struck the burning crossbar, and put out the now feeble light.

The boy gave a sudden turn, like a back somersault, in the air, and as his feet came down, the jerk gave him a terrible wrench.

In a moment more he was hanging feet downward again.

The fire was out, and the candle was down in the well.

Dense gloom filled the hole, only broken by the crackling embers of the charred piece of wood above their heads.

But the danger was over.

It was some time ere Harry recovered from the racking pain his wrenched body got, and the thump he received on the foot that struck the crossbar.

Several hours passed by.

The silence was appalling.

All this time the boy had been very busy.

By forcing open his mouth, and permitting the handkerchief to slip into it, he brought the linen between his teeth.

Continued chewing on it finally cut the fabric.

He thus got rid of the gag.

Then he surprised Old King Brady by saying:

"There! I've chewed it in two. Now I can speak. I'll get your gag off if I can get your head near enough to my mouth to loosen the knot with my teeth. Here, I'll get my legs around you, and drag you nearer so I can work. Now do all you can to help me."

The feat was very difficult, and they struggled and

squirmed, and swayed themselves a great many times before the boy succeeded.

Once he got his teeth working on those knots, however, he made short work of relieving his companion of the gag.

"By jove, you're a genius," chuckled Old King Brady admiringly. "When death seemed only a question of a few minutes, you baffled the arch destroyer by extinguishing the fire. Now, you've ungagged yourself and me. What next—a method of getting out of here?"

"I wish I could devise a plan," regretfully answered the boy. "Can you?"

"I can suggest something leading to it."

"Let's have it in a hurry."

"Chew open the bonds pinioning my hands, and I'll get hold of the crossbar, raise the trap, get rid of the rope and haul you up."

"Why—it's going to be much easier to do that than it was to open the knot of that gag. Raise your hands as high as you can when I turn your back toward me by pushing you around with my foot."

This was done, and he easily reached the knot with his teeth.

It took over an hour for the boy to loosen the knot, and half an hour more for him to get the bonds unwound from his partner's wrists.

It is impossible to describe all the petty difficulties the boy met with in his desperate attempt to liberate his partner's arms.

Suffice it, that by the most dogged perseverance he ultimately succeeded, and Old King Brady's arms were quickly liberated.

His first care was to draw his pocket knife and sever Harry's bonds.

When this was done, he reached up, grasped the stick over his head, and, exerting his muscles, drew himself up till he got an arm over the stick.

With his other hand he pushed up the trap.

When he got higher and swung a leg over the crossbar, he succeeded in opening the trap wide enough to squeeze his body through.

In a moment more he was safely out of the well, and unfastened the rope which was tied around his body.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAN WITH A BOMB.

"De prisoners am 'scapin'!"

"Shoot 'em!"

"Don't stop, or you're lost."

Bang! Bang! Bang! came thunder blows on the front door.

The remarks came from a dozen negroes who rushed into the room with lights just as Old King Brady got out of the well.

He thought they were going to attack him, and he drew his revolver.

"Get back there!" he yelled, aiming the pistol at them.

"Don't mind him, Jim, run fo' yo' life, honey."

"Golly, dey break down de do'!"

"Come this way, boys!"

These and other cries came from the darkies.

Bang! Bang! thundered more blows on the front door.

"Keep away!" roared Old King Brady.

He had the gang covered.

They scattered and fled for the rear windows.

Self preservation was stronger in them than a desire to stop the detective.

"Out with you!" screamed one.

"Hurry up, dar, yo' crazy niggah; want ter get cotched?"

"Lawdy—dar goes de do' down!" howled another.

And they all went flying wildly out the windows, tumbling over each other in their frantic haste to escape.

Crash—bang! came a rending, splitting noise in the hall, and the front door went down heavily.

Old King Brady had his lantern lit.

He gazed after the flying coons, and listened to the uproar at the front door with feelings of astonishment.

The detective could not understand it all.

