

# 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, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.

No. 152.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1901.

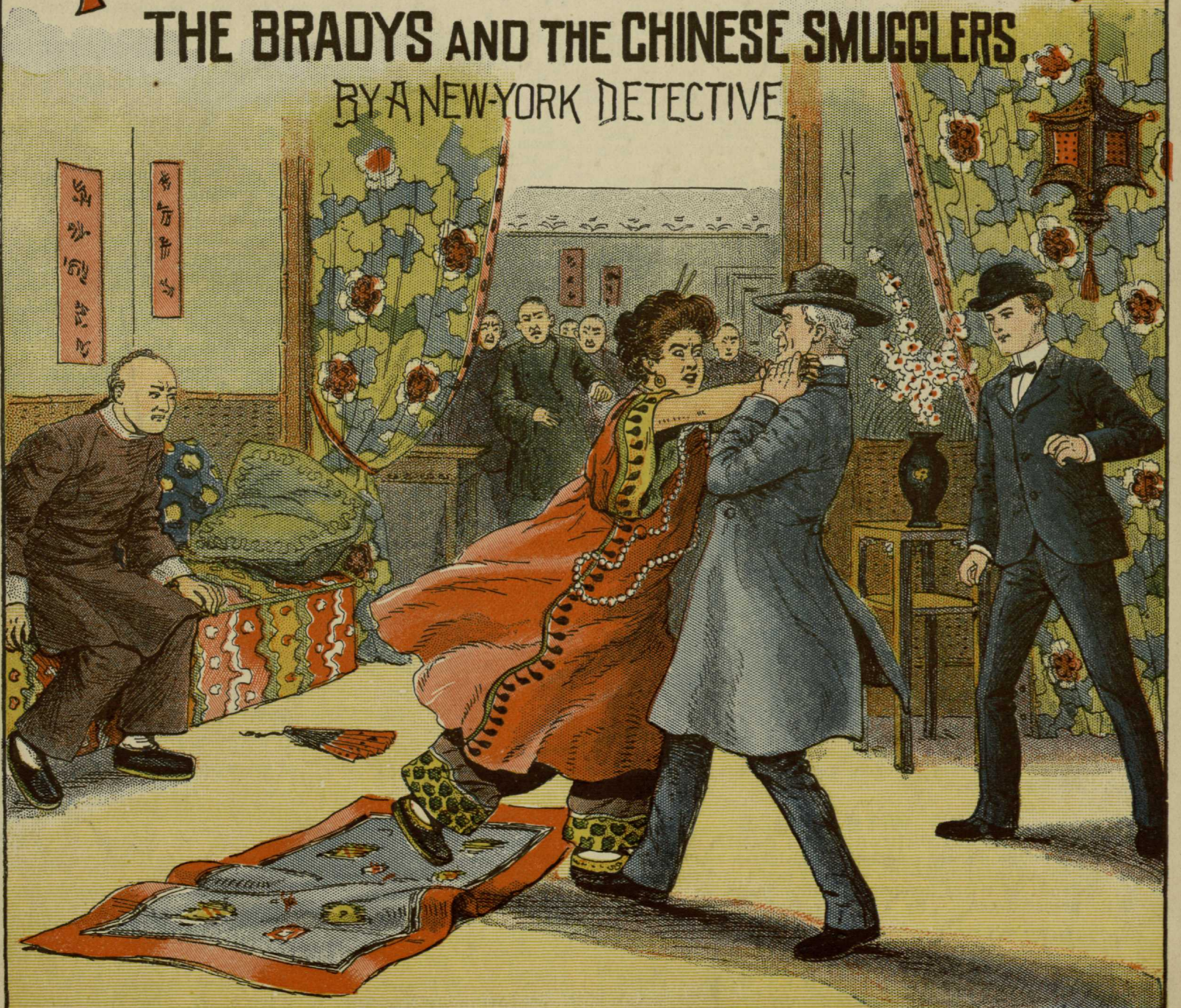
Price 5 Cents.

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~(OR)~

### THE BRADYS AND THE CHINESE SMUGGLERS

BY A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



"I'll kill you!" she fairly shrieked And she sprang at him, dropped her fan and clutched him by the throat with her bejeweled fingers in an effort to strangle him.



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## FAN TOY, THE OPIUM QUEEN;

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## The Bradys and the Chinese Smugglers.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### AFTER THE YELLOW SMUGGLERS.

On a dark, rainy night, a cab was driven rapidly from Secret Service headquarters in New York, down Broadway, to the Battery.

Near the Aquarium three men alighted from the vehicle, clad in rubber coats and caps, and the one with moustache said to the cabman:

"You wait here till we come back."

"All right, sir," replied the driver, with a respectful salute.

"We will probably return in an hour or two."

"You'll find me here upon your return, Chief."

"Hush!" exclaimed the man with the moustache, angrily, as he hastily glanced around to see if anyone was lurking near who might have heard the driver's remark. "I told you not to mention my name. We are on a secret mission."

"Excuse me, sir; I forgot," humbly said the driver.

"We don't want anybody to know of our presence here."

"There's no one who could have heard me, standing near

"Never mind! I run no risks whatever. Our work is too important to run chances on anyone finding out about it, and I hope you'll be more discreet in future, when you drive me out."

"I'll be more careful, sir."

"Make yourself comfortable as possible till we come back.

I want you to keep a constant lookout for us. We might need you in a great hurry, you must recollect."

"Depend upon me, sir. Anything else?"

"No. You can go now."

The cabman drove away, and the Chief of the Secret Service cast a searching glance around, and the bells of Trinity Church rang out the hour of nine.

"Old King Brady!" he finally muttered.

The taller of his two companions glided over to his side and saluted.

He was a powerful man, with white hair, and a clean-shaven, gaunt-featured face, deep-set eyes and bushy, white eyebrows.

"Well?" he demanded.

"You run along the sea wall toward the Barge Office."

The veteran detective nodded, and glided away like a shadow. He soon disappeared in the gloom, and the Chief turned to the other officer.

He was a boy of less than twenty, with handsome features, flashing eyes, and a general air of fearlessness.

"Harry Brady!"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Head for Pier 1."

"Will you remain here?"

"Yes. If you see the Chinese smugglers, fire at them."

"Should I do so, it will be a signal to you to come to my aid."

"Go!" said the Chief, nodding and waving his hand.

Without a word the boy departed in a direction opposite to his partner.

Left alone, the Chief hurried to the sea wall.

Near by a good-sized, dark-painted skiff floated in the water, tied by a long painter to a rusty ring-bolt in the stone wall.

A silent man sat huddled up in the boat.

He had drawn a tarpaulin over his head to keep off the rain, and two pairs of oars lay in the bottom of the boat beside him.

A cynical smile crossed the Chief's face, and he softly called:

"Jo Sung!"

The person under the tarpaulin moved, and as the covering was flung aside the light of a lantern revealed the figure of a Chinaman.

He peered earnestly at the Chief a moment, gave a grunt, and, seizing one of the oars, he pushed the boat over to the wall.

The Chief embarked.

"How long have you been here?" he asked the Chinaman.

"I came at seven o'clock," replied the Mongolian.

"Any sign of the smugglers yet?"

"No."

"Go ashore."

"All right."

"Say nothing."

"I won't, sir."

The Chinaman climbed upon the sea wall and ran away.

Untying the painter, the Chief put a pair of oars in the row-locks and pulled out to where the two rivers meet, and waited and listened.

The waves were choppy and the tide was running out.

A keen wind was blowing down the rain drops with a tinkling sound upon the surface of the water around the heaving boat.

Occasionally a light might have been seen on vessels that silently passed in the distance, and twinkling strings of lanterns on the bulkheads along the shores cut like knives through the gloom.

In a quarter of an hour the Chief heard a peculiar whistle.

He understood the signal, and rowed over to a float.

The two Bradys stood there, waiting for him, and embarked in the boat.

"Find anything, Old King Brady?" demanded the Chief, as he rowed away from the land, straight out in the bay.

"Jo Sung told the truth," replied the old detective, taking a chew of tobacco. "The row-boat which was moored near the Barge Office is gone, and there's a coolie lurking against the north side of the building. He is evidently a lookout. The smugglers must have come down, embarked in the boat and rowed down the bay to meet the steamer from which they intend to smuggle the opium. The Peking is lying at anchor in Quarantine, off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, according to a report from the Maritime Exchange."

"We'll have to go down there to look for the smugglers, then."

"There's danger of missing them in the darkness, isn't there?"

"No; not unless they are too far away, if we pass them. Jo Sung said they'd carry a red signal lantern, to designate their position to their friends, who are awaiting them on shore."

"That will be a good guide for us, Chief."

"It ought to be. Did you see the gang on Pier 1, Harry?"

"Yes," replied the boy, with a nod, "there were ten Chinese crouching against a heap of freight. I saw the faces of a couple, and recognized them as members of the Chong Wah Gong Shaw—the assembly in Chinatown which frames the laws of the Mongolians in that district. They are waiting for the smugglers' boat to come back, so they can aid the villains to get the contraband opium into the city which they are going to bring up from the steamer Peking."

"If we could catch the smugglers in their boat with their cargo of opium," said the Chief, "we could afterward catch the gang waiting on the pier. That might break up the band entirely."

"We can do no more than try," remarked Old King Brady. "Ever since I first became acquainted with Harry Brady, and taught him to become a detective, we have, while working as partners, become acquainted with most of the crooks of Chinatown. But of all the artful games we know they play, it never dawned upon our minds that they were opium smugglers."

"A person can always learn something," said the Chief.

"How did you first get wind of this crooked work?"

"I'll explain: Jo Sung, as you know, is a lottery agent of Chinatown. The fantan games and the policy business going on there are controlled by a syndicate, of which Fan Toy, the opium queen, is the head. This remarkable young woman is the real head of all the opium joints in Pell, Mott and Doyers streets. There is such a keen rivalry between Fan Toy and Jo Sung that they hate each other most bitterly."

"We know that," said Old King Brady, as he adjusted the other pair of oars and assisted the Chief to row the boat, while Young King Brady, the boy, sat in the stern sheets and steered.

"In an effort to ruin his rival, Jo Sung went to the U. S. Revenue Department and informed the Collector of the Port that Fan Toy paid no duty on the opium she sold in her joints. He explained how it was smuggled into New York, and told of a consignment expected on the steamship Peking, due to arrive to-day. The Collector asked me to take hold of the case, and I assented and sent for Jo Sung. He said a party of fifteen Chinamen would set out to get the opium to-night. The steamer was reported, but could not come up to her dock in the night. She was at Quarantine. The steward and purser had a thousand pounds of opium aboard for Fan Toy. It was in four inflated rubber bags, which they would drop overboard when Fan Toy's agents came for them. The boatmen would tow the bags ashore and carry them to Chinatown in a coach. They were to land at Pier 1, where ten of the gang were to wait. The other five went to the float near the Barge Office, where

they had a skiff waiting. Leaving one of their number there on guard, the remaining four embarked in the boat and rowed down to Quarantine to get the opium. Jo Sng kept me posted about all their movements. I got permission to use this police boat, and sent Jo ahead to wait for us in the skiff. Then I arranged to have you two to come with me and see if we three couldn't capture the smuggled opium and arrest the whole gang."

"If we fail them tonight," said Old King Brady, "with our knowledge of Chinese affairs we are bound to run them down in Chinatown. I am particularly anxious to get my hands on Fan Toy, too."

"Why?" asked the Chief, curiously.

"Because I am firmly convinced that she is not only a white woman, but she is, I am sure, the author of the Pell street murder mystery."

## CHAPTER II.

### A DESPERATE BATTLE.

The crime to which Old King Brady alluded was one of the strangest mysteries recorded in the annals of the New York police department.

On the night of March 6th, Felix Grant, a millionaire retired merchant, without a relative, had been found by Policeman Hugh O'Connor in the empty store at No. 16 Pell street, with a dagger in his heart.

No one had seen him enter the place; there was no clew to the murderer; no reason for his going there could be ascertained, and the police gave up as hopeless their attempts to fathom the mystery.

The Chief of the Secret Service glanced at Old King Brady in some amazement upon hearing the detective's vehement assertion.

"Why do you think Fan Toy had anything to do with the death of Felix Grant?" he finally asked.

"Because the building is leased by the Fantan Hong, of which she is the head, and one of her opium joints is upstairs," replied Old King Brady. "Grant was robbed, beyond a question. The Opium Queen is known to be so unscrupulous in her greedy pursuit of money that she would scarcely hesitate at murder to gain a large sum."

"Your theory is plausible enough, then," said the Chief, in reflective tones. "You had better test it at some time in the near future, as you and Harry made some effort the other day to find out who murdered the old merchant."

"We intend to do so."

They rowed ahead, past Governor's Island, down the Lower Bay, and observed the solitary light gleaming high in the air on the Statue of Liberty as they went along with the strong current.

In a short time they reached Quarantine, and caught view of the Chinese steamship for which they were heading.

They now proceeded with extreme caution, to prevent the smugglers from observing their boat.

Rowing around the steamer, they reached the stern, and heard a voice on the lower deck cry, in low, guarded tones: "Boat ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" replied Old King Brady, resting on his oars.

"Have you come for the rest of the bags?"

"Yes. Heave them over," promptly replied the detective.

The question brought a covert smile to the faces of the three officers, for they saw that the man on the ship mistook them for envoys of the Opium Queen.

A few moments later a dark object flew over the taffrail of the steamer and plunged into the water with a splash.

For an instant it sank.

Up it came again presently, however, and the sailor cried:

"Make fast, and get away as quick as you can."

"Ay, ay," answered Old King Brady.

The boat was pulled over to the floating rubber bags, and the detectives were just about to take possession of them when the light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed upon them.

It came from another boat close by.

Cries and excited words in Chinese followed.

"Discovered!" exclaimed the Chief, in disgust.

"It's the smugglers!" cried Old King Brady.

Harry had a powerful lantern in his pocket, and he drew it out, unmasked it, and drove its rays over the water.

They now saw a skiff containing four Mongolians.

With two of the bags of opium in tow they were rowing toward the boat occupied by the officers.

"Back water!" cried Harry.

But his warning came too late.

The stern of the oncoming skiff crashed against the gunwale of the detectives' boat, staving it in like paper.

In poured the brine in torrents.

"The boat's filling!" roared the startled Chief.

"Look out!" admonished Harry, "they are going to attack us!"

The Chinese smugglers raised their oars, and, aiming savage blows at the detectives, they brought down the long ash blades with terrific force, and Old King Brady was struck on the hip.

Knocked into the water by the blow, he sank.

He could not swim!

Luckily, however, when he ascended, the rubber bags were close by, and he had the presence of mind to seize and cling to them.

They easily sustained him.

Up on the steamer the man who flung the bags overboard rushed away, fearing discovery, when he realized the error he had made.

