

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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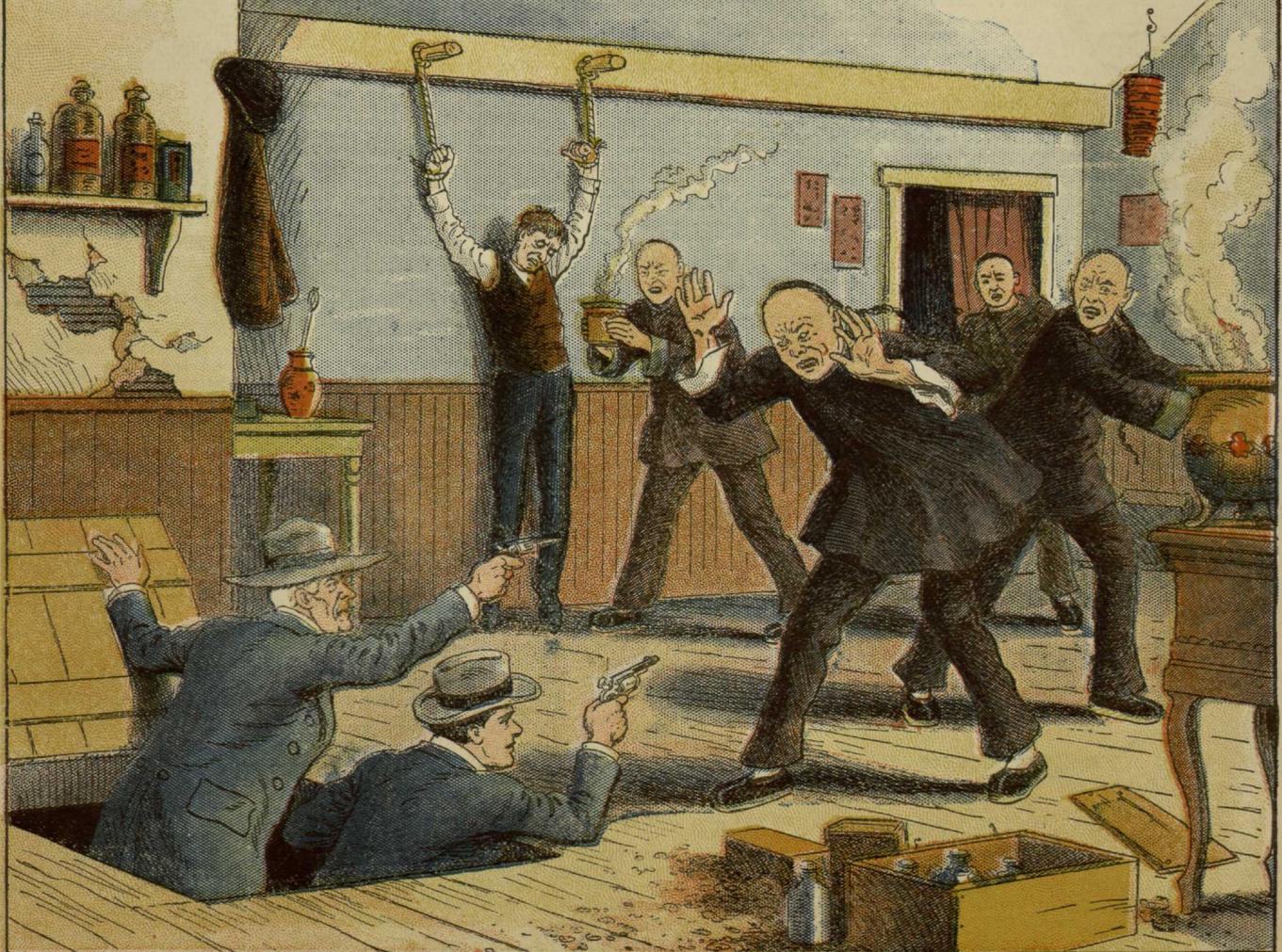
No. 157.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE DRUG SLAVES; STORY.

THE YELLOW DEMONS OF CHINATOWN.
BY A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



The trap door opened and the Bradys emerged. Each aimed a pistol at the chinamen. Yells of alarm escaped the yellow demons. The man hanging on the wall was senseless, perhaps dead. "Hands up!" cried Old King Brady.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1902.

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The Bradys and the Drug Slaves:

OR,

THE YELLOW DEMONS OF CHINATOWN.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE CAB.

A solitary man was standing on the corner of Bowery and Broome street, New York, on a dark March night.

He was of medium size, wore stylish clothing, a silk hat and a short beard, and had the look of a prosperous business man.

Glancing at a valuable gold watch, he observed that it was ten o'clock, and turning his gaze down town he looked for a surface car.

A cab was approaching from the direction of Chinatown, and it now paused at the curb near the lone man, and its passenger alighted.

He proved to be a tall, slender man, in a long raglan and a derby hat. A close-cut mustache was drooping beneath his hooked nose, and a pair of glittering black eyes shone below his bushy eyebrows.

With a stern, set expression upon his hard features, he walked over to the stylish man on the corner, paused before him, peered sharply in his face, gave a slight start, and muttered:

"It is he!"

The man with the beard looked amazed.

"Are you addressing me, sir?" he demanded quickly.

"Yes, I am not mistaken."

"I am sure I don't know you, sir."

"No, I presume you don't," replied the man with the short mustache.

Then he drew a photograph from his pocket, glanced at it, peered at the other man again, nodded, and remarked:

"Yes, you are the person I want."

"There surely must be some error, sir. My name is Tom Smith. I am a stranger in New York, and I don't know anyone here. You therefore can see that you have made a grave mistake."

"Oh, no, I haven't," coolly replied the man with the raglan on.

"May I ask your name?"

"Certainly. I am Inspector Burns?"

"Of the police department?"

"Yes. I see you have heard of me before."

"What do you want of me?"

"You are wanted at headquarters, Mr. Smith."

"For what?"

"You will learn when you get there."

"Am I under arrest?"

"Yes."

"This is very singular."

"You will find it so very soon, Mr. Smith."

The Inspector beckoned to the cabman to approach.

When the carriage reached them and paused, Smith asked the other anxiously:

"Haven't you made a mistake in your man?"

"Not at all. Step into the cab."

A bewildered expression crossed Smith's face.

For a moment he hesitated, and then obeyed.

The Inspector lightly followed him, saying, briefly:

"Carry us to police headquarters, driver."

"Yis, sor," replied the cabman. "Shut ther dure."

The Inspector closed it with a bang, and the cab rolled away.

Sitting side by side, Smith and the Inspector preserved a deep silence for a few moments. Both were deeply thinking.

Finally the Inspector remarked:

"You are, I believe, a dangerous man."

"Am I?" blankly asked the other.

"Yes, indeed. Even now you may have a revolver in your pocket. If you have, hand it over to me."

"I won't do anything of the sort!"

"Foolish fellow! See if this will persuade you."

As the Inspector spoke, he suddenly flashed out a pistol.

The grim muzzle of the weapon was thrust in Smith's face in a most threatening manner, and the Inspector exclaimed harshly:

"Throw up your hands!"

Smith obeyed at once.

He had no desire to get shot.

"Don't fire!" he exclaimed hastily.

The Inspector chuckled.

Using his disengaged hand he searched his prisoner, and brought a fine revolver to view.

This he put into his own pocket.

"You see, I was right," said he. "Now I have pulled your fangs, we will get along better together, my friend."

"Lower that pistol of yours now, will you?"

"I am not through with you yet."

"What more do you want?"

"The contents of all your pockets; I don't trust you."

The prisoner looked startled.

"What for?" he asked. "I have no more weapons."

"Let me see."

As the Inspector said this, he thrust his hands into his prisoner's pockets, one after the other, and extracted the contents.

First he produced a handkerchief.

This he spread out on his lap.

Next he took Mr. Smith's handsome gold watch, and laid it in the handkerchief. Then he withdrew a bunch of keys, a penknife and a match box, which he put with the watch.

There was a big roll of bank notes in the prisoner's trousers pocket on the left-hand side, and some change in his vest pocket. The money was put with the other things.

A small note book was then produced from Smith's breast pocket, and as this completed the sum total of all he had, the Inspector gathered up the ends of the handkerchief and tied them together.

He put the little bundle in his own pocket.

There was a look of satisfaction on his face, and he muttered:

"You may lower your hands, Mr. Smith."

With a sigh of relief the prisoner complied.

"What are you going to do with my money and things?" he asked.

"Keep them for you," was the bland reply. "At headquarters you would be searched, and these things would be

taken. By doing it now I protect myself and save trouble."

"I see."

"You will now be kind enough to remain perfectly quiet," the Inspector went on politely. "If you don't behave, I may be under the painful necessity of blowing your head off."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of fighting you, Inspector."

"You are a sensible fellow."

"Won't you tell me why I am arrested?"

"No, not yet."

Silence then ensued for a few moments between them.

The cab rattled on uptown, and the Inspector peered out the window.

Ahead, on the corner, was a liquor saloon.

Tapping on the glass front of the cab, the Inspector thrust his head out a side window, and shouted to the driver:

"I want to get a drink. Pull up at this saloon."

The cabman obeyed.

Alighting, he opened the door.

The Inspector got out, and giving the driver a stern look, he said:

"I want you to guard my prisoner. If you let him escape while I am gone, I'll pull you in, do you understand?"

"Yis, sor," stammered the surprised cabman.

"Now, be careful of him."

And so saying, the Inspector crossed the sidewalk and entered the saloon. Instead of going up to the bar, however, he glided over to the side door, opened it, and passed out into Canal street.

He was about to hasten away, when a detaining hand fell heavily on his shoulder, and he glanced hastily around.

To his astonishment he confronted the muzzle of a revolver.

And a stifled cry of alarm escaped him when he saw that it was held by his late prisoner, Mr. Smith.

"Hold on there, Inspector," exclaimed the man quietly.

"You are running away, and forgetting your prisoner, sir."

The Inspector clapped his hand to his pocket, but to his alarm he found that not only was his own pistol gone, but also the one he had taken from Smith.

Moreover, the parcel of money and jewelry he had taken from his prisoner was also missing.

He gasped, glared at Smith, and muttered:

"Did you pick my pockets?"

"I did," chuckled Smith, "and I've not only recovered all that belonged to me, but I've everything of yours as well!"

"Thunder!" exclaimed the Inspector, aghast.

"Now," said Mr. Smith coolly, "I want you to march back to the cab, and get in, so I can take you to police headquarters."

"What! You take me?"

"Exactly, you fraud! You are no more of an inspector than I am, and I was merely humoring your crooked game, to see how far you would carry it, before I put you under arrest."

"You arrest me?"

"Exactly. Say, Boston Charley, don't you recognize me?"

And with an amused laugh, Mr. Smith pulled a false beard from his face, and a yell of dismay escaped the other. "Young King Brady!" he groaned.

CHAPTER II.

AMONG THE DRUG SLAVES.

Boston Charley was one of the most expert grafters in New York, and the young Secret Service detective having been disguised, had deluded the crook in the most skillful manner.

It gave the rascal a great shock to discover that he had picked up one of the most celebrated detectives in the city.

Harry Brady was then a fine-looking youth, with a handsome face, an athletic figure, and a keen, fearless disposition.

He had been shadowing some crooks in Chinatown that night with another detective, with whom he was in partnership, when Boston Charley picked him up for an easy victim.

The amazement of the grafter knew no bounds.

For a few moments he was speechless.

When he finally recovered his wits, he saw the young detective laughing at him in an amused way, and heard him say:

"Charley, you thought you had an easy graft in me, didn't you? But you got badly taken in this trip, my boy. I'm surprised that such a notorious crook as you are should be such an easy mark for me as you've proved to be."

"See here, Brady," stammered the dismayed crook, "you ain't going to pinch me, are you?"

"Of course I am," replied the young detective emphatically.

"For trying to do you?"

"No. Something far worse. I and my partner, Old King Brady, have been hunting among all the dope joints in Chinatown the whole evening looking for you, but failed to find you. Luck favored me just as I gave up, however, for you have deliberately thrown yourself right into my hands."

"For what am I wanted?" asked the crook uneasily.

"Murder!" replied Harry.

"What!" yelled the crook, recoiling, and turning pale.

"You heard what I said!"

"It's a lie! A lie! I never killed anybody in my life."

"My partner and I have got some pretty good evidence against you."

"And whom did I murder?"

"A man with whom you were playing poker. He was a worthless gambler, like yourself. He was an opium fiend like yourself. Known in the Chinese quarter as Faro Frank, he led as crooked a life as you did. One night—it was only a week ago—you and he were seen gambling in Ling Fan's opium den in Pell street. An hour later Faro

Frank was found dead in the room, with a pistol bullet in his heart. You had vanished. Faro Frank's body was taken to the morgue. Since then you've been under cover. Old King Brady and I were put on the case, and got the facts from some Chinamen. Then we hunted for you, but failed to find you. You can deny the deed, of course. But, just the same, I am going to arrest you. You'll have to stand trial. If you can then vindicate yourself, all well and good."

The drug slave gazed at Young King Brady in a dazed fashion.

Then a look of injured innocence stole over his face, and he said:

"Brady, I didn't kill that man."

"You'll have to prove your innocence in court."

"But I won't submit to arrest for what I didn't do."

"You'll have to."

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the crook.

He sprang at Harry, and the boy thought he intended to either strike or grapple him, and raised his pistol again.

But Boston Charley had no such intention.

He simply gave the young detective a push.

There was a cellar stairway behind the boy, and ere he fairly realized what happened to him, he went plunging backward down the stone steps.

He struck on his head, in his descent, and the blow stunned him so that he lost his senses.

The crook glared down at his dim figure lying at the bottom of the steps, and with a chuckle of satisfaction he rushed over to the corner and boarded a Third avenue car going down town.

The cab driver saw him.

Harry had partly explained matters to him.

Becoming suspicious, he ran around the corner.

A bootblack met him, and exclaimed excitedly:

"Hully chee! Dit yer see de scrap?"

"Divil a bit," returned the driver.

"A bloke jist chucked a guy down dem cellar steps."

"Did yer see it?"

"Why, soitnly."

"An' was he kilt?"