Not to run chances, he pulled Harry up out of the well, and banged down the trap door, while the boy was letting the rope that bound him fall to the floor.

"Safe, anyway," gasped the boy.

"Yes; but the coons have all gone crazy."

"What were they rushing through this room for?"

"You've got me. I don't know."

"Hark to the banging. Some one knocking the house down."

"Get out your pistol. We may have a fight."

"Here come footsteps rushing this way."

The hall door flew open as he spoke and a squad of policemen dashed in.

"Here's some—arrest 'em!" cried the captain.

The officers are raiding the house," gasped Harry.

"Yes, and that's what scared those darkies away,"

Up to them rushed the policemen.

"Surrender!" yelled the foremost, flourishing his night stick.

"Certainly," replied Old King Brady.

"White men," said a roundsman, grabbing him by the collar.

"If you're after the coons, some went flying through those back windows," said Harry, as a policeman seized him by the arm.

"Any more upstairs?" cried the captain.

"Two white crooks. Don't let them slip out," said Old King Brady.

Off dashed some of the officers to scour the house, while others went into the back yard in pursuit of the fugitives.

They had battered down the front door with an ax.

The Bradys were led from the house and put in the

patrol wagon without demurring, for the patrolmen did not know them.

In ten minutes all the officers came out.

Six negroes and a lot of gambling outfits rewarded the raiders, and the prisoners were driven away to the police station.

Here a ward detective recognized the Bradys.

"Some mistake here, Captain," said he to his superior.

"How's that, Will?"

"These men are the New York Secret Service detectives, the Bradys."

"Sure of it?"

"Of course."

"Why didn't you fellows announce yourselves?"

"Too much excitement going on during the raid," replied Harry.

"What were you doing in that tough joint?"

"Hunting for a pair of crooks."

"You must excuse our error."

"Certainly. It came about quite naturally, sir."

And the laughing detectives stepped aside while the black prisoners were arraigned, and charged with gambling.

"Did you catch the white men," eagerly asked Harry.

"None there to catch," responded the captain gruffly.

"Find out where they went by questioning a prisoner."

"Who are they?"

"Pugsley and Novgorod."

"Wait a moment till I commit the bunch."

One of the darkies heard these remarks, and now said:

"Dem men lef' de house right after puttin' yo' in de well."

"Where did they go?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Analostan Islan', I specs."

The Bradys hurried out of the police station, and reaching the street, found that daylight had broken.

Procuring a couple of Secret Service detectives, they hurried over to the island in a boat, and scoured it.

The crooks were not there.

Whether they had been, and had gone away again, the Bradys had no means of finding out.

To keep guard, they left the detectives there, with strict instructions to take the crooks dead or alive.

Returning to the city, they proceeded to their hotel, had their breakfast and went to bed feeling worn out.

The Bradys slept all day, and as they were not disturbed by any messengers bringing news of the capture of the two crooks, they took it for granted, when they got up, that they were still at large.

All the newspapers had accounts of the attempt to steal millions from the Treasury, and told how the crooks had been captured.

The part played by the Bradys was graphically described.

But the famous detectives did not care for the glory.

They were used to it.

What troubled them most was their ignorance of the whereabouts of the two villains, and they went out to hunt for them.

No success crowned their efforts, however.

A week passed by uneventfully.

In the interval the captured crooks were tried and convicted, and the testimony of the Bradys sent them to prison.

Kate was held in jail at the Bradys' request.

They thought she might attract Novgorod there to see her, when he might be captured in the act.

But the Russian remained hidden with the bank burglar.

At the end of the week the Bradys were in despair.

It worried them because they did not know whether Pugsley and his pal had succeeded in getting away with the stolen gold bars.

When Saturday arrived, there was a military parade in the city.

It was headed by the President and his cabinet in open carriages, followed by all the foreign ministers and ambassadors.