Harry and the Chief evaded the blows aimed at them.

The skiff was sinking under their feet.

Notwithstanding, Harry drew his revolver.

To remain inactive meant destruction, for the frantic Chinese were preparing to strike at them again with the heavy oars.

Scarcely waiting to take aim, the young detective fired.

Bang! went the shot.

A wild, fierce yell of pain escaped one of the smugglers.

Fearing death, one of the Chinamen cut the bags adrift which they had been towing, and said something to his comrades.

Instantly they began to row away.

Bang! went Harry's pistol again.

It was followed by a volley of savage yells from the yellow fiends, and the next moment the detectives' row boat foundered.

Turning turtle, it came to the top and drifted on its side.

Harry and the Chief were hurled into the water, but both could swim, and thus kept themselves afloat.

"Where's Old King Brady?" gasped the boy.

"Safe. Clinging to the rubber bags."

"By Jove! we are unlucky."

"Never mind. They've fled toward Staten Island."

"I suppose the Chinks will land there?"

"Yes. But they've left the bags of opium behind."

The yells and shots had alarmed the watch on the steamer, and an officer and several men rushed aft and peered over the rail.

"Ahoy there!" yelled the officer.

"Help! Help!" replied the Chief.

"Man overboard!" came the startled cry.

"There are three of us!" the Chief exclaimed. "Lower a boat."

"Here! catch these life-preservers."

"Don't need them. Lower a boat, I tell you."

"All right. We'll pick you up in a moment. Hey, boys, clear away that port quarter boat! Step lively! step lively! Their lives are in danger."

In a few minutes the boat swung off on the davits, was manned by several men, and was lowered to the water.

Casting off the hooks, they rowed around to the stern of the vessel and pulled the Chief and the two detectives aboard.

"How in thunder did this happen?" the mate demanded.

"Opium was smuggled on your ship. The steward and purser put it in rubber bags and flung them overboard. Chinamen came in a skiff to get the bags. We are officers. Got wind of the deal and came to nab them. The Chinks smashed our boat and escaped."

"Oh, I see!"

"We'll pick up these bags now."

"Very good, sir."

The four floating bags were taken in tow.

An accommodation-ladder hung over the side, and the Bradys ran up to the deck.

Meeting the captain, they explained matters.

It made him furious to learn that two of his officers had been guilty of smuggling, for he feared a libel would be filed against his ship.

"I wish you'd arrest the villains!" he exclaimed.

"Where are they?" asked Old King Brady.

"I'll call them. There they stand among the crew. Hey, Morris and Sherman!"

The purser and steward, fearing trouble, approached reluctantly.

Scanning them a moment, the detectives each seized a man.

"We want you for smuggling!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"Lord!" gasped Sherman.

"Caught!" Morris groaned.

They despaired, for escape was almost impossible.

Old King Brady handcuffed the pair together.

"Got dead evidence against you," asserted Harry.

"But we didn't smuggle——" began Morris.

"Denial is useless," gruffly said Old King Brady. "Captain, loan us your boat to get them and the contraband opium to the city, will you? Our boat is a wreck."

"Take it, and I'll send a couple of men along to fetch it back," said the captain. "Are you going to libel me?"

"No."

"Thank you."

Taking their prisoners down to the boat, the detectives told the Chief what happened, and the two sailors joined them.

They rowed back to the city.

Here they found that the waiting Chinamen had somehow got wind of the failure of their plan and fled. They got in the waiting cab.

The two prisoners were locked up, and the contraband opium was carried on a truck to the seizure room of the Custom House.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

On the following afternoon the Bradys left their lodgings in Irving Place and headed for the Sixth Precinct police station, in Elizabeth street, to have a talk with the captain.

There was a vast difference now in the appearance of the famous detectives.

Old King Brady's white hair was covered by a broad-brimmed, big felt hat, and an old blue frock coat encased his body, there was a standing collar around his neck, encircled by an old-fashioned black stock, and a fob chain hung from his waistcoat pocket.

Harry was clad similarly, excepting that the boy was more fashionable in the cut of his garments.

Odd as the fact was that their names were alike, the old man and the boy came of entirely different families.

There was only a bond of friendship between them, and it was so close that either one would willingly sacrifice his life for the other.

Working in the Secret Service as a "team" these detectives had made a wonderful record for themselves. In fact, they had overcome such seemingly impossible obstacles, and solved mysteries that defied the keenest detective talent in the world, that they had come to be regarded as men of extraordinary ability.

Every crook in the country feared and hated them so that their lives were in constant peril.

But two braver fellows never lived.

Their Chief regarded them as the best men on the force, and never doubted that they could make a success of any case upon which he had occasion to assign them.

The Bradys were not overjoyed with the work they were now engaged on, however, for they knew from past experience that the most difficult cases were those in which the Chinese were involved.

But they did not despair.

"As long as the Chief wants us to run down these Chinese smugglers," commented Old King Brady, as they went along, "I will do my best to accomplish the task."

"This is going to be the most difficult job we've ever undertaken in our lives," said Harry, emphatically. "We'll be pitted against the Foo Hai, the Yuen Lee, the Wing Tang, the Chin Yuen and the Chong Chun lottery companies when we go for Jo Sung's crowd."

"Do you know who runs the fantan games and opium joints?"

"Yes. In No. 22 Mott street four tables are run by Lung Jin & Co. At 34 Pell street Lee Gong Jam runs three tables, and at No. 6 Doyers street is a layout worked by Hum Dong Noy."

"It's impossible to count the opium joints," Old King Brady remarked, thoughtfully. "They smoke the deadly product of the poppy weed in every house in Chinatown. The best plan is to reach the heads of the concerns to stop the evil practices of gambling and opium smoking. By capturing the smugglers we will cut off the source of their supply. If we run Fan Toy in, it may put an end to the gambling."

Just then they reached the police station and went in.

The captain sat at his desk, and observing the Secret Service men, he glanced up at them with a scowl and gave them a curt nod.

Professional jealousy caused him to dislike the Bradys. His wardmen had frequently failed to make a success of certain cases which the Bradys had accomplished.

"Hello!" said he, sourly. "What brings you here today?"

"Chinatown is in your precinct, ain't it?" asked Harry.

"Yes. You know very well it is."

"Then why are all those opium joints, fantan dens and lottery houses running wide open?"

"I don't know officially that there are any such places."

"Indeed!" sarcastically answered the boy. "If you know it unofficially it's your business to close them up anyway."

"Did you come here to pick a scrap with me, Brady?"

"No. We came here to notify you that we've sworn out warrants in court for certain crooks in Chinatown, and that we intend to serve them. If we can make arrests there and you can't it will look mighty bad for you before the Commissioner or the Grand Jury. You might redeem yourself, however, by ordering your men to aid us when we need them."

"I won't do anything of the kind."

"Bound to be ugly, eh? Very well. We'll cut our talk short. We'll arraign some crooks before you pretty soon and you'll have to hold them for trial."

The captain flushed and shrugged his shoulders.

"That's your privilege," he growled. "I'm attending to my duty. There isn't a worse place in the city than Chinatown, nor a harder one to control. Under the circumstances I think I'm keeping the place pretty decent. Nobody is complaining."

"Outwardly the district looks all right, but inside it's vile," said Harry, "and we intend to clean it up a little for you. That terrible neighborhood is a blight to the city."

"That's no fault of mine. Nothing but a big fire would wipe it out."

"I didn't say it was. But the conditions there might be very much modified. By co-operating with us you could improve the place. However, as you won't, we'll depend upon ourselves. Have you found out anything more about the murder of Felix Grant, the old merchant?"

"If I have I won't give you the tip, so your department can cut in on the police and take the credit away from us," snarled the captain, in unamiable tones.

The Bradys saw that they could expect but scant aid from the police in their hazardous work, and the old detective exclaimed:

"Come on, Harry. We'll make this fellow regret his petty jealousy before we get out of his district."

They bowed coldly to the captain and departed, feeling decidedly uncomfortable over the chilly reception they had received.

Still, it was not much worse than they expected.

"Which way now?" asked Harry, when they reached the street.

"Down to 30 Mott street. I expect to find the Queen in Quong Sun Cong & Co.'s place. That's Fan Toy's headquarters."

They soon reached the section encompassed by Mott street from Chatham Square to Pell street and Pell to the Bowery. This triangle was bisected by the crooked, winding lane called Doyers street.

It was a dirty neighborhood, nearly all the brick and wooden buildings having Chinese signs and banners fastened to them.

About in the year 1878 a Chinaman named Wo Kee settled in No. 8 Mott street and formed the nucleus of what is now one of the most densely populated Chinese districts in this country.

At the present time a Mayor, named Lee Chuck, presides over the district as the head of a sort of municipal assembly.

He exercises a system of Chinese laws, which are respected more than the ordinances of our city.

It was Sunday—a gala-day in that district, for all the laundrymen from miles around gather there that day for the purpose of purchasing soap, starch, food and clothing for the ensuing week.

As all Chinamen are inveterate gamblers, and most of them are opium fiends, a great many gamble and smoke

away the money they bring to buy supplies before any purchases can be made.

The Bradys knew this, and were aware that the slant-eyed land sharks who ran the joints would have their places in full blast that day.

Upon reaching Quong Sun Chong & Co.'s place, the detectives found it to be a tea store, in the doorway of which stood a sleepy-looking Chinaman, in baggy pants and blouse of blue jean, embroidered sandals and a long queue.

He was smoking a long-stemmed bamboo pipe with a small, silver bowl, and nodded carelessly to the detectives when they passed inside.

The tea store was merely a "blind." A white sign at the door told its character.

Passing through a door in the rear, they found themselves in a fine fantan room, crowded with Chinese gamblers at four tables.

All the furnishings were Oriental, and Mongol signs hung on the walls.

A croupier sat at the end of the tables, which were covered with matting, a pile of money before him, and a dealer at the other end of the tables was switching a lot of little pearl buttons back and forth under a brass bowl with a long ebony chop-stick.

Upon the table was a quadrangular piece of board twelve inches square, the sides being numbered I, II, III, IV, in Chinese figures.

The dealer took a handful of buttons from a box, placed them under the inverted bowl, and the gamblers began to bet by placing various sums of money on and about the numerals on the board.

Then the dealer tilted the bowl and with the chop-stick raked out four buttons from under it. This he continued to do until few buttons were left and one more rake would bring them to view.

If the remaining buttons were four in number, the Chinaman betting on the numeral IV would win three dollars for one, less seven per cent., which is called "soi," and goes to the bank.

Sometimes the money is placed "Chang How" on the number, betting, for instance, on the III to win against the I to lose. The gambler can only win if the III comes out, and only loses when the I shows.

The croupier took all the money lost, and paid all the bets.

The Bradys were not interested in the game, however. They were looking for the Opium Queen, and they quickly observed her sitting back in a secluded corner of the room, talking to a finely dressed Chinaman.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FAN TOY, THE OPIUM QUEEN.

During the course of former detective business in Chinatown the Bradys had become acquainted with Fan Toy.

She was a white girl, about twenty-five years of age, with a graceful figure, clad in a typical Chinese lady's costume. Her jet-black hair was arranged in the Chinese fashion, and

was ornamented with jeweled and ivory pins and combs of odd design.

There were a pair of lustrous black eyes beneath her heavy, dark eyebrows, a handsomely formed nose and red lips added to the beauty of her dusky countenance, and her manner was dignified in the extreme. She had evidently once been a person of refinement.

A lovely pair of bare arms projected from the loose-flowing sleeves of her figured kimona, her nether limbs were clad in loose, silken trousers, gathered at her dainty ankles, blue silk sandals covered her tiny feet and she carried a beautiful pearl fan.

Glancing up at the Bradys when they approached, she said something to her companion, calling him Ching Foon, and he hastily departed.

Greeting the detectives with a pleasant smile that displayed her even, white teeth, she bowed slightly and said, in low, musical tones:

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen. I am glad to see you."

"Fan Toy," answered Old King Brady, sternly, as he ignored the melting glance she bestowed upon him, "do you know why we are here?"

"I have a faint idea, Mr. Brady," she replied, leisurely.

"And your impression is?"

"That Jo Sung has been lying about me."

"No, madam, that Chinaman proved his words true."

"Indeed! And what did he claim?" she asked, quietly fanning herself.

"You know as well as we do."

"I am sure you overestimate my knowledge on that point."

"Well, in brief, he accused you of being the leading spirit in a gigantic smuggling scheme to bring in opium duty free."

"How absurd!"

"You deny it, of course. We expected you would."

"What have I to do with opium?"

"Sell it to the patrons of your joints, of course."

"What nonsense. I own no joints, or——"

"See here, Fan Toy, you are lying infamously now."

"Sir!" exclaimed the girl, bounding to her feet.

Instantly the soft, melting smile of the siren faded from her beautifully moulded features, leaving a frown on her brow as dark as midnight. Her big eyes began to flash and gleam like those of an angry serpent, and her bosom heaved with suppressed excitement until it seemed as if she would lose her breath.

Fixing a cold, steely glance upon her, Old King Brady said:

"You are lying, and you know it."

"Mr. Brady," replied the girl, in suppressed tones of intense excitement, "you are the most insulting blackguard I ever had the misfortune to meet."

"I am a truthful man, madam."

"You are a boor! Clear out of here!"

"Tut, tut! Don't excite yourself, Fan. It isn't becoming to your style of beauty. There is no earthly good in your taking refuge behind an assumption of outraged dignity.



Every Chink in Chinatown and every detective on the force know very well that you are one of the worst women in the city of New York. You are not only the associate of heathens, but it is a well-established fact that you are the runner of the worst opium dens and gambling joints that curse our fair city and drag their patrons down to depravity, poverty, insanity and suicide. You are a fine example of injured innocence and Puritanical nicety, I must say. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

His laugh seemed to grate upon her nerves, and his scorn aroused a tigerish fury within her that knew no bounds.

"I'll kill you!" she fairly shrieked.

And she sprang at him, dropped her fan, and clutched him by the throat with her jeweled fingers, in an effort to strangle him.

A look of astonishment crossed his face.

He was greatly amused.

Reaching up, he loosened her grip without much effort, and holding her wrists, he exclaimed:

"Well, well, well! what a temper!"

"Let me go!" she cried, tearing her hands free.

"Sit down and behave like a lady."

"I won't! I'll put an end to your insults by having my friends throw you out of here, Old King Brady."

Startled by what was going on, the Chinamen gamblers and the attaches of the den rushed toward them.

They all held Fan Toy in great esteem.

Black looks were bent upon the detectives, and not a few of the Chinamen drew weapons from the folds of their clothing.

There were fifty men in the room.

But the Bradys did not fear them.

Pointing at the crowd, the old detective said, coolly:

"Call off your boys, Fan, or they'll get hurt."

"I'll have them tear you to pieces!" she screamed, passionately.