"I'm blowed if I know."

"Sure, an' I'd better see."

He ran down the steps, lit a match and saw Harry lying huddled in a heap at the bottom of the steps.

The cabman gave a gasp.

"Begor, it's me passenger," he muttered. "Sure I'd better hang onter him till I git me fare, or it's no money I'll have at all."

He carried Harry up into the saloon.

Restoratives were applied, and Young King Brady revived.

He was merely scratched and bruised, and finding his valuables intact, he scrambled to his feet, glanced around, and asked:

"Where's that man?"

"Faith he skipped whin he flung ye in ther cellar," answered the driver.

"Confound him, where did he go?"

"Down town on a Third avenue car."

"Going to Chinatown, I'll bet."

"Say, boss, what's become on yer whiskers?"

"I took them off," replied Harry with a faint smile.

"D'yer moind, I didn't git paid fer that roide."

"Well, you carry me down to Chinatown and I'll pay you."

"It's a gintleman you are entoirely. Come on ter me cab."

They left the saloon together, and Harry gave the driver an address in Pell street to which he wished to be driven.

A few moments later the boy was whirled away.

After a short ride the cab pulled up before a store near Doyer's street, in which all kinds of Chinese curiosities were sold.

In the hall door stood a Mongolian in baggy pants, blue jean blouse, a felt hat, and black sandals.

The young detective alighted.

Telling the driver to wait for him, he strode up to the sentry at the door, and muttered a Chinese word to him.

It was a password to gain admission to the opium joint up stairs, and the doorkeeper nodded, moved aside and Harry entered.

A strip of oilcloth covered the stairs.

The boy ascended, pushed open a door, and entered a big room.

It was carpeted with matting; Chinese banners and red signs hung on the walls, Celestial paper lanterns hung from the ceiling, and couches, divans and lounges were scattered about. Upon them lay a dozen or more drug slaves.

Some were smoking opium pipes, others were cooking gum opium in preparation for smoking, others lay sleeping under the influence of the drug, and some Chinese attendants were flitting about, attending to the wants of their patrons.

Near the door sat Ling Fan at a little wooden counter, writing in a book, and he glanced up at Harry through his spectacles, nodded, and asked:

"Wantee plardner?"

"Yes. Where is Old King Brady?" replied Harry.

"Inee back loom," said Ling, pointing at some red curtains in the rear.

Harry walked through the opium den, casting glances of contempt at the drug slaves on all sides of him, and parted the curtains.

As he did so, a thrilling scene met his view.

In the room were a number of tables, at which some Chinamen had been gambling at their national game of fan-tan.

Old King Brady was in the gambling den.

The tall, gaunt, white-haired old detective was in the midst of a gang of half a dozen Chinamen, who were struggling furiously to throw him down on the floor.

His big, white felt hat had been knocked from his head, the old blue frock coat was torn, the old-fashioned collar and stock were disarranged, and there was an angry look on

his clean-shaven face. One of the Mongolians who got behind him had thrown an arm around his neck, half strangling him, and the others were punching, kicking and pulling him savagely.

Scarcely any noise was made.

Harry observed his partner's peril, and surmising that he had antagonized the Celestials for some reason, the boy dashed into the room with clenched fists.

He fearlessly rushed at the gang.

When near enough he struck out at the yellow fiends with the force of a pile driver.

Every swing caught a Chinaman on the face, and they began to yell, scatter, and some fall.

The man garroting Old King Brady released him, unable to withstand the terrific onslaught of the gallant boy, the Mongolians retreated.

Old King Brady recovered his breath, and recognizing his young partner, he rushed to his aid.

The Chinese received a good trouncing, and they all fled from the room, leaving the detectives masters of the situation.

CHAPTER III.

FATAL EVIDENCE.

"What's the cause of the fight, Old King Brady?" asked Harry.

"I told you I'd wait here till midnight to see if Boston Charley would come in," replied the old detective, as he took a chew of plug tobacco, and picked up his hat. "As the crook is a gambler, as well as a drug slave, I expected he might drop in. And my judgment did not play me false."

"Then Boston Charley did come in, eh?"

"A few moments ago."

"Just as I, too, expected."

"Well, I tackled him, of course. But he called on the Chinese to help him, and they all pitched into me, and that gave him a chance to escape. Your arrival ended the fight."

"Glad I called."

"What brought you back, Harry?"

"I was chasing Boston Charley."

"Indeed. How was that?"

The boy explained matters.

Old King Brady laughed heartily at the manner in which the crook had been fooled into trying to fleece Harry.

"Quite a joke," he commented, as he rearranged his collar and buttoned his coat up to the chin.

"Any use in looking any further for the crook?"

"Not to-night. He's safely hidden by this time. And he will keep under cover for awhile, too, no doubt, now that he knows we suspect him of the murder, and are on his trail for the deed. Let's get out of this place."

"It's queer that those drug fiends can't keep away from these places," commented Harry, as they passed from the room, and went down to the street.

"So much the better for us," replied Old King Brady.

"Boston Charley will be sure to be found in this quarter, in that case."

"This is the only place to look for him," replied Harry. "And we must try to arrest him. All the Chinks seem to be very friendly toward him for some mysterious reason. But they can't keep us from nabbing him in the end."

They boarded a car going uptown.

Alighting at Fourteenth street, the detectives walked to Irving place, where they had lodgings, and passed into the house.

When alone in their rooms Old King Brady said:

"You said you picked Boston Charley's pockets in the cab and recovered not only your own effects, but also those of the crook."

"So I did."

"Of what does the swag consist?"

"I'll show you," laughed the boy.

He drew from his pocket the crook's revolver and laid it on the table.

Next he placed a pocketbook, a letter and a gold watch beside it.

"There you are," said the boy.

A curious smile flitted over Old King Brady's face.

He picked up the watch and examined it intently.

It had a heavy gold hunting case, on the shield of which was engraved the initials "F. G. C.," in script letters.

"Frank G. Caswell," said Old King Brady.

"That's Faro Frank's real name, isn't it?" queried Harry.

"Yes. This is his missing watch."

"I see."

"Boston Charley must have taken it when he killed the man."

"No doubt, as we found the gambler's timepiece missing."

"We'll keep this. It's good evidence against Charley."

Old King Brady then picked up the letter.

It was in a lady's handwriting, addressed to Charles Horton, in care of the Morton House.

The detective drew out the letter and read aloud.

It was couched in the following terms:

"Dear Sir: Having learned from Mr. Frank Caswell that you are a common gambler and an ex-convict, I laid the information before my father. He had your character investigated by a private detective, and found the charge to be true. As I decline to marry a man of your stamp, I hereby return the engagement ring you gave me, and declare our relations at an end. You will do me a favor to call no more, for you have only my most supreme contempt and abhorrence for deceiving me so grossly. Yours truly,

"GRACE RODNEY.

"To Mr. Charles Horton."

Old King Brady gave Harry a significant glance.

"Here's a tell-tale letter!" he exclaimed.

"What importance do you attach to it?" queried the boy.

"It's the motive which prompted Boston Charley to kill his friend."

"Then you think Faro Frank and Boston Charley were in love with the same girl, and that Frank got the girl to re-

ject Charley by telling her that her intended husband was a crook?"

"Just so. No doubt Charley's rage and jealousy were aroused. He probably swore vengeance on his false friend, and inveigled him into a game of cards, so he could shoot him."

"Old King Brady, this letter is important to us."

"Certainly it is. We must see this Grace Rodney."

"How are we going to find her?"

"By the aid of a city directory, as her father is living."

"She may shed more light on the circumstances."

"I hope she can."

"Well, there was more than a mere fight over a game of cards actuating Boston Charley when he killed his friend."

"It was lucky you got these things from the crook, Harry," declared the old detective.

"I can appreciate that fact now."

The old detective picked up the pocketbook.

It contained ten brand new five-dollar bills, and Old King Brady took them out and sharply examined them.

Then he burst out laughing, flung them on the table, and said:

"Just look at those counterfeits!"

"What! Counterfeits, did you say?" cried Harry eagerly.

"Yes. The money is drawn on the Tamaqua Bank."

"Why, those are the very goods we are looking for."

"Yes. The city has recently been flooded with them."

"How came Boston Charley to have so many in his possession?"

"There's only two explanations to that question."

"And you think?"

"That the crook is either shoving the queer for a gang he belongs to, or else he bought the stuff at a big discount."

"By Jove! This money may give us a clew to the gang," cried Harry. "It's a well-known fact that these counterfeits are being circulated largely in Chinatown. It's my opinion that Boston Charley gambles with the Chinese, and uses counterfeit money for his stakes. It's a good way for him to get rid of a large quantity of the money at a time without exciting suspicion against himself."

"We will now be obliged to watch him to find out if he is in league with the makers of these bills."

"That will be an easy job."

The old detective next took up the revolver his partner had taken from the crook, and looked at it closely.

For the first time Old King Brady became excited.

Turning to Harry, he demanded:

"Do you recollect the result of the autopsy on the body of Faro Frank after he died of that pistol wound?"

"Of course I do."

"What was the most striking feature?"

"The bullet they found in his heart."

"Exactly. Exactly."

"What about it?"

"You remember the bullet was capped with brass?"

"I do. And such bullets in revolvers are rare!"

Old King Brady held up Boston Charley's pistol. Pointing at the revolving chambers, he exclaimed:

"Look at these cartridge bullets."

Harry complied.

A startled exclamation escaped his lips.

"The bullets are brass capped!" he exclaimed.

"Precisely."

"Then this is the weapon that killed Faro Frank."

"Can you doubt it, Harry?"

"There's no question about it."

"We've got evidence enough now to convict Boston Charley."

"Most assuredly."

"Formerly we had nothing to work upon, except the word of the Chinese gambling house habitues to convict our man. Now, however, we have good, substantial proof to back up our charge against the man."

They discussed the matter at some length further, and retired.

On the following day the detectives consulted a directory, and, locating the residence of a Peter Rodney, woolen merchant, on Lexington avenue, they went up to his house to ascertain if he had a daughter named Grace.

It proved to be a palatial brown stone mansion, and the detectives ascended the box stoop and rang the bell. A butler answered the summons.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIRL IN THE CASE.

"Is Miss Grace Rodney in?" demanded Harry.

The butler gave him a stony stare, and answered stiffly:

"She is."

Harry nudged his partner.

"Can we see her?" he asked.

"Your card, please."

The boy handed him a pasteboard.

"Anything special?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Very important business."

"Step in, sir."

They passed into the hall, and took off their hats.

"Don't delay us," exclaimed Harry sharply.

"No, sir. I'll see her at once, sir."

He opened the door of a small reception room, and pointed in.

The detectives passed through and sat down.

A few minutes after the butler was gone they heard the light patter of foot steps and the rustle of a silk dress.

Glancing around, they beheld a young girl standing on the threshold, staring at them with a perplexed expression. She was a beautiful creature, of twenty, clad in a pale blue tea gown, trimmed with fine lace.

The girl had a handsome, dark-complexioned face, and her jet black hair was becomingly arranged upon her head.

"Gentlemen, do you wish to see me?" she asked.

"Are you Grace Rodney?" asked Harry politely.

"That is my name. What can I do for you?"

"We are detectives."

"So your card stated."

"And we require some information from you."

"What about?"

"Charles Horton and Frank Caswell. Do you know them?"

The girl gave a slight start, changed color, and gasped:

"Oh, that unfortunate affair! Yes, I'm acquainted with them."

"Were you engaged to be married to Charles Horton?"

"Unfortunately I was. But I have broken the——"

"We know about that," interposed Harry. "It led to a murder."

"A murder?" cried the girl in startled tones.

"Yes. But, come in, and sit down."

The girl complied, betraying signs of great mental distress.

An awkward silence ensued for a few moments, and then she asked:

"Who was murdered?"

"Frank Caswell."

"Who killed him?"

"Charles Horton."

"Good gracious! What for?"

"Out of jealousy of you."

"Oh, my! Can it be possible?"

"You can see the importance of giving us information, can't you?"

"What do you wish to know, Mr. Brady?"

"Were both of those men in love with you?"

"I believe so."

"Did you care for them?"

"I fancied I loved Mr. Horton."

"Naturally, or you would not have engaged yourself to marry him?"

"But I found out that he was a villain, and broke off the engagement."

"We are aware of that, as we have the letter you wrote him in which you severed your relations with him. Now, how came you to get acquainted with those two men?"

"I was introduced to them last year at Saratoga. They were stopping at the same hotel at which my father and I were putting up. They seemed to be intimate friends, and had the reputation of being stock brokers."

"Instead, they were both common gamblers."

"This is horrible!"

"Go on with your story, Miss Rodney."

"Well, Mr. Horton paid me a great deal of attention, and I consented to marry him. A short time ago Mr. Caswell came to me, and told me that he, too, loved me. He declared that his chum was a depraved wretch, and gave me proof of it. I turned the whole matter over to my father. He investigated the man, and learned that Mr. Caswell told the truth."

"Then you wrote Horton that letter, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Horton make any attempt to see you?"

"None whatever."

"Did he write to you?"

"No. Not a line."

"Well, he must have found out that his friend was a traitor, for he recently shot and killed him."

The girl shuddered.

She was very nervous.

After a moment's reflection, she said:

"I've had a narrow escape, Mr. Brady."

"You have, indeed."

"Is Mr. Horton apt to trouble me?"

"We believe not, as we are on his trail to arrest him."

"I hope you will succeed soon."

"Is your father a wealthy man?"

"Yes, he is."

"Then, that was the bait for Horton."

"You think he designed to marry me for money?"

"Well," said Harry, with a smile, "I won't say he did not fall in love with you for yourself, Miss Rodney. But I do know that the fact of your father being a rich man acted as a strong incentive for that villain to get you. And it surprises me that he relinquished you so passively. In fact, my suspicions are aroused by his docility in the matter."

"What do you suspect?"

"That he means to make a strong play for you yet, if we fail to land him in jail. I believe the only reason he has been keeping quiet is because he wanted to keep under cover until the excitement attending the murder blows over."

"Do you think there is the slightest probability of his coming back to annoy me?" asked the girl in alarmed tones.

"It's doubtful."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he already knows that we suspect him of being the murderer of his friend. He fears arrest, and, therefore, would not be likely to show himself here, of all places."