The line of march formed near the navy yard, and proceeded thence toward the new Library Building, over to the Capitol, and from that enormous edifice it was to go down Pennsylvania avenue, and disband in Georgetown.

Enormous crowds thronged the streets to watch the parade, and the Bradys headed for the Capitol.

"Keep your eyes open, Harry," cautioned the old detective. "You may chance to see our men among this multitude."

"Chance only would show them," replied the boy. "To deliberately look for them would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack."

Bands were playing lively music, flags and banners were waving in the breeze, and people were laughing, talking and shouting.

Carriages dashed here and there, mounted policemen cantered to and fro, and greater animation was given to the scene by the variegated colors of the costumes in the vast, swaying crowd.

Passing the Botanical Gardens, the Bradys elbowed their way through the crowd, in order to reach the front, just as the procession came down the street.

People were cheering and applauding the President, and he had his hat off, and was bowing right and left.

Just ahead of the Bradys was a familiar figure.

It needed no second glance to show them that he was Ivan Novgorod, the anarchist.

He was shrinking back to avoid observation, and nervously toyed with a round iron object half concealed in his hand.

It was a small dynamite bomb.

The villain was intent upon hurling it at the President.

Just then the carriages arrived opposite where he stood.

To make sure of his aim, Ivan rushed forward suddenly, passing from the midst of the crowd to the clean space ahead.

The President's carriage was passing, and the Chief Executive saw the villain raise the bomb to hurl it.

"Death to tyrants!" the anarchist yelled.

And the next moment the deadly bomb would have been thrown to burst in the President's carriage.

But just then the Bradys leaped forward and caught his wrists in a grip of steel.

CHAPTER XVI.

REWARDED BY THE PRESIDENT.

The scene that followed the Bradys' capture of the anarchist was awful.

Women and children shrieked, and all the people rushed pell mell from the spot, expecting to get blown to pieces.

Some of the militia and police guarding the President's carriage dashed toward the Bradys, who were fiercely struggling with Novgorod.

Shouts arose on all sides.

The procession stopped.

Ivan was making a wild effort to get his hand free.

He was determined to hurl that bomb before the detectives subdued him.

But Harry had hold of his right arm.

"You won't do it!" the boy hissed determinedly.

"I shall! I'll kill him sure!" panted the anarchist.

"Let go that bomb, or I'll break your arm!"

"Never, till I hurl it."

"Then take the consequence."

The boy bent Ivan's wrist back.

A most terrible pain darted through the man.

He screamed, and his body almost doubled up.

Back further went the wrist, and his joint began to crack.

Unable to stand it any longer, Novgorod's hand opened, and the bomb dropped from his fingers toward the ground.

Had it struck, it would have blown the anarchist and the two detectives into fragments.

But the keen eyes of the alert boy saw the missile.

As quick as a flash his other hand flew downward beneath the bomb, and he dexterously caught it in his hand.

The danger was averted.

Old King Brady had to handle the man alone now.

He grabbed Ivan by the throat.

Pushing him backward, the rascal fell to the ground with the old detective on top of him, and a short, sharp struggle ensued.

Before the armed soldiers reached the old detective, he had the struggling anarchist handcuffed and helpless.

Rising to his feet and dragging the pale villain with him, he gripped Ivan by the collar, raised his hat to the President, and with a smile on his face, he exclaimed:

"Sir, the danger is over. I have got him!"

"Thank you, Mr. Brady," replied the President. "What did he carry?"

"A dynamite bomb."

"Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir; here it is," said Harry, holding it up.

"I would be pleased to see you to-morrow."

"We shall call."

The soldiers and police closed in around the trembling, defeated prisoner, and the procession moved on.

If the authorities had not taken charge of the anarchist, the enraged populace would have lynched him.

The brilliancy of the Bradys' work aroused everybody's admiration, for they successfully fought a man who carried an engine of sure destruction in his hands, which might have exploded any moment and torn them to fragments.