"Don't let the poor fools run into danger."

"Bah! You can't bluff me. They'll fix you."

And speaking pigeon English she begged them to attack the detectives, beat them and throw them out.

Excited by her words, the Mongolians, wishing to show their gallantry, rushed at the Bradys.

But as quick as a flash the plucky officers drew a brace of pistols apiece from their pockets, faced the yellow horde, and, drawing a bead on them, Old King Brady cried:

"Halt!"

Alarmed, they obeyed.

"Back with you!"

The Chinamen recoiled.

"Now, get out! And go quick, too, or we'll shoot you."

As they hesitated, the Bradys fired.

Four shots pealed out, and the bullets flew over the yellow men's heads.

"Go!" roared the old detective.

Uttering yells of dismay, the gamblers dashed out through the door, passed through the store and plunged out into Mott street.

When the room was cleared, a grim smile crossed Old

King Brady's face, and he turned to Fan Toy and said, contemptuously:

"Fine defenders you've got."

The girl was pale and trembling.

Indignation at her cowardly friends struggled for supremacy in her mind with secret admiration of the detectives' courage.

"They're a lot of old women!" she exclaimed, angrily.

"Fan," said the old detective, "we want to warn you to give up this smuggling business. Don't interrupt me with useless denials. We know very well what your game is, and we are going to watch and foil your plans every time you attempt to do it again. We've got your opium from the steamer Peking, and we have put Tom Sherman, the steward, and Charles Morris, the purser, in jail. If we can get any of your pals, agents or employes to confess and incriminate you it will only be a short time ere you are languishing in jail instead of enjoying all the comforts and Oriental luxuries with which you have been surrounding yourself here. Do you understand?"

"You can't prove anything against me, Brady."

"No, we can't, yet. That's a fact," admitted the old detective. "But it won't be long before we will gain evidence enough to convict you. They look out. You'll get all that's coming to you."

"I defy you," said the girl, coolly.

She had recovered from her first outburst of temper by this time, and was again the sweet-spoken, gentle-mannered woman.

But her keen, subtle mind was working out plans and schemes and she felt a sting of resentment against the detectives which could only culminate in a deep-seated craving for revenge.

They had, she thought, injured her grossly.

Not only had they insulted her and defeated her smuggling plan, but they had caused her a loss of thousands of dollars' worth of opium, and now menaced her future peace of mind.

Such enemies as they were to be feared.

It was her desire now to put them where they could never again threaten to harm her.

To do this was no difficult task, and she set about it at once.

"Sit down," said she, after a moment's consideration, as she pointed to a couple of huge chairs beside the table before her. "We must talk this matter over and arrive at some understanding, Brady."

Unsuspecting of immediate danger, the detectives flung themselves into the two big armchairs, upholstered in velvet, that she pointed out.

No sooner had they done so than their weight released two springs, setting some hidden mechanism in the chairs in motion.

The first intimation of danger they had was when the seats fell out of the chairs, causing them to plunge down into the openings thus left, while the huge arms closed in, pushing them so they could not stop themselves.

In a moment more the detectives went plunging head-first into two narrow shafts, leading through the floor into the cellar under the old house. The sensation they endured was terrible.

## CHAPTER V.

### CHANGING PLACES BY CANDLE LIGHT.

Down, down, plunged the Bradys, their bodies turning over and over in the descent until they landed on the bottom with a crash.

Both were stunned.

They remained senseless a long time.

When they finally recovered, they found themselves bound hand and foot, aching, cut and bruised, and surrounded by the densest darkness.

Both recovered at about the same time.

Wondering what had happened, Old King Brady called: "Harry!"

"Ah!" answered a voice.

"You're alive yet, thank the Lord."

"It's a relief to know that you are, too, Old King Brady."

"I'm awfully sore and my hands and feet are bound."

"And I'm in exactly the same condition."

"Whereabouts are you?"

"Lying on the floor against a wall."

"Wait. I'll roll over to you. Speak, to guide me."

The boy chatted and his partner soon reached him.

It was comforting to be together even if they were prisoners.

"What an artful woman Fan Toy is," Harry exclaimed.

"Those were cleverly constructed chairs in which she trapped us."

"Where did we fall? Into the cellar?"

"Very likely, as the store was at the street level."

"She must have followed us down, found us senseless, and had us bound this way," commented Harry.

"The woman fears us. We know too much for her safety."

"Well, she has rendered us helpless enough now. The wonder is that we didn't break our necks when we fell. The distance we came down could not have been great or we would have been destroyed by the fall."

"Hark! Isn't that someone coming?"

They listened and heard the distant clatter of footsteps.

As these sounds drew nearer every moment, they suddenly caught view of a candle light approaching through the gloom.

When the glow came nearer, they saw a Chinaman holding the candle.

He wore a chocolate-colored suit, with brass buttons, and had on a skull-cap, from beneath which his pigtail dangled behind.

Reaching the Bradys he paused, bent over and peered down at them.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Allee light?"

Old King Brady recognized him as an opium-joint keeper named Ah Sid.

He therefore replied:

"Hello, Ah Sid."

"Yo' hungry?"

"Very."

"Me bling glub."

"Who sent you down?"

"Fan Toy."

"Then she isn't going to starve us to death?"

"Nope. Plenty eattee, dlinkee, alle sam'."

"In that case she don't intend to murder us."

"No killee, so be."

"Where are we—under Quong Sun Chong & Co.'s store?"

"Takee way flom dere. Dis Pell stleet."

"Is that so? How long have we been here?"

"Dis Monday morning, Mister Blady."

"Thunder! We've been senseless a long time, haven't we?"

"Yep. Howee fleel?"

"Oh, we're all right now. Are we under your joint, Ah Sid?"

"So be," assented the Mongolian, with a nod and a grin.

"How did we get here?"

"Under glound."

"Ah, yes! by one of the secret passages you coolies have dug from house to house all over this neighborhood. I know all about those secret passages. Been through them myself. How long does the Opium Queen intend to keep us locked up here?"

"No sarvy."

"Well, Ah Sid," said Old King Brady, "how are we to eat?"

"Me feedee allee samee baby."

"Very well. That's kind of you. Just leave your candle here until you return, old chap. We don't like this darkness, you know, and its quite a treat to have even that candle light."

"Belly nice. Me leavee him candle."

He stood it on the floor and departed to get the food.

When Ah Sid was gone, Old King Brady rolled over to the candle and, bending over the flame, held his bonds in it.

The old detective's sleeve caught afire several times, but by rolling on it he extinguished the flames.

He finally succeeded in burning the rope in two.

Before Ah Sid came back the detective got his arms free, drew his pocket knife, severed the bonds on his ankles, and then liberated Harry as quickly as possible.

"That's one on Ah Sid and his candle," chuckled the old detective, as he gathered up the severed ropes and flung them aside in the gloom of a distant corner.

"That yellow-faced villain ain't going to keep us here very long now," asserted Harry, in firm tones. "I'm pretty stiff and sore yet, but, by Jove! I'm quite capable of treating that slant-eyed pagan to a tussle he won't forget in a hurry."

"We'd better take him by surprise and leave him here in

our place," said Old King Brady. "Conceal yourself in the gloom and we'll pounce upon him together, Harry."

Getting out of the candle light, the detectives got some ropes ready, and when Ah Sid came down the stairs with a couple of bowls of chop suey and rice they pounced on him from both sides.

While Old King Brady grasped him by the throat to prevent any outcries bringing him assistance, Harry bound and gagged him.

The two bowls fell to the floor and were smashed.

A gurgling cry burst from the startled Chinaman's lips.

His struggles were unavailing, however, and they soon laid him upon the floor, utterly unable to do anything.

Picking up the candle, Old King Brady said to the frantic prisoner:

"Much obliged for leaving this light, Ah Sid. It served to burn off our bonds. Of course, we regret the necessity of being so rough and impolite to you, but our freedom demands it. Tell Fan Toy we won't forget her rudeness in a hurry, and just tell her that we'll soon have her where she'll do no more harm."

They strode over to the stairs and ascended.

Their captors had taken their pistols, handcuffs and valuables when they bound the Bradys in the cellar.

Being unarmed, and in bad physical condition, the officers did not fancy risking a fight when they ascended the stairs.

Finding themselves in a Chinese fancy goods store, and observing a good-looking young Celestial clerk, they darted out into Pell street.

It was broad daylight, but quite early in the morning.

Running over to the Bowery, the Secret Service men boarded a car, rode up-town and went home.

Here they examined and doctored their injuries, had their breakfast, changed their clothing for disguises, and prepared to sally forth and find some trace of the Opium Queen.

With the general appearance of well-to-do business men, wigs on their heads and beards on their faces, the Bradys were unrecognizable.

"By going at once to one of the resorts she frequents we may catch her before Ah Sid regains his freedom and informs her of our escape," said Old King Brady. "We will thus take her by surprise, Harry."

"And when you meet her?"

"I intend to pull her in, on a charge of criminal assault with intent to kill," replied the old detective. "That will suffice to secure her conviction so that we can keep her in the cooler at Blackwell's Island for a short term. By removing her we may put a stop to the smuggling."

Just as they were about to depart the telephone rang in their room.

"Hello!" said Harry, answering the call, "who's there?"

"The Chief, at Headquarters."

"Well—what's wanted?"

"Come down here at once. I've got some important news."

"What about?"

"The Chinese smugglers."

"Indeed! More contraband ships coming in?"

"No. But there's a new game afoot to bring some opium over the border, and our friend Jo Sung is here with all the necessary information to insure our capture of the smugglers."

"We'll come right down to see you, sir."

"Very well. Good-bye."

And the Chief rang off.

Telling his partner what was said, the boy hurried out with him, and they proceeded at full speed to Headquarters.

When they reached the Central Office, and went in, they found the Chief smoking a cigar and talking to an intelligent-looking Chinaman, clad in the costume of an American.

"Hello, Jo!" cried the old detective. "We are the Bradys. Disguised now. Don't stare. What's the new wrinkle those countrymen of yours are up to? We want to spoil their little game."

## CHAPTER VI.

### FIGHTING THE HIGHBINDERS.

"I'll tell you what ails me," said Jo Sung, when he and the Bradys were seated in secret conference with the Chief. "The Opium Queen found out that I gave her smuggling game away to you, and as she was determined to avenge herself upon me, what do you think she did?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Old King Brady.

"Got the Fantan Hong or syndicate to buy out the Tsz Fa Chong or Riddle Game Union which controlled all the games in Chinatown. Her first move was to have me fired out. As the Fly-loo game, Chinese Domino game and all the opium joints and fantan games are now amalgamated under one head, or trust, I am done for. Fan Toy is at the head of the syndicate. I used to be the "Pooh Bah" of Chinatown; now I'm a back number. I was educated in Yale College, and I haven't got a cent. I wish you could place me in a job."

"You might become a detective and work in our interest about the Mongolian section," suggested the Chief, lighting his cigar.

"Can I?" eagerly asked Jo.

"Yes. But you'll have to keep it a secret."

"Oh, I'll do that all right."

"Consider yourself employed, then."

"Thank you. I feel better now."

"Detail briefly what you know about this new smuggling scheme."

"It's a very simple matter," replied Jo. "A case of gum opium was bought in bond, in Europe, by a confederate aboard the British steamer Victoria. He was to carry it to Canada, and have the case sent ashore empty. The packages of opium were to be landed and employes of Fan Toy were to smuggle it across the border."

"At what point?" asked Old King Brady.

"Quebec was the landing-place, and they were to get the opium across the St. Lawrence and ship aboard the Quebec Central Railway to Cookshire, in Compton County. From there they mean to carry it by wagon to the neighborhood of Terrell's Cut siding."

"And then?"

"Get it over the border."

"We are familiar with that neighborhood," said Old King Brady. "You know that many Chinamen smuggle themselves into the United States. Well, Terrel's Cut siding is a favorite place for them to pass from the Canadian to the American side."

"Between that town and Paquetteville," continued Jo Sung, "there is a rendezvous in which the smugglers are to meet the Opium Queen. It's an old farm-house on the American side, owned by a Chinaman who has made a fortune smuggling his countrymen over the border."

"Have you any idea when Fan Toy expects to depart?"

"On Wednesday at noon."

"How did you learn all this?"

"By secretly listening to a dialogue in pigeon-English, carried on by Fan Toy and the Chinaman Ching Foon, who lives up on the border. He had come down and made the sale of opium to her yesterday. They were in Li Chin Pon's fantan joint, in Doyers street, when I overheard what they said. They remarked that you two had interrupted their barter yesterday in back of the tea store."

"Oh! I remember the Chinaman she had with her," said Old King Brady. "He left her when we approached. So that's the smuggler of Chinamen at the border, eh? We'd know him if we ever met him again. He's a pretty prosperous-looking man."

"He won't be prosperous very long," chuckled Jo. "He, like all Chinamen, is an inveterate gambler, and has already fallen victim to the 'cappers' who go about the streets of Chinatown roping in suckers for the lotteries. They'll have his leg pulled out of joint before they get through with him."

"When is he going back?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"No," answered Jo, shaking his head.

"We had better get on his trail at once. Harry, you can pursue him to his place on the border, and I'll follow on Fan Tan's trail."

"Very well," assented the boy. "Where can we find him now, Jo?"

"He seems to favor the Foo Kwai Chin Company's place, at 32 Mott street."

"We'll go up there now."

"Don't. It's useless at present."

"Isn't he apt to be there?"

"No. In the lottery there are two drawings a day: one at four o'clock in the afternoon and another at half-past nine at night."

"Well, we'll be on hand for the afternoon drawing."

They questioned Jo until they had all the points they desired, and he was given instructions by the Chief upon

how to act for the department, and then went away. In the afternoon the Bradys went to the lottery office.

One part of the room was enclosed by a slat partition with a little window in it, through which the bets were taken by three men inside.

One was the manager, who conducted the drawings, another was the secretary, who recorded the bets, took the money and gave out the tickets, and the last man had charge of the drawing board, on which the numbers were placed and from which the winning numbers were marked out in red ink after the drawing was finished.

The detectives keenly sized up the excited and gibbering Mongolians who packed the room, in search of Ching Foon, but he was not seen.

"Hasn't arrived yet," commented Harry.

"We'll wait. Jo Sung ought to be here soon."

They watched the game going on.

Players went to the little window, sang out the numbers they wanted and the amount of money they wished to play.

The secretary recorded the bets and gave out the tickets.

In the game there were eighty numbers pasted on the board, in four rows of twenty each, and tickets furnished to the players were numbered with corresponding characters, written in Chinese.

When the drawing took place, the manager tore the eighty slips of paper bearing the numbers from the board, mixed them thoroughly, rolled them into four piles of twenty each, and put the four rolls in a box.

A gambler was then permitted to select a roll.

The other three rolls were destroyed.