"That's so," assented the girl.

"Should he ever show himself, or make any advances whatever, you would confer a favor upon us by calling up Secret Service headquarters on the telephone, and notify us of the fact."

"I shall be glad to do so, Mr. Brady."

The detectives spoke to her a short time longer, and then departed.

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

"To see the Chief," replied Old King Brady.

They proceeded down town to the Federal building.

The Chief of the New York division of the Secret Service was in his office when they entered, and greeted them cordially.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, as he shook hands with his favorites, "what news do you bring to-day?"

"We've been working on the Chinatown murder case," Old King Brady answered, "and we've discovered the murderer."

"Beyond a doubt?"

"Oh, yes."

"Who is he?"

"Boston Charley."

"I know him. Have you got evidence?"

"The very best kind."

And Old King Brady explained what they had discovered. It brought a grave, thoughtful expression to the Chief's face, and after a few moments of reflection, he said:

"It must be a fact that Boston Charley shot and killed his pal out of revenge. I hope you'll nab him. You've got a pretty clear case against him, anyhow. Run him down."

"We intend to do so."

"Now, in regard to those counterfeit bills you found in his pocketbook. It shows conclusively that he is implicated some way with the parties who make that spurious money."

"As Boston Charley never traveled with anybody but Faro Frank," said Old King Brady, "it may be hard to find out exactly where he got those bills. But we are convinced that the plant for making them is located in Chinatown."

"They are dangerous counterfeits," said the Chief, "and it makes me uneasy to have them in circulation. You must find the plant at any risk."

Just then the doorkeeper came in.

"There's a Chinaman named Ling Fan outside," said he, "and he has something important to tell the Bradys."

"Send him in," replied the Chief.

The doorkeeper nodded, and withdrew.

A few moments later the keeper of the Pell street opium joint came in, and seeing the Bradys, he exclaimed:

"You wantee Boston Charley, come with me, Missa Brady."

CHAPTER V.

LED INTO A TRAP.

The Chief and the Bradys gazed at Ling Fan in astonishment, for Charles Horton had been a friend of the Chinaman a long time, and they never expected to see him turn on the crook in this fashion.

He was known to be one of the worst Mongolians in Chinatown, but seemed to have some "pull" that kept him from arrest.

There was a bland, innocent smile upon his yellow, wrinkled face, and his almond-shaped eyes snapped behind his big spectacles as he viewed the looks of surprise on his listeners' faces.

Finally Old King Brady recovered his wits and asked him:

"What's the matter between you and Boston Charley?"

"Habee flight," replied Ling Fan.

"You had a fight, eh?"

"Yep. Allee sam, no goodee fliend now."

"Then you know we are after him?"

"Charley he tellee me dat, Blady."

"And you plan to give him away to us?"

"So be."

"Where is he?"

"Mott stleet house."

"Any joint we know about?"

"Noblody knowee him place me spleak."

"Private den, eh? Well, there are plenty such places."

"Go now?"

"Yes, we may as well."

They gave the Chief a meaning glance, and followed the little, old Chinaman out of the office.

Proceeding to Chatham square, they made their way into Mott street, and went up the west side, toward the Joss house. Most of the buildings in this neighborhood were occupied by Chinese of various kinds, some of whom kept the stores.

Ling Fan was a well-known man, apparently, for as he paraded the Bradys through the street they met many of his countrymen, who nodded and shook hands with themselves.

This is the Chinese method of greeting.

About in the middle of the block Ling Fan paused.

"You glotee gun?" he asked carelessly.

"No," replied Old King Brady, nudging Harry.

"Dat good," said the Celestial, scarcely repressing a smile.

"Do you think we'll need one?"

"No—no."

"Where's the house?"

"Light here."

"Is Boston Charley inside now?"

"Pletty sure, allee samee."

"We are ready to go in."

Ling nodded, and passed into the hallway.

The suspicions of the detectives were aroused, and they hurried after him, and noted that there was no sentry at the door. At all the entrances of crooked joints in Chinatown there are men posted night and day, as lookouts for police. The absence of such a watcher here struck the detectives as being rather peculiar, and set them to wondering.

Through a dark hallway, and up a creaking flight of stairs they passed, and then through a long passage to the rear.

Although the detectives did not know then, they had gone toward a rear house, and Ling Fan pointed at a door and said:

"In dere. Me lun away now."

"Afraid of getting licked?" laughed Harry.

"Me flaid he kill Ling Fan."

Old King Brady seized him by the neck, and the Mongol gave a shrill cry of alarm and asked:

"Whatee do?"

"I'm going to hang on to you," grimly answered the old detective. "We distrust you, Ling, because we know you are the cleverest scoundrel in this district."

"Ow!" groaned the joint keeper, struggling furiously to get away. "Ling Fan gloodee man."

"You're a fraud. You'll have to enter that room with us."

"Me belly sick," gasped the heathen dolefully. "Ling go home."

"Not much. Come along!"

And Old King Brady exerted his great strength, and dragged the kicking and struggling man along the hall.

When they reached the rear door Harry said:

"Keep your gun handy."

"I've got it now."

Ling's eyes bulged, and he panted:

"You say me you notee got a gun."

"We were only coddling you," replied Harry.

"Push open the door," said the old detective.

Harry found it unlocked, and swung it open.

A densely dark room was revealed.

Suddenly catching view of some shadowy figures moving about in the darkness, the Bradys gave Ling a push that sent him flying into the room.

Instantly they saw the dim figures close in on the luckless Chinaman, and heard the sounds of blows.

"It's a trap he was leading us into," muttered Harry.

"The audacious villain, to come to headquarters and get us, to lead us to our doom!" gasped Old King Brady.

"By Jove, they are beating Ling to death. They must mistake him for us. I'll close the door!"

"Yes. Keep him in. It serves him right."

Bang went the door shut.

Just then a faint, stealthy sound behind them reached their ears, and Harry grasped his partner's arm.

"Hark! What's that?" he whispered.

"Footsteps sneaking toward us," replied Old King Brady, listening intently. "Look out now. It's more treachery."

"I'll bet Ling was signalling to some of his pals to follow us in as we came along the street, and he kept shaking hands with himself."

"It wouldn't surprise me," replied the old detective.

"Back up against the wall."

Harry complied, but to his surprise a door swung open behind him in the wall, and nearly threw him down a flight of stairs. The young detective recovered his balance by an effort, and grasping Old King Brady's arm he whispered quickly:

"Here's a door and stairs. Come, quick!"

They glided from the passage.

And they were just in time.

Past them flitted several shadowy figures.

Softly closing the door they listened.

Voices outside warned them that some of the men had passed outside the door, and the words they uttered told the listening detectives that they were Chinese.

"Can't go out that way," muttered Harry.

"Go down these stairs and see where it leads us to."

They descended and reached the bottom.

Harry lit a match.

Seeing a door, he opened it, and daylight streamed in on them from a court yard between the front and rear houses. Above was a wooden structure, extending between the two buildings over which they had gone.

There was a shanty at the rear of the yard, two stories high. Old King Brady pointed at it, and said:

"It's up in the second story of that house he was luring us."

"What's on the ground floor?"

"Looks deserted, Harry."

"I'd like to get in there, and find out what's going on up stairs."

"No trouble about that. Come ahead in. The door's open."

Darting across the yard, they reached the door leading into the little rookery, and finding it standing ajar, they pushed it open. Into the gloomy hall they glided, closing the door after them.

Old King Brady had a dark lantern, and lit the lamp.

Flashing the rays around, he saw that they were in a vacant, carpetless room, which occupied all of the ground floor.

"No staircase leading to the room above," said Harry.

They heard the footsteps of the Chinese above moving about the floor, and heard them speaking in their native tongue.

Old King Brady observed a trap door in the ceiling.

Pointing at it, he exclaimed:

"If we could reach that we might see what they are doing."

"That's easy. I saw a ladder in the yard."

"Fetch it in, and we'll get up to the trap."

They went out, and brought in the ladder.

It was just long enough for them to reach the trap, and as they placed it in position, they heard a voice crying:

"For heaven's sake let me down. I can't stand this much longer. You are killing me by inches."

Harsh, guttural laughs of derision came from the Chinese, and Old King Brady whispered to Harry:

"They've got a white man a captive up there."

"Go up the ladder till we see what this means."

The old detective complied, and raised the trap a little.

Harry joined him, and they peered through the opening.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAN ON THE WALL.

A large, square room was revealed to the Bradys, and it was then occupied by four Chinamen, with long queues.

A white man was hung on one of the walls by ropes tied to his wrists, the other ends attached to two pegs near the ceiling.

On the walls were Chinese signs and a dim glow was diffused from some paper lanterns hanging from the ceiling.

Upon a shelf over the cracked and broken wall were some bottles, besides a hat and coat on a peg, and there was a table near the coat, upon which was a beautiful china jar.

On the other side of the room was a stand, upon which stood a big brass vase, out of which some smoke was pouring.

The door at the rear, through which the Bradys propelled Ling Fan, was covered by a silk-embroidered portiere.

Upon the floor were some boxes and bottles, and at the head of the room stood a hand press, a table upon which stood some dies, paper and printing ink, and close by a stove was glowing.

One of the Chinamen was crossing the room bearing a steaming bowl, from which a cloud of smoke was rising.

Harry now observed that one of the Chinamen was Ling Fan, although the man had taken off his spectacles.

After one glance the detectives lowered the trap.

"So that's where Ling inveigles us, eh?" asked Harry.

"Queer-looking place," growled Old King Brady.

"What in thunder are they doing?"

"Counterfeiting."

"They've got a queer way of doing it."

"That's natural with them."

"Did you see their prisoner?"

"Plainly."

"We must rescue him."

"If we don't, he's doomed."

"Who can he be?" asked Harry curiously.

"I don't recognize him at all."

They reflected a few moments, then an idea flashed across Harry's mind, and he exclaimed:

"I've got it."

"What they are doing?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes. They're making counterfeit money."

"Very likely. It looked so to me."

"See here," said Harry, "can it be possible they are making the Tamaqua Bank fives we are hunting for?"

"It wouldn't surprise me if they were."

"We can find out when we attack them."

"What became of the gang who beat Ling Fan?"

"Most must have gone away," said Old King Brady.

"Then we have only these four to contend with."

"Just so. The sooner it's over with, the better."

The detectives were now determined to raid the place.

Getting their revolvers in readiness, they set to work.

The trap door opened and the Bradys emerged.

Each aimed a pistol at the Chinamen.

Yells of alarm escaped the yellow demons.

The man hanging on the wall was senseless—perhaps dead.

"Hands up!" cried Old King Brady.

Ling Fan was close to the trap, bending over looking at it, when it was pushed open.

He now recoiled, with his hands up.

All the Chinamen were startled.

Just as the Bradys appeared the Mongolians recovered from their panic, and flung aside their work.

Cries of fear rent the air.

But the Bradys came up into the room.

They made a rush for the Chinamen, and the Chinamen made a rush for the door. Then Harry yelled at them:

"I'll shoot the first man who stirs another step!"

No one paid any heed to his threat.

Bang! went the boy's revolver.

Down went a screaming Mongolian.

"Will you stop!" shouted the boy.

Still they ran.

Bang! went the pistol again.

And over toppled a second Mongolian.

Ling Fan and his companion, Ah Soon, fell flat on the floor.

"No shootee! No shootee!" screeched the opium joint keeper. Old King Brady now recognized all his companions as some of the yellow demons who attacked him in Ling's place, in order to give Boston Charley a chance to escape.

"Secure them, Old King Brady," panted Harry.

He had a pair of handcuffs, and dragging the two wounded men close together, he fastened the pair with the bracelets.

While he was so employed Old King Brady growled:

"Ling, we've got a grudge against you. But we'll wipe out the score now by putting you in prison. Without exception, you are the cheekiest Chink I ever met. It was the height of impudence for you to call at headquarters to lure us into this den. I see you got some of what was coming to us. Your clothes are torn, and your eyes are blackened. Who sent you after us?"

"Me no sarvy," groaned Ling dismally.

"Oh, yes, you do. As soon as you Chinese hear something of a disagreeable nature, you pretend that you can't understand English. But it don't go down with we old men."

As Old King Brady spoke, he pounced on Ah Soon, who was trying to creep away toward the door.

Like a flash, when Old King Brady's attention was distracted, Ling Fan sprang to his feet and rushed for the trap.

Glancing around, Old King Brady saw him.

"Stop!" he yelled, levelling his pistol at the flying Chinaman.

But the fugitive paid no heed to the command.

With one leap he went through the trap, and striking against the ladder, he knocked it down with a violent crash.

Ah Soon was ready to bolt in the other direction, but Old King Brady baffled this plan by seizing him.

"I may lose one, but I won't lose you both!" he cried, as he snapped a pair of steel fetters on the man's wrists, and dashed his hopes of escaping.

By this time Harry had his prisoners secured.

"I hope he broke his neck!" the boy muttered as he rushed over to the open trap, and peered down.

He could not see anything in the gloom.

"Old King Brady, bring your lantern here," said he.

The old detective obeyed him.

As the light was flashed down through the opening they saw the ladder lying flat on the floor, but Ling was gone.

"Escaped after all," regretfully said Harry.

"We can't get out the way we came in," said Old King Brady gravely. "We'll have to drag our prisoners out the main entrance. If Ling warns his pals they'll give us a pretty warm reception when we reach the street."

"Let's see the man on the wall," said Harry.

He hurried over to the man, and saw at a glance that he had lost his senses completely.

The boy cut him down.

He fell in a limp heap on the floor.

Young King Brady examined him closely.

He was a respectable looking young man, his clothing was of good texture, and he looked as if he had fainted from the effect of the brutal torture to which he had been subjected.

"Alive, but unconscious," he commented.

"Injured?" queried the old detective.

"Not a bit."

"See if you can't revive him."

Harry set to work, and while he was so employed Old King Brady made a careful examination of everything in the room.

He found a first-class counterfeiting plant.

It had been in full blast when they entered.

The Chinamen had been skillfully printing some of the most dangerous counterfeits ever floated in New York.

"The Mongolians didn't do all this themselves," muttered Old King Brady. "They must have had the aid of a white man."

