

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.

No. 182.

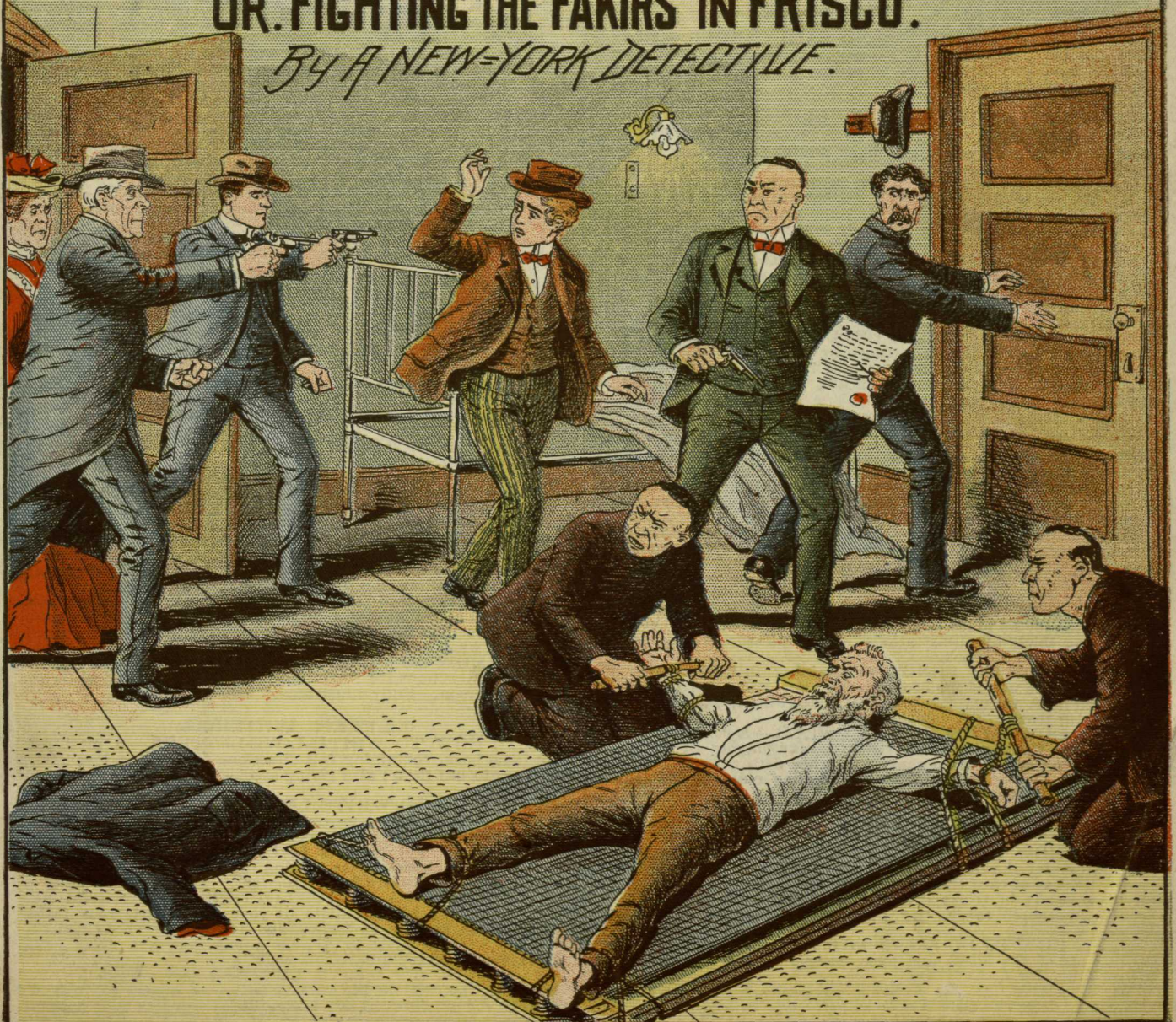
NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE "BONANZA KING";

OR, FIGHTING THE FAKIRS IN FRISCO.

BY A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



"Give him another turn, boys!" cried Dr. Farber. "Oh yes, I think he'll sign!" "Not to-night!" exclaimed a stern voice behind him. "This is your finish, Farber." The door of the next room had been thrown open and in rushed the Bradys and Mrs. Hare.



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## The Bradys and the "Bonanza King";

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

When the evening express from the "States" came into the Southern Pacific station at San Francisco, it found the usual crowd in waiting.

The scene is always a busy one, but it was particularly busy to-night, for the united encampments of the Knights Templar of Texas were on board the train, come to pay a visit to their comrades on the Pacific Coast.

Among the passengers who came out of the Pullman car "Siegfried," was a tall, elderly gentleman, wearing a long, blue coat tightly drawn in about the waist, with brass buttons, a broad-brimmed white felt hat, a stand-up collar and an old-fashioned stock.

This man was of such marked appearance that many turned and stared at him.

In fact, several recognized the man.

His portrait had often appeared in the newspapers.

That he was the world-famous detective, Old King Brady, was a fact not to be concealed.

Reaching the street the detective paused under the glaring electric lights.

He looked up the street and down the street, and across the way, as if expecting some one.

While he was so engaged a man wearing livery and holding a whip in his hand, stepped up to the detective.

"Beg pardon, sir, but is not this Mr. Brady?" he asked.

"Such is my name," replied the detective.

"I am Mrs. Hare's coachman, sir. I was told to look out for you when the train came in."

"Indeed. How came Mrs. Hare to expect me, when I am not due until to-morrow night?"

"I can't answer that, sir. I was told to meet you. I have the carriage here; but I understood there were to be two?"

"Yes."

"I don't see your partner in."

"No; I am looking for him myself."

"Beg pardon, but didn't you come together?"

"No; we—ah! Here he is."

A young man dressed up to the moment came hurrying through the crowd.

This was the old detective's pupil and partner, Young King Brady, as he was usually called.

"Well, Governor, so you got here all right!" he exclaimed, taking the detective's hand.

"I am here. You arrived when?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Any news?"

"Nothing of any great importance."

"You have not been near Mrs. Hare?"

"No; my orders were not to go near Mrs. Hare, I believe."

"Right. We will go to her now. Here is a carriage which she has sent for us."

"And a letter, sir," said the coachman, taking off his hat.

He took a sealed letter from the lining and handed it to Old King Brady.

The detective hastily opened it and read as follows:

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir—I desire to see you at once before you make any move in my matter, but it is for reasons which I will explain later; not convenient for me to receive you at my own house. I have sent my coachman to meet you and he will drive you to an old house which belongs to me, where we can have our interview without risk. Oblige me in this, and when we meet I will fully explain.

"I am yours truly,

"Mrs. James J. Hare."

"Is it all right, sir?" asked the coachman.

"All right," replied the detective. "Where is—your carriage, my man?"

"Step right this way, sir."

"Governor, may I see that letter?" asked Young King Brady, laying his hand on his partner's arm.

"Take it. Read it when we get in the carriage," was the reply.

"I'd like to read now."

"Do as I tell you, please!"

"All right; we must obey orders."

A handsome private carriage stood at the curb.

The two detectives entered it; the driver slammed the door, sprang on the box, and they were driven rapidly away.

The moment they had started Young King Brady struck a fusee and read the letter by its light.

"Governor, there is something wrong about this!" he exclaimed.

"I believe you," replied Old King Brady, quietly.

"I'll bet you what you like that this is a plot."

"I'm sure of it."

"Then in heaven's name why did you get into this carriage?"

"Harry, we are up against a hard gang."

"Make no mistake about that."

"We are here to fight some of the worst fakirs in 'Frisco."

"You bet your life we are."

"That being the case we can't be too careful."

"But, Mr. Brady, is it being careful to let these men drag us off to this old house?"

"It will give us a clue, perhaps."

"That is what we want."

"More than anything else."

"Exactly."

"For that reason I am willing to take big chances. Forewarned is forearmed."

"It is like you to take these chances. There isn't another detective in the country who would look at the matter in that way."

"Experience, my dear boy; experience."

"Exactly. What makes you suspect it is a plot?"

"For two reasons."

"First, the handwriting of the letter?"

"Exactly. That letter was written by a woman, but never by Mrs. Hare."

"And the other reason?"

"Mrs. Hare did not expect me until to-morrow. Harry, these fakirs have been on the watch for me several nights, no doubt."

"I believe you. The letter bears no date."

"Another proof. But now to business. We have a good chance to compare notes."

Old King Brady looked out of the window as the carriage took a turn.

"Where are we, now?" asked Harry.

"Market and Montgomery streets. There is the Palace Hotel."

"We are running on Montgomery street!"

"Yes."

"This is the principal business part of the city, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Then we are safe for the time being. I was surprised when I got your telegram. Instead of being here in San Francisco to-night, I expected to be in New York."

"I'll explain, Harry."

"Your letter did that."

"Oh, you got my letter, then. I hardly thought you would."

"Yes; I received it this morning. I was in Helena, Montana when the telegram came. I had just finished up my work there. The dispatch sent me hiking on to 'Frisco, and I got there to find the letter telling me that you had been engaged by telegraph by Mrs. James J. Hare, to find

her husband, the famous bonanza king, who has mysteriously disappeared."

"That's it, Harry. I hope you have kept the thing a profound secret. Mind you, the disappearance of Mr. Hare is not generally known."

"I understand that."

"Have you been at work at all?"

"I have been studying into Mr. Hare's habits, that's all."

"You could not have put in your time to better advantage. Well, what have you learned?"

"That Mr. Hare is a great gambler, for one thing."

"Ha! Important! What's his particular gamble?"

"He seems to take it all ways. He belongs to a private poker club, and also frequently makes the rounds of the gambling houses in disguise."

"Good!"

"He even takes in the Chinatown fan-tan games."

"Yes! Yes!"

"It is an open secret that he knows many of the worst fakirs in town."

"How did you learn all this?"

"By bribing the colored door-tender at his office, for one thing."

"Dangerous!"

"The man has been in the habit of going about nights with him in disguise."

"Didn't he know that his employer has disappeared?"

"He thinks he has gone East—at least so he said."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; that Mr. Hare's only child, Miss Martha Hare, a coarse looking girl, nineteen years, is nearly as wild as her father."

"Yes! Yes!"

"There are rumors that she has been seen in Chinatown at night, disguised as a man."

"That is very important. Anything more?"

"Nothing, except that it is an open secret that the Hares do not live happily together."

"I can believe it."

"That's all, Governor. Do you know how much James J. Hare is reputed to be worth?"

"I don't know the exact number of millions—no."

"Over a hundred."

"Good enough. This will be a profitable case for us if we find him, my boy."

"Perhaps he don't want to be found."

"I have thought of that, too; but I hardly think it can be so. The man's business interests are so enormously large that one could hardly imagine him running away from them; and yet it might be so."

"Where are we going now?" asked Harry, looking out of the window, for the carriage had taken another turn.

"I think the driver is making for the top of Telegraph Hill."

"Mrs. Hare lives on California street."

"Yes."

"You don't expect to see her here, of course?"