The selected roll contained the winning numbers.

All these slips were pasted on a board and displayed to the players, who compared their tickets with them. If they had corresponding numbers they won, and cashed in.

The manager made about 65 per cent. of each drawing, for a player had to select at least six numbers that came out to make a winning, in which case he gained two dollars for every dollar he invested.

Before the game was closed, Jo Sung hastily entered the room.

He looked excited.

Going straight to the Bradys he whispered:

"Ching Foon is coming!"

"All right. Get away now," answered Old King Brady.

A tall Chinaman, with a face covered with smallpox pits, saw the action of Jo, and as he knew the Bradys, and was aware that Jo had lost his job on account of his friendliness to the police, he scowled darkly.

This man was the chief of the Hip Sing Tong, or High-binders, society, which is something like the Italian Mafia.

His name was Hyson Oolong, and he suspected Jo of treachery.

Going among the players, many of whom were members of his society, he began to speak to them about Jo Sung.

While this was going on Ching Foon came in, and began to plunge on the lottery numbers.

The Bradys recognized him at a glance.

"He's your man, Harry," said Old King Brady.

"I remember him well."

"Don't lose track of him now."

"I'll shadow him home."

"And I'll follow Fan Toy to-morrow."

Just then Hyson Oolong and his friends made a rush for Jo and, surrounding him, shook their fists in his face, yelled at him in Chinese, accusing him of treason, and some of them struck him.

Seeing that he was in danger of his life, poor Jo yelled:

"Help, Brady, they are going to kill me for befriending you."

Never waiting to debate the trouble and intent upon rescuing the new Secret Service spotter, they rushed to his aid.

Into the crowd they plunged like a cyclone.

Out shot their powerful fists right and left.

Every time they saw a Chinaman's head they hit it.

A furious chorus of yells arose as the Chinamen recoiled, and many went down before the battering ram of fists.

"Jo! join us and strike out!" cried Harry.

"I'll give them a taste of this," replied the Chinaman, as he drew a billy and laid about him. "I'm on the force now!"

And whack! went his stick against a shaven skull with almost force enough to crack it in two.

Away rushed the horde, and the detectives fought their way to the door, intending to make their escape into the street.

Observing this, Hyson Oolong rallied his men, and as they made a second rush for Jo and the detectives many of the gang pulled daggers from their clothes, intending to use them.

"Draw your guns and fire quick, boys, or we'll get gashed into mince-meat!" cried Old King Brady.

Out came their pistols and, leveling them, they backed up against the wall and held the savage horde at bay.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A REGULAR OPIUM JOINT.

The gang came to a sudden halt when they caught view of those grim weapons aimed squarely at their heads.

Every one of them knew that the bullets could reach them before they could reach the Chinaman and the officers with their daggers.

As the Bradys glanced at the array of angry yellow faces in front of them, they were startled to observe that some of them were the smugglers who had been trying to get the opium ashore from the steamer Peking.

Four of them, Old King Brady observed, were the boatmen who had wrecked their skiff, and five or six more Harry recognized as the men he had seen at Pier 1 waiting for the smugglers with a coach.

As the gang paused, the old detective cried:

"Do you see who they are, Harry?"

"Our old enemies," replied the boy.

"We must capture the four boatmen."

"As we owe them a grudge and have evidence against them we will."

"Charge on them—quick! Give Jo the pistols."

They made a sudden rush for the gang.

Some of the gamblers took fright and fled.

Reaching the boatmen, the Bradys each seized two men.

Jo, armed with the detectives' weapons, now began to shoot over the heads of the lottery players.

Thinking they were going to get shot, the now thoroughly scared Celestials went flying out the door with streaming pigtailed.

"Drag them out, Old King Brady," panted the boy.

"Go ahead. Jo, keep us protected."

"I'll guard you safe enough," answered the Chinaman.

Out they went, dragging the kicking, struggling and yelling prisoners with them, and the moment Jo had a chance to relax his vigilance, he took their handcuffs from their pockets and secured the four Mongolians.

That made the Bradys' task easier, and they recovered their pistols.

An enormous gang of Chinamen gathered round them in the street and the prisoners piteously appealed to them for help.

With their sympathy aroused for their countrymen, the mob was going to attack the detectives and rescue them, when the detectives opened fire upon them with a determined air and drove them back.

Several were slightly wounded.

When they fell, it showed the rest how dangerous it would be for them to interfere with the resolute detectives.

They therefore kept back at a respectful distance, and shouted all sorts of direful threats that they hadn't the courage to carry out.

"We've got them frightened," observed Old King Brady.

"And we'll keep them so," Harry added.

They went over to the Bowery, with their prisoners, and as a cab chanced to be going by, they hailed it.

Old King Brady crowded in with the four prisoners.

"To the Elizabeth street police station," said Harry.

Bang! went the door shut, and off rattled the cab.

Harry and Jo boarded a car.

They reached the station almost as soon as the carriage, and when they entered they saw the captain at the desk.

"I told you we'd arraign some Chinatown prisoners before you ere long," said the boy.

"What's the charge?" snapped the captain.

"Felony assault."

The pedigrees of the prisoners were taken as Jo translated the questions and answers, and they were locked up.

When this was done Jo left them.

The Bradys changed their appearance, and Harry, in the garb of a tough-looking hoodlum, returned to the lottery office.

Ching Foon had gone back there with the others and was excitedly talking over the fight with some of his countrymen.

When he departed, Harry shadowed him.

He proceeded to a Third avenue laundry, where he had been boarding, procured his grip and rode up-town.

An hour later he departed from New York by rail.

Harry was aboard the same car with him.

Left behind, Old King Brady searched the dives of Chinatown for the Opium Queen, disguised as a soldier.

He finally made a purchase in a Chinese grocery store, and asked the clerk:

"Do you know where I can find Fan Toy?"

"What for you wantee know?" curiously asked the Chinaman.

"I've got a very important message for her on business."

"You knowee Joss House?"

"In Mott street?"

"Yep."

"I have been in the place."

"Up-stair lestelant, up-stairs smokee loom undee Joss loom."

"I know the place well."

"You know smokee place?"

"Of course. Is she there?"

The Chinaman nodded assent.

Old King Brady thanked him, and went around the corner.

The Joss House was in a tall brick building, and up one flight the detective found a Chinese restaurant.

On the floor above, the hall formed an L, and he looked in the front room and saw three Chinese.

One sat on a wooden chair, dozing, near the big window which gave access to an iron balcony; another lay upon a bamboo mat on the floor, with a wooden block under his head, fast asleep.

The third man was lying on a big, wooden table, with his bare feet and legs up in the air against the wall next to the open window, while he clutched an opium pipe with his teeth and cooked a pill in the flame of a little alcohol lamp.

Old King Brady went in.

"Hey, John Chinaman!" he sang out.

The man at the window sleepily arose and approached, asking:

"Whatee want?"

"Fan Toy."

"Not here."

"Where is she?"

"Dunno."

"In the joint in back?"

"Mebbe."

"How do I get in?"

"Knockee door, an' say 'Hop Gow,' allee sam'."

"Thank you."

The detective went to the back of the hall.

There he found a glass door in the side passage, with a dirty red curtain covering the inside.

Banging at the door, he shouted:

"Hey! Hop Gow! Hop Gow!"

A dull-eyed Mongolian opened the door, scanned him, and, seeming satisfied with his scrutiny, admitted the officer.

"Smokee plipe?" he asked.

"Certainly. Got a bunk?"

"Plenty; flifty cents now."

He held out his hand, for most Chinamen demand payment in advance for what they sell, and the old detective gave him half a dollar and passed in.

He found himself in a regular opium joint, such as are most common in Chinatown.

It was a square room, with a bare board floor, dirty paper on the wall, to which a couple of greasy kerosene oil lamps were fastened.

At one side some rough, wooden bunks were built against the wall, in which lay half a dozen white people and Chinese, all of whom were "hitting the pipe"—i. e., smoking opium.

A solitary Mongolian was attending to their wants, and the door-keeper spoke to him and returned to his post.

The attendant pointed to a bunk, and Old King Brady nodded.

He had cast a quick glance at the habitues of the place and was amazed to see Fan Toy lying in one of the dirty bunks, the same as the most depraved smoker, cooking a pill and smoking.

She was such an inveterate opium fiend that she, like all other unfortunate victims of the drug, did not care where she smoked it, when she got a yen-yen, or craving for the stuff.

The girl was half stupid from having consumed a dozen opium pills, and paid no heed to the officer.

Desiring merely to keep her shadowed, Old King Brady lay down in the bunk the Chinaman designated, and was furnished with a smoking outfit.

The old detective pretended to smoke.

In order to remain unmolested he kept buying pills, and saw the Opium Queen fall asleep.

She remained there until nearly midnight ere she awakened. Then she got up and went out.

Old King Brady went after her.

Upon reaching the hall he missed her.

"Where in thunder did she disappear to so rapidly?" he muttered, blankly, as he stared around.

Then he began to hunt for her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MEETING OF THE DETECTIVES.

The detective noticed a dull, half stupid expression upon the Opium Queen's face when she departed from the joint.

Her features were set and pale, and there was a glassy look in her large, dark eyes, for her brain had not yet recovered from the dreamy strain to which it had been subjected by the drug.

Old King Brady knew that she would not be herself for twenty-four hours, and it rather pleased him.

In that state she would not be apt to occasion him any trouble when he shadowed her up to Canada.

But he had to find her.

"I must not let her get out of my sight," he thought, as he went through the hall. "If she gives me the slip I'll have a pretty hard job to locate her."

It was not more than sixty seconds that she had gone out ahead of him, and he began to calculate where she could have gone in that brief space of time.

At the end of the side passage was a door, with a transom above it; and he wondered if she were behind that.

Softly approaching, he peered through the keyhole.

A dimly lighted bedroom met his view.

It was furnished with luxurious taste.

In this room stood the Queen before a mirror, preparing to disrobe and retire to the bed.

Satisfied that he had discovered her private sleeping apartment Old King Brady left the building.

"She will get to bed and won't get up until morning, in the state she now is in," he muttered.

To make sure of not losing her, when he reached the street and met Jo he posted the faithful fellow to watch the place over night.

He then went home.

Early on the following morning, clad in a traveling costume, he had breakfast and went to Mott street.

Jo was on duty.

"Any sign of her yet?" Old King Brady asked.

"No," replied the Chinaman.

"You may go."

"I'm tired, hungry and sleepy."

Jo departed.

Shortly after he had gone a coach came up to the Joss House, and from his hiding-place in a doorway across the street the old detective saw two Chinese carry out a trunk.

It was put on the vehicle.

Fan Toy followed it, in civilian costume.

The coach was driven off with her.

Old King Brady, anticipating this, followed in a cab.

At the Grand Central he saw her buy a ticket and have the driver check the trunk.

Standing near the driver the detective heard him say:

"Check, please."

"Where to?" queried the porter.

"Quebec, Canada."

"Very well. Show your ticket."

When the man got his check he returned to the waiting-room, where Fan Toy sat, and gave her the brass disc.

Old King Brady smiled, and bought a ticket for Quebec, too.

He was a consummate actor, and was well made up, in fine clothes, a high-hat, and wore an iron-gray beard, moustache and wig, while his eyebrows were colored to match the false hair.

The detective resolved to speak to Fan Toy.

He followed her aboard the cars, and she passed into a parlor car with the detective close behind her.

The train soon started, and Old King Brady noticed that Fan Toy was moving about in her seat as if she had dropped something.

She felt of her dress and her waist, looked about the seat, on the floor, examined her bag and looked up, flushed and distressed.

Just then the negro porter came in, and she beckoned to him.

"Come here, please?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you, ma'am?" asked the porter.

"I've lost my diamond brooch. Will you help me to find it?"

"Certainly I will, ma'am. Where did you lose it?"

"In my seat somewhere."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes. I had it on when I sat down. I saw it in that mirror between the window panes. Just now I missed it. The pin must have become unfastened, giving it a chance to fall off."

"Get up, please, and I'll examine the seat."

She arose and the darky went down on his hands and knees.

She looked on, very much distressed, for the pin was valuable and she did not wish to lose it.

Old King Brady overheard the conversation.

He became interested.

Casting his glance down on the floor he caught view of a sparkling object and picked it up.

It was a handsome sunburst set with twenty diamonds.

Rising and approaching Fan Toy, he politely raised his hat, held out the pin, and asked, pleasantly:

"Madam, is this your pin?"

"Yes," she cried, eagerly, as she flashed a grateful glance at him. "Thank you. Where did you find it?"

"It must have rolled over near my seat."

"You were very kind indeed to get it for me."

"Don't mention it, madam. I am pleased to be of service to you."

"I guess yer don't need me no more," said the porter, rising.

"No, thank you," returned Fan Toy.

"Then I'll move along," said the porter, departing.

"He was accommodating, anyway," said the Opium Queen.

"Most of the help on the cars are."

"I wish I had asked him to close my window."

"Permit me to do so for you."

And the old detective closed the window.

She gave him a winning smile, and thanked him again, very prettily.

"Railroad trips are so monotonous," she remarked.

"Yes," sighed Old King Brady. "Especially when one goes far."

"Are you going a great distance?"

"Pretty near to Quebec."

"Why, I am going there myself."

"Indeed. We may be the only ones going so far."

"What company we could be for each other."

"Yes," said the detective, seating himself beside her, for the invitation was broad enough for anyone to understand.

"And I hope I may have the pleasure of conversing with you."

"I don't usually make acquaintances this way," said she, half apologetically. "But there was a good excuse for it, and I am sure I won't regret it, Mr.—Mr.—"

"My name is Barney Keen. And yours?"

"I am Mrs. Lilly McCoy."

"Now we know each other, I hope you will not hesitate to call on me for anything you may want during the trip."

"Thank you very much."

And thus their acquaintance began, and the detective stuck to her closely all through the long journey.

On the following evening the train reached Terrell's Cut siding, and the Opium Queen said to the old detective:

"I am going to leave you here, sir."

"Ain't you going through to Quebec?"

"No. I've changed my mind."

"Well, I'm sorry to lose so agreeable an acquaintance."

"I am sure the feeling is reciprocated," she replied, graciously.

"Can I help you with your baggage?"

"No, I thank you. Good-by."

And the next moment she was gone.

Old King Brady alighted on the other side of the train, dove into a clump of bushes and disappeared from view.

The cars pulled out.

When they were gone, the detective saw Fan Toy standing on the platform beside her baggage.

A carriage dashed up to the depot and a Chinaman alighted.

He was none else than Ching Foon.

Rushing up to the Queen, he heartily shook hands with her, jabbered at her in pigeon English, and assisted her into his carriage, while the station master and the coachman put her traps aboard, and they drove off.

Old King Brady was about to follow them when a hand fell on his arm and a voice behind him growled:

"Hello, Old King Brady!"