He picked up a wad of new, crisp bills.

"Tamaquas," he commented; then he added softly:

"It must have been from this establishment that Boston Charley got the five-dollar bills we found in his pocket-book. As they fought so hard, and ran such great risks to aid Charley Horton, I'm strongly under the impression that the white crook is interested in this gang."

"Very likely," assented Harry, "and it is from this establishment that all the counterfeits came with which Chinatown is flooded."

At this point the stranger began to revive.

He finally sat up, rubbed his arms, stared at the Bradys in amazement, and asked hoarsely:

"What has happened here?"

Harry explained matters.

When he finished, he asked the young man:

"Why were you hung up on the wall by the wrists?"

CHAPTER VII.

A WITNESS TO THE MURDER.

The young man glanced sharply at the Bradys a moment, and before he answered Young King Brady's question, he asked:

"Who are you, gents?"

"Secret Service detectives," Harry replied. "We are the Bradys."

"Good gracious! Is that a fact?"

"Yes. What is there so surprising in it?"

"Why—I've heard of you before, as I've been among the crooks a good deal lately."

"Are you a grafter?"

"No. I'm straight goods, all right."

"What's your name?"

"Arthur McKee. I'm a country jay."

"Indeed."

"Yes. I'm from Maine."

"How did you land here?"

"The same as all gawks do who come to this city to see the sights. A little over a week ago, while doing the town, I fell in with a couple of first-class crooks, who did me out of every dollar I had in a poker deal."

"Who were they?"

"One was Frank Caswell——"

"He was murdered."

"I know it. The other was Charley Horton."

"They were pals."

"So I found out, to my sorrow."

"How so?"

"They brought me to a fan tan joint in back of Ling Fan's opium joint in Pell street, and mixed me up in a game of poker for a dollar a corner. I had not been playing long before I saw that there was a perfect understanding between the pair."

"Both played against you, eh?"

"Played into each other's hands, and made a monkey of me."

"Naturally."

"They were cracker jacks at the game, too, for they soon cleaned me out, and then began to fight each other."

"What about?"

"Some girl named Grace Rodney."

"Did you witness the fuss?"

"Of course I did. That's why I'm here."

"What happened between the pair?"

"Horton accused his pal bitterly of having put up an underhand job to poison Miss Rodney's mind against him. Caswell did not deny it, and the fight came to a quick finish. Horton's temper was up. He pulled out a gun and shot his friend dead."

"Did you witness the deed?"

"Of course I did."

"By Jove, I'm glad to hear that."

"Why?"

"Because we need you as a witness."

"Oh, I'd be glad to go against him."

"Proceed with your story."

"After Horton shot his pal, he robbed him of his watch and money, and some Chinks ran in from the opium den in the front room."

"Didn't anyone try to hold the murderer?"

"Yes, I did. But Horton aimed his gun at my head, and held me up, saying something to his Chinese friends, several of them closed in on me. I was hit on the head with a club and knocked senseless. When I came to I was in here."

"A prisoner?"

"Yes. And hung on the wall."

"Abominable! Who did such an atrocious thing?"

"Most likely the Chinese. It's a counterfeiting den."

"You saw them at work every day?"

"Oh, yes."

"Who runs it?"

"Ling Fan and some Chinese."

"Is he the boss?"

"He and Horton own the plant."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Horton was here most every night."

"How did they act toward you?"

"Simply kept me hung up on the wall."

"They fed you?"

"Regularly."

"Why were you kept there?"

"So I couldn't escape and tell the police what I saw Horton do."

"It certainly was a safe way to hold you."

"Granted, Mr. Brady, but my suffering became so great that I fainted several times, and they had to cut me down occasionally to give me a rest. The blood ran from my arms, and they became numb. Awful pains racked the joints, and it seemed at times as if I would go mad."

"Why didn't you yell for help?"

"I did. But no one heard me in this isolated place, and the yellow demons who had charge gave me the most unmerciful beatings. It was horrible. I finally became afraid to shout. If you hadn't come in here I might have perished in this den."

Harry handed him a revolver.

"Take this to defend yourself," said he. "We have got to fight our way out of this place. When we attempt to leave we will find our escape blocked by more of those yellow demons, without a doubt."

"They'll never take me alive," said McKee in grim tones.

Old King Brady had been quietly listening.

"I'm going to remain here."

"What for?" asked Harry in surprise.

"To guard the place while you and McKee go and get the police. I'm not going to give those crooks a chance to come back during our absence and carry away the contents of this plant. If I did our raid would be simply useless."

Harry nodded, and exclaimed:

"You are right about that."

Pointing at the three Chinese prisoners Old King Brady said:

"With those chaps at my mercy I'll be safe enough in here until you come back with help."

"Come along at once, McKee. The sooner we put an end to this fix, the better," said Harry.

Gripping their pistols in their hands they went out the door into the gloomy passage.

Just as they expected, there were Chinamen there, and they heard the Mongolians whispering.

"Fire right at them!" said Harry resolutely.

He knew that firm measures were strictly necessary if they wished to escape with their lives.

Up went their pistols, and two sharp reports pealed out, which were followed by wild yells.

There came the sounds of flying footsteps, and the young detective and his companion rushed after them.

"Fire again!" panted the boy.

Bang! Bang! went two more shots.

The yells ahead were terrific.

Down the stairs went the Chinamen, and Harry and McKee reached the street in safety, only to observe a new danger.

Hundreds of Chinamen thronged the sidewalks.

Most of them were members of the Hatchet Society, and the Highbinders organization, the great secret orders of Chinatown.

When Ling Fan made his escape from the counterfeiters' den he went to get his friends to help him to fight the Bradys.

They came from all directions.

Facing this multitude Harry and his companion saw that they might shoot several of them, but ere they could reload their weapons the rest would tear them to pieces.

"Don't venture out of the doorway!" panted the boy.

"I'm afraid to," confessed McKee.

"They'd simply crush us."

"What are we to do, Mr. Brady?"

"I'll show you."

Harry glanced at the sea of scowling yellow faces before them, and caught a glimpse of many a weapon only half concealed up the flowing sleeves of their blouses.

The boy had a police whistle.

He drew it from his pocket and blew it.

The gang began to sway toward them, and Harry said:

"Fire several shots to drive them back. Between the pistol shots and the blasts on this whistle we should very soon have some policemen coming this way."

"We can shut and lock this door when they make a rush for us," replied McKee. "I'm ready. Fire!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOTT STREET RIOT.

"Here they come! Here they come! Retreat into the hall!" cried Harry, as the shots were discharged into the Chinese mob.

McKee saw the multitude rushing for the door.

They retreated into the hall.

Banging the door shut, they locked and leaned against it.

A moment later there came a terrific shock, as the gang in the street launched themselves against the door.

It creaked, strained, and almost went down.

Again and again it was assaulted.

But it resisted them stoutly.

Then a shower of missiles was hurled against it, and they rattled like a volley of artillery.

A deep roar, and a chorus of yells went up from the excited and angry Mongolians in the street.

"They are getting wild," panted Harry.

There came a short interval of silence.

But when it was broken a blow struck the door that smashed the hinges.

It was repeated, and the panel was smashed in.

Through the opening Harry now saw that his enemies were armed with a plank, which they were using as a battering ram to break down the door.

"They'll get in now!" gasped McKee in alarm.

"Let them," replied Harry recklessly. "I'm ready for them."

Just then a shout arose in the street.

The clatter of flying footsteps was heard.

Crash! went the door down.

Harry and his companion barely had time to leap back to escape being hit by the door as it fell in.

A big crowd of the yellow demons appeared in the opening, their faces convulsed with fury.

"McKee, don't give them a chance to get in here," said Harry.

"They won't be able to withstand this," answered the young man, and he aimed and fired at the gang.

Harry's pistol began to bark at the same instant.

When several of the Chinamen were hit, their frantic struggles to retreat drove the rest back, and the doorway was quickly cleared of the rabble.

In the street a scene of intense excitement was going on.

Harry and McKee ran to the door and peered out.

The cause of all the commotion was then seen.

Half a dozen policemen, alarmed by the shots, whistle and yells, had come rushing into Mott street with drawn clubs, and charged on the gang.

The army of Chinese were beaten back.

Many a shaven skull was thumped, wild howls of pain arose, and they scrambled to get away.

"Just what I expected," cried Harry joyfully.

"They'll aid us, won't they?" eagerly asked McKee.

"We must attract the policemen's attention to us."

"Give them another blast on your whistle."

Harry nodded, and complied with his request.

As the shrill, rattling sound pealed out above the yell of the Chinamen, the policemen saw them, and began to fight their way toward the young detective.

"What's the matter there?" roared one of the policemen.

"They were trying to murder us," answered Harry.

"For what, I'd like to know?"

"We are raiding a counterfeiting plant."

"Oh! Fire your gun at them to aid us."

A volley was fired, and the rush made by those in the rear ranks of the Chinese broke a jam further up the street, and sent the whole crowd plunging ahead rapidly.

The policemen now reached Harry and his companion.

"Ring up the reserves at your station," said Harry to one of them.

"Where's the counterfeiting plant?"

"In this house."

"Guarded."

"By Old King Brady."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"That won't do."

"Can the other policemen check the crowd?"

"I think so."

"Then I'll go and turn in the alarm."

The officer hurried away.

He soon returned with another policeman.

The crowd was kept in check with great difficulty, for some of the yellow demons in the upper windows of the house on each side of the street began to hurl missiles down upon the heads of the officers.

The policemen were kept busy dodging these objects until they began to discharge their pistols up at the villains above, causing them to withdraw.

There was a regular riot in progress by this time, and people came flocking toward the scene from all directions, as the news began to spread.

Pretty soon, however, a patrol wagon, laden with the reserves, came dashing into Mott street, and when these officers joined the others and charged on the Chinamen there was a wild stampede, and the Mongolians fled in all directions.

A scene of intense excitement then followed.

Every Mongol in Chinatown took to cover.

Some rushed into hallways, others into stores, a number went flying through the side streets, and in a remarkably brief space of time the whole crowd vanished from view.

Some of the policemen now joined Harry.

The boy led them into the counterfeiters' den, and there they met Old King Brady guarding the three prisoners.

These men were dragged out to the patrol wagon and were carted away to the central office.

Harry went with them to prefer a charge against the three.

Old King Brady then had the spurious money and the entire counterfeiting plant carried away to the Federal building, to which he proceeded with McKee.

All hands met in the Chief's office, and the latter official smiled delightedly, and said to Old King Brady:

"You've made an important capture, my friend, and I see Harry has got three of the gang."

"We've cleared out the whole joint," laughed the old detective, as he took a fresh chew of tobacco. "We've got their presses, plates, dies and paper, to say nothing of a large quantity of bills in various stages of completion."

"How fortunate!"

"Moreover, we know who ran the plant."

"Good! And you can capture them?"

"Certainly—in due time."

"Who is this man?"

"Arthur McKee—a witness of the murder of Frank Coswell by Charles Horton."

"Good gracious! A witness to the crime, eh?"

"Yes, and he will convict Boston Charley, too."

"Where did you dig him up?"

Old King Brady told his Chief all that happened, and in conclusion he added, as he pointed at the prisoners:

"These men are named Ah Soon, Quong Moy and Hop Lee."

"They are members of the counterfeiting gang, eh?"

"Workmen there."

"Who are the principals?"

"Boston Charley and Ling Fan."

"You seem to be pretty sure about it?"

"McKee knows all about it, and will back up my claim."

"Can you, McKee?"

"Certainly," assented the man from Maine.

The Chief now turned his attention to the three Chinamen.

"Where can we find Ling Fan?" he asked of Ah Soon.

"No sarvy," replied the Mongolian blankly.

"Do you know?" he asked of Quong.

"No spleakee English," was the bland reply.

"Hop Lee," said the Chief to the last man, "own up."

"No unerstan," said the artful Celestial.

A look of disgust crossed the Chief's face.

"These deceitful rogues make me sick," he exclaimed.

"Take them away, and lock them up. It's useless to question them. They lie and play tricks."

The Chinamen were conducted to the cells.

McKee then made a sworn affidavit of all he had told the Bradys about the murder of the gambler, Faro Frank, and took his departure.

The newspapers that night had a full account of the raid and riot in Chinatown.

CHAPTER IX.

CLEVERLY DECEIVED.

A week after the foregoing events occurred, the Bradys went up to the Morton House, on Union square, clad in deep disguise. Old King Brady, in a white beard, and stylish clothes, looked like a prosperous old merchant, and Harry, in the fashionable costume of a young girl, pretended to be his daughter.

"Is Mr. Charles Horton, the stock broker, in?" Harry asked the hotel clerk in a well-simulated effeminate voice.

"Can't say, miss, but I'll inquire. Got a card?"

"Yes, sir. Here is one. My business with him is very important."

He hands the clerk a card inscribed with the name of "Grace Rodney."

Ringling a bell, the clerk handed the card to a hall boy, and ordered him to fetch it up to room No. 41.

He then politely asked the Bradys to be seated.

The boy hastened away, and the Bradys sat down where they could see every one going in and out of the hotel corridor.

After the lapse of a few moments the hall boy returned, and, approaching the Bradys, he said:

"Mr. Horton is up in his room, and says he will be down in a few moments, and will meet you in the corridor."

"Thank you," said Harry.

"Don't mention it, miss,"

The boy went away, and the two detectives waited.

People kept going in and out of the hotel, and glanced casually at the two detectives as they sat watching for Boston Charley.

A man with bushy whiskers stepped from the elevator in the course of a few moments, and came limping along toward the door.

He had iron-gray hair, and was clad in shabby clothes.

His lameness caused the Bradys to stare at him, but he paid no heed to anyone, and left the hotel.

A few moments later a newsboy came in, and, glancing around until he saw the detectives, approached them.

"Say," said he to Harry, "be's you Miss Rodney?"

"Yes," assented the young detective, "that's my name."

"Well, here's a note fer yer," said the boy, handing over a card.

"From whom?" queried Harry.

"De lame duck wot jist came out o' here."

Harry read the card aloud to his companion, and it said:

"You ain't Miss Rodney. But I suspect your identity, and understand your object. I'm not to be trapped so easily.
CHARLES HORTON."