It required a high order of nerve to put up a fight of that kind, and the Bradys' grit thrilled everyone.

When the prisoners were locked up, and the detectives went away, there was a satisfied smile on Old King Brady's face.

"We've finished the task assigned to us by the President," he remarked, "for with Novgorod, Picoli and Kate in jail, the game of the anarchists is practically at an end; but we have not recovered the stolen gold bars, nor have we captured Pugsley yet, and until we do so, our work in Washington cannot stop."

"Bill Pugsley is too old a bird to allow himself to be captured very easily."

"Yes," assented Old King Brady with a nod. "It is customary for his kind to quietly remain in concealment a long time, in order to let the excitement caused by his misdeeds to blow over."

"The only way for us to figure out the result is to look at the question from a practically natural point of view," said Harry. "It stands to reason that Pugsley has got a safe hiding place. He is probably well informed upon everything that goes on. As he can't very well go away without the stolen gold bars, he is going to hang around here till he gets them. The weight of that metal is so great that he cannot transport it without attracting attention, if he takes it altogether. He is more likely to remove it piece-meal to the city, and railroad it out of Washington."

"That means that he will have to make a great many trips to Analostan Island, as there were eighty bars."

"Exactly," assented the young detective. "And he certainly can't make eighty trips to that island to dig up the gold from its place of burial, without either of us seeing him doing it."

"You think, then, our plan must be to watch the island?"

"Of course. That's where we are bound to find him, sooner or later."

"Very well. But before we do so, let us throw out a bluff in the newspapers that now that we have finished capturing the anarchists whom we came to arrest, we've gone back to New York. Bill will be sure to hear of it. Thinking he is rid of us, he will get careless, as he don't seem to care much about the officers of this town. We can return to Washington disguised, and no one will know our business until we yank the burglar in, and restore the gold to the Treasury."

Harry heartily approved of this plan.

They finally went back to their hotel.

A number of newspaper reporters were waiting for them to get the particulars of their fight with the anarchists.

Selecting one man, they took him aside, and Harry said to him:

"You can give our account to the rest."

"Very well, Mr. Brady. Will you give me the details?"

"It's a very simple matter," replied Young King Brady.

"In New York we learned that the anarchists had formed a plot to murder the President. Ivan Novgorod was appointed to do the job. His assistant was Angelo Picoli, an Italian, and his wife was Kate Lyons, the confidence woman. We nabbed the Russian some time ago; in front of the White House, trying to stab the President in the back. He escaped us. We've been on his trail ever since. Several times we nearly caught him, but he always managed to slip away. To-day we detected him in the crowd watching the parade. He held a dynamite bomb. Just as he was about to hurl it into the President's carriage, we seized him. Taking the bomb away from him, we handcuffed the rascal, and he is now in jail. To-morrow morning we are to call on the President, give him the details, and as our work is now finished we shall leave Washington in the afternoon for New York."

"I see," said the reporter, who had taken down in short hand all the boy had said; then he began asking questions.

The detectives gave him all the information he asked for, and when he finished, Harry said:

"If you'll meet us at the depot at two o'clock to-morrow we will tell you what the President said, before we leave."

"Thank you. I'll be there."

The reporter departed, gave the news to the others, and the evening papers had a full account of what the Bradys said.

On the following morning the detectives went to the White House, and were ushered into the presence of the President.

He greeted them with the greatest kindness and courtesy, and said:

"I certainly owe my life to your watchful care. To say I am gratified but mildly expresses my sincere feelings. I would like to handsomely reward you."

"Sir," answered Old King Brady, "we are pleased to know that we have been of service to a gentleman of your exalted position. We wish no reward except that which comes of a clear conscience in following the line of our duty."

"You certainly are modest."

"We are merely detectives in the Government's employ. What we have done for you we would do just as cheerfully for the humblest citizen in this country."

"That's the true American spirit, Mr. Brady. I like to see it."