He was deeply disguised, and wondered how anyone in this out-of-the-way place knew him by name.

A figure stood behind him.

It was Harry.

## CHAPTER IX.

### LURED INTO AN AMBUSCADE.

Old King Brady was amazed to find his boy partner there, and, after shaking hands with Harry, he said:

"How on earth did you recognize me?"

"Not by your actions or appearance, for you are not only wonderfully well made up, but have altered your manners."

"Then how did I give myself away?"

"I saw you get off the car, plunge into the bushes and watch Fan Toy. Instinct told me it must be you."

"Your judgment was correct. During all the journey I sat conversing with Fan Toy, and, keen as she was, I fooled her."

"Then you came all the way here with her, eh?"

"Yes."

"Anything unusual happen?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"You were luckier than I."

"How?"

"Well, you know I discovered Ching Foon?"

"I do."

"He gave me the slip in Albany."

"But you found him again."

"After a great deal of trouble. I traced him home."

"Then you've seen the rendezvous?"

"Was found lurking about the place by a gang of Ching's friends and they mistook me for a revenue officer, gave me a beating, tied me on the back of an unharnessed horse, and drove it off."

"You had a wild Mazeppa ride."

"Perfectly awful while it lasted."

"How did you manage to escape with a whole skin?"

"Some border ruffians found and released me, and after robbing me of my valuables and seizing the horse they let me go."

"Good gracious! what a time you've been having."

"I reached Paquetteville and rode back to Terrell's Cut siding on the cars. Here I stumbled across Ching Foon and a renegade revenue officer. They were conversing. I listened. The Chinese told the officer that he expected a load of Canadian hay brought to his house to-morrow, and advised the man not to touch it."

"So that's the way they smuggle things over the border, eh?"

"Done up in the hay? Yes."

"We may capture their opium yet."

"All depends upon our vigilance."

"Where is it coming from?"

"Cookshire."

"Do you know where the revenue officers are to be found?"

"At the Cut here, in the morning."

"We must enlist their services."

"Good plan, for Ching has surrounded himself with a gang of yellow desperadoes, who won't hesitate to use violence."

Just then Fan Toy and Ching Foon got into a carriage.

Observing this, Old King Brady remarked:

"We'd better prepare to follow them, Harry."

"Don't worry. Let them go. She is going to be the Mongolian's guest. I'll know where to find her at his house."

"You don't fear she will get away?"

"No, indeed."

"I'll trust to your judgment, and we will hunt up the revenue officers to-night and lay our plans for to-morrow."

"That's a good suggestion."

The carriage drove off, and the detectives went over to



the station, had a conversation with the agent, and he gave them the information they desired.

The detectives went off into the village.

Here they found an officer, with whom they held a long, earnest conversation, and he promised to get them a pair of saddle horses in the morning and to procure the assistance of other officers.

On the following morning after breakfast the horses were brought to them by half a dozen officers.

During the conversation that followed Old King Brady said:

"As there are several roads leading from Cookshire into Terrell's Cut siding, two men had better patrol each road, and stop any farmers or Chinamen they may meet who may come along with a load of hay. If by ten o'clock we see nothing of the parties we are after, we will meet at Ching Foon's place, raid it and find out if they've got the opium there. How does that plan suit?"

"It's all right," said one of the officers.

"No time had better be lost, then, in starting off."

The Bradys kept together, on the Canadian side of the border, and in half an hour Harry pointed at a farm-house and said:

"There's Ching Foon's place."

"Got Chinamen working in the fields."

"They are planting and raising Chinese vegetables for him."

"I suppose the Opium Queen is there now."

"No doubt. She would not dare participate in the active part of the smuggling, but has evidently come up here to superintend the receipt of her drugs."

"If she can't get her opium by sea, she's bound to by land. What elaborate plans she lays to save a few thousand dollars of duty out of which she is swindling the Government! That woman is a dangerous person."

Just then they turned a bend in the road and suddenly came face to face with Fan Toy, who was in a carriage with Ching Foon.

She looked startled to see Old King Brady, and cried involuntarily as her carriage paused to let them pass:

"Why, Mr. Barney Keen! I thought you went to Quebec?"

Old King Brady did not lose his presence of mind, for he burst out laughing and replied, quickly:

"Had to stop at Cookshire on business with this gentleman."

"Does it bring you down this way?"

"Not exactly. But I thought I might have the extreme pleasure of meeting you again, and for that reason I'm here."

"You are a great flatterer, Mr. Keen."

"No, indeed," he asserted, "I mean it. Permit me, Mrs. McCoy, to make you acquainted with my friend Hiram Howe."

Harry bowed politely and she inclined her head.

"Out for a drive?" the boy asked, pleasantly.

"Yes," she replied. "This rich Chinaman is showing me around."

They chatted with her a while, and she droye on toward the house.

When she was gone Harry asked his partner:

"Do you think she suspects our identity?"

"No. Why do you think she did?"

"The sharp way she eyed us."

"I think that was merely a habit of hers."

Just then they heard a shout and looking back they saw the carriage at a pause beside a clump of bushes.

Ching was shouting and Fan Toy beckoning to them.

Wondering what they wanted, the detectives wheeled their mounts and rode toward the carriage.

Just as they were passing the bushes, however, there sounded the sharp cracks of several rifles among them.

Several bullets flew past the detectives' heads, and a moment later they caught view of half a dozen Chinese laborers, armed with rifles, crouching in the bushes.

"She suspects our identity," gasped Harry, in alarm, "and has called upon some of Ching's men to form an ambushade, into which she tried to lead us."

"The treacherous wretch!" exclaimed Old King Brady, wrathfully.

"Going to charge on them?"

"No. Run from them. The risk is too great."

Several more shots now pealed out, and the bullets whizzed by in the most dangerous proximity to the detectives.

Luckily for the Bradys, neither they nor their horses were hit, and they quickly galloped out of range of their enemies.

Following the road they had been pursuing they soon left the Opium Queen's party out of sight.

For several hours they pursued this road.

Toward noon-time they observed a moving object in advance coming toward them, and when it drew nearer they saw that it was a team of horses drawing a load of hay.

"There's our plant now," muttered the boy.

"Look at the Chinaman driving the team."

"We'll stop him and upset his load."

Planting themselves in the middle of the road they drew their revolvers and patiently waited for the wagon.

When it was near enough they aimed their weapons at the driver.

"Halt!" cried Old King Brady.

The Mongolian pulled in his team.

At the same moment the load of hay opened in a dozen different places and the heads of some Chinamen who were buried in the mass suddenly appeared.

Each of them carried a revolver.

## CHAPTER X.

### A WILD RACE.

"A trap!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"They've been expecting an attack, no doubt," answered the boy.

"Perhaps they are guarding the opium within the hay."

"We can find out by attacking them."

Just then the Chinaman driving the wagon shouted:

"Now you go way or dey shootee heads off."

"Tell your pals to get out of that load of hay."

"Whatee want, anyway?"

"The opium you've got hidden there."

"No habee opium, boss."

"Oh, yes, you have! Are you going to call off those men?"

"No. Allee my fiends."

"Then we'll have to drive them out for you."

As Old King Brady spoke, he and Harry drove their horses at a gallop toward the hay and the concealed Chinamen began to shoot toward the pair, with poor aim.

They were intensely excited.

Fearless of the bullets that were flying about them, the gallant pair dashed ahead, and Harry cried:

"Set fire to the hay!"

As quick as a flash they drew matches from their pockets, and upon reaching the wagon they drew rein.

In a moment more the matches were lighted, and flames leaped up.

The breeze fanned the fire.

It spread with terrific speed over the whole load.

Up leaped the flames, and yells of consternation pealed from the lips of the Chinamen as they came tumbling out of the load.

Had they remained they would have been roasted to death.

A cloud of smoke shot in the air, and the terrified driver leaped to the ground and ran away.

No more weapons were discharged, for the armed Chinese who had been buried in the load of hay forgot everything except their mad anxiety to save their lives.

The horses became frightened and began to prance.

"Cut the beasts loose, Harry!" cried the old detective.

Out came the boy's knife and he severed the traces.

Rendered frantic by the roaring, glaring, burning fire behind them, the horses falloped madly away.

The Bradys burst out laughing as the last of the singed Chinamen alighted and the rope that held the hay on the wagon parted with loud reports.

Soon the fire grew fiercer.

"If there's any opium in that load," laughed Harry, "it will be well cooked by the time the fire gets through playing with it."

"Look at the Chinks running away."

"Capture them, Old King Brady."

Spurring their horses, they galloped after the crowd of fleeing Chinamen, who were speeding along the road.

"Hold on there, confound you!" shouted Old King Brady.

Glancing back the Mongolians saw their pursuers, and observing the detectives' pistols aimed at them one of the gang told the rest, and they ran faster.

There were ten of them.

Seeing more drastic measures were necessary, the Bradys now began to discharge their pistols at the gang.

Bang! bang! went the shots.

They aimed for the fugitives' legs, and as the bullets stung them the gang began to slacken speed.

Finally they paused.

Jabbering wildly they flung themselves on their knees.

"No shootee!" yelled one of them.

Up to the crowd dashed the detectives, and Harry dismounted while his partner kept the yellow men covered with his pistol.

"I'm going to bind you fellows," said the boy, "and if any of you offer the slightest resistance my partner here will put an end to you with his gun."

They understood him.

Not a man resisted when he tore their blouses, formed strips and pinioned their arms behind their backs.

In fact, they dared not move.

Each one saw that grim weapon in the old detective's hands staring down at them, and knew if they dared to move it might seal their doom.

It occupied some time for the Bradys to secure the lot, and Harry then drove them like a herd of sheep back to the wagon.

By that time the fire had burned itself out.

The load of hay was consumed.

Only a cloud of smoke arose from the ashes.

Seizing the wagon on one side, the Bradys upset the high frame structure, dumping the embers into the road.

"No opium in that load," Harry commented.

"Then this wagon was a blind?"

"So it seems."

"Had there been any opium hidden in the load it would not have been consumed so quickly as this by the flames. And it certainly would have left some trace behind."

"You don't see any evidence here of opium having been in the load of hay, do you?"

"No. Not a vestige."

"Then they have tricked us," said the boy.

"Moreover," Old King Brady went on, "we can't do anything to these sly Chinamen. They have not broken the law. They have done nothing to deserve arrest. They have a right to ride in that load of hay. Moreover, they were justified in drawing pistols and defending themselves when we attacked them."

"In that case we must let them go free?"

"Yes! Hark! What's that?"

The dull pounding of distant horses' hoofs reached their ears.

It came from around a bend in the road.

Glancing toward it, the Bradys watched, waited and listened.

Nearer and still nearer came the sounds every moment.

Then suddenly several flying horsemen swung around the bend in the road, carrying bundles slung before them.

There were four in the party, and at a glance the detectives noticed that they were Chinese clad in American clothes.

All were good riders and had fast horses.

As they came into view they turned in their saddles,

raised the rifles they carried, aimed back, and began to fire.

Past the bend they swept furiously.

A moment afterward two mounted revenue officers came into view in hot pursuit of the quartet.

They were firing back at the fugitives.

"What in thunder does this mean?" gasped Harry.

"The revenue officers are after them."

"Perhaps they are carrying the opium in those bags."

"I shouldn't wonder."

A chorus of yells escaped the four horsemen when they saw the Bradys and realized that they were plunging straight toward the two officers.

Swerving to the left they rode off the road across the fields.

"Head them off!" yelled one of the revenue officers, recognizing the Bradys.

"What have they done?" demanded the old detective.

"Got the opium."

"All right!"

And leaving the ten bound Chinamen, the detectives went clattering along in hot pursuit of the four smugglers.

"Now I see through the game," panted Old King Brady, as they raced after the Chinamen.

"What do you mean?" queried Harry.

"Fan Toy, as we know, suspected our character. She knew then that we were here to baffle her game. That accounts for the ambush into which she so cunningly lured us."

"Well?"

"Realizing that we might know how her game was to be worked, she must have sent some one to notify the men who had the opium in charge. To lead us astray they sent on the wagon load of hay, while these four men rode off in another direction with the parcels of opium. By dividing our forces, these two revenue officers detected and chased the ones who had the opium, while we were being fooled by the load of hay."

"That must have been the game," laughed Harry.

"We are gaining on them now."

"See if we can't drop their horses from under them."

As this plan gave promise of putting a speedy end to the race, the Bradys took rapid aim at the flying beasts and fired.

Down went two of the horses, throwing their riders.

On swept the other two men.

Bang! bang! went two more shots, and the remaining horses fell to the ground in the throes of death.

The four men were now checked in their mad flight.

## CHAPTER XI.

### 500 POUNDS OF OPIUM.

With a cyclonic rush the Bradys bore down upon the four dismounted Chinamen, and, leveling their pistols at the Mongolians, Harry shouted:

"Up with your hands and surrender."

"Don't fire!" implored one of the panting men.

"Obey quick, or you are doomed!"

"Yes—yes!"

And their hands flew up and they fell on their knees.

"Secure them!" said Old King Brady.

The bridles of the dead and disabled horses sufficed to bind the four, and when Harry finished he opened one of the packages which the fugitives had been carrying.

It was filled with fine opium.

The grade was of a kind upon which there was a high duty.

"Just as we expected!" said the boy.

"Opium?" queried his partner.

"Yes."

Just then the two revenue officers dashed up to them, and broad smiles of satisfaction crossed their faces when they observed that the Chinamen were prisoners.

"I see you've got them," said one.

"Yes, and they've got the dope," Harry answered.

"Much?"

"About five hundred pounds."

"Ain't they the ones you were after?"

"No doubt of it. I'll question them, though."

The boy turned to the Chinaman who spoke English.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Hop Sing," was the humble reply.

"Where do you live?"

"In Quebec."

"Where did you get this opium?"

"In Quebec."

"From where?"

"The steamer Victoria."

"How did you get it here?"

"The stuff was unpacked from its case on the steamer and taken ashore in a row boat during the night. The empty case, guarded by an officer from the Custom House, was sent to the bonded warehouse."

"And then?"

"We carried the opium here."

"Who do you mean by 'we,' I'd like to know?"

"My three friends and a dozen other Chinamen."

"Didn't you transport it from ———ville in a load of hay?"

"Yes, until——"

"Fan Toy sent you word we were on the lookout for it?"

"That's it. Who told you she did?"

"Never mind. That's my business."

"We concealed some of our men in the hay and took the opium on horseback," said Hop Sing.

"To make a dummy of the load of hay and fool us?"

"That's it."

"Your plan succeeded. But we discovered your trick and suspected exactly what you told us you did."

"Evidently, or we would not be here."

"Is this opium for Fan Toy?"

"That I am oath-bound not to reveal."

"You needn't. We merely wanted you to back up our opinion on that point," said Old King Brady.