Old King Brady gave a grunt of disgust.

"Foiled!" he exclaimed. "He was too clever for us, Harry."

"If he was disguised as the lame man, he had a chance to see that we were not the people we represented ourselves to be, when he passed by us," ruefully answered the boy.

"The villain outwitted us."

"He can't be far off."

"Question the newsboy."

"Hello, there, youngster!"

"Well?" asked the boy, who was walking away.

"Where did the lame man go?"

"Off in a cab."

"In which direction?"

"West, across Fourteenth street."

"Where did he meet you?"

"On the corner. Paid me a quarter ter bring in that note."

"That man was a crook."

"Was he?"

"We want to catch him."

"I don't tink yer kin now, miss."

"We might, if you describe the cab."

"Wot's it wort?"

"A quarter."

"Gimme de dough."

Harry handed him a silver piece.

When the boy put it in his pocket Harry asked the boy:

"What sort of a looking horse was hitched to the cab?"

"Bay."

"And the harness?"

"Plain black leather."

"The carriage?"

"Just an or'inary cab."

"Nothing peculiar about it?"

"Nuthin'."

"How about the driver? What did he look like?"

"A feller widout whiskers."

"Most cabmen are clean shaved."

"Well—anything else?"

"How was the man dressed?"

"Stovepipe cady an' an ole coat."

"What color was the coat?"

"I dunno."

"Did you notice the cab number?"

"No."

"Is that all you know about it?"

"Yeh."

"Then get out of here, you little humbug. We wouldn't recognize that rig if we met it, with such a description."

The boy grinned.

"Mebbe I'm on the bum tellin' how tings looks," said he, "but say, lady, I'm a regler corker fer makin' money dead easy."

And out into the street he ran chuckling audibly.

"Buncoed again," laughed Harry.

"Let us search Horton's room. In his hurried flight he may have left a clew behind that would lead to his capture."

After a talk with the hotel clerk they were permitted to go up into the room Horton had been occupying, for the clerk now felt convinced that the rascal was a hotel beat.

It proved to be a plain little bed room.

Boston Charley's trunk stood on the floor, and one of the negro porters was sitting on it, dressed in elegant clothing.

It was so tight for him, however, that he could hardly move, and Old King Brady asked him, in surprise:

"What are you doing in here?"

The darkey stiffly rose, turned himself around, stared at the old detective a moment, and answered:

"Ah's waitin' fo' Mr. Horton to come back, boss."

The detectives burst out laughing, and Old King Brady asked:

"Do you know how long you'll have to wait for him?"

"No, sah."

"About ten years."

"Wha—wha— what!" roared the coon.

"He's gone from here for good."

"Golly! Yo' mean dat, boss?"

"Of course I do. What ails you?"

"Why, sah, dat man got on ma clothes."

"Good gracious! And you've got on his, haven't you?"

"Deed ah have."

"Why did you swap clothes with him?"

"Kase he gib me a fibe-dollar bill fo' doin' so."

"Indeed. Let's see the money?"

"Heah it am," said the negro, producing it.

"Counterfeit!" commented the detective, after a glance at the bill.

"Lawd amassy. Am dat true, boss?"

"It is. And I advise you to burn that bill, or I'll arrest you."

"Am yo' fly cops?"

"We are."

"Golly! Den yere go' de bill. But yo' am sho' it's bad?"

"Positive."

"I'se a dead easy sucker," groaned the coon, and he lit a match, and set fire to the counterfeit bill.

"What excuse did the man give for swapping clothes with you?" queried Old King Brady when the bill was consumed.

"Wanted fo' ter fool a friend ob hisn."

"Did you see him disguise himself?"

"Fo' shuah I did, boss. He put a pair of whiskers on his face, an' den he commenced ter limp like as if he hab de rheumatiz in hes back, an' say he be back yere in fibe minutes."

"Sorry for you, but he fooled you. Clear out of here, please."

The darkey gave a doleful groan and left the room.

When he was gone the Bradys searched the apartment.

The bureau drawers were next examined, and they were found to contain a few articles of underwear.

Examining the linen Harry suddenly said:

"He has his laundry done by a Chinaman. It's plain to tell that by the extra stiffness and gloss."

"And here's a Chinese ticket for something he left there to be done up. There's the name printed on the slip—see: 'Wing Goo.' This is a good enough clew for me. He's only got the linen on his body, and will be forced to recover this laundry. By shadowing Wing Goo's place we may catch him coming after his linen. Can you find anything else, Harry?"

"Not a thing. Let's go."

Old King Brady nodded, and they left the hotel.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAYOR OF CHINATOWN.

Wing Goo was a gaunt, little Chinaman, with a very long queue and a face pitted with smallpox marks.

On the following day he was in his Third avenue laundry ironing a shirt, and humming a song in pigeon English when an old sailor peered in the window at him.

"Hi-yi-yi! Chow-chow, too."

"Allee samee Melican, my lub true!" sang Wing.

Then he sucked up a mouthful of water from a bowl, and blew it all over the shirt bosom by way of sprinkling it.

In the back room he had a coolie bending over a wash tub rubbing some collars and cuffs.

A couple of pungent joss sticks were burning near the door to keep devils out, and a little yellow dragon, on a piece of red tissue paper, was fluttering its spiked tail on the wall.

The old sailor came in, and Wing grinned and nodded to him.

"Whatee want?" he asked, as he ran his smoothing iron over the shirt. "Belly nice day. Bling laundry?"

"Say, heathcn, ain't you the boss?" asked the sailor.

"Me Wing Goo."

"I thought so. Kin I git this laundry?"

He handed over a ticket, and Wing looked at it.

A curious expression flitted over his yellow face, and he asked:

"Who sendee you?"

"Nobody."

"Dese no your sings?"

"The deuce they aint!"

"No—no. You findee him ticket."

"I didn't, yer blame galoot. Gimme my laundry."

"Me callee cop."

"What for?"

"Him allest you for steal."

"Do you take me for a thief?"

"Well," said Wing, critically surveying the old sailor from head to foot, and noting that he was a very strong man, "no."

"Yer'd better not."

"Allee sam' dis udder man tickee."

"Whose is it?"

"My legler clustomer, Misser Horton."

"Who says so?"

"Me say. He lib in um Morton House."

"Is that so?"

"Where you gitee he tickee?"

"I tell yer—"

"Hey, Sam Dong!" yelled Wing.

The coolie rushed out with his hands coated with soap suds.

Glancing curiously at the sailor, he asked:

"You callee me, Wing?"

"Bling in a cop."

The sailor retreated to the door in alarm.

"Don't yer do it. I don't want them things!" he roared.

"You glet away now!" cried Wing.

And he grabbed a hot iron, and rushed at the sailor, who thereupon beat a rapid retreat into the street.

The two Chinamen began to jabber.

Then the coolie went into the back room and Wing took a big bundle of laundry from a shelf.

When the coolie returned, he had on his hat, and Wing handed him the parcel, and he went out.

Carefully glancing around, and failing to see the sailor, Sam hurried down Third avenue with his bundle.

But the sailor was secretly watching him from a near-by doorway, and he had a tough-looking youth with him.

"There he goes, Harry," the sailor exclaimed when Sam emerged.

"And I'll bet that's Horton's laundry he's got," added the tough-looking boy. "You've stirred them up, Old King Brady."

"Of course. That's just what I planned."

"He must know where Horton lives."

"You follow him and see."

The boy nodded, and left the hallway.

Sam did not notice that he was being shadowed.

He went down Third avenue to the Bowery, and continued on to Chatham square, where he turned into Doyers street.

This crooked lane was simply filled with Chinamen.

The coolie turned into a hallway beside a saloon, and going up stairs he knocked at a door and entered a room.

Harry Brady saw where he went.

The boy waited and watched.

Pretty soon Sam came out minus his bundle, and went home.

Harry smiled, and passed into the saloon.

It was one of the toughest places of its kind in New York.

A gang of crooks were loitering about the barroom, and glanced keenly at the boy to see if he was worth robbing.

Going over to the bar, Harry said to the drink mixer:

"Is Chuck Connors in?"

"Yair. Wha' dyer want o' him?"

"I wish to see him on private business."

"Wait, an' I'll call him fer yer."

Harry nodded, and the bartender opened a door, and yelled:

"Hey, Chuck, come in here."

"Say, Jerry," answered a husky voice, "me nut is crackin' wit' agony from dat joggerine las' night at de Tammany Tigers' ball in Military Hall, an' if any gazabo wants ter put his lamp on me, I ain't open fer inspection—see?"

"G'wan, yer big stuff! Anybody'd think yer was a Little Lord Fauntleroy after smokin' his first butt. Git up from dat cot, an' see de gent, or I'll chuck a pail o' water on yer."

"Can't yer sen' de bloke in?" growled the husky man.

"Will yer receive him in there?"

"Soitiny, Jerry, soitiny."

The bartender whistled and beckoned to Harry.

When the boy reached the door Jerry said, half apologetically:

"Say, mister, he's had his pots up fer funder orders, an' he's got de swell head. But if yer willin' ter meet him wit a chunk of ice on his nut, why, go right in."

"Much obliged," said Harry.

And he walked into a stuffy little room, and glanced around.

There was only a cot and a chair in the room, and a dirty little window without a shade let in the daylight.

Lying on the cot was the Mayor of Chinatown.

Chuck Connors was perhaps the most unique person in that peculiar section of the city.

He was a short, heavily built man, with massive jaws and a bullet head, and his face, although clean shaven, showed a dark cast where his beard grew.

This personage was looked upon as the leading light of the Chinese quarter, and his figures of speech are matters of history.

He had a remarkably keen pair of eyes, with a rather sly expression as they were set close together under bushy brows.

Surveying Harry keenly a moment he exclaimed:

"I'm blowed if I knows you, cull, but dat don't cut no ice. Now, wats de woid?"

"I'm Harry Brady, Chuck."

"Well, hully gee! Say, dat's a great make-up yer got on, ole man. Any'ting doin'?"

"You know Boston Charley, don't you?"

"Sure, Michael."

"Is he stopping up stairs?"

"Ax me a easier puzzle."

"Who lives there?"

"Ling Fan, de hop joint lobster."

"On which floor?"

"Foist above de whiskey factory."

"Do you know who lives with him?"

"His white wife—ole Sal, de ex-shoplifter."

"She has been discharged from the Isle de Blackwell, Chuck."

"I know. De judge gived her t'irty days fer bein' drunk an' disorderly."

"Well, Horton and Ling are pals, and if the dope shop keeper lives up there, it's probable Horton is boarding with him. He's dodging the police."

"What's he done?"

"Murder."

Chuck whistled his surprise.

Then he groaned, and rubbing his head he growled:

"De next time I hit de booze yer kin have me salary as de Mayor of Chinkville. Soy, Harry, kin I help yer?"

"No more than you have, Chuck. I'm going."

"Come in an' see me agin. Mebbe I'll be on me pins in a week. Anyway, I'm yours truly when wanted. If dey's any stiffs among me constituents in dis burg, I want em put in pickle. Goin'? Well, so long, Harry. Be good."

The boy smiled, and passed out.

Reaching the street he walked to the corner, and whistled. Immediately afterward the old sailor glided out of a nearby hallway and joined him.

"What luck, Harry?" he asked.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHINAMAN AND HIS WIFE.

Harry explained to Old King Brady what he had found out, and they concluded to invade Ling Fan's apartments.

Accordingly they went back to the saloon, crept into the hallway, and silently made their way upstairs.

On the second landing they paused.

The hall was dark and silent.

But one door opened out on it, and they paused and listened.

A husky-voiced woman was speaking inside.

"I'll bate ther head av yez, ye yaller haythen!" they heard heryell. "Sure I can niver ax yer to do nothin' fer me widout yer do it wrong. Here yez have bin layin' around ther house this lasht three days wid nothin' ter do but shlope and' hit ther poipe, an' begorry yer let ther meat burn in ther oven whin I only axed yer te moind it fer an' hour till I kem back from shoppin'."

"No fightee me Sal, no fightee," pleaded a whining voice.

"It's no foight about it. Sure, I'll simply bang yer head again ther wall, an' that's all there'll be to it."

"Me run away an' never come back."

"Yer will, hey? Well, yer have another guess comin', ye aould imp. Come roight here, Mr. Ling Fan, Esquire an high-cockalorum av Chaneytown. Come here ter yer shwate little woife till she soaks yer in ther jaw."

There sounded a violent crash.

Then a yell.

It was followed by the sound of flying footsteps, as if a couple of people were rushing around the bare floor of the room inside.

The Bradys smiled, and Harry whispered:

"It's Ling Fan and his wife having a fight. Now's our time to go in and get him."

Old King Brady tried the door, but found it locked, whereupon he put his shoulder against the panel and pushed.

There was a crash and the lock gave away.

As the door flew open, and they plunged into the kitchen a big, fat Irish woman confronted them.

She had a frying pan in her hand, with which she had been beating Ling Fan over the head.

The Chinaman had taken refuge in the closet, pulled the door shut, and was holding it on the inside.

Mrs. Ling Fan glared at the detectives in amazement.

"Thaves!" she roared.

"I beg pardon," began Old King Brady, bowing.

"Beg ther divil! What do yez want in here, anny way?"

"You, madam," replied the old detective politely.

"Me? Arrah, go on. D'yer take me fer a sailor?"

"No, madam. But——"

"Clear out av here. Break in me dure, will yez?"

"That uproar we heard——"

"It wor a little divarsion bechune me ould man an' me-self," said she, as she got a firmer grip on the greasy frying pan. "An' if it's any av it yez be wantin', come on, an' I'll bate ther brains av ther three av yez."

Old King Brady laughed at her.

She looked very fierce indeed.

"I think," said he, "that you would be safer in that closet. And I'm going to put you there."

As he spoke he snatched up a blanket from the floor, and flung it over her head.

The woman screeched like a rusty steam whistle, and fought fiercely to disentangle herself from the blanket. But she did not succeed.

Old King Brady dashed at her, caught her in his arms, and made a rush toward the closet.

"Open the door, Harry," he panted.

The boy made a desperate effort to comply.

But Ling, inside, hung on like grim death, and the boy finally desisted and said, pantingly:

"Can't budge it."

"That's queer."