"Can we be of any further service to you, Mr. President?"

"No. You have done your duty nobly."

They held a pleasant conversation with him on general

topics for an hour after that, and when they were about to depart, he handed each of them a small package, and told them not to open them till they got home.

The Bradys departed.

Upon reaching their hotel, they opened the packages, and each one was found to contain a handsome gold watch, on the lids of which was engraved:

"To the Bradys, from the President of the United States of America, as a token of esteem for their valuable services."

The gifts were highly appreciated.

In the afternoon the detectives took their grips, paid their hotel bills and went down 6th street to the railroad depot.

Here they found an army of reporters waiting for them.

They told what happened at the White House, and were given a rousing send-off, as they boarded a train bound for New York.

"They are bound to tell how we left Washington, now," laughed Harry as the cars pulled out of the depot.

"Yes, and Pugsley will be nicely deceived," laughed Old King Brady.

A short distance out from the depot, they alighted before the cars were going at a high rate of speed, and stole back toward the city.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOLLOWING TWO MYSTERIOUS MEN.

Nobody recognized the Bradys when they stole back into Washington, after alighting from the train which the reporters thought was bearing them to New York, for they disguised themselves before entering the city.

Knowing where there was a quiet boarding house, they carried their grips there, gave assumed names, and went to their room.

Here they began to lay their plans.

When the evening papers came in, they read the account of their interview with the President, and of their subsequent departure from the city.

"Bill Pugsley is sure to read this, or to hear of it," laughed Harry, "and he will congratulate himself that we are out of his way now for good."

"We must keep Analostan Island shadowed day and night, now," the old detective answered earnestly. "It won't be long before Bill will sneak from his covert, and attempt to dig up and cart away the eighty bars of gold bullion he has got buried there."

"I hope he will hurry up about it," Harry exclaimed. "He's the last of the gang we've got to capture now, and I'm anxious to nab him so we can finish up this case, and get back to New York."

"Then we'll begin operations by going over there to-night."

"Disguised, of course?"

"Certainly. We may fall under his observation before

he unearths the treasure. The sight of us would scare him away, if we were not changed in appearance. On the other hand, if seen disguised, he might attach no importance to a couple of ordinary negro boatmen."

"Your reasoning is good."

"Is anyone watching the island now?"

"A man from the Secret Service; but in view of past events he may not go back after ten to-night."

They went out and secured a boat, and a couple of suits of old clothes.

After supper they not only donned their rough outfits, but they colored their hands and faces with burnt cork and put on negro wigs.

It was necessary to let their boarding house keeper know they were detectives so she would not wonder at and gossip with the neighbors about their peculiar actions and strange appearance.

At precisely ten o'clock, they sallied forth into the street.

While making their way along toward the water front, they suddenly caught view of a figure skulking along in the shadows, which aroused their suspicions.

"See that fellow," muttered Old King Brady, pausing, and pointing at the man ahead. "I don't like his actions at all."

"Looks as if he was striving to avoid being seen," replied Harry.

"Honest men don't usually go through the streets that way."

"No, indeed."

"Better watch him."

"I shall. What are you going to do?"

"Jostle him, and find out who he is."

"Go ahead. I'll keep him in view. Looks like a soldier."

"It wouldn't surprise me if it turned out to be Pugsley."

The detectives were lurking in the shadow of some trees, and they saw the man glancing behind him at frequent intervals.

Sometimes he went swiftly ahead. Then he would suddenly pause, creep along close to the fences, and glance about as if expecting to see somebody pounce upon him unexpectedly.

The detectives quickly arranged a plan of action.

Old King Brady then started to whistle a lively southern tune, and darting ahead at a brisk walk, he began to overtake the other.

The man heard him and paused under a tree.

He remained there silently for a while, and Old King Brady reached him, peered at him pretty hard, and exclaimed:

"Good evenin', boss."

"How are you," was the surly reply.