"As I told you, no. We must keep on the alert, now, Harry, and I think we had better not talk any more."

It was ten o'clock when Old King Brady looked at his watch.

Just ten minutes later the carriage stopped before a large, shabby, old frame house, at the very top of that well-known lookout, Telegraph Hill.

The driver jumped off and opened the door.

"That's the house, gentlemen," he said. "My orders are not to wait for fear of attracting too much attention. I am to return in about an hour for you and Mrs. Hare."

"All right," replied Old King Brady. "Here's a dollar for yourself, my man."

"Thank you, sir. Will you be wanting to go to a hotel after you are through here?"

"Yes; decidedly."

"Have you engaged rooms?"

"I have not. My partner has, I presume."

"I'm stopping at the Lick House," said Harry. "I couldn't get a room for you there, Governor. The house is packed full."

"I think I can arrange it, sir," said the driver. "I know the steward at the Lick House. While I am waiting I might as well go down there and try what I can do. The town is very full of people on account of the Knights Templar coming, but I think I can get you a good room at the Lick House."

"You are very kind," said Old King Brady; "and I shall be obliged to you if you will try."

"All right, sir. I think I can do it, sir."

The driver mounted the box and the carriage rolled away.

"That does not look as though there was anything wrong," said Harry, as they passed through the gate in front of the old house.

"You can't tell," said Old King Brady. "We want to be on the alert."

The front of the house was entirely dark.

There was nothing to show that it was occupied.

But when Old King Brady pulled the door bell, footsteps were heard coming down stairs, and a light shot up in the hall.

Immediately the door was opened by a young Chinaman.

"Mrs. Hare," said Old King Brady, stepping in.

"Alle light, boss," replied the Chinaman, closing the door behind them and shooting the bolts. "This way, please."

He threw open a door at the end of the hall.

The room into which he ushered the detectives was comfortably furnished and lighted with a single gas jet.

There was a ground glass door at the back.

The Chinaman pointed to it, saying:

"Mrs. Hare, she say go on balcony and waitee dere. She come in a minute—yes."

"All right, John," said Harry, and the Chinaman withdrew.

Young King Brady threw open the glass door.

Beyond was a modern balcony overhanging the terrible precipice which forms the side of Telegraph Hill toward the bay.

Fully a hundred and fifty feet below ran New Montgomery street.

Many of the old houses on Telegraph Hill have these balconies overhanging the bluff.

The view of the bay, the city and the mountains on the opposite shore from these balconies is indeed superb.

On the balcony were three large willow chairs.

There seemed nothing strange that Mrs. Hare should fix upon this place for their meeting.

Young King Brady stepped upon the balcony, and his partner was just about to follow him when both were startled by a loud, cracking sound.

"Harry!" cried Old King Brady, seizing him by the arm.

He was not one second too quick.

Cracking, tearing, ripping sounds followed, and the balcony went crashing down the precipice into the street below.

And Young King Brady?

Poor Harry hung between life and death.

Old King Brady on his knees in the doorway held him by one arm and by the collar of his coat.

"Goodness! Don't let me go?" gasped Harry.

It was all Old King Brady could do to hold his own.

Luckily the old detective was possessed of great strength and a cool head.

With a mighty effort he drew the boy back into the room.

"Thank God!" gasped Harry.

Well might he say so!

The plot against the Bradys had failed.

## CHAPTER II.

### MRS. HARE TELLS WHAT SHE KNOWS.

"Quick! Slide into this closet. We may get a clue!"

The Bradys had no more than concealed themselves when the door leading into the hall cautiously opened and the Chinaman slid into the room.

He glided to the balcony door and looked out.

Not a word did he utter, but the Bradys could hear a chuckling laugh.

Then the Chinaman shut the balcony door and turning out the gas passed out of the room.

"He seems to be all alone," breathed Harry.

"Hush!" whispered Old King Brady; "our lives may depend upon our keeping quiet, now."

Moments passed.

Presently the street door was heard to slam.

For fully fifteen minutes the Bradys waited there in the dark.

"I don't believe there is anybody left in the house but ourselves, Governor," Harry whispered at last.

"I think you are right. We will go out, now," said Old King Brady. "By gracious, boy, this is a cheerful welcome to 'Frisco, I must say."

"If we had both walked out on that balcony, we would have been dead ducks, now."

"That's what."

"That was intended we should do."

"I can't doubt it. Get out your revolver. I'll light the dark lantern. We must look deeper into this."

The Bradys visited every room in the old house before they were through.

Nothing in shape of a clue to the authors of the plot was discovered.

The house was furnished throughout, but it evidently had not been occupied in a long time.

Everywhere except in the sitting-room, into which the Bradys had been ushered, the dust and dirt lay thick.

That the balcony was fixed to fall the detectives positively knew.

This information was obtained in the kitchen.

Three stout joists bedded in the brick foundation wall had supported the balcony.

Opening the window and looking out the detectives saw that these joists had been sawed almost through.

Thus the balcony had been left in such a condition that the least weight would bring it down.

"Strange none of the neighbors come," remarked Harry.

"Some one must have heard the noise."

This was explained later when the Bradys stole out into the street.

The houses on either side were vacant and to rent.

There were vacant lots beyond these houses.

The neighborhood was a lonely one. There was nobody on the street.

"There will be people up from below, perhaps," said Old King Brady. "Now is a good time to skip."

They hurried away and got down on to Kearney street as quick as they could.

It was not until they were well started on that busy thoroughfare that they felt safe.

"That was a narrow escape," said Harry, then. "I can scarcely realize it. I am just beginning to get frightened, now."

"It shows us that we are dealing with a desperate gang."

"No doubt of that. I almost wish we had grabbed the Chinaman."

"That would have been fatal to our plans."

"How so?"

"What could we have done with the fellow, but drag him to the nearest police station?"

"True."

"As it is these fakirs think they have killed us."

"Yes; but they will know better in the morning."

"Perhaps to-night; but that makes no difference. To-night the Bradys must vanish."

"In other words we shall have to go into disguise."

"Yes. After we have interviewed Mrs. Hare the Bradys must be seen no more in 'Frisco until it pays them to appear."

Late as the hour was Old King Brady was still determined to go to Mrs. Hare's palatial residence.

It was not such a very long walk.

Climbing steep California street the detectives soon reached the residence of the missing bonanza king.

The house was dark in all the windows in the main part, but in the wing on the uphill side lights burned.

It was into a room on this side that the Bradys were ushered when they presented their cards to the butler.

The room was one of the most expensively furnished apartments the detectives had ever seen.

Mrs. Hare was at home and sent word that she would see them at once.

Ten minutes later a quiet, dignified lady, with iron-gray hair entered the room.

"And you are the Bradys?" she said, walking up to the detectives, with extended hands. "I am thankful that you have come, and I must thank you for so promptly under-

taking the long journey across the continent in answer to my dispatch."

"Madam, we try to be ever prompt," replied Old King Brady, shaking hands. "I must apologize for the lateness of our call; there are special reasons for that."

"You need not. I am only too glad to see you, gentlemen. Be seated please."

"Are we quite alone?" asked Old King Brady, when they had seated themselves around a table upon which a drop-light burned behind a soft-tinted shade.

"We are," replied Mrs. Hare.

"It is of the utmost importance that we should not be overheard."

"This is my house. There is no fear. I will now explain——"

"Pardon me just a minute," broke in Old King Brady; "before I listen to your story, Mrs. Hare, I have another matter I must speak of."

"As you will, sir."

"Did you write this letter, Madam?"

Old King Brady produced the decoy letter and passed it over to Mrs. Hare.

"Certainly not!" cried the lady as she glanced over its contents.

"As I thought."

"Where did you get it?"

"It was given to me by a cabman in livery who was awaiting my arrival at the Southern Pacific station."

"Indeed! I sent no carriage to the station for you, Mr. Brady. Why should I do so when I did not expect you until to-morrow night?"

"Exactly so."

"And you went with this man?"

"We did, and came very near losing our lives in so doing."

"Is it possible! How was that?"

Old King Brady told the story of the balcony.

Mrs. Hare grew greatly excited.

"What can it mean?" she exclaimed. "No one knew of my intention of having you gentlemen here?"

"Is it so?"

"It is so. I never told a soul—not even my daughter Martha."

"We were expected, madam."

"Undoubtedly you were. I wish I could understand this."

"We will discuss the mystery later. Do you know anything of the house I described?"

"Do I know it? Why, of course I know it. The house is mine. I lived there the first twenty years of my mar-

ried life. My husband built it himself. The balcony was perfectly secured."

"This only deepens the mystery. Who is supposed to occupy it now?"

"It is unoccupied at present. It is to rent furnished. There were several cases of small-pox in the neighborhood a few months ago. This scared the people away. I believe there are three houses to rent on the block."

"There are. Yours has not been recently occupied?"

"Not for some months."

"Who has the keys?"

"My agent, Mr. Pine. His office is on Luther street. I will give you his address."

"He is reliable?"

"Entirely so."

"You speak of the house being yours—you mean your husband's, I presume?"

"I mean nothing of the sort. The house was placed in my name when it was built. I have always managed the property. My husband had nothing at all to do with it, sir."

"It all goes to show that we have to deal with desperate criminals."

"It evidently does. I feel dreadfully upset by this. Why, if you had been killed, what should I have done?"

"We will let the matter rest now, my dear madam," said Old King Brady, "and get down to the business in hand."

"But this must be investigated, too. If some one holds the keys to my house, I want to know who it is."

"It shall be investigated with the rest of the business, Mrs. Hare. Now kindly tell me of the circumstances of your husband's disappearance."

"Well, sir, there is so little to tell that you will be rather disappointed, I fear."

"Not at all. What we want are the facts. Harry, you will take notes as usual, please."

"Mr. Brady," said Mrs. Hare earnestly, "you will need no notes. All there is to it can be told in a few words. It is just two weeks ago to-night that my husband sat in the chair you are occupying now, when the telephone rang in the little room opening off this. Now, our telephone is a private number and not in the regular book. No one is supposed to use it but those of our friends or acquaintances, to whom we give the number. This prevented strangers from calling my husband up on matters which he did not care to talk about, you see."

"I understand, madam. Who called Mr. Hare up that night?"

"I cannot tell you. He answered the telephone, and in a minute came back into the room."

"I have a call downtown," he said. "I must go out at once. Probably I may not be back until very late. Do not sit up for me."

"And he went?"

"He went, Mr. Brady, and has never been seen or heard of since."

"You have no idea where he went or why?"

"Not the faintest."

"How did he go? In a carriage or on foot?"

"He left the house on foot. My husband is a plain man, Mr. Brady. He seldom used a carriage, although we have six."

"He was accustomed to being out late at night?"

"Oh, yes. He was out a good deal in the evening. His business demanded it."

"You know little of what he did when away from home in the evening?"

"Nothing at all, you may say."

"And this is all the information you have to give me?"

"That is all. I know it is next to nothing."

"What did you do when Mr. Hare failed to return?"

"Nothing for two days. Then I began to inquire."

"Why did you wait so long?"