"I hear some one in the closet."

"Must be Ling."

"Of course."

"Just fire a few shots through the panel."

The trembling Chinaman inside heard this order.

Filled with alarm, he flung open the door, and leaped out.

His eyes were bulging behind his spectacles, and he had the expression of a maniac upon his yellow face.

Brandishing a dagger in his hand, he yelled:

"Go back!"

Harry leaped aside, as he made a lunge at him, and Old King Brady pushed Sal into the closet and locked the door.

She yelled and pounded furiously on the panels.

"Lave me out!" she howled. "Lave me out av here!"

"You keep quiet, you vixen!" replied the old detective in grim tones. "You won't get out till I open the door."

Meantime Ling Fan shot past Harry.

Darting through the flat into the front room he leaped at the window like a cat.

The sash was raised.

Outside there was an iron fire escape.

He evidently designed to descend this to the street, and thus make his escape.

Harry rushed after him.

The Chinaman had one leg out of the window by the time the boy reached him, and raised his knife.

"Me killee you!" he panted.

Young King Brady barely had time to leap back out of the way when the knife descended and missed him.

"You dog!" he gasped.

Out came his revolver, and he levelled it at Ling's head.

"No shootee me!" groaned the Chinaman in terror.

"Unless you drop that knife and surrender, I'll fire!"

"No! No!"

"One!"

"Stop!"

"Two!"

"Oh! Me come."

"Quick!"

Down fell the knife from his fingers, and in he scrambled as pale as it was possible for his yellow face to get.

He was badly frightened.

Young King Brady saw his advantage.

Keeping his man covered, he exclaimed:

"Fall on your knees!"

"Whatee do?"

"Down, I tell you!"

A threatening gesture of the pistol caused the old Chinaman to sink to the floor coweringly, his trembling hands raised and his eyes rolling.

He did not recognize Harry, and had not the faintest idea what these men wanted.

"Putee pistol way," he roared.

Harry heard Old King Brady's footsteps behind him, and exclaimed:

"Secure this fellow; I've got him cornered."

Hearing him, Old King Brady drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, dragged the Chinaman's wrists behind his back and locked his hands together.

"He's safe enough now," said he. "His wife has got a fit in the other room, and I've bound and gagged her, too."

"I'll get a wagon and take them away," said Harry, going out.

When the old detective was alone with Ling he asked him:

"Does Horton live here?"

"No," growled the Mongolian in surly tones.

"Then why did Sam Dong bring his laundry here?"

Ling gave a start, shot a keen glance at him, and answered:

"Me notee know."

"You refuse to speak—ain't that it?"

"Nosing to say."

"What a wise crook you are."

"Horton, him notee here, so be."

"Well, I'll find that out. After you and your fine old wife are carted away to jail, I'm going to wait here and see if Horton comes in. Should he appear I'll yank him into prison, too."

Harry soon returned with several policemen, and as there was a patrol wagon at the door Ling and Sal were driven away, accompanied by Harry.

Old King Brady closed the door and remained in the flat.

Keeping his pistol in readiness for action, should it become necessary, he sat down and waited.

The day passed and night fell.

At ten o'clock the detective heard someone at the door, and crept silently into the other room to listen.

CHAPTER XII.

HUNG BY THE NECK.

The person in the hall had hold of the knob, and was upon the point of entering the room in which Old King Brady was concealed, when a low, cautious voice muttered:

"Horton, is that you?"

"Yes," replied the well-known voice of Boston Charley.

"Don't go in dere, ole man."

"Who am I speaking to?"

"Jerry, de barkeep."

"Oh! Is that you, Jerry?"

"Sure enough."

"Why mustn't I go in Ling's?"

"Dere's a fly copper waitin' in-der fer yer."

"What for?"

"Dunno. But dey pinched Ling an' his ole woman."

"The deuce! When?"

"This afternoon."

"What charge?"

"Yer got me dere."

"Then I won't go in."

"Dey may not want you, but——"

"Oh, I ain't running chances."

"Yer a wise guy."

The footsteps began to recede from the door softly, and Old King Brady became furious.

"Confound that meddling bartender," he growled angrily. "He might have cheated me out of my prey. But it isn't too late yet."

He flung open the door, and sprang into the hall.

Lucky darkness surrounded him.

Dashing forward he collided with a man in the gloom, seized him and exclaimed:

"Hold on there, Horton, I want you."

The man seized him, and a furious struggle was waged between them for the space of a few moments.

While it was going on they heard the footsteps of the other man going down the stairs.

Old King Brady felt for the man's windpipe, and squeezed it so he gasped, in tones of horror:

"Le' go dere. Yer killin' me!"

The detective gave a cry of vexation.

"Got the wrong man!" he muttered.

He flung Jerry, the bartender, against the wall, and went down stairs in hot pursuit of the other.

Just as he reached the street he saw the figure of Horton disappearing in an adjacent hallway.

After him rushed the detective.

There was a dim light in the hall.

By its aid he saw the crook flying out a rear door into the tiny flagged yard in the rear.

The backs of three houses formed the enclosure.

Horton glanced back, and saw the detective.

Then he dashed at a door in the rear of the building on his left-hand side, and passing through he closed it and tried to fasten it after him.

But Old King Brady launched himself against the door, and it gave away and opened with a loud bang.

He plunged into a dim room.

It was filled with Chinamen.

A glance around showed the old detective that the place was a common opium joint.

Here only the poorer class of Chinese went to smoke second-rate opium at a reduced price. Some of them were under the influence of the drug, but there were half a dozen who had not yet smoked, and to these Horton was rapidly speaking.

The moment Old King Brady appeared every man in the room drew a knife, and some of them rushed between the detective and the door.

Bent upon cutting off his exit, they succeeded well, and he instantly found himself in the midst of the menacing crowd, with their gleaming weapons.

Horton had paused near a curtain.

There was a satanic smile of derision upon his face as he glanced at the surprised detective, and Old King Brady heard him say:

"You have rushed into a trap, my fine fellow."

"I want you to surrender," coolly answered the officer.

Horton laughed aloud.

"To you?" he sneered.

"Yes, to me."

"For what?"

"You ought to know."

"I suspect you are an officer."

"I am Old King Brady."

"Just what I imagined."

"Will you give in?"

"Certainly not."

"You'll rue it if you don't."

"Nonsense, my good fellow, nonsense. At the first hostile move on your part, these Chinks will carve you to pieces. See their knives?"

Old King Brady smiled disdainfully.

"They don't impress me at all," said he.

"You will have to submit to us."

"I see you are bound to be obstinate."

"Why should I give in?"

"To save yourself trouble, of course."

"None from you, Brady."

"Oh, yes, and plenty, too."

"For what?"

"Murdering your pal, Frank Caswell."

"You can't prove it."

"Oh, yes, I can. We saved Arthur McKee, and he has sworn to the fact that you murdered and robbed your friend."

"Curse McKee!" hissed Horton angrily.

"He's going to be your Nemesis."

"That man is a rank liar."

"Oh, you can't bluff me with that old gag."

"No bluff about it."

"I'm convinced that you killed Faro Frank, Horton."

"What evidence have you?"

"Caswell was killed by a brass-capped bullet."

"What if he was?"

"The pistol we took from you was loaded with just such bullets. Moreover, you had Faro Frank's watch."

"Ah, get out!"

"Moreover, you and he had a falling out over Grace Rodney. Frank set her against you, so he could win her."

"That's another lie!"

"Is it? Then how was it we got that letter from the girl addressed to you, stating why she turned you down?"

The crook looked chagrined.

But he was not the man to admit defeat.

He gave a short laugh, and replied carelessly:

"Oh, that letter was a joke."

"Quit your bluffing. I won't swallow it."

"I don't care whether you do or not, Brady."

"You seem to be pretty confident."

"Why shouldn't I be, surrounded by this gang? Any one of them would risk his life to save mine, and you are completely at their mercy. Many men in Chinatown worked for me shoving the queer. At the first move you make toward me everyone of them will go at you, and send you to your grave."

"I'll test their loyalty."

"Don't be a fool. You simply invite your doom."

"Let us see!" chuckled the detective.

He hauled his hands from his pockets, and they saw a revolver gleaming in each of them.

The Chinamen cried out and recoiled.

For an instant Old King Brady imagined he had them on the run. But the next moment he became sadly dissuaded of this pleasant belief.

A trap door above his head had been safely opened, and the grinning faces of several Chinamen appeared.

One of them dropped a noosed rope down.

It fell over the detective's head.

The next moment the line was jerked taut, the noose tightened around the detective's neck and he began to choke.

He made a desperate effort to release himself.

But it was futile.

The Chinese above kept hauling away, the noose tightened and he was lifted from his feet toward the ceiling.

He saw the grinning face of Horton turned toward him as he was hauled up higher and higher.

Then his brain began to swim.

He felt that his senses were leaving him.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BOLD ABDUCTION.

When Harry disposed of Ling and his wife at the nearest police station, he went to the telephone and called up his Chief.

"Well, Harry," answered his superior. "What is wanted?"

"I have to report, sir, that we've got Ling Fan," answered the boy.

"Good for you."

"As a matter of necessity we had to arrest his white wife, too."

"What for? Was she interested in the case?"

"Not at all. But we didn't want her to tell Ling's friends. If she did, Horton would hear of it, and escape ere we have a chance to nab him."

"I see, Harry. That was a wise move."

"The neighbors who saw the arrest may apprise him."

"Perhaps."

"We must keep him in the city."

"How?"

"You post men to guard the ferries, bridge and railroads."

"I'll send out a general alarm to the police."

"Very well. You have a good description of him?"

"Oh, yes. In a few minutes every station in New York will have the news. And within a few hours every policeman in the city will be watching out for him."

"I'm glad you've got such a good system."

"Without it we could not accomplish much."

"Horton is a very slippery customer."

"Oh, he's bound to land soon. But say."

"Well?"

"An hour ago I got a telephone call for you."

"Who from?"
 "Grace Rodney."
 "What did she want?"
 "Wants you to call at her house at once."
 "Did she state why?"
 "No. Said it was very important, though."
 "All right. I'll go right up there."
 "Where's your partner?"
 "Left him at Ling's watching for Horton to appear."
 "He may get in trouble."
 "If he does, he's amply able to care for himself."
 "I hope so."
 "Anything more?"
 "Not at present."
 "Good by, Chief."

And Harry rang off.

The boy then hastened up town.

Reaching the Rodney house, he rang for admittance, and a servant ushered him into the parlor, and vanished.

A few minutes afterward Grace appeared.

She smiled graciously upon the young Secret Service detective, and bowing she said sweetly:

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Brady."

"My Chief said you wished to see me."

"So I do."

"What about?"

"I received a letter from Horton."

"Did you? What did he write?"

"You may read the letter, and see for yourself."

She produced the letter from her pocket, and handing it over to the boy she sat down near the window.

Harry wondered what it contained.

The boy drew the letter from its envelope, and hastily scanned it.

The letter follows:

"My Dear Miss Rodney: I received your letter, and was very much distressed over the contents. It is needless for me to refute the vile allegations of Frank Caswell. I will simply dismiss his charges by branding them infamous lies. Your father is very unreasonable. I decline to have anything further to say to him until I have first shown you how you have wronged me. You are a very sensible, fair-minded girl. An explanation is due to you, and when you have heard it, I am convinced that you will change your opinion of me. I therefore most urgently request that you meet me to-night at nine o'clock in front of your own home for a brief interview. There can surely be no harm in that, and you will have an opportunity of rectifying a gross injustice you have been doing me in this matter. Trusting that you will be womanly enough to grant my request, and with my most heartfelt solicitude for your good health, I remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"CHARLES HORTON."

Harry handed the letter back.

"Well," said he, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Put the matter in your hands," replied Grace.

"You are wise."

"I don't trust him."

"Right you are."

"What do you advise?"

Harry reflected.

It did not take him long to make up his mind.

"Meet him," said he finally.

"What!" she cried in amazement. "Me?"

"Certainly."

"But I don't trust him, Mr. Brady."

"Nor do I, Miss Rodney."

"And yet you want me to comply with his request?"

"I certainly do."

"But I must decline to do so."

"Not even if I'm on hand?"

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I want to catch him."

"Of course I'm aware of that."

"By your acting as a decoy I can do so."

"But see the risk I run."

"None whatever."

"I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"He may attempt to injure me."

"I won't give him the chance."

"Besides, papa would never consent."

"Won't you aid me to capture that murderer?"

"I wish I could, but don't dare."

"Recollect, you have only to go out on your front stoop, walk to the bottom of the steps and I'll be concealed in the area. The moment Horton appears, and before he has time to say a word to you I'll pounce on him."

Grace reflected a moment.

The adventure appealed to her.

She thought it would not be too risky after all.

Then she yielded.

"I'll do it!" said she impulsively.

"Thank you. I thought you would. If I thought there would be the slightest risk in it I would not ask you to venture out. But I think it would be harmless."

"I'll have to speak to my father about it."

"Very well. We will abide by his decision. If you have no objections I will remain here until we venture it."

"I'm sure I have no objections."

"The reason I propose that, is because Horton may have a spy lurking near who might see me coming out. He would tell his employer, and that would spoil our plan."

"True enough."

So the matter was settled.

When Mr. Rodney came home the case was laid before him, and he quite agreed with Harry's plan, as he was anxious to have the crook arrested, so he could not annoy Grace any further with his unwelcome attentions.

Harry remained and dined with them.

At the appointed hour the boy went out the basement entrance, and hid in the area behind the big iron door under the stoop.

Grace put on her bonnet and cloak.

At precisely nine o'clock she descended to the sidewalk.

Just then a cab dashed up to the house, and Horton leaped out.

He doffed his silk hat to the girl, strode up to her, and without saying a word he suddenly seized her, lifted her up in his arms and rushed to the cab with her.

She gave utterance to a piercing shriek, and struggled to get away.

Harry saw the whole daring performance.

The boy tried to open the big iron gate, to rush to her aid, but the lock caught, and he could not budge it!

While the frantic boy was struggling to open the gate Horton jumped into the carriage with his burden and the driver lashed his horse, and it sped away.

Just then Harry managed to open the gate, and rushed out on the sidewalk. But he was too late. The cab was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLAN THAT FAILED.