"Good Lawdy, how you done scared me."

"Wasn't trying to."

"Wha' fo' yo' hidin' dar?"

"I ain't hiding, boy. Who said I was?"

"Nobuddy, sah; only spected yo' waz."

"Well, I ain't, so you can go along, boy."

"No 'fense sah," said Old King Brady saluting.

"Oh, no. None at all."

"Good night, boss."

"Good night, boy."

And Old King Brady whistled up his tune and strode ahead.

He had seen that the man was not Pugsley. He was a younger person, clad in army clothes, and wore a red mustache.

There was a surly, disagreeable air about him.

After the detective was gone the fellow crossed the avenue, and turning down a by street, he hurried along, go-through about the same actions the detectives had noticed before.

Harry went after him like a shot.

The young detective saw the man pause on a corner.

As the boy slunk behind a tree, he caught view of another man darting toward the fellow he was shadowing.

They met, and after a few moments' conversation sped away together.

It was so gloomy on the corner that Harry could not get a very good view of the newcomer.

The boy kept them in view.

They were heading for Pennsylvania avenue now, and he barely had time to see them get into a carriage, when they dashed away.

Young King Brady called a herdic.

"Keep that fellow in view," he said to the driver.

"No matter where they go?"

"I don't care if they go out to Cabin John's Bridge; follow them, and I'll pay you for it."

The driver was suspicious of Harry, as he looked like a very poor negro, who could not afford much cab fare.

"Sure you can stand it?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Here," said Harry. "Will this convince you?"

And he handed him a five-dollar bill.

That sufficed.

"Jump in!" said the driver.

"Hold on there!" sung out another voice just then.

It was Old King Brady who came running up to them.

"Well?" demanded the herdic driver.

"I'll go with him."

"How about it, young fellow?"

"That's all right. He's my friend."

In clambered the old detective, and away they went.

The chase led them out to Georgetown and over the Aqueduct bridge to Arlington, where they followed the road past the brewery.

After a while the carriage ahead made a detour.

It circled around the national cemetery, and went down to the bank of the Washington and Alexandria canal.

Here the two men in the carriage alighted.

They ran along the canal a few yards, and finally went down over the side, entered a rowboat, and pulled away along the stream.

The driver of the carriage alighted and hitched his team to a tree.

It was quite evident that he had been instructed to wait for the two men in the boat to return.

The Bradys were very curious about the peculiar actions of the two mysterious men, and left the carriage in a secluded spot.

"This is an odd adventure," remarked Harry. "Going to keep it up?"

"By all means," Old King Brady answered. "They've aroused my curiosity to the fever point. Moreover, as they are going in the very same direction we are, we ain't losing any time."

"What can they be doing?"

"By following them long enough, we may find out."

"Cut through these trees. They will screen us from the gaze of the coach driver. We must not let him see us following the pair, as he may be in league with them and give us away."

They made a circuit to the canal.

When they reached the bank they saw the rowboat ahead, and observed the two men were keeping well in the shadow of one side.

Some distance further along they pulled up to the sheathe-piling and fastened their boat.

Then they climbed up on the embankment.

The Bradys had paused on a grassy knoll overlooking the river, and now saw Analostan Island just below where the men landed.

Just then the moon burst from behind a cloudbank.

As its mellow, silvery light streamed down upon the scene, it plainly disclosed the figures of the two men.

Harry grasped his friend's arm, and pointed at them excitedly.

"Going to Analostan Island!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. They can reach it from the Virginia shore by going over the narrow neck of land joining it to the mainland."

"Don't you recognize the soldier's companion?"

"No."

"It's Pugsley!"

"What!"

Old King Brady gave the man a searching look.

To his astonishment he now saw that the man alluded to was the big cracksman.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

It dawned upon the Bradys' minds that Bill Pugsley had been obliged to take an accomplice into his confidence.