"Because I thought he would return or let me know where he was."

"He was in the habit of staying away for a day or two at a time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Without letting you know, I mean?"

"Yes."

"Pardon me, I must get at the facts as best I can; was Mr. Hare drinking too much at times?"

"I must admit that he was."

"Not every day?"

"Oh, no."

"Once a week?"

"Hardly as often as that. Occasionally."

"He would stay away at such times?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where he went?"

"Usually to his club."

"What club?"

"The Tamalpais."

"Was he a member of any other club?"

"Not that I know of."

"Had Mr. Hare business partners?"

"No. He operated entirely alone."

"You have employed other detectives, madam?"

"Yes, three. I discharged them when I engaged you."

"They have kept your secret?"



"Yes. I paid for that."

"Mr. Hare's disappearance has been kept out of the papers?"

"Yes. I paid for that, too."

"Then you intend to put the case entirely in our hands?"

"Entirely. I shall not interfere with you in any way. Whatever money you need is at your service. Only find my husband for me, gentlemen, that is all I ask."

"Madam," said Old King Brady, earnestly, "we shall find Mr. Hare if he is still living, or we will tell you how he died if he is dead."

Shortly after that the Bradys parted with the wife of the Bonanza King.

They went down in Sansome street, and under assumed names took a room at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GETTING DOWN TO WORK.

The Bradys had paid in advance for their room at the Cosmopolitan and early in the morning, well disguised, they slipped out of the hotel unobserved.

Old King Brady was now dressed in the height of fashion, all, but a new plug hat, which he purchased and donned the first thing.

Then he and Harry went to a restaurant for breakfast.

"Upon opening the Morning Chronicle they found an account of the fall of the balcony into New Montgomery street the night before.

The paper stated that the balcony supports had been sawed away.

As there was no evidence of any one having been on the balcony at the time of its fall, the paper seemed inclined to consider the affair the work of mischievous boys.

"I suppose our mysterious enemies know by this time that we escaped," remarked Harry.

"Undoubtedly."

"What is to be the first move, Governor?"

"I have yours all planned out, Harry; as for my own it is still in the dark."

"And what am I to do?"

"Read this ad. in the Chronicle and see if you can't guess."

Old King Brady had been over the paper carefully.

He now pointed to an advertisement which read as follows:

"WANTED—A good Chinese or Japanese boy to assist butler. Apply with recommendations to Mrs. James J. Hare, No. — California street."

"By gracious, governor, it's my chance!"

"So it seems to me."

"We must find out something of the inside workings of the Hare establishment if we expect to succeed."

"We certainly must and it has to be done on the dead quiet."

"But the recommendations?"

"I can fix that. You will meet me at 11 o'clock and go right to the Hare house."

"Suppose I am too late for the place?"

"We must take our chances. You will have to be very careful about your disguise, and that will take time. I shall have to have time to secure the recommendation, and there you are."

"Shall it be a Chinese or a Jap make-up?"

"As you like."

"I think Chinese will be the best."

"So do I. You are used to it and have always been successful in disguising as a Chinaman."

"Yes, and there is another reason."

"And a most important one."

"I shall probably have to follow Miss Martha on one of her mysterious trips into Chinatown."

"Exactly what you are going there for."

"Well, I guess I am good for it, governor. Let's finish up our breakfast and get to work."

The Bradys separated soon after.

They met at eleven o'clock in front of Andrews' "silver palace" on Montgomery street.

Old King Brady, with his patent leathers, shining new hat and diamond stud, looked as if he might be a bonanza king himself.

He did not see Harry, and stood looking at the fine display of jewelry in the window:

Suddenly somebody brushed against him.

Turning, Old King Brady saw a young Chinaman standing beside him.

Even then he did not know Harry until he spoke.

"Governor, I am waiting for my recommendation."

"Bless my soul, boy! You are made up well."

"Glad you like it. I try to do the best I can."

"It's a perfect disguise, but we must not be seen talking here long."

"No, no."

"Here is the letter. It is from the president of the Bank of Utah, an old friend of mine."

"Good! I am off. Where can we meet in case I want to see you?"

"Wire me at the bank and make your own meeting place."

"And in case you want to see me?"

"There is no way of getting at you except to send some Chinaman to the house with a note."

"You are right. Any other way would excite suspicion."

"Good-by! Good luck to you. We must pull apart now."

Harry shuffled along, while Old King Brady crossed the street and entered the Occidental hotel.

This, however, was merely a blind.

Old King Brady feared that he was being watched.

Somebody had betrayed them.

Although Mrs. Hare declared that she had never told any one of their coming, Old King Brady felt that the information must have come from her in some way.

It was either that or from the telegraph office.

This was the puzzling question.

Old King Brady had already been working on it.

He had made a discovery already which he felt was pretty sure to help him out.

He now proceeded to work on the lines of his discovery.

Leaving the hotel by another door he hurried to the telephone headquarters.

"I wish to see Mr. Handless," he said upon entering the place.

Mr. Handless, as it happened, was one of the highest officers of the telephone company.

He was noted as one of the most difficult men to approach.

"Mr. Handless is engaged. What is your business?" demanded the clerk in a very offensive way.

"None of yours, young man," replied Old King Brady. "You will take this note to Mr. Handless, if you please."

The detective's manner was too commanding to be resisted.

In a moment the clerk came back all bows and smiles.

"Would the gentleman walk this way, please? Mr. Handless would see him at once."

"I thought so," said Old King Brady.

Two minutes later he was ushered into the presence of the telephone magnate.

"Good-day. Be seated," said Mr. Handless, without looking up from his desk.

Old King Brady sat down meekly.

The moment the clerk had departed Mr. Handless ordered his typewriter from the room, and then closed and locked all the doors.

Old King Brady lighted a cigar.

Stretching out his long legs he leaned back in his chair.

"Well, Jack," he said, as Mr. Handless dropped into his chair.

The telephone magnate looked very white.

His hand trembled as he laid it nervously on his desk.

"Not that name, please," he said in a low voice. "How did you discover me here?"

"No matter. You have nothing to fear from me, providing you will do me a small favor."

"Count on me, Mr. Brady. I am nervous about—about your visit, naturally."

"Naturally. Have you been here long?"

"Five years."

"Ever since you left Sing Sing?"

"Don't breathe it. I lead an honest life now."

"Glad to hear that. Of course you came into this position under a false recommendation."

"What else could I do?"

"True. Trust me. I have no interest in giving you away, and you have every interest in not betraying me."

"You can bank on that. What is it you want?"

"One night about two weeks ago, say at eight o'clock in the evening or thereabouts, Mr. James J. Hare received a private call on his house telephone."

"Yes."

"I want to know who called him up."

"What's the matter with Hare? There are rumors about town that he is missing the last few days."

"Never you mind the rumors. Can you give me the information I want?"

"It's dead against the rules, Mr. Brady, but I guess I can manage it."

"You keep a record of the calls, of course?"

"Oh, yes. It won't take a minute to find it out."

"That is all I want of you."

"It will be strictly confidential, of course?"

"As much so as your past history is safe in my confidence now."

Mr. Handless hesitated no further.

"Send Mr. Adams here!" he called through his desk telephone.

Mr. Adams came and went, and in a moment a call through the telephone came.

"Mr. Hare was called up by Count Jules Fiosco at the Turk's Club," Mr. Handless announced.

"Good! Who is this Count?"

"I don't know. Never heard of him."

"And the club?"

"Private gambling house for very rich men on Vallejo street. Heavy play there every night."

"You are acquainted there?"

"Not at all."

"Know any members?"

"Yes, two or three."

"You can introduce me?"

"Yes, if it must be done, but I would like to know more about this business first."

"There is nothing that I can tell you beyond the fact that Mr. Hare left home to answer that call and has never been seen since."

"Is it possible! I would not have believed that the disappearance of so prominent a man could have been kept so quiet."

"It's a fact."

"And you are on the case?"

"Yes. I shall appreciate your help."

"I will give you a letter to a member of the club."

"Thank you."

"How shall I word it?"

"I am the Hon. Mr. Chelmsford of London. I am the owner of large railroad and mining interests; my fortune runs up into the millions. I am traveling for pleasure and expect to remain around 'Frisco some time, looking for a chance to invest a spare million or two."

"You are the same sly old fox, Brady."

"I am the same man of business, I hope."

"As you will. Where is the Hon. Mr. Chelmsford stopping?"

"Where should he stop?"

"Let it be the Palace Hotel."

"Very good. That all?"

"That will do. I will write the letter now."

It took the rest of the day to work this business to a finish.

When evening came the Hon. Mr. Chelmsford was introduced into the Turk's Club by one of San Francisco's most prominent millionaires.

Of course, for Old King Brady to have adopted a full disguise would scarcely have worked.

Among men so shrewd as the members of the Turk's Club discovery would have been certain.

He trusted to his entire change of dress to do the business.

Certainly the stately old gentleman in the evening suit who walked through the rooms of the Turk's Club bore little resemblance to the Old King Brady so well known to criminals all over the United States.

The Turk's Club, as Old King Brady found it, was a very peculiar place for a millionaire's rendezvous.

It was just an old two-story frame house on one of the shabby by-streets of the town.

Outside the house was always dark and the blinds forever closed.

Few persons were ever seen entering or leaving by the front door.

The place was two houses from the corner of Mason street, and down from Mason street there ran an alley to the rear of the clubhouse.

By way of this alley men were slipping in and out the clubhouse far into the small hours of the night.

It was one of the rules of the Turk's Club that no one should ever come in cab or carriage, either to the alley entrance or the front door.

It was rather a blustery evening when Old King Brady appeared on Mason street in company with a plainly dressed gentleman.

We will call him Mr. Smith, for such was not his name.

Should we mention the true name of this party the reader would instantly recognize it.

He was, in fact, one of the best known bonanza kings of the Pacific Coast.

"This is our place, Mr. Chelmsford," Smith remarked as they approached the entrance to the alley.

"Why, really, my dear fellow, you do things very oddly in 'Frisco," replied Old King Brady with a drawl.

"And why so?"

"Such a shabby entrance, don't you know?"

"It is part of the programme, as I explained to you. The Turk's Club is shabby throughout. This is to keep the public from guessing who its members really are."

"Yes, yes. Do we go in here?"

"We do. Down this alley."

"Why, it, is positively nasty!"

"Oh, you will get used to it in time. Millions have changed hands at the Turk's Club. It suits our members all right."

Old King Brady was led through a back gate and into a small yard, where a fuchsia tree loaded with blossoms grew.

Up a few shabby steps and a bell was pulled.

A Chinaman looked through a peep-hole and the visitors were admitted.

There were six small rooms, plainly furnished, on the ground floor, and as many more above.

The dining-room was in the basement and the kitchen in the rear.

Altogether the Turk's Club looked like nothing but a shabby private house, but before Old King Brady had visited it three times—and he did so on three successive nights—he was simply amazed at the amount of money he saw change hands.

The "Hon. Mr. Chelmsford" was duly introduced to the heaviest mining, commercial and railroad kings of the Pacific Coast.