"See here," said the Chinaman, "you only wanted to confiscate the opium for the revenue officers, didn't you? As you've got the stuff without serious trouble why don't you let us go? You can't gain anything by holding us."

"We can gain your conviction on a charge of smuggling."

"But what good will that do? Ain't you satisfied to get the opium?"

"Say, Hop Sing, do you imagine the Secret Service was organized to recover contraband goods?"

"Principally to recover property."

"You are mistaken. Our principal business is to capture and punish law-breakers. Incidentally, we recover property."

"Oh, you've got it in for us, and want to hurt us because we are Chinamen."

"We simply wish to do our duty. There's no spite in this."

The revenue officer now asked:

"Shall we take them in?"

"Do."

"And the opium?"

"Seize it."

"Shall we attend to the charge?"

"Wish you would."

"How about this woman, Fan Toy?"

"We are going to raid Ching Foon's house and catch her."

"Alone?"

"No; with your friends, the other revenue officers."

After some further conversation with the two officers, the Bradys left them and hunted up their companions.

The Chinamen were locked up and their opium seized.

An hour afterward the detectives and the revenue officers rode up to the door of Ching Foon's house and knocked.

Receiving no reply, they burst in the door.

The house was empty.

The birds had flown.

Anticipating a raid, when a spy informed her of the capture of her four agents and the opium, Fan Toy and her friends hastened away in a carriage, deserting the house.

The Bradys trailed them to Terrell's Cut siding, and there learned that they had boarded a train for New York two hours previously.

They tried the old plan of telegraphing the authorities of the cities ahead to capture the girl and her friends when the train came in upon which they had taken passage.

But word soon came back that they had quit that particular train when it was fifty miles from Terrell's Cut.

Upon receipt of this news, Old King Brady frowned.

"They are astute," he growled.

"One thing is positive," said Harry, "they've gone to New York."

"As we can't expect to find them en route, we may as well go right ahead back. They are going to make a detour, to avoid capture, and we'd only lose time going after them."

The horses were returned to the owners, and, taking leave of the border officers, the Bradys boarded a train bound for New York.

In due time they got back to the city.

Turning in a report of what they had accomplished to their Chief, they set about to ascertain if the Opium Queen had returned to the metropolis.

"We must keep the fact of our return a secret from Fan Toy," the old detective told the boy. "We can thus take her by surprise."

"She's a very sharp girl," Harry answered, "and our greatest safety lies in selecting a suitable disguise before we show ourselves again in Chinatown."

"Nothing easier than that," said Old King Brady. "So many Italians abound in Mulberry Bend, close to Chinatown, that I will assume the guise of one of them."

"And I," added the boy, reflectively, "will make myself up as a tough Bowery boy, so the two characters will harmonize."

"That's an excellent plan. Set to work."

At their lodgings they had plenty of costumes.

Having selected the ones they desired, and put them on, they next made up their faces with cosmetics, put the proper kind of wigs on, and made a wonderful change in their appearance.

It was late in the night when they finished.

A plan of action was then sketched out, and they departed.

The boy passed into Mott street from Chatham Square, and the man strode into Pell street from the Bowery.

They deemed it far safer to keep separated, as they would thus be less liable to attract attention.

Old King Brady went half way down the block, turned into a hallway, ascended a flight of stairs, and passed into a Chinese restaurant.

The walls of the room contained many Chinese signs, on colored paper, and the high-legged tables were occupied by many patrons.

A group of Mongolians sat around one of the tables, some holding bowls of rice to their mouths and shoveling the contents in with ebony chop-sticks, others drinking tea, and still more eating mysterious foods with unpronounceable names.

Next to their table sat a gorgeously clad Chinaman, and an elegantly dressed young woman, eating chop suey.

At one glance Old King Brady recognized them.

"Fan Toy and Ching Foon," he commented.

He slouched over to their table and sat down at it.

They glanced at him indignantly as a waiter drew near.

"Bringa me wana chop-soo'," said Old King Brady.

"Be kind enough to take another table; this one is engaged," said the Opium Queen, with a lofty air.

"You owna de place?" the detective demanded. "Per bacco! Whata you mean? I keepa dis chair, an' eata de chop. You no like it, signora, you can go 'way."

The waiter seized him angrily by the shoulder.

"Bounce!" said he.

## CHAPTER XII.

## HARRY BRADY'S PERIL.

Old King Brady brushed the waiter's hand from his shoulder as if it were a mere fly, glanced up at him and said, quietly:

"You makit de standa back, John, an' goa quick, too."

"Table's engaged," said the Chinaman.

"This isn't a nicea t'ing youa do," growled the detective.

"Go, or we fire you out," threatened the waiter.

"Try it," retorted the detective, bridling up.

The waiter called the cooks and the proprietor, the other waiters and all his friends who were in the place.

All told, they numbered a dozen.

The Opium Queen and her companion had risen at the first sign of hostilities, and recoiled from the table.

As the Chinamen rushed forward, they got between the Queen and the detective, but Ching Foon was not out of his reach.

Old King Brady reached over and grabbed him.

Ching began to yell.

Raising the smuggler chief above his head as easily as if he were an infant, the old detective hurled him at the gang.

A roar went up from the crowd.

Ching struck in the midst of them.

Down went three of the gang and the rest paused.

As Ching scrambled groggily to his feet, Old King Brady seized him again, and rushed him to the door.

The smuggler resisted.

He feared for his life.

Picking the Chinaman up under his arm, Old King Brady carried the kicking, yelling and squirming man down stairs as easily as if he were of no weight at all.

"As I can't get the Queen, I'll seize her minion," the old detective cogitated. "He's a good catch. I'll end his career on the border this way. Fan Toy will come later."

The astonished crowd of chattering Mongolians watched the detective's feat of strength without offering to interfere.

By the time they got over their amazement, Old King Brady had his man down on the sidewalk.

Then they rushed after him, incited by Fan Toy.

It was enough for them that Ching was not only a friend of hers, but also a countrymen of their own.

Seeing them coming, Old King Brady faced the gang.

They had now armed themselves with various kinds of weapons and hurled a volley at the old detective.

Quick as a flash he wheeled around, presenting Ching Foon between his enemies and himself as a shield.

The missiles pounded Ching all over.

His howls were horrible to hear.

Behind the human barricade Old King Brady was safe.

Fearing to injure their countrymen further the horde now ceased flinging their missiles.

But the noise they made soon brought a crowd flocking toward them from all directions.

Seeing his danger, Old King Brady cast an anxious glance around in quest of Harry, but failed to see him.

Just then Ching gave a violent wrench, tore himself free from the detective's grip, and rushed up the street.

An exultant yell pealed from the spectators.

They did not know what it was all about, but as their sympathies naturally lay with their countrymen they were glad to see him escape his captor.

As Old King Brady rushed after him, the Chinese got in his way and did everything they could to aid Ching Foon to make his escape.

One of them tripped the detective.

Down went Old King Brady with a crash, but he quickly arose again, and continued the pursuit vigorously.

A crowd got in his way.

They jostled and pushed him.

He doubled up his fists, struck out right and left, knocking them down, and plunged ahead determinedly.

A policeman was told he was a thief.

The officer rushed after him.

"Halt, or I'll shoot!" he yelled.

Old King Brady was exasperated over these delays.

Every moment Ching Foon was widening the breach between them, and what he gained by sprinting he lost by delays.

Pausing an instant he exposed his shield.

The policeman saw it and paused.

"Go on!" he yelled.

Angry, he went back to find the Chinaman who lied to him.

Through Pell street to the Bowery raced Ching Foon, looking right and left for some sheltering hall into which to dodge.

But he saw no friendly avenue of escape.

So he kept right ahead.

Out into the Bowery he rushed.

Here he imagined that he could give his pursuer the slip by mingling with the passing crowd.

But Old King Brady saw him.

He rushed after his man.

Seeing his enemy coming Ching dashed around into New Bowery, and the detective chased him a block.

Gaining steadily on the man, Old King Brady finally pounced on him, caught him by the neck, and brought him to a sudden pause.

Both were panting hard for breath, but when the detective could speak, he exclaimed, in angry tones:

"You can't escape me, Ching Foon!"

"Let me go!" growled the Chinaman.

"I'm going to put you in jail."

"For what?"

"Smuggling opium."

"I didn't."

"Don't lie!"

"But——"

"See here!"

And Old King Brady pulled off his wig and wiped his face.

An expression of intense alarm overspread the Mongolian's face.

"Old King Brady!" he gasped, recognizing him.

"That's me."

"You followed us here from the border?"

"I did. Now your smuggling career will be cut short."

"You've got the best of me at last."

"And I'll keep my advantage, old chap."

He brought the man to the police station and locked him up.

Then he returned to Chinatown to hunt for the Queen.

"It's her turn next!" he muttered, grimly. "I'll land her, too. I wonder what has become of Harry."

He returned to Pell street.

All the crowd was gone from the street.

Some of the Chinamen hanging around the doorways and in the shops recognized him at once.

But as he did not have Ching with him they made no effort to molest the old detective.

Upon reaching the corner of Doyers street, he peered up the crooked block and saw some tough-looking citizens standing before the door of Lavelle's sporting house, close to the bend, and the detective paused and asked them:

"Did any of you fellows see a young fellow with a red handkerchief tied around his neck go by here recently?"

"No," replied one of them, shaking his head. "What name?"

"That don't matter. Do any of you know Fan Toy, the Opium Queen?"

"Yes."

"Seen her?"

"Jist went in that saloon yonder, with some Chinks."

Old King Brady wondered at this.

Going over to the saloon in question, he suddenly heard a muffled voice in the room shouting:

"Help! Help!"

Bang! went a pistol shot.

In dashed Old King Brady.

He found himself in the back room, which was fitted with chairs and tables, and caught view of half a dozen Chinamen crowding through a door in the wall.

In the midst of them was a limp figure they were carrying, and as the old detective caught view of it he gasped:

"Why, it's Harry!"

Fan Toy was not in sight.

Just then the door banged shut after the gang of Mongolians and the old detective rushed across the room.

Seizing the knob, he tried to pull the door open, but it resisted all his efforts.

"Good heavens!" he gasped, in alarm, "what has happened to Harry? The boy was senseless or dead. Where were they carrying him to? I must reach that boy if it costs my life!"

He dashed into the barroom.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### CATCHING FIVE CHINAMEN.

There were several tough-looking young men in the dirty little barroom into which Old King Brady rushed.

Behind the bar stood a man in a white apron, who had a hang-dog face and a cropped head, and the detective said to him:

"See here!"

"Well, Dago?"

"I'm a Secret Service man."

"Rats!"

"Here's my shield."

The officer displayed his badge.

It was a signal for the sudden exit of the toughs.

They had guilty consciences, and thought the detective was after them.

A feeble grin overspread the bartender's face.

"Yer must be disguised," said he.

"I am. Do you know the Bradys?"

"Well."

"Then you know me. I'm Old King Brady."

"Oh, I see."

"My partner Harry was made up as a tough."

"Yes?"

"He had a red handkerchief around his neck."

"I had such a person in ther back room just now."

"That was Harry."

"Sure I didn't know that."

"Fan Toy and half a dozen Chinamen came in, didn't they?"

"Yes, an' had a scrap wid yer partner."

"Who fired that shot?"

"Dunno."

"Well, I saw Harry being carried through a door in the wall by the Chinks. He was senseless. The door was locked."

"That leads to the cellar."

"Who's got the key?"

"Ain't no key. There's a bolt on the inside, though."

"What's in the cellar?"

"Nuthin'."

"Then why did they go down there?"

"I'm blamed if I know."

"Got an ax?"

"Yes."

"Give it to me."

The bartender handed it over and Old King Brady went in the rear room.

Raising the ax, he smashed down the door.

He had a dark lantern in his pocket and, drawing it out, he lighted it.

With his ax in his hand he rushed down into the cellar and flashed the light around.

Just as he expected, he saw a trapdoor in the floor, and pulling it open, saw a flight of stairs leading down into a dark tunnel.

Most of Chinatown is honeycombed with such tunnels, cut by the Celestials to afford avenues of escape in case of a raid by the police on their crooked games.

Down went Old King Brady.

He was in a damp, vaulted passage.

Along he sped rapidly for two hundred yards.

Voices ahead reached his ears, and he masked the lantern.

Creeping ahead with the caution of an Indian he soon turned a bend and saw the Chinese.

They carried a candle, and were just going up a flight of wooden stairs.

One after another they disappeared.

There came a bang as a trapdoor closed.

"Where are they now?" Old King Brady pondered.

Boldly ascending the stairs he raised the trap and found himself in a gloomy cellar. All the Chinamen were gone.

Hearing a groan he flashed his light around.

It showed him the figure of Harry lying bound on the floor.

"He lives!" muttered Old King Brady, gladly.

Rushing over to the boy and kneeling beside him the old detective cut his bonds and examined him.

The boy's scalp was cut and bleeding.

He was regaining his senses.

Sticking some strips of court plaster over the wound the old detective tried to revive the boy.

In this he succeeded.

Finally Harry sat up

"Where am I?" he gasped.

Old King Brady explained matters.

When he finished, he asked his young partner:

"What happened to you?"

"I've been shot in the head."

"It was only a glancing wound. Who did it?"

"Fan Toy."

"What!"

"Tried to kill me."

"What for?"

"To protect herself from the electric chair."

"What do you mean?"

"She was the cause of Felix Grant's death."

"What! Have you evidence of it?"

"Yes. She knows it, and therefore tried to murder me."

"Good gracious! Tell me all about it."

"It's a short story. Are we safe from interruption?"

"No. Not here."

"Then let's get out."

"Are you strong enough to move?" asked Old King Brady.

"I'm all right now. Come ahead."

"We'll go up-stairs. Get your gun out."

"I wish we could capture that gang and the Queen."

"So we shall, if we meet them."

"They must be up-stairs," said Harry.

"I've got Ching Foon in jail."

"Good enough!"

They went up a flight of stairs and emerged in the rear room of a laundry in Mott street, to which the underground passage led them.

The room was full of Chinamen, for the Riddle Game of Tsz Fa was being played there, and they had come to take chances.

It was a queer gamble, and the gamblers played their dreams.

There were two drawings daily.

The manager drew the outline of a person, bird or fish on a big sheet of paper.

Various letters were given to different points of the outline, each letter representing a chance in the game.

Then the manager gave out a sentence forming a riddle, the letters in the line holding the secret of the riddle.

The sentence might be, "The yellow dragon eats the rice of our fields."

Persons desiring to play guess the hidden meaning of the sentence.

The letters in the line may stand for monkey, lizard, old hen, young man, etc. But the words "yellow dragon" might mean "old hen" and "eats the rice," might stand for "young man."

It was all purely guesswork, there being thirty-six chances in the game, and each player having only one guess.