He was evidently after the stolen gold bars, and could not manage to get them away from their hiding place unaided.

For that reason he had picked up a dissolute soldier, and by promising him a share of the booty enlisted his services.

"The villain has not even waited for the excitement caused by his crooked work to blow over," said the old de-

detective. "He is absolutely flying right in the face of danger in his hurry to get away with the swag."

"His past experience should have taught him to be more cautious," replied Harry. "This recklessness is going to lead to his undoing."

"For mercy's sake don't venture on the island after them."

"Why?" asked Harry in some surprise.

"Because they may see you. We don't want them to do that until we see where they've got the gold secreted."

"Very well. That island was admirably adapted to their needs. It's not far from where the sewer opens out into the river. The villains had only to load their boat in the sewer, row across the stream with the gold, land it there, and bury it."

"It is evidently their intention to get some of the stuff now, put it in the boat, row up the canal to where they left the carriage waiting, and get away in that vehicle with some of the bars."

"Pugsley is carrying a bag and a shovel from the boat. He must have placed them there previously in readiness for use."

They got behind some bushes commanding an uninterrupted view of the island.

Here they were concealed, and could watch every movement of anyone on the little piece of land jutting out into the river.

They saw the two men carefully scrutinize the island.

Not a soul was in sight, as the detective had gone away some time previously, so they feared no intrusion now.

At a point on the shore nearest to the Washington side of the stream the two men paused beside an old boat stake.

Here Pugsley dug in the sand, and pretty soon they saw him lift one of the golden bars out of the excavation and put it in the bag.

Several more bars followed.

When they had all they could carry, they tied up the neck of the bag.

The bank burglar then filled in the hole, and they flung away the shovel, and picking up the bag they hastily carried it away.

The villains came toward the hidden detectives.

"We've got the gold located at last!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"Yes. And there is no reason why we shouldn't tackle them now, and make the arrest," said Harry eagerly.

"I'm aching to do it, my boy. Get your gun ready."

"They've got to cross right in front of us."

"I know it. That's the time they are going to hear from us."

On came the two men carrying the heavy bag.

Never suspecting how near their enemies were, they were talking in low tones, and laughing at something Pugsley said.

When they arrived opposite the bushes, the Bradys suddenly jumped out in front of the pair, aimed their revolvers at them, and Harry cried:

"Halt!"

A yell of horror escaped Pugsley.

He and his pal let the bag of gold fall to the ground.

"Niggers!" the thief roared.

"Thieves, you'd better say," replied the soldier.

Old King Brady chuckled.

"Hands up!" he shouted threateningly.

Up went the hands of the two men obediently enough, for they saw the grim muzzles of those pistols staring them in their faces.

"Wot's yer game?" demanded Pugsley.

"If you budge we'll kill you!"

"Oh, we gives in. Take our money if yer wants it."

"Secure them!" said the old detective in low tones to Harry.

The boy handed his pistol to his partner, walked over to the pair, got behind them and linked them together with a pair of handcuffs.

Not until then did they realize that the supposed negroes were detectives.

"Fly cops!" groaned Pugsley.

"The Bradys," said Harry with a chuckle.

The shock was awful, and the bank burglar groaned aloud.

He could not help himself, however, so the detectives put the gold and their prisoners in a carriage and drove back to the city with them.

The prisoners were locked up and the gold was turned over to the Treasurer.

A boat was then procured, and under the guidance of the Bradys the rest of the bullion was recovered and returned to the treasury vaults.

Next day the papers had a full account of the clever manner in which the great detectives had outwitted the thieves.

The Bradys remained in Washington until Pugsley's gang, the soldier and the anarchists were condemned and imprisoned.

They then returned to New York.

Here they were greatly needed by the chief of their own department, for during their absence a thrilling crime had been committed, and they were wanted to unravel its mysteries.

We have no space here to give an account of the important work upon which they soon became engaged.

The narrative will be found in our next number.

THE END.

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