The "Hon. Mr. Chelmsford" was able to hold his own with them, too.

He seemed to have unlimited money at his command.

He bucked the tiger in all his lairs.

The faro table came to know him, the roulette wheel made his acquaintance; he won heavily at poker the second night, and started to teach some of the young members how to play the French game L'Ombre on the third.

Each night Count Jules Fiosco, also a visitor at the Turk's Club, was present.

The Hon. Mr. Chelmsford paid but slight attention to the Count, who looked a cross between a young Filipino, a Chinaman and a Japanese.

Yet the Count was said to be a millionaire tea grower in Tonquin, in the Far East.

He certainly had command of unlimited money and was very fond of play.

So it appeared on the first, second and third nights, at least.

On the fourth night the Count failed to put in an appearance, although the Hon. Mr. Chelmsford was there as usual.

This was the night upon which Young King Brady ran up against some startling adventures which must now be described.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

Young King Brady struck luck first throw in his scheme. And it was sheer luck and nothing else.

Mrs. Hare had just discharged one of her Chinese house servants for opium smoking.

Like most of the old Californians, Mrs. Hare would not have any kind of help but Chinese.

The only exception was Mrs. Ball, the housekeeper, and Thomas, the butler.

There was a Chinese cook in the kitchen and two Chinamen cared for the chambers.

The third Chinaman was a sort of general helper to Thomas.

His business was to sweep, dust, clean silver and do odd jobs of all sorts.

For this place Young King Brady, alias "Sing Yup," was engaged.

Those who had applied before him had not suited Thomas.

Luckily for the young detective's plans he did.

Sing Yup spoke but little English.

Perhaps this was what suited Thomas.

He worked hard and he worked well, and his work gave perfect satisfaction, too.

There was only one thing upon which Sing Yup insisted when he was first engaged, and that was that he should have a small room to himself and not be obliged to sleep with the other Chinamen.

Thomas never had a Chinaman who learned so rapidly.

Within three days Sing Yup was almost as expert at his duties as though he had always lived in the bonanza king's big house.

Of course, Young King Brady saw Mrs. Hare from time to time.

He also saw Miss Martha, the only other member of the family.

Martha Hare was certainly no beauty.

She was a masculine-looking girl with a loud voice and coarse features.

Owing to a fever a year before she had lost her hair, and now had it cut short.

Young King Brady had not been twenty-four hours in the house before he discovered that Martha Hare and her mother were on anything but friendly terms.

In fact, they seemed to have but little to say to each other.

Every afternoon they rode out together in one of the many handsome carriages in the bonanza king's stables.

They met at meal times, of course, but that ended it.

During the remainder of the day and evening each kept to her own apartments, and the great house was as silent as a tomb.

Thus, taken altogether, Young King Brady found the Hare mansion rather a peculiar sort of place.

On the evening of the fourth day Harry, having a word from Old King Brady, retired to his room as usual about nine o'clock.

As is generally known, none of the houses in San Francisco are of any great height.

This is on account of the fear of earthquakes out there.

The Hare house was only three stories high, but it covered considerable ground.

The servants' quarters were in one of the wings and occupied two stories.

Young King Brady's little room was on the second story, and the window overlooked the extensive gardens in the rear of the house.

These gardens were beautifully laid out and covered half a block.

There were great masses of shrubbery with pretty summer houses scattered here and there among miniature lakes, flashing fountains, and all that sort of thing.

Harry's window opened upon the roof balcony, which ran all around that part of the house fronting the gardens.

Mrs. Hare's apartments were in front, but Miss Martha's were on the same side as Young King Brady's.

Upon locking his door, Harry did what he had done each previous evening.

He crept out upon the balcony roof, slid down one of the pillars, and gliding through the shrubbery, took his place in a small summer house where, through the latticed side, he could overlook a little green door set in the garden wall.

To watch this door from nine o'clock until nearly one in the morning had been Young King Brady's work each night.

It was slow business.

So far there had been nothing doing.

Young King Brady took his place in the summer house as usual, and sat there watching the lights in Miss Martha's rooms, as he had done during the nights before.

There was still nothing doing at ten o'clock.

At half-past ten it was just the same, but at eleven something occurred which threw the detective right on the alert.

Suddenly the shade in one of the windows was run up, and instead of Miss Martha a young man showed himself.

Then the sash was cautiously raised and the young man peered out.

It was all the work of seconds.

The lights in the room had been turned out before it began.

If it had not been a bright moonlight night, Harry would not have been able to see anything.

A moment later and the young man drew in and the window was closed again.

"Ha! At last!" thought Young King Brady, "my time has come. The report I received was correct. Miss Martha goes on her trip to Chinatown to-night!"

But how was the disguised girl intending to leave the house?

Upon this everything depended.

Harry had staked all his chances on the green gate and he won.

Three minutes later a door opening upon the balcony

softly opened and the disguised Martha Hare, dressed in a neat business suit, and looking generally like some clerk out for an evening, glided down the steps and across the grounds.

It is doubtful if the detective would have recognized her if he had not been prepared.

Gaining the green gate, the girl opened it with a key and was gone.

Young King Brady had no key.

This did not hinder him, however.

He had been prepared for this.

Further along the wall he had placed a barrel.

By the aid of this barrel he was over the wall and in the street in no time.

It was late.

There were but few persons moving.

Young King Brady dropped in the rear of Martha Hare unobserved.

It was plain sailing enough now.

Nobody would have thought of suspecting the Chinaman, with his hands in the sleeves of his blouse, of being other than what he seemed.

Meanwhile Martha walked ahead of him smoking a cigarette which she had lighted, and swinging a silver-topped bamboo cane.

The daughter of the missing bonanza king was evidently intending to see something of the town.

"Now, I wonder," thought Young King Brady, "if this has anything to do with her father's disappearance—that's the point."

From the information he had received, Miss Martha had been playing this trick for some time.

She had been recognized by numerous persons in her disguise.

But whether her parents were aware of her escapades or not Young King Brady had failed to learn.

The girl kept on down the hill until she reached Dupont street, and there turned right into the heart of Chinatown.

And this was Chinatown in 'Frisco.

It is, in fact, a Chinese city.

Alongside of it New York's famous Chinatown is just nothing at all.

Night had not settled down here by any means.

Dupont street was packed with Chinamen, old and young.

Chinese women, bareheaded, with their hair gaudy with false flowers, were out by scores.

Every shop was open and the windows filled with strange objects, the uses of many of which were entirely unknown to the detective.

Now he crowded by a dark doorway which hid a fan-tan game, with a Chinaman seated in front on a stove to maintain guard.

Then he pushed by a dirty building, gaudy with paper lanterns and ablaze with light within, which the clang of bells heard proclaimed it a joss house, where the superstitious Celestials were consulting the idol and the joss sticks as to their various wants.

Further on the squeak of Chinese fiddles, the clash of cymbals and the roll of a drum announced a theatre.

Here the same play, continued day after day and week after week, was dragging out its weary length.

Men and women were crowding in and out the doors.

It seems to make no difference to the Chinese, this taking a play in sections; they enjoy it just the same.

It was hard to keep up with Martha now without attracting attention.

Several times Harry came near getting into a fight through elbowing his way among the crowding Chinamen.

Once he was crowded off the curb by a slumming party for pushing against them, and there might have been serious trouble if he had not crossed the street and so got out of the way.

At last the exciting moment came.

The disguised girl turned into Sacramento street.

Harry had to almost run.

The crowd was so great that he feared to lose sight of her altogether.

He came very near doing it, too.

He had scarcely got sight of Martha again when she suddenly turned into a doorway and disappeared.

And here Young King Brady lost his trail.

There was to be nothing further doing in the way of business with Martha Hare that night.

The detective popped in through the dark doorway just about one minute later.

He saw at once that there was but little hope for him.

The hallway led through into a courtyard where the lights of a rear house twinkled.

Then there was the stairway as dark as Egypt leading up to the floors above.

"Which way did she go?" thought Young King Brady. "I'm right up against it now."

Delay would be fatal, of course.

Young King Brady had to instantly decide between the courtyard and the stairs.

He chose the latter.

For this there was a reason.

While he paused and hesitated for a second a dark-featured young man in American dress shot past him and darted up the stairs.

It was impossible to see his features plainly.

Harry thought he might be a Chinaman, but he could not be sure that he was not a Jap.

"It may be the man she is here to meet," flashed over him.

This sent him flying up the stairs just in time to see the figure vanish through a door away down at the end of a long, dark hall.

There was nobody else in the hall and all was now perfectly still.

The situation was certainly very discouraging.

Another might have been tempted to give it up altogether, but Young King Brady was not that kind.

"If I tackle every door in this passage, I am going to find out what became of that fellow," he muttered:

Adding: "As for the girl, it is impossible to say whether she is here or not."

There were six doors, three on each side of the hall.

The man had vanished on the left-hand side, but whether through the last door or not it was impossible to say.

Harry tried the last door very gently.

It was fastened.

He tried the next and the next. These were both locked and no sound was heard inside.

"I must act quick or some one will jump in or out on me and spoil all," he thought.

He returned to the last door then and softly knocked.

Immediately shuffling feet were heard inside, and the door was opened by an old Chinaman, who peered out through the crack.

He said something in Chinese and was about to close the door again when Harry reached through, caught him by the throat and crowded his way into the room.

It was a bold act on the part of Young King Brady.

Why he did it must be left for another chapter to explain.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE SECRET MEETING OF THE FAKIRS OF 'FRISCO.

Leaving Old King Brady to enjoy his usual evening's gamble at the Turk's Club, we must explain the cause of Harry's sudden attack on the old Chinaman.

It was a hat.

This hat lay upon a long black table covered with green baize.

It looked like a table used by some sort of club.

The hat was a plain black Derby, and was the one which had been worn by the dark-featured man who slipped in through the door.

"He's here and I mean to know who he is and why he is here," the detective resolved off-hand.

He spoke to the Chinaman in gibberish before the attempt to close the door was made.

Seeing no other way of getting in he acted on impulse and jumped into the room in the manner described.

At the same instant heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs.

The old Chinaman started to cry out.

Harry pinched his throat the harder.

The Chinaman fell to the floor.

He had fainted from sheer fright.

Young King Brady realized the situation.

His next moves were made with lightning speed.

Into the mouth of the old Celestial a handkerchief was thrust.

His hands and legs were tied and he was tumbled into a convenient closet.

And all this was done while the heavy footsteps were coming slowly along the hall.

Harry seized the hat and hung it on a hat-tree at the end of the room.

The owner would be back in a minute, perhaps.

He would surely miss the old Chinaman.

A hiding-place was necessary.

Over in one corner of the room was a handsome lounge made in Oriental style, with a broad valance in front hanging down to the floor.

Harry had just time to crawl under this lounge when the door was opened by a latchkey and a large, heavy man in American dress came stumbling into the room.

The cause of his slowness in coming along the hall was now apparent.

The man was so drunk that he could hardly hold his legs.

"Ling! Long Ling!" he muttered thickly.

Then he raised his voice to a howl, calling out:

"Where the deuce are you, Long Ling?"