Filled with anger and alarm over his defeat, Young King Brady saw the cab dashing down Lexington avenue.

A car came along just then, and he sprang aboard, rushed through to the front platform and said to the motorman:

"I'll give you a dollar if you overhaul the cab ahead."

"Will you stand by me if I get in trouble with the company?" eagerly asked the man.

"Certainly. I'm a detective. I'm chasing a crook."

"Enough said. I'll give her full power, sir."

"Here's the dollar, anyway, for trying."

And Harry slipped a bill into his pocket.

The motorman turned the lever of the controller around to the last notch, and clanged his bell.

Away dashed the car at a tremendous pace.

The conductor rang to let a passenger off, but the motorman wanted to earn that dollar, and paid no heed to the signal at all.

Again the bell rang.

The passenger began to roar and wave his arms.

But the motorman held on his course grimly.

Rushing up forward and flinging open the front door, the angry conductor roared:

"Say! Don't yer hear my signal to stop?"

"I do," replied the motorman coolly.

"Then why in thunder don't you obey?"

"Can't. The car is running away."

"Nonsense! Let that man off."

"I tell you the car's beyond my control."

"Are you fooling, Bob?"

"Not a bit of it. See here."

He swung the lever back.

As they were on a down grade, and he did not touch the brake, the speed of the car did not diminish.

The conductor looked scared.

"Gee!" said he. "When we reach the Twenty-third street curve she will fly off the tracks, or turn over."

"Hang on for your life then, Billy."

"Why don't you put on the brake?"

"Say," said the motorman in injured tones, "do you want me to trip her up and make her take a somersault?"

"No, indeed."

"Then leave me alone."

"Can you manage her alone?"

"I guess so. Go back and cork up that excited duck."

The conductor glanced at Harry.

"It's against the rules for passengers to ride on the front platform," said he.

"Not under the existing circumstances," retorted Harry.

"I am going to stay here till she stops."

"There'll be a smash up sure," groaned the conductor.

He retreated into the car, and tried to pacify the half-wild passenger who wanted to alight.

Young King Brady burst out laughing.

"Fooled him!" he muttered.

"Well," added the motorman.

A wagon shot across the rails ahead.

Had it not gone fast it would have been demolished.

"Close shave," coolly muttered the boy.

"We are gainin' on the cab."

"Fast."

On, on they rushed furiously.

Ahead Twenty-third street loomed up.

The cab turned eastward into that thoroughfare, and the driver gave a grunt of disgust, and said:

"I'll lose."

"Why?" asked Harry.

"Because I go in the opposite direction."

"Never mind. Hold her in. I'll alight on the corner."

The motorman now began to gradually work the brake, and the speed of the car diminished slowly.

By the time the curve was reached he had it under control.

The cab was now only a short distance ahead, and as the car ran into Twenty-third street, Harry alighted.

He caught view of a coach approaching, and stopped it.

"Follow yonder cab," said he, leaping in.

"Can't take you, boss," replied the driver.

"Why not?"

"This is a private rig."

"Oh! Excuse me," said the boy, alighting.

He was disgusted, and rushed over to Third avenue in hot pursuit of the fugitive, who was now going down town.

The boy was lucky enough to board a Third avenue car, going down at a lively pace.

He thus managed to keep on even terms with the cab.

In this manner he dogged it down to Pell street, into which thoroughfare it turned at length.

The boy had alighted from the car.

"I wonder if Horton is taking the girl into Chinatown to put her in care of Ling Fan?" mused the boy, as he rushed after the vehicle.

Down near the point where Doyers street ran into Pell the cab stopped before a Chinese tea store.

Horton alighted and glanced hurriedly up and down the street.

He saw plenty of Chinese, but as they paid no heed to him he quickly lifted Grace from the cab.

The girl was fast asleep.

He had drugged her.

She hung limp and lifeless in his arms.

Horton rushed into the tea store with his burden just as Young King Brady came hurrying up to the spot.

The boy saw where he took the girl.

"Got her doped," he commented, as the cab drove off, and he peered in the tea store window.

The boy saw nothing of those he sought, but he caught view of a rear partition, and concluded that Horton had gone through the door in it with his burden.

How to get in without incurring the greatest danger was what troubled Harry's mind.

While he was turning the matter over he saw Horton coming out, and slunk back in a dark doorway.

Watching the crook, he saw him dart around the corner into Doyers street.

Harry followed him.

The man reached Ling Fan's residence, and glided into the hallway, where he vanished.

A smile crossed the boy's face.

"He's going up to Ling's rooms," he cogitated, "and Old King Brady is waiting there for him. There's no use for me to remain here any longer. I'll go around to the tea store and see if I can't rescue Grace."

Back to Pell street he hurried, confident that his partner could handle Horton alone, and anxious lest any harm befall the girl.

He soon reached the store again.

There was a little, fat Chinaman behind the counter, and the street door stood partially open.

Harry hung around for some time watching the Chinaman, and finally saw him dozing in his chair.

When the Chinaman's head fell forward, and his chin rested on his bosom in calm repose, the boy quietly crept into the store, and softly made his way to the door in the rear partition, through which Horton came.

Harry glanced at the sleeping storekeeper several times.

He did not stir.

The rear door stood slightly ajar.

Harry pushed it open, and the hinges creaked dismally.

It made the sleeping Mongolian look up drowsily, and the boy sank out of sight behind the counter.

He waited until the Celestial dozed off again, and rising he gave the door a sudden push.

No sound followed, and the boy glided through the opening, pushed the door shut, and found himself in a cosy room.

Upon a couch lay the girl, bound, gagged and asleep.

There was an open door at the side, and Harry peered through.

He saw a bare room, containing three Chinamen.

They were kneeling around an open trap door in the floor pulling on a rope.

It looked as if they were hauling something up.

Watching them curiously a few moments the boy saw them haul the head, shoulders and body of a man through the opening in the floor.

The rope they were pulling was caught around his neck.

As the light of a lantern fell upon the man's face Young King Brady was startled and alarmed to see that it was his partner the Chinamen had hauled up.

CHAPTER XV.

IN AN ALL-NIGHT PLACE.

Harry was intensely startled when he saw that the three yellow demons had pulled his partner up through the hole in the floor by a rope around his neck.

Old King Brady lay like a dead man.

It made the boy's blood run cold.

"Good heavens," he thought, "they've killed him!"

For an instant a feeling of anguish overwhelmed him.

Just then one of the Chinamen saw him.

He gave a yell, said something excitedly in his native tongue, and leaped through the trap door.

His two companions unhesitatingly followed him.

In a moment Harry was alone with his partner.

Rushing over to Old King Brady, the boy hastily loosened the slip noose from around his neck.

"Old King Brady!" he cried, shaking him.

The old detective moved, gasped, and sat up.

He had only been choked a few moments, and the worst it did was to strain his neck and daze him.

But he was a man of strong vitality, and he quickly revived, as the blood left his head.

Struggling to his feet, and seizing Harry, he gasped hoarsely:

"You appeared just in time."

"What has happened?"

"Get out of this till I get the air, so I can recover. I'm badly choked. I'll explain later."

They hurried into the next room.

Harry glanced toward the couch, and to his alarm he saw that Grace Rodney was missing.

She was nowhere else in the room.

"Perhaps she managed to escape," he thought hopefully, but still his mind had misgivings.

They reached the tea store, Harry supporting his partner's faltering steps, for Old King Brady was very weak.

No one opposed them.

The storekeeper was gone.

Harry's fears increased when he saw this.

"Perhaps the fat Chinaman spirited her away," he thought.

But he said nothing about it to his partner.

Old King Brady was in trouble enough.

Reaching the street, they sat down on a stoop, and the old detective gradually recovered from his hanging.

When he felt more like himself he told Harry what had happened to him, and added:

"But I'm all right again now."

Harry then explained what he had been doing.

The old detective looked alarmed.

"Someone has baffled you anyway, Harry," said he. "They've spirited the girl away, beyond a doubt."

"Then it must have been the storekeeper," said the boy in tones of conviction. "He was the only person near when the Chinks began to howl when they saw me. He probably took the alarm, went in, got the girl and carried her away to a place of safety."

"Whereabouts, is the question?"

"That's something we shall have to find out."

"Going back after Horton?"

"Yes. But it's useless. He must be gone by this time. He isn't going to wait around to get arrested, by any means. There are so many good hiding places around here that he won't have any difficulty to keep himself concealed."

They went back to Doyers street.

Returning to the scene of Old King Brady's encounter they passed inside, but failed to see any of their enemies.

Then they went back to the street.

They then began to search for the missing girl.

Her disappearance worried Harry.

"I don't know what her father will think," said he gloomily. "I led the man to believe that there was not the slightest danger attached to the girl carrying out Horton's expressed wishes. And it has turned out to be just the other way. It's horrible. I can't face the man until I safely restore his daughter to him."

"It is a pity this occurred," assented Old King Brady, with a frown of annoyance; "but you could not foresee any such daring game as Horton played on you, so they can scarcely blame you for it."

"Why did he abduct the girl?"

"Oh, he may have some crazy notion that he can force her to marry him against her will."

"She'll never do that."

"No. I don't believe she ever will. He can't force her. There isn't a minister in the world who could legally wed them, if both ain't willing."

"He may have another object."

"To what are you alluding now?"

"Hold her for ransom."

"I don't think so."

"Perhaps he'll keep her as a hostage to insure his own immunity from jail."

"He might try some such desperate, bandit-like game. Meantime we must search for her."

The Bradys were worried, and spent the rest of the night vainly searching for the missing girl.

With the break of day, fatigued and sleepy, they went home to rest, and plan to find the girl.

There were so many secret hiding places about Chinatown that the detectives feared their enemies would successfully keep the girl concealed, so they would not find her.

On the following night they heard how frantic the girl's father was over her disappearance, and set out again to find some sign of her.

When midnight came without any trace of the girl Harry suddenly became inspired with an idea.

"Let's enlist Chuck Connors to aid us," said he. "There is very little goes on in this quarter that he is ignorant of, and he might be able to help us."

"It's a plan worth trying."

"He's sometimes up in that dance hall over the Doyers street saloon," said Harry. "See if we can find him there."

They went to the free-and-easy resort mentioned, and found it thronged with people.

A man was thumping a piano in a corner, and waiters were rushing about serving drinks to the thirsty dancers, who rested occasionally at the tables ranged along the walls.

Between the dances different singers and dancers volunteered to warble popular songs or do buck and wing dances for the edification of the guests.

The Bradys sat at a table and glanced around in search of the Mayor of Chinatown.

He was soon observed standing in a corner, wearing a bicycle cap, a blue shirt and a pair of fireman's suspenders.

One of the waiters was sent for him, and he joined them.

"I'm de toughest mug on de Bowery," said Chuck when they told him what they wanted, "an' yet dere ain't no lobster anywheres as kin say I ever done a crooked job in me life—see? Now, dat Horton is a genuine It, an', say, if I ever slams me paws again' his slats, yer kin look fer his funeral notice in de mornin' papers for doin' sich dirt."

"Question your Chinese friends, and see if you can find out what became of the girl," urged Harry.

"Well, say, dere's a yaller guy up in Sing Hi's emporium, near de joss house, wot's a fren' of Horton's, an' I'll go an' try ter pump him fer ye, gents. Wait here till I come back. If I don't find out where de gal is, I'll wipe up de floor wit dat Chink. So long. I'll be back soon."

And he hastened out.

The Bradys waited patiently for him to return.

But they had very little hope.

Both knew what a desperate plight Horton was in, and realized that he would strain every effort to keep the girl hidden effectually until he could make use of her.

Half an hour passed by.

The detectives became impatient.

"What's become of him?" Harry muttered at length.

"He may not care to return with no news," replied Old King Brady restlessly. "I don't believe he can aid us."

Just then, however, Chuck's well-known figure came up the narrow little staircase, and he grinned at the Bradys, nodded, and beckoned to them.

"Folly me," said he when they reached him.

"Where to?" queried Harry.

"I'm agoin' ter show yez where de gal is," replied Chuck.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ELEGANT DEN.

The Bradys passed out of the dance hall after the Mayor of Chinatown, and he led them along the dirty, winding little street.

"Where are you taking us?" queried Harry.

"Did yer ever hear of de Yaller Moon?" asked Chuck.

"No. What is it?"

"A high-toned dope shop."

"Whereabouts is it?"

"In Pell street."

"What's there?"

"De lady."

"A prisoner?"

"Soitintly."

"Held by Horton?"

"Naw! He put her in charge of Sing Hi."

"How did you find out so quickly?"

"Well, Sing Hi bes a dead-swell guy. But he wouldn't be one, two, tree in dis willage witout he had a pull wit me—see? Now, dere's a mug wot works fer him, be de name of Ting Fang. He owes me money. When youse speaks ter me I screws me nut, an' I tinks. Tinks I, Ting Fang knows Horton, 'cause Horton hits de pipe in Sing Hi's jint. So I goes ter see Ting, an' he tells me dat de tea store mug rushes in wit de gal de udder night, an' dey pops her in de cooler."

"What cooler?"

"Why, when de drug slaves gits bughouse, Sing Hi has a padded room he puts 'em in ter git over de jim-jams, an' dats where dey hid de lady. Pretty soon Horton comes in, an' blow me if he don't pay Sing ter keep her dere. She's had a dead swell livin', an' Ting is de gazabo wot brings her her chop suey every day—see."

"I see."

"Now, de ting is fer you'se ter reach de gal witout havin' me along wit yez. If yer folley my directions, yez kin do dat easy enough, dyer savvy?"

"I'm on," laughed Harry. "But what do you fear?"

"Fear? Nutin'! Why? 'Cause der ain't no Chink aroun' dese diggins' wot I'm afraid of—see? But den, be hidin' me hand I kin do many a good turn ter dem wot wants it."

The Bradys agreed with this view of the matter.

Harry then said to him:

"Explain how we are to reach this hidden room, and you can remain in the background, Chuck."

"Dat's de easiest ting in de woild," said the Mayor of Chinatown, with a hoarse chuckle. "When yer gits in de hop joint, yer sees a door in de rear. Go troo de door, if yer kin git it open, and dere's de room."