The probability of putting a correct construction on the meaning the manager gave the sentence was very slight, so that the players rarely won and the parties who ran the game made all the money. And yet the Chinamen ventured to play this absurd lottery.

Jo Sung was in the room when the Bradys entered, but did not know them.

Glancing around, the detectives located several of the gang who had been aiding the Queen to capture Harry.

They recognized the boy, saw he was escaping, gathered in a group and began to excitedly discuss the best means of recapturing him.

Fan Toy had vanished.

"They recognize me," said Harry. "Concealment is useless."

"How many of them are there in here?"

"Five that I recognize."

"Tell Jo to seize one or two."

Harry glided over to their spotter and made himself known.

Pointing out the Opium Queen's friends he told Jo to go for them.

The three made a rush and grabbed their men.

Jo had two by their necks, Harry had two and the old detective seized the remaining one by the throat, and cried:

"Drag them out before the gang recover their wits."

No one molested them, but the crowd rushed after them. Into the street they pulled their victims.

A platoon of policemen came along, and upon seeing them the Chinamen who followed the Bradys halted.

With this diversion in their favor, they pulled their prisoners out into the street and pulled them over to Chatham Square.

They were taken to the police station and locked up.

When Jo went back to Chinatown the detectives went home.

They could do no more until next day, as they were known to the habitués of the lottery room.

"Now," said Old King Brady, when they started for

home, "I want you to tell me all that occurred after I was gone."

"I've been in great trouble," replied Harry. "But I'll tell you all about it, so prepare to listen to an odd story."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### ARRESTING THE MURDERER.

Wondering what was coming, Old King Brady glanced curiously at Harry and said, in reflective tones:

"I've always thought Fan Toy knew something about the murder of the old merchant. The crime was committed in the empty store of a building she leased. One of her opium dens was conducted on the floor above. It seemed queer that a man could have been killed and robbed down-stairs without anyone up-stairs knowing anything about it. However, your story may clear up the seeming mystery."

"As I said before," said Harry, "the story is brief. When I left you and went up Mott street, I heard a man and woman quarreling in a Chinese grocery store. The woman was Fan Toy. I heard her say, 'I've paid you enough already for getting rid of Grant for me, and I won't give you any more.' The Chinaman with her said, threateningly: 'If you don't give me one hundred dollars I'll tell the police on you!' That made her mad, and she raved a little, and finally said: 'Meet me in Donovan's back room in half an hour and I'll settle with you.' That's all I heard. Going into the store I found that she and the Chinaman had gone out the back way and disappeared. I then knew as a fact that Fan Toy had instigated the death of Felix Grant, and that the Chinaman with her had been paid to stab the man."

"What happened next?"

"Unable to find them, I departed for Donovan's. Finally a Chinese whom I recognized as Sam Lee came in. He waited. In due time the Queen entered. Sam spoke to her, pointed at me, and she gave a cry that brought several Chinks rushing in. Sam Lee had seen me in Mott street listening to his talk with Fan Toy. He told the Queen and she feared I had learned too much. Sam then shot me. The ball, as you know, grazed my head and I fell. That's the last I remember of the affair. You can draw your own conclusions now, Old King Brady."

"Was Sam Lee among the Chinamen we captured?"

"No. He was the only one missing."

"Where does he hang out?"

"Runs one of Fan Toy's opium joints in Pell street."

"Then you know where to find him?"

"Yes."

"We'll arrest him to-morrow."

"If we can force him to squeal to Jo Sung, we may be able to put the Queen behind the bars for that deed."

"Well, we'll try to catch him."

They reached home and went to bed.

On the following day they went to court to appear against

the men they had arrested, and then prepared for a raid on Sam Lee.

Hunting up Jo Sung they laid out a plan for him to follow, and, clad in the costumes of two women, they proceeded to Pell street, keeping their faces heavily veiled.

Jo met them at the door of an old tenement.

Together they entered a dark, gloomy hall.

Up-stairs they went, to the second floor, and Jo knocked at a door.

It was opened by an old Chinaman in spectacles.

A brief dialogue occurred between him and Jo in their native tongue, and then Jo turned to the Bradys and said:

"It's all right. Come in, ladies."

"He will let women smoke opium here, eh?" asked Harry, changing his voice to sound like a woman's.

"Yes. His customers are mostly men. But he doesn't mind letting ladies in sometimes, if the police don't notice it."

"No police saw us come in."

"So I told the door-keeper."

"Oh! then this isn't Sam Lee?"

"No. He isn't in yet."

"Is he expected back soon?"

"At any moment."

They passed into a dingy room, lighted by a lamp.

It had bare floors, dirty, cracked walls, but very little furniture, and the air was foul with the odor of opium.

Several miserable Chinamen lay in the wooden bunks, sleeping off the effects of the drug they had smoked.

Jo and the Bradys each occupied a bunk.

The old Chinaman brought them the necessary layouts, and a deep silence soon fell upon the apartment.

Half an hour passed by.

Finally the door opened and a small Chinaman entered.

He had on baggy pants, a black silk blouse, and a big, black felt hat shaded his stern, bony face.

There was a fierce look in his beady slant-eyes as he glanced around and spoke to the door-keeper.

Harry recognized the man as Sam Lee.

Small as he was, he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most dangerous men in that locality.

Old King Brady knew him by sight.

The old detective watched the villain a few moments, and Jo leaned out of his bunk and called him.

The little Chinaman approached.

As he turned his back to Old King Brady the detective sprang out of the bunk and attempted to seize him.

Like a cat Sam sprang back out of his reach and clapped his hand to his hip pocket.

He drew a revolver.

There was a startled look upon his face as he eyed the old detective, and he growled:

"Whatee want?"

"You!" said Old King Brady, leaping for him.

"Back!" yelled Sam, and up went his pistol.

He was close to Harry's bunk.

The young detective reached out and seized his leg.



Giving it a jerk he caused the dive keeper to fall over on his face upon the floor.

He let out a yell, and the revolver flew out of his hand.

Just as he was scrambling to his feet, Old King Brady and Jo pounced on him and pinned him down again.

"Le' go!" Sam Lee screamed.

"You are under arrest!" announced Old King Brady.

"Youee man?"

"Yes; a cop."

"Oh!" gasped Sam, collapsing.

The old door-keeper picked up a heavy iron bar, and was creeping toward Old King Brady; intending to knock his brains out, when Harry caught view of him.

Out of the bunk leaped the boy.

Dashing past his friends, who were now struggling with Sam to subdue him, Harry reached the door-keeper.

Doubling up his fist he gave the rascal a punch that knocked him flat on his back.

The bar fell to the floor beside him.

Harry caught him by the neck and rushed him to the door.

And giving the Chinaman a kick, he sent him tumbling down the stairs to the hall below.

Meanwhile Sam Lee had been struggling with might and main to prevent the detective from securing him.

In this he failed.

Between Old King Brady and Jo the villain was soon rendered helpless and a pair of steel fetters put on his wrists.

So soundly were the opium smokers sleeping that the fearful din of the struggle did not disturb them.

With his sweating face a pale yellow and a deadly gleam in his wicked eye, Sam Lee demanded, in husky tones:

"Tellee what for you allest me?"

"For murdering Felix Grant," said Old King Brady.

"No, no! Sam Lee not do dat."

"You did, at Fan Toy's bidding," said the detective. "But if you will tell me why she got you to kill that old man in the store of No. 16 I may have your life spared. If you refuse to tell me you'll die in the chair, as sure as fate."

Sam Lee understood him, but hesitated.

Observing this, Jo said to him, in Chinese:

"Speak out, man, and save your life."

"Perhaps I shall, but not now."

"Why not now?"

"I wish to consult a lawyer first."

"Very well. That's a wise plan. But remember this: we have got evidence enough to convict you and Fan Toy."

"I'll do all I can to save myself, you can rest assured."

"Where can we find the Opium Queen now?"

"She may be down to the dock where the Japanese ship came in to-day, as she expects to get opium from her."

"At what pier?" eagerly asked Jo.

"Pier 2, East River."

"We'll go there and baffle her when we get rid of you."

Jo told the Bradys what Sam said.

They then hurried out with their prisoner, had him locked up, and hastened away to the Japanese ship's dock.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ON BOARD THE SHIP.

The Bradys knew that the big brig Mikado had come into port that day, and they engaged a cab and drove to her dock.

It was a dark night down by the water front, and when the detectives alighted and glanced around they saw few people.

Sounds of drinking and revelry came from the resorts.

A few drunken sailors were staggering along the gloomy street and the heaving water moved the ships up and down at their moorings alongside the piers, causing the rigging to creak and groan dismally.

Leaving their carriage waiting for them around a corner, the officers crossed over toward the pier and observed a cab standing in the shadow of a pile of freight near the bulkhead.

"See that?" asked Old King Brady.

"Brought the Queen here, I presume," the boy answered.

"She intends to carry off the opium in it."

"Pretty good indication that she's yet aboard."

"Look in the cab and make sure of it."

"I must not let the driver see me," said Harry, as he glided over toward the vehicle in the densest shadows.

Reaching it, he observed the driver dozing.

Harry peered into the vehicle.

"Empty!" he muttered.

Then he returned to his companions.

"Well?" queried Old King Brady.

"She isn't there."

"Let's go aboard the ship."

"Be careful not to let the watch see you."

Out on the dock they glided toward the gang-plank.

The Mikado was a huge craft.

Never expecting callers or trouble of any kind, the watch on the forward deck were dozing at their posts, and the Custom House officer, who had been posted on board to guard the dutiable goods, had retired to a cosey nook, where he was peacefully snoring.

Up the gang-plank to the deck glided the silent sleuths, all their faculties on edge and their keen glances sweeping around.

Pausing in the shadow of the galley, Old King Brady asked:

"Now, which officer has the opium?"

"Look for a light."

"There's one in the window of the captain's cabin."

"Perhaps, then, he's the guilty party."

"We can soon ascertain."

And they glided over to the after deck.

Pausing outside the little window, they peered through.

A small room was revealed.

It was cosily furnished, had a curtained berth at one side, a table, over which swung a brass lamp, and contained two people.

One was the Opium Queen.

She wore a black costume.

The other was the captain of the Mikado.

He was a big, heavily built man, in blue uniform; a grizzled beard covered his sunburned face, and he wore a cap on his head.

A hearty peal of laughter was escaping his lips when the detectives glanced in at him; he banged his tattooed hand down on the table, and they heard him say:

"Waal, by thunder, that's a clever dodge."

"And you'll do it?" queried the Queen, anxiously.

"Do it? Of course I will. Why, bless yer heart, I'd do anything fer sich a trim leetle craft as you are, Fan Toy."

"Thank you. I always thought Captain Tom Jones was my friend, and now I know it to be a fact. All you'll have to do is to go up in the bow of your boat with the big valise full of opium. The bowsprit overhangs the street and you can easily drop the bag on the street. By so doing the Custom House officer will never know how we tricked him."

"An' you'll hold him an' ther lads on watch near the gangway, keepin' thar attention from me while I'm a-doin' it?"

"Exactly."

"Then you'll pick up ther bag, clap it aboard o' yer cab, an' set sail fer home as fast as yer can?"

"Yes."

"Ah, Fan Toy, youse wimmin is terrors fer outwittin' men. We will fool that officer fine."

"Here's your money."

She took a big wad of bank notes from her pocket, and handed them over to the captain, who put the money in his pocket, and heartily thanked her.

"Where's the valise?" she asked.

"In my locker. I'll get it."

"Does it weigh much?"

"About a hundred pound."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, and, unfastening the locker, took out a huge valise.

Setting it on the table he said, as he pointed at it:

"Thar it be; full o' fine opium, too."

"I'm badly in need of it, too," said she.

"Why so?"

"Because I have a great many joints to keep supplied and my stock is almost exhausted."

"Can't yer buy it from ther wholsale druggists?"

"Yes; but that makes it very costly. I lost two big consignments lately, owing to the interference of two Secret Service men called the Bradys, who have been constantly piping me off lately."

"Dash 'em! they won't git ther best o' yer this trip."

"I hope not. They are mighty dangerous men."

"Don't worry about 'em. We'll fool 'em, all right."

"No doubt of it now."

"Every trip I'll fetch yer one hundred pounds of opium."

"I wish you would, captain."

"If them lubbers interferes with yer about my craft, I'll have my hull crew git after 'em an' give 'em a good beatin'."

"Nothing would please me better."

"Have a glass of wine?"

"Yes, thank you."

He went after a bottle, and Harry poked his partner.

"What do you think of this?" he whispered.

"Got them with dead evidence."

"We ought to secure that bag, Old King Brady."

"There's only one way to do it."

"How?"

"By permitting them, to carry out their scheme undisturbed."

"If we wish to arrest the captain it will be easy to come back here later on and do so," said Harry. "All our future energy must be concentrated upon getting that opium and getting the nippers on the Queen."

"Now that we understand their plan let us leave the ship and wait for them to work it out."

"Go ahead. But be careful."

They reached the pier like a couple of moving shadows, and planted themselves where they could see and hear everything that went on aboard of the ship.

In ten minutes the door of the captain's cabin went open and as he whistled the watch and the Custom House officer came running aft to see what he wanted.

"Now, boys," they heard him say, "jist see that this lady gets ashore safe. See that she don't stumble down ther gangplank. One of you fetch a lantern. Ah! Mr. Officer, I hope yer don't 'spect——"

"Contraband?" laughed the Custom House officer.

"Yes."

"No, indeed. There isn't anything but opium that one could smuggle ashore of a dutiable nature. The tight-fitting dress of this young lady shows plainly that she has nothing concealed about her person. Miss, pass on."

Fan Toy smiled at him bewitchingly, and bowed.

With laughable solicitude the four sailors and the officer took charge of her and escorted her to the gangway.

The moment their backs were turned, the captain darted into his cabin, got the big valise and hurried up forward with it.

He saw that the others were so deeply engrossed in the girl that they were not likely to notice him.

Rushing up in the bow he glanced down.

The Queen's cab stood close by.

Holding the bag over the bulwarks he let it drop down on a heap of salt hay lying beside the string-piece.

The Queen had gone down to the pier and headed for the street.

Seeing her starting for the bag, the Bradys suddenly darted from their place of concealment to anticipate her.

She saw them.

They seized the bag.

Instantly the truth flashed across her mind.

She made a dash for the cab, and sprang in.

"Go!" she shrieked.

Swish! went the driver's whip and away dashed the horse, just as Old King Brady rushed forward to stop her.

Harry clung to the smuggled opium.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## DRUGGED IN A CAB.

The old detective had not gone ten steps after the cab in which Fan Toy was being driven rapidly away, ere he realized that it would be utterly impossible for him to overtake it afoot.

Staggering under the weight of the valise full of opium, Harry came after him, for the captain of the ship had seen all that had happened and was frantically yelling to his men:

"Go ashore there, boys, and pound those two men. They are trying to injure my lady friend."