Suddenly another door flew open and the dark young man darted in from an adjoining room.

"What are you making all this noise for, Ryan?" he demanded. "Do you want to bring up the whole street? Oh, I see, you have been hitting the harp again."

"Mind your own biz," retorted the drunken man, "you're too fresh."

"Come off! Blow yourself. Where's Ling?"

"Just what I want to know," growled Ryan, steadying himself against the table.

"He was here a second ago."

"Hain't here now. Got your girl in there again?"

"Mind your own business. The next room is mine and the fakirs have nothing to do with it."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"I'll do you up, Ryan, if you don't take care."

"That's all right. Going to be a meeting to-night, hey?"

"Yes. You are in fine shape to preside."

"Preside nothing. I'm going to sleep."

"But Ling?"

"To blazes with Ling. He's gone down on the street for something, I suppose."

Thus saying, Ryan threw himself on the lounge and immediately began snoring, while the young man passed back into the next room.

This was Young King Brady's time for escape if he wanted to make the most of it.

But the hidden detective made no move.

He knew now that in coming into this room he had made no mistake.

When the door opened to let the young man through, Harry caught sight of another young man in the next room.

It was Martha Hare in her disguise.

There she sat by the window with her Derby on the back of her head, her chair tilted against the casement, and a cigarette in her mouth.

Martha had reached the place she was aiming for all right and was taking it very easy, so it would seem.

"What sort of shop have I struck?" thought Harry.

"It's up to me to find out and I guess I will stay till I'm

fired. If it comes to anything worse I guess I can fight my way out of here."

Except for Ryan's snoring for the next half hour all was still.

Young King Brady did not remain under the lounge all the time.

He visited the closet and made Long Ling's bonds more secure.

Then he peered through the keyhole into the next room.

He could not see very much on account of the key being in the lock.

He could just make out the two figures seated opposite to each other near the window.

They were talking earnestly, but in voices too low for Harry to hear a word.

Footsteps in the hall sent the detective scuttling under the lounge again.

He had hardly settled himself when the door was opened on the latch and two well-dressed men came in.

They were crooks—Harry could read that in their faces, yet they had all the appearance of gentlemen.

One looked quite the heavy business man.

The other, called "Doctor" by his companion, wore something of a professional air.

"Why, it's Ryan drunk again!" exclaimed the latter, looking over on the lounge.

"That's what, Doctor. The beast! He'll get us into trouble yet by his everlasting lushing. He don't seem to be able to keep sober long enough to attend to business of late."

"This drinking is a very bad habit," returned the Doctor with a grin. "Do you know the determination I have at last come to, Mr. Graney?"

"No," said Mr. Graney.

"It is never to drink——"

"Nonsense!"

"Anything but the best whiskey, my dear fellow, so let's have some of it now."

A decanter and glasses were brought out from a side-board.

"Here's to the Fakirs of 'Frisco!" exclaimed Mr. Graney, tossing off his drink. "Dr. Farber, your resolution is an excellent one and this whiskey is uncommonly good."

Others came in then.

Young King Brady counted eight when they at last seated themselves around the table.

Dr. Farber took the head of the table.

The inner door opened then and the young man came in and took his place with the rest.

He was addressed by Dr. Farber as Count Fiosco.

It was Old King Brady's man from the Turk's Club, of course.

"Let the fakirs come to order!" cried Dr. Farber, striking the table with his gavel.

"Don't we wake up Ryan?" asked Brother Graney.

"If you do you'll regret it," said the Count. "He's as drunk as a boiled owl."

"I wish some one would put a couple of corks in his nose and stop that snoring, then," said Brother Graney.

"Order brothers, order! We have business to attend to and no time to spare!" Dr. Farber called out.

Then the meeting began.

Reports were read and business discussed.

Young King Brady was simply amazed at what he heard.

To go into details would only take us far away from our story.

Harry heard enough to show him that these men were nearly all connected with the San Francisco Stock Exchange so far as their legitimate business was concerned.

The business which had brought them together in this room in Chinatown was altogether crooked.

It consisted of fixing up schemes to boom or depress certain mining stocks by circulating false reports about the mines.

Three schemes of this sort were gone over.

One famous Nevada gold mine, the White Pine Consolidated, was to be the subject of their attack on the Exchange three days later.

Count Fiosco and Mr. Graney seemed to be running this affair.

"We'll let your Mr. Chelmsford into that deal, I suppose, Fiosco?" Graney asked.

"Certainly," was the reply. "He is here to invest a million or two."

"Ha! Ha! We'll give him the chance. Throw him in on White Pine for all he'll stand, and then we'll sell short. Of course the story of the big strike which we propose to start will be exploded within twenty-four hours at the most."

"Less time probably."

"If we work quick we can bleed him well in the meanwhile."

"Sure."

"Business, gentlemen! Business!" cried Dr. Farber, rapping on the table. "Is there to be any decision in the case of our prisoner to-night?"

"He still refuses to sign," said the Count.

"Then nothing can be done. What's your report, Graney?"

"His disappearance has not become public property yet," replied Graney.

"Have the detectives dropped the case?"

"So far as I know they have."

"There you are wrong," said Count Fiosco. "I have private information that Mrs. Hare has just put two new detectives on the case."

Everybody was interested.

"Tell us what you know," demanded Dr. Farber.

"Mrs. Hare has engaged the famous Bradys," replied the Count.

"Bad for us. When are they coming?"

"They are in 'Frisco now."

"What! What!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" demanded Brother Graney angrily.

"I thought best not to," was the cool reply.

"What have you done about it?" demanded the doctor.

"I tried to do them on the night of their arrival."

"So? You had warning of their coming?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Know the old house on Telegraph Hill, where Hare formerly lived?"

"Yes."

"I had them enticed there. I put up a job to get them out on the balcony behind the house."

"Hello! Hello! The balcony which fell the other night?"

"Exactly. Only trouble is the Bradys were not on it."

"Too sharp for you. That Old King Brady is a perfect wonder, they say."

"He was too many for me that time."

"Then what?"

"They called on Mrs. Hare and promised to find her husband."

"Where are they now?"

"That's the puzzler. They seem to have vanished off the face of the earth."

"Then it's up to the fakirs of 'Frisco to find them or they will find Hare and our scheme to make him sign the will is bound to fail."

"Find them if you can," replied the Count. "I have two of the best detectives in 'Frisco looking for them, but they can't locate them."

"Do you think they can have left town?" demanded Brother Graney.

"Don't flatter yourself," broke in Dr. Farber. "The situation is a grave one, brothers. With Old King Brady on our track I consider that we are in the greatest danger, and— Heavens! What was that?"

"Someone sneezed in the closet!" cried one of the fakirs, jumping up.

Harry's heart was in his mouth.

"It's all up with me I'm afraid," he thought. "Blast that infernal Chink!"

It was all that Long Ling could do to make his presence known, the way Harry had fixed him.

He had done it now, and for the young detective trouble of the worst kind seemed close at hand.

The fakirs threw open the door and released Long Ling.

With sinking heart Harry listened to the excited explanations of Long Ling.

"Didn't you hear the noise, Count?" demanded Dr. Farber.

"I did hear some scuffling around," replied Fiosco. "I thought it was Ling making the noise himself and just then Ryan came in drunk. I saw nothing of this young Chinaman Ling describes."

"He's a spy!" cried Brother Graney. "He must be here now!"

"It's all up with me!" thought Young King Brady, "but by gracious, I'll die hard!"

Just at this instant Ryan gave a heavy lurch on the lounge.

Ryan was a heavy man, anyway, and the lounge but a flimsy affair.

It gave way beneath him.

Down came the drunkard on top of Young King Brady. Ryan woke up, shouting for help.

"Get on your feet, you guzzling pig!" cried Brother Graney.

He seized him by the hand and pulled him off the wreck, which Dr. Farber and another fakir dragged from under him.

The crisis had come.

Not waiting to be discovered, Harry crawled out from under the lounge.

Revolver in hand he leaped to his feet.

"Dlat the man! Dlat de man!" yelled Ling. "Him no Chinaman! Him fake!"

"A spy!" gasped Dr. Farber.

"One of the Bradys!" yelled the Count.

"Back! Back all of you!" cried Harry. "The first man who lays hand on me dies!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BRADYS BEGIN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE FAKIRS.

Nothing but Young King Brady's boldness saved him.

It was not all talk and threats, either.

Harry fired three shots in quick succession over the heads of the fakirs.

Thus he gave these villains no chance to draw on him.

Feeling that they were facing a desperate man, all dropped to the floor.

Harry improved the opportunity by making a rush for the window, which stood wide open.

Knowing that he was in great height from the ground, he made one desperate leap out of the window.

Two shots followed him, but flew harmlessly over his head.

Young King Brady landed on his feet in an alley and ran for his life.

He was not followed.

It was no part of the fakirs' game to draw attention to themselves.

In a moment the detective was safe on Sacramento street.

He hurried around into Dupont street and mingled with the crowd, but he did not breathe freely until he was away down on Pacific street, where at last he ventured to slow down into a Chinaman's usual shuffling pace.

"A narrow escape," he muttered. "But it was worth the risk. Practically I have solved the mystery. Mr. Hare is held a prisoner by these fakirs, whoever they may be, and their object is to get him to sign a will. Oh, if I could only put my finger on the Governor right now!"

But Young King Brady had not the faintest idea where his chief was to be found.

He had heard nothing of the Turk's Club. He had no



idea who the Hon. Mr. Chelmsford alluded to by Count Fiosco really was.

Old King Brady had made up his mind to engage some Chinaman to take a note to Harry next day.

Fortunately for the plans of the Bradys Harry wandered on toward Vallejo street.

He did not know what to do and wanted time to think.

Of course his usefulness in Mrs. Hare's house was all over. He could never go back there again.

"I must get in somewhere and get rid of this Chink's disguise," he thought.

This, however, was easier said than done.

He had left his clothes with a costumer on Kearney street.

The man was aware that he was a detective and Harry had paid him liberally for his help, but the trouble was the costumer did not live in his store and could not be seen before morning.

Meanwhile where was Young King Brady to go?

Harry had just come to the conclusion that he would have to look up some Chinese lodging house when, upon turning into Nassau street, he saw two gentlemen walking rapidly toward him.

They passed him a moment later.

Old King Brady was one of them.

Without looking at his chief Harry made himself known by a secret sign.

He kept straight on then, and walked slowly up Vallejo street till after turning the corner.

In a few moments hurried footsteps were heard behind him, and the next he knew Old King Brady was at his side.

"Harry!"

"Governor!"

"I am so glad I met you. What do you know?"

"Lots. And you?"

"I have made but little headway."

"Then I have made enough for both of us."

"What's up?"

"Hare is held a prisoner by a gang of stock operators who call themselves the Fakirs of 'Frisco."

"Yes, yes! Details later. Who are these men?"

"I don't know them all. One is a Doctor Farber."

"Never heard of him."

"Another is a man named Ryan."

"Big mining stock operator on the Exchange."

"Another is Graney."

"No!"

"Yes. Know him?"

"J. A. Graney is Mr. Hare's junior partner."