"Quite a simple matter," said Harry.

Chuck led them to a building near the Bowery.

It was a quiet, old-fashioned brick house, the lower part of which had been converted into a store.

Once it had been the private residence of a wealthy man in old-time New York.

Pointing at the structure, Chuck said;

"Dat's de shebang. Go troo de store—it's a Chineese grocery, an' don't pay no attention to anybody in it. De store part is only a blind ter stall de police."

"All right. What's the store used for?"

"Restaurant."

"Much obliged, Chuck."

"Don't mention it, gents. Goo' bye."

And Chuck walked away, leaving the Bradys to their own resources.

The detectives stood across the street watching the dingy-looking store in silence a few moments.

No Chinamen patronized that place.

It catered only to wealthy unfortunates, who had become slaves to the deadly poppy flower, and they came in rich clothing, in magnificent equipages, and eagerly passed into the vile den to humor their craving for the drug.

"A resort for aristocrats," commented Harry.

"Sing Hi is making money there," his partner answered, "for when the wealthy have vices, they pay dearly to gratify them."

They crossed the street, and passed into the store.

It was a gloomy, dirty, foul-odored place, and several mean-looking, sleepy-looking Chinese were listlessly sitting about, smoking and silently looking around.

The Bradys paid but little heed to them.

At the rear of the store was a rough pine partition, destitute of paint, having a door in the middle.

The detectives opened the door, and passed inside of a huge, brilliantly lit room in the rear.

A scene of Oriental magnificence suddenly burst upon their view which fairly dazzled them.

Elegant velvet carpet covered the floor, richly embroidered Chinese silk curtains hung at the doors and windows, expensive couches and divans were scattered about, and myriads of lights twinkled in odd lanterns of variegated hues, hanging by chains from the silk-draped ceiling.

It was like a Chinese fairyland.

There were tasteful bamboo screens, over which silk was stretched, worked with golden dragons, handsomely carved wooden stands held opium smoking utensils beside the couches, and elegantly clad attendants flitted about.

There was a lavish display of extravagance in everything. The air was redolent of the fumes of cooking opium, and the richly clad patrons of the place reclined on the couches.

Old King Brady and his partner had never before seen a finer den for the drug slaves in all their career.

As they entered an aristocratic young Chinaman came gliding toward them, clad in satin sandals, white silk stockings, black silk trousers, and a satin blouse, trimmed with gold embroidery. He wore a small silk skull cap on his shaved skull, and a long, glossy queue hung down his back.

"Gentlemen, have you come to smoke?" he asked in low, respectful tones, using the best of English.

"We have," replied Harry.

"Won't you refresh yourselves first with a cup of fine Chinese tea? There will be no extra charge."

"Thank you. We might."

"Pray, be seated at one of those little onyx tables near the rear partition, and I will wait upon you in person."

"Are you the proprietor?"

"Yes, sir. I am Sing Hi."

He fanned himself, smiled pleasantly, and led them toward the further end of the room, where some tables stood.

The detectives sat down, and he left them.

Beside them was the door of the "cooler" Chuck mentioned.

It was a massive door, furnished with a lock, but there was a key in the hole, and Harry muttered:

"We'll have to smash it open."

"No, no," replied Old King Brady. "I'll pick the lock."

He drew a bent wire from his pocket, and as no one was watching, he inserted it in the keyhole, and began to work it in an effort to unfasten the door.

A sudden, sharp click told him presently that he had shot back the bolt, and he put the wire in his pocket just as Sing Hi came back.

The Chinaman carried a little silver tray, upon which stood two dainty little cups and a tea pot of such thin, delicate chinaware that one could almost see through it.

He placed the service before the detectives, and said:

"Now, help yourselves, gentlemen, and when you have appeased your thirst tap that little bell, and I will send you an attendant to serve you with opium."

"Thank you very much," replied Harry.

Sing Hi thereupon withdrew, and vanished behind the folds of a magnificent silk curtain.

The Bradys sipped their tea.

Meantime they were awaiting a favorable chance to slip into the room containing the prisoner.

"You'd better remain on guard, and let me go in alone after the girl, Old King Brady," whispered Harry, after a few moments' thought.

"That will certainly be the safer," assented the old detective. "There's no telling what might occur if we both were to go into the room."

"Very well, and here's my chance," said the boy.

He thereupon pushed the door open, and stepped into the dark room.

But the room was lower than the opium joint, and he should have gone down several steps.

The result was that he fell with a violent crash, and a stifled cry escaped him.

"That's a bad give away!" he muttered grimly as he drew his revolver. "I hope it isn't going to lead us into any trouble."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHADOW ON THE FLOOR.

Harry landed on the padded floor of the room, and scrambled to his feet, feeling angry over the awkwardness of his fall.

"Why in thunder didn't I look where I was going?" he growled. "I wouldn't be surprised now if I alarmed the whole joint. I'd better find the girl in a hurry, for there will be trouble here soon."

He lit a match.

"Who is that?" panted a voice near by.

"Miss Rodney, is that you?"

"Ah! Somebody who knows me," came the glad reply.

Harry held up the match.

He saw a female figure rushing toward him.

In a moment more he recognized Grace Rodney.

"So it is you!" he exclaimed.

"And who are you, sir?" she demanded.

"I am Harry Brady."

"What! The detective? Oh! Then I'm safe!"

"We have come to save you, Miss Rodney."

"Thank heavens for that."

"Come here, quick."

"How are we to get out of here?"

"There will be a fight. Don't you get alarmed."

"I'll be as calm as possible, Mr. Brady."

"Come up these steps."

He seized her arm to assist her, and they mounted several steps, and passed into the opium den.

Old King Brady stood before the door.

"That you, Harry?" he asked, glancing in.

"Yes, and I've got the girl."

"The whole joint is in an uproar. Sing Hi and his men are coming this way. We must fight it out now."

"We are coming up."

"Very well. Got to face the music first as last, Harry."

Up into the den hastened the boy and girl, and they joined Old King Brady just as Sing Hi arrived on the spot.

The educated Chinaman cast a quick glance at the girl, and an ugly expression stole over his face.

Pointing at the open door, he exclaimed sternly:

"You get back into that room!"

The girl cowered back against Harry, and the boy exclaimed:

"Are you speaking to this young lady?"

"I am!" resolutely answered the Chinaman.

"She is under my protection."

"Indeed! And she is my charge."

"A captive—a prisoner!"

"That is my business."

"Is it? Well, we have something to say about that."

"Young man, I allow nobody to dictate to me."

"Not even an officer of the law?" asked Harry.

The Chinaman looked startled for an instant; but he quickly recovered, and asked:

"Are you a detective?"

"Both of us are."

"And you are after that girl?"

"Exactly. Horton abducted her."

"Yes; I know."

"Do you intend to interfere with us?"

"Not under the circumstances. It would be folly to do so. I don't wish to get arrested."

"Well, you'd certainly go to jail as Horton's accomplice if you were to try to stop us," said Harry grimly. "In fact, you have already laid yourself liable to arrest."

Sing Hi's immobile face did not change its expression of stolid indifference, and he asked, coolly:

"Are you going to arrest me?"

"Have you ill-treated this young lady?"

"No. She will testify that, excepting for keeping her confined a prisoner here, we have been kind to her."

"Is that true, Miss Rodney?"

"Yes," assented the girl.

"Then we won't molest you, Sing."

"Thank you, sir."

"Come along, Miss Rodney," said Harry.

Placing the girl between them, the two detectives started for the door, and the Chinamen brought up the rear.

They had scarcely gone half way across the room when Harry, who was watching their shadows on the floor, saw one of them suddenly raise his arm.

As quick as a flash the boy wheeled around.

The next moment he had Sing by the throat with one hand, and by the wrist with the other.

In the treacherous Chinaman's hand was a dagger.

He had been upon the point of stabbing Harry in the back, when the boy saw the act reflected in the shadow.

"Villain!" panted the boy.

Old King Brady was equally quick to act.

He drew the girl aside, and wheeled around, facing the other three Mongolians, pointing his pistol at them.

"Back!" he roared fiercely.

None of the drug slaves lying about the room interfered, for most of them were under the influence of the opium.

For a moment there was a deep silence.

Harry pushed Sing Hi back against the wall, released him and gave him a punch on the arm.

It made him drop the dagger.

He gave a yell of pain.

The next moment Harry's fist landed against his nose and knocked him flat on his back.

He gave another yell.

The next moment the boy pounced on him, rolled him over and snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"You'll go to jail for that dirty work, you dog!" the boy panted. "I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget!"

"Don't arrest me," groaned the Chinaman.

"Get up!"

"I won't."

Harry picked up Sing's knife.

Grabbing the Chinaman's pigtail he said:

"If you don't get up, I'll cut this off!"

A furious howl escaped the Mongolian.

Electrified by the threat he sprang to his feet.

"No! No!" he screamed. "You'd ruin me."

He would rather have died than lost his queue, and Harry knew it, and laughed at him.

"Now, will you obey?" demanded the boy.

"I'll do anything you ask, if you don't cut my hair," humbly answered Sing Hi.

"Then come along with me."

Old King Brady now roared at the three other Mongolians:

"Lie down flat on your faces upon the floor. I'll shoot the first man I find standing."

Down went the attendants like tenpins.

Old King Brady seized Grace's arm, and said:

"We'll have to make a dash through the store, as we may meet with some opposition out there."

"I'm ready," replied the girl.

"Keep up your courage."

"Anything to get out of this den."

Harry led the way with his trembling prisoner.

When the detectives reached the store, they fired several pistol shots over the heads of the Chinamen in charge of it.

Terrified by this sudden and unprovoked attack, the Mongolians rushed out into the street.

After them hurried the detectives.

Reaching the sidewalk, Old King Brady felt easier.

"So far, so good," said he.

"We'll have to hurry," said Harry, as he pointed down the street. "The Chinks are running this way with some of their friends. They may try to rescue Sing Hi."

They hurried over to the Bowery.

"I'll take the girl home," said the boy, "and you take care of this Chinaman and lock him up."

"Get on this car that's coming, Sing. We don't want any rescues going on here," exclaimed Old King Brady.

Harry and the girl watched them until the car carried them away, and the boy then said to the girl:

"He's safe enough now."

"Mr. Brady, here come those Chinamen," she answered.

"And here comes a car uptown. We'll baffle any attempt they might make to seize you again by boarding the car and getting away as fast as possible."

They rushed across the street.

Before the Chinamen could reach them they were on the car, and were being safely carried away uptown.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

On the following day the Bradys began to scour Chinatown in search of Boston Charley.

The villain had thus far kept himself well concealed, for he was aware of the fact that the Bradys were on his trail.

He could not get out of the city, as all the principal exits were under the watch of the police, and the detectives came to the conclusion that he was still in Chinatown.

Hence their search of that quarter.

They had a difficult task to perform, and it occupied several days, for none of the Mongolians they questioned would give them any information about the crook.

At the end of the fourth day they passed around into that section of Baxter street lying between Broome street and Park row, known as the "Bay."

There were some Chinese opium joints located there amidst the Jews and Italians of the clothing district.

In a mean, little rookery near Five Points there was a small, second-rate opium joint, and the detectives headed for the place with but scant hope of finding their man.

It was in a little store.

They pushed open a door, and entered the dingy, lamp-lit room, and saw the pine-board bunks filled with the lowest and most depraved specimens of humanity.

Some were cooking opium pills over the lamps, others were stupid from the drug, and a few raved in their sleep.

A tall, evil-looking Chinaman was attending to their wants, and he glanced up suspiciously at the officers, and demanded in ugly tones:

"You smoke?"

"No!" replied Harry. "We're cops!"

The man recoiled, thinking his den was to be raided.

Just then Charles Horton leaped out of a bunk, startled by hearing the Bradys' familiar voices.

He was pale from a protracted opium debauch, and glaring at the officers, he muttered hoarsely:

"By heavens, it's those accursed detectives!"

Harry made a rush for him, crying:

"Horton, by Jove!"

The man recoiled, and drew a revolver.

Aiming it at his own head, he cried bitterly:

"You've hunted me down at last, but by the eternal, you'll never take me alive. Brady, you won't send me to the chair for killing Faro Frank. I'll kill myself first."

He was just about to pull the trigger when Old King Brady knocked the weapon from his hand, and shouted:

"No suicides allowed here!"

"Blast you!" shrieked Horton in mad tones.

But that was as far as he got, for the next moment he was frantically struggling in Harry's grip, and fell to the floor, locked in the young detective's embrace.

Here the fight was continued.

The opium joint keeper rushed out, and the other drug slaves who were awake gazed passively.

Old King Brady now took a hand in the fight, and between him and the boy Boston Charley was quickly subdued.

They dragged him out into the street, crying like a child.

"We've got you at last, and I knew we'd do it," said Old King Brady in grim tones. "Now, you'll have to stand

trial for your misdeeds, and if we don't convict you of murdering Faro Frank, it will be mighty strange."

"I'm a wreck!" growled Horton. "It's opium that brought me down to this. If the cursed drug had not turned my brain, I would not have shot and killed my best friend."

They dragged him away to the police station, bemoaning his fate and cursing the Bradys alternately.

When he was locked in a cell Old King Brady said to Harry:

"Our job is finished. He confessed that he abducted Grace, thinking he could force her to marry him against her will. The man must have been crazy."

"We've got the whole guilty crowd," replied the boy, "and they will now be brought to trial as quickly as possible."

The newspapers next day had a full account of their exploits in bringing Faro Frank's murderer to justice.

When the trial of the culprits took place, all the bad Chinamen who had been arrested in the case were sent to prison for their misdeeds.

Charles Horton was then tried.

The evidence produced by the Bradys, in addition to what Arthur McKee confessed, convicted the man.

He was imprisoned and executed.

Grace Rodney was glad enough to learn his fate, and grateful to the Bradys for what they did for her.

She soon afterward met a man upon whom she bestowed her affection, and was married to him.

The fame of the Bradys was materially increased by the excellent work they did on this case.

As they were never happier than when they were working on the most difficult cases, their Chief soon had them employed again. The new business they undertook was destined to be of a kind that endangered their lives and taxed their skill.

Our next number will give an account of it, so our readers will only lose the great Bradys for a short time.

THE END.

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