He forgot the danger of that remark, for the Custom House officer rushed ashore with them, and Harry shouted at him, excitedly:

"We are the Bradys!"

"The Secret Service men?"

"Yes."

"Hey, boys, stop!" called the officer to the sailors.

"What's up?" queried the mate.

"Those men are detectives."

"Oh! I see."

"Look here!" said Harry to the Custom House officer.

"Well, Mr. Brady?"

"That woman was a smuggler."

"What!"

"See this valise?"

"Yes."

"It's filled with opium."

"Thunder!"

"The woman got it from the captain. Arrest him. Take this valise. We are going after the woman."

"How did she get the stuff ashore?"

"They planned for her to hold your attention and that of the crew at the gangway. While you were so engaged the captain ran up in the bow with this valise and dropped it down in the street near the cab that stood here waiting for the woman."

"A sly game."

"Very."

"Who is this woman?"

"Fan Toy, the Opium Queen of Chinatown."

"I've heard of her."

"This valise belongs to the captain. See—it has his name on the side. It's dead evidence of his complicity."

"I'll arrest him."

"Call on us for evidence to convict him."

"I shall, and I thank you very much."

"Here comes Old King Brady with our cab."

Up to the spot dashed their vehicle, which the old detective had gone for while Harry was talking.

He jumped the boy, leaving the bag of opium in the hands of the Custom House officer.

"After that cab!" Old King Brady shouted to his driver.

"Yes, sir," replied the cabman.

And away galloped his horse in hot pursuit of the fugitive Opium Queen, whose vehicle had gained a big lead.

Up-town dashed pursuer and pursued.

It was a fast and furious race.

Reaching Roosevelt street Fan Toy's cab turned into that dark, dirty thoroughfare, and she sped along toward Park Row at a terrific pace.

Peering out the rear window of her carriage she saw that her pursuers were swiftly gaining.

To reach Chinatown ahead of them was out of the question.

Ahead was a laundry whose owners she was acquainted with.

Expecting aid from them she stopped her carriage, leaped out, and dashed into the laundry.

She barely had time to tell them what she wanted, and to rush into the back room, when the Bradys' carriage paused at the door.

Out sprang the detectives.

Into the store they dashed.

A Chinaman had planted himself on each side of the door and as they entered the Mongolians aimed blows at them with the flatirons with which they had been laundering some clothes.

Old King Brady was struck and knocked down.

His assailant rushed into the rear room.

Here the Queen spoke to him, handed him a sponge and a tiny bottle, and he jumped out the window and disappeared.

She was going to follow him when Harry rushed in and, clapping his hand on her arm, cried:

"Hold on there!"

"Unhand me!" she shrieked.

"Oh, no! You are my prisoner, Fan Toy!"

"For what?"

"Smuggling."

"Nonsense."

"For murder, too."

"You are crazy."

"No, I ain't. We can prove you hired Sam Lee to stab Felix Grant to death in the empty store in Pell street."

"You two detectives have been the curse of my existence lately," said the Queen, bitterly. "You will ruin me financially if you keep on interfering with my private business."

"We expect to end your nefarious business entirely."

"You will find I'll have a bitter revenge."

"Can't do it, Fan. We've got you muzzled now."

"Don't be too sure of that, Brady."

There was a dangerous glitter in her dark eyes as she spoke.

The boy observed it, and thought:

"She's up to some trick."

Just then Old King Brady came in.

Seeing Harry holding Fan Toy he laughed.

"Got her at last, eh?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the boy. "She isn't delighted over it, either."

"Well, that Chinaman got away from the laundry."

"And so did the one who came in here," said Harry.

"Well, I got a pretty hard knock," said the old detective, ruefully, "but the pain is gone and only a bruise is left."

"Let's take the Queen away, and lock her up."

"We'll have to use her cab to do it."

"Why?"

"The cabman was bribed by the Chinaman who escaped me to carry him away at lightning express speed."

"The Queen's cab will do," said he.

A faint smile crossed Fan Toy's face upon hearing this, but she skillfully concealed it, and said, with dignity:

"I'm ready to go."

They led her out to the cab and Harry got in with her.

Old King Brady then said to her driver:

"See here, my good fellow!"

"Well?" growled the driver, in surly tones.

"Do you observe that this lady is our prisoner?"

"I do."

"We are detectives."

"So I supposed."

"We want you to drive us to the nearest police station."

"That's in Elm street, sir."

"Yes. And we don't want any crooked work from you. If you try it on we'll pull you in, too. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir."

"Now go!" said the old detective, getting into the cab.

Gathering up the reins, the man drove off.

Out of a doorway rushed the Chinaman who had received the sponge and vial from the Queen.

He swung himself up on the hind straps of the vehicle without being seen by the detectives, and poured the contents of the bottle upon the sponge.

In the cab Old and Young King Brady sat side by side.

Thrusting the sponge through the open window in the rear of the cab, the Chinaman held it near and between the detectives' heads.

In a few moments the Bradys found themselves inhaling the pungent odor of chloroform.

A drowsy feeling overwhelmed them.

They tried in vain to shake off the feeling.

Too late Old King Brady glanced around and saw the hand holding the sponge thrust through the little window.

Before he could do anything both he and the boy fell over, fast asleep.

The Queen, too, was almost overwhelmed by the drug, but she flung open the door, stopped the cab and leaped out.

"Drive on to the station," said she to the cabman as she rushed off with the Chinaman.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A TREMENDOUS RAID.

Upon reaching the Elm street police station the cabman reined in his horse, and opened the cab door.

Finding the Bradys asleep inside, he ran into the station house and told the captain all that happened as far as he knew about it.

A police surgeon happened to be there.

He had the Bradys carried in, detected what ailed them, and at once began to apply restoratives.

When they revived, they were furious to learn what a deep trick the Opium Queen had played upon them.

"She's the deepest woman on earth!" declared Harry.

"Well, she's beaten us at our own game," his partner answered.

"Now, where could she have gone?"

"Straight back to Chinatown, no doubt."

"I fear she will hide herself now."

"There's one remedy to unearth her, Harry."

"And that is?"

"To make a gigantic raid."

"Pull all of Chinatown? It can't be done."

"No; merely raid all the opium joints."

"That's feasible."

"It's the only way to dig her up."

"I quite agree with you."

"You and I know where most of the joints are."

"That's a fact."

"Well, we can have them raided all in the same night. We may find the Queen in our drag net, when we draw it in."

"If we don't that way, we certainly won't any other way."

They left the police station and went home.

There they remained in quiet seclusion for several days, laying their plans for a big raid.

Various conferences were held with the heads of the police and Secret Service departments, and under the skillful advice of the Bradys, a general raid was carefully planned.

It promised to be the biggest thing of its kind ever attempted in New York.

Even the antagonistic captain in command of the Elizabeth Street Station at that time was drawn into it, against his inclination, to aid the great detectives.

The raid was arranged for a Monday night.

It was thus calculated to pull in a large number of dive-keepers, for they always kept their places open on that particular night for the benefit of out-of-town Chinamen.

When the eventful night arrived all the reserves were called out, and when the hour of ten arrived, every detachment of officers sent out swooped down on an opium joint.

The excitement in and about Chinatown was tremendous. Hundreds of prisoners were captured.

The patrol wagons had to make innumerable trips to and from the stations to get in all the prisoners.

Thousands of people witnessed the raid.

Fights were of common occurrence, but every known opium joint in the downtown section was closed up.

Truck loads of opium den apparatus were sent away, and not a keeper of any of the dens escaped capture.

It was one of the best planned and cleverest executed big raids ever conducted in the city.

As the Bradys telephoned first one station and then another, they failed to learn that Fan Toy was caught.

She had not received any tip, but it just so happened that she was not around when the raid took place.

But she heard of it.

Her horror was intense.

Bankrupt, driven out of business, all her friends gone, and with but very little money left, she was half distracted.

The Bradys had absolutely ruined her.

She was frantic, and thirsted savagely for revenge.

The detectives felt mortified and disappointed when the raid was over, and they discovered that the Queen had escaped them.

"She must have been tipped off," was Old King Brady's conclusion.

"If she wasn't, blind luck must have favored her," Harry answered. "But where would she hide?"

"Somebody must know her haunts."

"Who, for instance?"

"Sam Lee."

"We'll try to pump him."

"Fan Toy must have lost thousands of dollars by our smashing up her opium joints. The hatred it will give her against us will be something dreadful."

"Well, we were determined to drive her out of the business, and it looks to me as if we had done it."

They met Jo Sung in the street.

"You've turned Chinatown upside down," he grinned.

"But the Opium Queen is missing," said Harry.

"Indeed! Where has she gone?"

"We want you to come with us and quiz Sam Lee."

"Very well, Mr. Brady."

"Incidentally, you might ask him a few questions about the murder of old Mr. Grant."

"I shall do so."

They set out for the Tombs, where the Chinaman was confined, and were passed inside.

Sam was locked in a cell.

When Jo and the detectives paused at the door, he came forward and said to the former, in doleful tones in Chinese:

"I can't get any one to bail me out of here."

"Too bad!" said Jo. "Fan Toy has deserted you."

"Has she?"

"Yes. All her joints are raided."

"Was she caught?"

"No; made her escape. Do you know where she would go?"

"Yes!" replied Sam, angrily. "As long as she has left me to my fate, I'll have revenge by giving her away."

"If you don't you're a fool. Where is she?"

"She once told me that if the police raided her, she would take refuge in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. By appearing in such a public place, she contended that she would be less liable to be discovered than she would be if she hid in Chinatown."

"That's quite right."

"You may find her there now."

"We shall look for her there."

"Tell her I gave her away out of spite."

"I shall, Sam."

Jo told the Bradys all that was said.

When he finished, Harry remarked:

"Now, try to find out something about the murder."

Jo nodded assent.

Turning to Sam, he asked the prisoner:

"What did you kill Felix Grant for?"

Sam then answered without the slightest hesitation:

"Fan Toy paid me to do the job."

"For what reason?"

"Will you aid me if I tell you?"

"We will try to."

"I'll tell you, then. Felix Grant lent her a large sum of money to start her in the opium den business, and took her note for it, and a mortgage upon the business. They finally had a quarrel. Grant was going to foreclose the mortgage. She grew desperate at the prospect of losing her fortune, and made an appointment to meet him in the store where he was killed."

"Well?"

"Grant arrived that night. She told him to bring the note and she would pay it, and clear off the mortgage. Instead of having the money ready, she gave me one hundred dollars to run my knife into his body. I did it."

"You and she met Grant in the store, eh?"

"We did. I killed him, and Fan Toy took the note and mortgage away from him and destroyed them. As he had neglected to register the mortgage, no one ever claimed it. She thus got full, undisputed possession of the entire business. As the crime was not witnessed, we were not found out."

"What happened next?"

"I made frequent demands upon her for money, and always forced her to pay me by threatening to tell the police on her if she failed to come to time."

"And she finally revolted?"

"Yes. Refused point blank to pay me any more."

"Then you fell out?"

"Forever. I'm so bitter against her now that I'm giving her away, in hopes that she will share my fate."

"And so she shall, when we catch her," said Jo.

He explained to the Bradys all that Sam had told him, and a few minutes later they left the Tombs, well pleased with the result of their call.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

On the following afternoon the Bradys went up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and began making inquiries there for a lady of Fan Toy's general description.

The clerk told them that there was such a lady there, and upon learning that she was a notorious crook, he let them go up to her room with a porter.

The man knocked, and a voice answered:

"Who's there?"

"Me—the porter, Mike."

"Oh, I see! What do you want?"

"I want to come in to examine that broken window."

The lady unlocked the door, and the Bradys pushed their way in. Before them stood Fan Toy.

She was as pale as a ghost, and trembled with fear when she recognized her unwelcome callers.

The misfortunes she had recently undergone had made her thin and haggard looking.

"The Bradys!" she gasped.

"Yes. We want you, Fan," laughed Harry.

"I'm lost now!" she gasped.

"Yes," replied the boy. "Sam Lee told us all about the note and mortgage Felix Grant held against you, and the Chinese explained how you induced him to stab your backer."

A look of woe settled over the girl's face.

"You are going to charge me with that, I suppose?" she asked, in low, faltering tones.

"Of course. Get ready to come with us."

"Can I dress in the privacy of the next room?"

"Yes. But don't be long about it."

She nodded and passed through a doorway.

Five minutes passed.

Hearing no sound, and fearing treachery, Old King Brady strode over to the open door and peered into the room.

It was a pretty little bed-room.

Fan Toy lay on her back upon the floor before the bureau, with a small vial clutched in her hand, labeled "Poison."

Thinking she had merely fainted, Old King Brady beckoned to Harry, and sprang into the room, crying:

"Her nerves have given out."

"She must have been under a fearful strain for the past few days!" said Harry, following him in.

"Poor thing; she has fainted!"

"See if we can't revive her."

Old King Brady knelt beside the girl's body.

He bent over her, and lifted her head on his knee.

The burnt lips, set features and glassy eyes startled him.

He gave another look, let her down, bounded to his feet, and pointing at the vial in her hand, he cried:

"She is dead!"

"What!" cried Harry.

"Poisoned!"

"A suicide?"

"Yes, and there's the bottle in her hand, from which she drank the fatal dose which has ended her life."

"She must have been insane from desperation."

"No doubt, as she has lost everything."

"I wonder who her parents are?"

"We will never know. She lived a mystery and died a mystery. We might search her effects, but I do not believe she has left anything behind which would give a clew to her identity."

"Let's try it."

They carefully searched the apartments, but found nothing that would tell them who Fan Toy really was.

Leaving the room, they locked the door, told the hotel clerk of the tragedy, and went away to apprise the police.

An undertaker took the body away.

There was a coroner's inquest after that, and then the Chinese of Chinatown got possession of the remains.

They gave the Opium Queen a grand funeral, which was attended by hundreds of her old-time friends.

And that ended her history.

Soon after that the captain of the Mikado, the steward and purser of the Peking, and Ching Foon, with all the Chinamen who were captured smuggling opium, were tried and convicted.

All were sent away.

The keepers of the opium joints and their assistants captured in the big raid, were also sentenced and imprisoned.

Sam Lee was electrocuted.

He was a self-convicted murderer.

The Bradys had done much to end the smuggling of opium, and to purify Chinatown; but it is to be regretted that the pestiferous quarter has gradually gone back to its normal condition of depravity again since then.

So far as that case was concerned, however, the great detectives had finished their work.

New events arose after that which occupied their attention, and drew them into great perils.

Our next story will give a veracious account of their thrilling exploits, so we will bring this tale to its conclusion.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADY'S BOY PUPIL; OR, SIFTING STRANGE EVIDENCE," which will be the next number (153) of "Secret Service."

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