"Undoubtedly the man. Another is a young fellow who looks a cross between a Chinaman and a Jap. They call him Count Fiosco."

"Good! Good! That brings it up to me. Count Fiosco is the man who telephoned Mr. Hare on the night he disappeared."

"That's only part of it. I have lots to tell. I can't go back to Mrs. Hare's. I want to get rid of these togs right away."

"Not so easy at this time of night. Have you no underdress on? Can't you make a change?"

"Didn't dare to have any clothes under these. It would make me look too stout."

"Who's your costumer?"

Harry told him.

"Money talks. Only thing is to find the costumer, rout him up, and get the goods. Come down on Montgomery street, where we can find a cab."

The Bradys put the business through with their usual energy.

The cab was engaged, a directory was consulted, they drove to the house of the costumer, away up on Jones street, and rang the good man out of his bed.

The costumer had plenty of stuff in the house and easily fixed Young King Brady up, for which he was well paid.

It was the Palace Hotel then, and a room was engaged for Harry next to Old King Brady's.

It was now about two in the morning.

Lighting cigars, the Bradys started discussing the situation in the old detective's room.

Of course long before this Harry had told his adventures at the Fakirs' Club in full detail, and what little there was to communicate about the Turk's Club Old King Brady also told.

"We have made a splendid start, my boy!" declared Old King Brady. "There is no denying that."

"I feel so myself," replied Harry modestly.

"And the fight against these fakirs must now begin."

"Does the Hon. Mr. Chelmsford propose to drop a million on White Pine?"

"The Hon. Mr. Chelmsford proposes to use Count Fiosco's tip for all it is worth."

"And then?"

"And then," replied Old King Brady, with a short laugh, "if the fakirs don't find themselves saddled with a good big block of White Pine bought at high prices, I miss my guess."

"That's all right. Probably you may scrape in a few dollars on the scheme."

"A few dollars, my boy! A few thousands. I shall see my friend the bank president and you go in on equal shares."

"There will be a few sick fakirs in 'Frisco before we get through, but in the meantime we have other work to do."

"There's some scheme turning in your head, Mr. Brady. Out with it, please."

"I was thinking of the weak point in your discovery, Harry."

"Yes; it has its weak point, I own. I did not succeed in locating our Bonanza King."

"Exactly, and I think I know just where to put my finger on that information."

"How? Where?"

"Dr. Farber."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll bet you the first thousand I make in White Pine against fifty that this Dr. Farber keeps a private sanitarium."

"Never thought of it. Wouldn't wonder."

"I shall look him up in the morning. Meanwhile what are you going to tackle next?"

"What do you say to me working in with the Count?"

"Leave the Count to me. What do you say to finding out Martha Hare's real motive for meeting this man in male disguise?"

"I suppose that is my work."

"Suggested; that's all."

"A suggestion from Old King Brady is equivalent to a command."

"It is so settled. Now, we will turn in. If all works well, I hope by to-morrow night to be able to put my finger on the Bonanza King."

Next day the Bradys parted at nine o'clock.

Old King Brady had obtained some information about Dr. Farber.

It was as he suspected.

The directory showed that the doctor kept a private sanitarium for nervous diseases at Saucelito, on the opposite side of the bay.

When Old King Brady walked out of the Palace Hotel no one knew him.

The detective was roughly dressed and resembled a rancher from away up the States.

His garments were cheap and ill-fitting.

Still, to show some signs of wealth he wore a heavy watch-chain and big diamond, which the detective always carried with him for such use as this.

Boarding the Saucelito ferryboat, Old King Brady went over the bay.

He had no difficulty in locating Dr. Farber's place.

It was a large white building on the hillside, about a mile from the ferry landing.

The man in the drug store near the ferry house, of whom Old King Brady inquired, knew the doctor well.

"What kind of a place does he keep?" asked Old King Brady. "I am looking for a quiet retreat where I can place my son for treatment. I have been recommended here."

"You could not do better, sir," said the druggist, rubbing his hands. "Dr. Farber is a perfect gentleman and a very skilful physician. His sanitarium is intended for overworked business men whose nerves have been shaken, but I must warn you that his charges are high."

"I think I can manage that part of it all right."

"What is the matter with your son?"

"Why, doctor, I am a plain man and call a spade a spade. My son drinks too much. It has undermined his health."

"The very place for him, then," declared the druggist. "You could not do better. As a matter of fact, Dr. Farber's place is a genteel inebriate asylum, although he would be very angry if I gave it that name."

"I will see the doctor," said Old King Brady, and hiring a carriage he was driven to the long white building on the hillside.

Unknown to himself, Old King Brady was running an unusual risk.

He was about to begin dealing with a desperate criminal and a very shrewd man.

This possibility the detective took into consideration of course.

Still, Dr. Farber was away out of the ordinary, as he was soon to learn.

Upon ringing the front doorbell at the sanitarium the detective was ushered into a handsomely furnished reception room by a Chinaman, who announced that the doctor would wait on him presently.

"If Mr. Hare is actually confined here, as I suspect," thought Old King Brady, "the doctor will be wanting to get rid of him after what happened last night. I think my scheme will work all right. At all events there can be no harm in trying it on."

He waited patiently for about ten minutes and the doctor appeared.

Dr. Farber was a very elegant-looking person.

He was portly, well dressed, wore considerable very expensive jewelry and looked altogether like a man of large means.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he said, bowing politely. "What can I do to serve you?"

"My name is Charles," said Old King Brady. "I run a wine ranch up near Sanoma. It's a lonely place, about ten miles from nowhere, but it's a healthy country, although it's no good for my business any more, and I'm wondering whether I shall have to give it up."

"Indeed," said the doctor, looking rather puzzled. "What you say is all very interesting, Mr. Charles, but how does it concern me?"

"I'm going to show you," continued Old King Brady. "As I was a-saying, my grape crop is played out. It has failed me this three years, and there I am with a great big house of twenty-five rooms, all well furnished, on my hands. You see, the place was built by a doctor for just such business as yours, and I hain't got no use for so much room. My wife is dead and so are my children. It is a powerful healthy country up there, doctor, and I'd sell out cheap."

"Oh, I see!" said the doctor. "You want me to buy you out and start a sanitarium at your place."

"I was thinking of that," said the detective. "I have heard tell a great deal about you. They say you only take the rich ones and have made a barrel of money. I wish you would come and look at my ranch. There ain't a house within ten miles of it, and if any of these nobs what get to lushing it too heavy want a quiet, out-of-the-way place to go to, my ranch can't be beat."

"But my good man I have no use for your ranch. I have this place of my own here which answers every purpose of my business."

"Then there is no chance of our making a trade?"

"Decidedly not. You will have to excuse me. I am very busy this morning. I——"

"Hold on a minute, doctor. I was thinking of another scheme. If you don't want to buy, perhaps you could send me up some of your patients what want to be kept in the

country on the dead quiet. You have some of them kind, I suppose?"

Old King Brady had thrown out his bait at last.

It only remained to be seen if the doctor would swallow it.

His reply seemed to show that he had taken it down hook and all.

And in all probability for the moment he did.

"Why, that's a horse of another color," he said. "I do sometimes have such patients as you describe."

"I'll do the right thing by you, doctor. I'm a man what minds his own business. Any transaction we may have will be on the dead quiet and there would be no more danger of any one spotting a patient in my place than there would be of the moon falling into the bay out here—see?"

"I understand you. However, you must remember you are a stranger to me."

"I can refer you to Mr. Belton, president of the Bank of Colorado. He knows me."

"I know of Mr. Belton."

"Can we do business?"

"It is possible that we might be able to do business right away, Mr. Charles."

"That would suit me."

"Could you take a man out with you to-night?"

"I could."

"Take charge of him on the train and look after him in every way?"

"I could."

"He is a perfect imbecile. He can't do anything for himself."

"That would be all right once I got him on the train."

"I should look out for that, of course. We could engage a compartment, or better still, charter a private car."

"It will be all one to me."

"There is one thing I ought to tell you—it is necessary to keep this man—well, not to mince matters, to help him—"

The doctor paused and looked Old King Brady full in the face.

"I understand. I'm game for anything," the detective said in a low voice.

"To keep him supplied with all the whiskey he can hold," continued the doctor slowly, "and it might be that he need never return. Are you game for that, Mr. Charles?"

"I am."

They were alone.

No witnesses being present, Dr. Farber did not hesitate to make his meaning plain.

"I think we can do business," he said. "I will call up Mr. Belton on the 'phone. Meanwhile, I should like to have you see the patient, Mr. Charles."

"Come! He's an easy mark," thought Old King Brady. "He is going to show me James J. Hare."

So far all had gone swimmingly.

Dr. Farber, however, was by no means the easy mark Old King Brady supposed.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE DOCTOR AND THE DETECTIVE.

Dr. Farber and Old King Brady talked for fully fifteen minutes.

All sorts of questions were asked about the mythical ranch.

As the detective had to make up his answers on the spot they were, of course, satisfactory.

Then Dr. Farber called up Mr. Belton on the 'phone.

Warned by Old King Brady that such a call might come, the answer was very satisfactory.

Mr. Belton was a very old friend of the detective, and entirely in his confidence.

He gave Mr. Charles a splendid send-off.

Dr. Farber was greatly pleased.

"I shall now show you my patient, Mr. Charles," he said. "But before doing so, I should like to have you join me in a glass of wine."

Old King Brady readily consented.

He never dreamed that he was up against an old trick of Dr. Farber's.

This trick was to be played on the detective, and it was probably played on general principles, for at that time Dr. Farber could scarcely have suspected that Mr. Charles was other than what he seemed to be.

The doctor led the way to his own apartments.

Retiring into an inner room, he returned in a moment with two sealed wine bottles.

"Here are two kinds," he said, "port and sherry. Which shall it be?"

"I prefer the port," replied Old King Brady.

"It is excellent; although, for my part, I always take the sherry."

Still talking, the doctor produced glasses and uncorked the sherry.

When he tackled the port bottle, the cork refused to draw.

"Very tight," said the doctor. "I'll get another bottle from the closet inside."

He returned in a moment.

This bottle was also sealed.

Knock-out drops were in the detective's mind.

The seal on the bottle seemed to settle it, however.

This cork came easily, and the doctor and the detective pledged each other in a glass of wine.

"That's fine port, doctor," said Old King Brady.

"It is, Mr. Charles. I doubt if you ever grew anything finer on your ranch. I—why, my dear sir, what is the matter? Are you ill? Has the wine gone to your head?"

A terrible fear was in the detective's mind.

He knew now that it was all too late. What a terrible mistake he had made!

He had just strength enough to stagger to a lounge when he fell unconscious, and for the next five minutes knew no more.

Dr. Farber knew his business.

“The man was a skillful German chemist.

It was no vulgar knock-out drops that the detective had been dosed with, but a powerful drug, the effects of which were very brief.

“I have no doubt it's all right,” muttered Dr. Farber; “still there is nothing like making sure.”

He hastily went through Old King Brady's pockets.

When he had finished his face was white and his eyes half starting out of his head.

“Good heavens! What an escape I have had!” he murmured. “It is Old King Brady himself!”

A minute later Old King Brady was all right again.

Dr. Farber was rubbing his hands and calling him excitedly by name.

“Mr. Charles! Mr. Charles, what is the matter with you?” he cried. “Good heavens! what a turn you have given me. I thought you was going to die on my hands, man! Are you subject to such attacks as this?”

“No,” replied the detective, much confused. “I am not. I never was taken this way before. What happened to me?”

“Why, it is heart failure, pure and simple, Mr. Charles. You had scarcely swallowed the wine when you heeled over as though you had been shot. I wish I had not asked you to drink.”

“I wish you hadn't. How long was I unconscious?”

“Scarcely five minutes. Let me mix you some digitalis.”

“No, no, I want no medicine.”

“But this is a serious business. You are an old man. You must look out for your health.”

Old King Brady, we must admit, was deceived.

The doctor's manner was so kind, and his anxiety appeared so genuine, that any one would have been deceived.

“I have been working too hard of late,” thought Old King Brady. “I am afraid this wretched attack will spoil it all.”

After a little the doctor began to talk business again.

Before doing so he completely restored Old King Brady's confidence, for he drank half a glass of the port wine himself, “to see if it was all right,” he said.

Of course while the detective remained unconscious the bottle had been changed.

“Now, if you wish, we will go and see the patient,” he said. “I will tell you frankly, Mr. Charles, he is a very sick man.”

“I'll take care of him,” said Old King Brady.

“I am sure of it. How are you feeling now?”

“All right. It was very stupid of me to act as I did.”

“Naturally you must be accustomed to wine, since you make it.”

“Oh, yes.”

“I doubt if the wine had anything to do with it. You must take care of your heart, my dear sir. You must take care of your heart.”

“Never mind my heart. Let's see the patient,” replied Old King Brady.

He was anxious to have done with the affair, and get away.

All he expected to accomplish was to get a sight of the Bonanza King.

He had a photograph of Mr. Hare in one of his secret pockets, and having carefully studied it, he felt that he would instantly recognize the man.

Dr. Farber now led the way to an elevator.

They were lifted to the second floor, and walked together down a long corridor, with many doors on either side.

Behind some of the doors mad cries could be heard.

Old King Brady paid no attention to this.

Probably there were patients in the rooms suffering from delirium tremens, he thought—and he was right.

At last they came to the end of the corridor, and the doctor opened the door of a comfortably furnished room.

There was no bed. A handsome table occupied the middle of the room.

Upon it books and newspapers were strewn.

There was a handsome lounge and several chairs, also an upright piano.

The whole appearance of the room was calculated to disarm the detective's suspicions, if he still entertained any.

“Now, Mr. Charles, I want you to observe the patient without letting him see you,” said the doctor. “I will bring him in and have a little talk with him. Just step into this closet, if you please.”

It seemed a perfectly natural request.

Old King Brady stepped inside the closet when the doctor opened the door.

There was a peep-hole in the door which was shown to him.

Everything seemed to be arranged for the business in hand.

And it was!

As the door closed on Old King Brady he heard a chuckling laugh.

Then he knew that he had allowed himself to be lured into a trap.

It was a battle of diplomacy between the doctor and the detective, and the doctor had won.

Old King Brady threw himself against the door.

Too late!

There was a creaking sound.

The floor was suddenly descending!

“Trapped! trapped!” muttered Old King Brady. “Oh, what a fool I have been!”

Slowly the floor continued to descend until it had gone down at least thirty feet.

Then it stopped in the darkness, and all was still.

The detective waited with wildly beating heart.

He was wondering what was going to happen next.

Nothing happened.

There was not a sound to be heard.

Something had to be done.

Old King Brady felt for his pocket electric light and touched the button.

He now saw that he was standing at the bottom of a shaft with a door in front of him.

For a moment he hesitated.

There was no other way but to go forward.

He opened the door and saw a narrow passage lined with rough boards ahead of him.

"The instant I step off this platform it will fly up," thought Old King Brady; "but as I can't stand here forever, it will have to go."

It did go.

Up it shot like lightning.

The door slammed at the same instant.

Old King Brady was standing in the passageway, with nothing to do but to go ahead.

Somewhere the sound of clanking machinery could be heard.

It was like a pump working.

Old King Brady pushed on to the end of the passage.

There was no door in sight—just a rough board partition, same as on the sides.

"This is a mysterious kind of a place," thought Old King Brady. "There must be some way out of it. Secret door, I suppose."

He looked around, but couldn't find it on the sides.

Then he advanced to the back partition, for the purpose of sounding that.

He had not time to raise his hand to touch it when he knew that he had walked into another trap.

A square of the floor board dropped from under his feet.

It carried the old detective with it.

Like lightning he slid down into what appeared to be a pipe or chute.

It was not much more than big enough to admit the detective.

This dark, mysterious passage was set upon a sharp incline.

Down it Old King Brady slid, feet first, going with the speed of the wind.

Down, down—on, on, through utter darkness!

The sides of the chute were wet and slippery. There was absolutely nothing to catch hold of.

Down, down, down!

"This is surely the end of me!" thought Old King Brady.

Indeed it looked so!

Two very able men had been pitted against each other.

The doctor and the detective.

To all appearance the doctor had won.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### YOUNG KING BRADY TRIES A BOLD GAME.

After walking about the streets for an hour or so, Young King Brady found himself just as badly puzzled how to act as he had been when he parted from his chief.

His task was a most difficult one.

Here was the only daughter of a man worth fifty or seventy-five millions who had taken it into her head to wander about the streets in man's clothes, and it was up to him to find out why.

There could scarcely be a more difficult task.

Positively Young King Brady did not know where to begin.

"I don't care what the governor says," thought Harry, at last, "I'm going to tackle the count. There is no other way."

He had resolved upon a bold game.

Young King Brady hurried to the Palace Hotel.

He had free admission to Old King Brady's room, by order of the detective.

Here he began to pull over a grip, providing himself with a certain little bottle of wine.

With this stowed away in his pocket he hurried from the hotel.

Now, Young King Brady had no more idea where to find Count Fiosco than a dead man.

In starting out to do it, he followed an invariable rule of his chief.

"If you want to find a man you know, and have no idea where to look for him, begin at the last place you saw him."

This was Old King Brady's rule.

Harry consequently hurried to Sacramento Street.

The last place he had seen the count was in the club room of the Fakirs of 'Frisco.

It was running a terrible risk to go back there, of course, but this is exactly what Young King Brady did.

The door of the old building, which was directly opposite the Chinese market, stood wide open, and the detective walked boldly up-stairs.

The hall was dark and deserted.

Harry tip-toed to the first of the two doors in the rear, on the left-hand side.

This was the door of the room where the count and Martha Hare had sat talking.

Harry reasoned that the count must have been up all night, and for that reason would be very likely to sleep late next day.

But whether or no he was asleep in the room behind the door he could only guess.

He stooped and listened at the keyhole.

It seemed to him that he could hear some one breathing inside.

This might be mere imagination. He could not tell.

Harry moved on to the next door and listened.

There was certainly no sound here.

After a minute Young King Brady ventured to use his skeleton keys and opened the door.

It was as he had hoped.

The meeting-room of the fakirs was deserted.

The window was shut and the shades pulled down.

Young King Brady made haste to close the door and shoot a bolt.

Then he glided to the door of the inner room and softly turned the knob.

His heart was in his mouth, his hand was on his revolver. The door was locked. There was no sound inside.

Again it was the skeleton keys.

This door could no more resist them than the other.

Harry caught his breath as he peered into the room.

"I guess I shan't need the chloroform here," he thought. "Everything is running my way, it seems."

It was a bedroom, luxuriously fitted up in half Chinese, half American style.

Stretched upon a couch lay Count Fiosco, nearly naked, with an opium layout on a stand beside him.

The man was then a "hop-fiend," as it appeared.

He was deeply under the influence of the drug.

But as Young King Brady stepped into the room, closing the door behind him, the count half turned over and moaned in his sleep.

"I must take no chances," thought Young King Brady.

Out came the chloroform bottle and a handkerchief.

Young King Brady began to saturate the handkerchief with chloroform.

As he did so the count threw one arm over his head, muttering:

"Marty! Marty! We must. The detectives are after us! We must make him sign the will."

There was silence for a few moments then.

Young King Brady stood absolutely motionless. He did not dare to move.

"And then we'll kill him," muttered the sleeper. "Then we'll kill him, Marty! Of course he must never be allowed to see your mother again."

In his sleep the hop-fiend was talking of the Bonanza King.

Harry would have waited for more if he had dared.

To be discovered would be to spoil all, however.

He glided to the side of the couch and pressed the handkerchief over the sleeper's face.

It was dangerous business.

Young King Brady, however, had been carefully instructed in this kind of work by a noted surgeon in New York, and he knew just how to handle the chloroform.

For an amateur to have attempted such a thing would, no doubt, have resulted in death.

The count stirred a little, and then quieted down and lay there, hardly seeming to breathe.

"Now is my time," thought Young King Brady. "I must make the most of it."

For fully half an hour Young King Brady remained in that room.

The count's clothes were thoroughly examined.

Every drawer was overhauled.

A large trunk was thoroughly ransacked.

It was all done so deftly that the count would scarcely be able to guess that his things had been disturbed.

Young King Brady's face was a picture of triumph when he glided out on Sacramento Street again.

He knew almost the whole plot now.

The only thing he remained in ignorance of was the whereabouts of the missing Bonanza King.

"Won't there be a hot time when he finds his papers missing," chuckled Harry. "He will buck against the Bradys, will he? Well, he'll find out before he gets through that he was never up against a stiffer game."

Young King Brady steered straight for the Kearney Street costumer's now.

Here he resumed his usual dress.

Next thing was to call a cab and be driven to Mrs. Hare's mansion on "Nob Hill," as the section of San Francisco occupied by the Bonanza King is called.

Thomas took the detective's card to Mrs. Hare.

Harry wondered if he missed Sing Yup's morning assistance.

He thought that it must be so, for Thomas looked very cross.

The detective was shown into a small reception-room, where Mrs. Hare speedily waited on him.

"I am very glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "I almost feared that something had happened. Your father is not with you, I see."

"Old King Brady is not my father, Mrs. Hare. He is my partner. I merely assume his name for convenience's sake."

"I see. Well, sir, what have you to report? Have you found my poor husband yet?"

"No, madam; still we have made good headway on the case. We know that Mr. Hare is alive."

"Thank God! But where is he? Why does he not return home?"

"I cannot tell you where he is. I know that he is a prisoner, however."

"Who dares?"

"A gang of crooks who call themselves the Fakirs of Frisco."

"I know nothing of them."

"Let me mention a few names. Dr. Farber."

"Never heard of such a person."

"John H. Graney!"

"My husband's partner? Impossible! I—I— Oh, give me air!"

Madam seemed about to faint.

She recovered in a minute.

There was a hard look about her face as she said:

"Hare took Graney out of the gutter, Mr. Brady. He made him a millionaire! The dog! I could tear his eyes out. I——"

"Softly! Softly, my dear madam! We may be overheard!"

"No, sir; no danger. Go on, sir; go on."

"Count Fiosco is another of the band."

"I do not know him."

"Let me describe the count," said Young King Brady.

"He is small and very dark. He looks as though he might have Chinese or Japanese blood in his veins. He dresses well, and is a member of an exclusive set here in San Francisco. He belongs to the Turk's Club."

Madam had never heard of Count Fiosco, and knew nothing of the Turk's Club.

She seemed disposed to return to Graney, but Young King Brady headed her off.

"And now, Mrs. Hare, I must approach a very delicate subject," he said. "Pardon me; I am only a detective. I cannot help stumbling upon secrets sometimes. There are skeletons in every one's closet, they say, and——"

"Stop!" broke in Mrs. Hare, turning deathly pale. "What do you mean?"

"I do not care to go into details, madam; they don't interest me. I shall deal with a few facts. Fact the first is that your daughter, Miss Martha, is——"

"What!" gasped the lady, sinking back in her chair.

"In the habit of leaving this house in the dead of night, disguised in male attire, madam."

"Never! It is false!"

"It is true."

"You have been deceived."

"One's own eyes cannot deceive. I know what I have seen."

"Mr. Brady, I am stunned. I will call Martha and force her to explain."

"Do nothing of the sort, I beg of you, unless you want to ruin all."

"How did you learn this?"

"No matter. It is true."

"But the girl's object? Where does she go?"

"To meet her husband, Mrs. Hare."

"Oh, oh, oh! This is terrible! Martha married! It cannot be!"

"It is a fact. I have absolute proof."

"And the man?"

"Is the person who calls himself Count Fiosco. He is the man who telephoned your husband and lured him to the Turk's Club on the night he disappeared."

"His name? His real name?" panted the woman. "Oh, I begin to suspect!"

"I don't know his name; but here is his picture, Mrs. Hare."

Young King Brady handed her a photograph.

"Dr. Ching! The half-breed who was my husband's private secretary!" shrieked Mrs. Hare. "Martha married to a Chinaman! Oh, oh, oh!"

At the same instant the door of the reception-room flew open.

There on the threshold stood Martha Hare, as white as death.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "and what of it? I love my husband, Mrs. Hare, which is more than you can say for yourself. I have been listening at the keyhole. I have heard all. We part forever! You Brady man, that's for you! Die!"

Quick as a flash the girl whipped out a revolver from the folds of her dress and fired straight at Young King Brady's head.

## CHAPTER IX.

### OLD KING BRADY TACKLES THE COUNT.

A splash! A cry! And an old man floundering in the water of San Francisco Bay.

This was the end of Old King Brady's strange "shooting of the chutes."

The detective shot out of the chute under the water.

That he did not perish then was entirely due to his cool head.

Old King Brady could not swim.

Once in the water he realized his danger.

Holding his breath he rose to the surface, threw up his arms, shouted for help, splashed the water with his hands, and sank again.

He was too much confused to know where he was in reference to the stars.

All he knew was that, as he came up, there right before him was a man in a boat.

And this proved the old detective's salvation.

His cry was heard.

He was seen to sink.

When he rose again, a rope was thrown from the boat.

"Catch! Hold on, old man. I'll save you!" a hearty voice called out. "You're another of Dr. Farber's victims, or I'm a ghost."

Old King Brady came precious near giving up the ghost then.

But his time had not come.

In a moment he was in the boat, crouching before the stern seat, panting for breath.

The man who had rescued the detective sat opposite, trying to reel off a tangled fish-line, and in the bottom of the boat were many fish.

"Is there no danger that we shall be seen?" gasped the detective. "Help me to avoid it. I will reward you well."

"All right, boss; but I don't want to lose my line; it got all tangled up through my trying to help you."

"I'll buy you a gross of fish lines if you'll only pull in under the bluff where they can't see us from the piazza of Dr. Farber's sanitarium, and there will be two hundred dollars coming your way, besides."

"All right, boss. Here we go!"

Over went the line; and the fisherman, seizing the oars, pulled in under the bluff.

"I'll pull along toward the ferry now, boss," he said.

"Pull me up to Oakland wharf. You won't regret it. I don't want to cross the ferry."

"I see. Well, it's a go. So you ran up against the old man, did you?"

"If you mean Dr. Farber—yes."

"He's a slick card. You are lucky to be alive."

"I should have been dead but for you."

"You were dropped down the water chute?"

"I was. You seem to know the place. What's it for?"

"To pump water up in case the place gets afire, and old Farber's drunks are in danger of being burned."

"Oh! And to get rid of disagreeable visitors also, I guess."

"And patients, boss. Many a one—believe me."

"Can it be true?"

"It is true. I worked with Doc three years."

"Ha! What's your name?"

"Jerry Brander."

"What did you do at the sanitarium?"

"I was nurse. I helped to take care of the drunks when they got the jim-jams. I'd like to help hold Doc once."

"You appear to hate Dr. Farber?"

"Hate him! Don't I? I could kill him. He bounced me for nothing. I'll do him yet!"

"If you know so much, why don't you tell it to the authorities?"

Jerry gave a short laugh.

"Oh, my kind don't do that business," he said. "I don't know who you be; but I suspicion you to be a detective. It won't do to say too much to you."

"I am a detective, but no money could induce me to go back on a man who saved my life."

"You look square. So am I. Now, I could have swiped your diamond if I had wanted to. I'll tell you honest. I've done time in San Francisco prison. Doc don't take any other kind. When he gets through with us he hain't afraid we will talk to the police."

Old King Brady saw that he had struck a valuable ally.

"Jerry," he said, "did you ever happen to hear of Old King Brady?"

"Did I?" cried the man. "Well, I guess!"

"What is his reputation among crooks?"

"Of being the squarest detective on earth."

"Well, then, trust me."

"You are Old King Brady, boss. I recognize your face by your picture now."

"I am; and I want your help to down Dr. Farber."

"Say, boss, I'd give my right hand to put Doc on the bum!"

"Stand in with me, and we'll do it."

"What's the racket?"

"How long since you left the sanitarium?"

"Three months."

"You know the whole place thoroughly?"

"None better."

"You have seen men served as I was?"

"More than once. What brought it on you, boss?"

"Never mind that."

"I can guess."

"Well?"

"Some rich bloke has been jammed in there by his friends."

"You are right."

"Well, let me tell you something. It's all a question of price. Doc can cure him if he has a mind to, or he'll kill him, if he gets the dough."

"In other words, he's a desperate scoundrel."

"In other words, he has done his ten years in Joliet."

"You know this?"

"He told me so with his own lips."

"Good! Jerry, I shall want your help."

"You can have it."

"The pay will suit you."

"I'll trust Old King Brady for that."

"Can you get inside the sanitarium without being seen?"

"Easy enough."

"Is there any nurse or other employe who works there who would be willing to stand in with you for good pay?"

"My brother."

"You can trust him?"

"You bet!"

"He hates Dr. Farber?"

"Worse than I do."

"Better yet. Now listen. There is a patient in the sanitarium now whose name is James J. Hare."

"The Bonanza King?"

"Yes."

"Then Lord help him if it is going to pay any one to do him up."

"His partner is behind the job."

"Graney?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Only by hearsay. Does he want Hare out of the way?"

"Yes."

"Then he is as good as dead."

"Not yet."

"And why?"

"There are papers to be signed before he dies, and he refuses to sign them."

"Doc will sign them for him, never your fear."

"I hardly think so. Hare's signature is very peculiar."

"Doc will manage it. He's a bird with the pen."

"He might do it as a last resort. What I want of you is to find out just which room Mr. Hare is in, and anything else you can, and to fix it so that I can rescue him when I get ready to move."

"Mr. Brady," said Jerry. "I'll promise nothing, but I'll do my best. There's my hand on it. Trust me."

Jerry Brander rowed Old King Brady to the Oakland wharf.

Before they parted there was a perfect understanding between them.

Old King Brady made for the nearest furnishing store and purchased a complete outfit of new clothes.

These he ordered sent to a Turkish bath near by, to which he hurried.

Late in the afternoon the detective turned up at the Turk's Club, where he dined in solitary state.

He was seated in a corner of the reading-room, smoking, when Count Fiasco appeared.

The count was dressed with his usual care, but in the face he looked terrible.

"A hop-fiend, by gracious!" thought Old King Brady.

He knew the signs too well to be deceived.



The count came straight up to the Honorable Mr. Chelmsford, and shook hands cordially.

"I am glad to see you," he said, taking a seat beside the detective. "Are you going to join in the game to-night?"

"No," said Old King Brady. "You can count me out to-night. 'I'm not feeling over and above well, and I think I shall retire early.'"

"I'm in the same boat. I was up late last night. You are just the man I want to see."

"Well, here I am."

"I'm going to put you on to a good thing, Mr. Chelmsford."

"That's what I want."

"So I understood. Could you go in a million on a sure rise? One of the best mining stocks in Nevada. Big strike, which has been kept dark. I'll explain."

Count Fiosco dilated on White Pine.

Of course the Honorable Mr. Chelmsford was immensely interested.

He seemed an easy mark.

Apparently he accepted every statement the count made.

"I'm ready to go in two millions if you say so," he finally declared.

"As the stock stands, that will give you control of the mine," declared the count.

"But can you control that much stock?" asked Old King Brady.

"With the help of my friends—yes. I don't pretend to be able to do it on my own account."

"And your friends are?"

"Hare Co. John H. Graney is backing the mine. I can get the stock through him."

"But he must know of the strike."

"He does."

"Then why should he sell?"

"Don't give me away if I whisper a secret."

"Surely not."

"Hare & Co. are in a tight place. They must have money."

"How is that?"

"It is not generally known yet, but Hare has been missing for two weeks. He has probably decamped to get rid of his wife, who has been a great trial to him. At all events, he has taken with him all the cash and available securities he could lay his hands on, and left Graney in a bad hole."

"I see, I see!"

"The money for this stock will enable him to meet paper due day after to-morrow, and save the firm. With the half he will continue to hold he can easily clear a million, which will put him on Easy Street, whether Hare turns up or not."

"You make it very clear."

"And you will go in?"

"I think so. I don't see that I could do better, count."

"It is the chance of a lifetime."

"Consider it settled."

"And about the cash?"

"I refer you to the bank of Colorado. You will find my

credit good for two millions, I dare say; and if not, I'll discount my note for whatever will be needed to make up the difference."

All this was perfectly satisfactory to Count Fiosco.

An appointment was made for the next morning.

Shortly afterward Old King Brady left the club.

He went down on Montgomery Street, engaged a cab, and was driven to the residence of Mr. Belton, president of the Colorado Bank.

When they parted, the detective and the banker perfectly understood each other.

Among other things Mr. Belton said:

"Brady, the idea of Hare & Co. being in financial trouble is the merest nonsense. They are good for millions, but John H. Graney is a scoundrel. He has worked this false strike scheme before, unloading vast quantities of stock by it. This will be his last throw. I am bound to expose him, even if you don't; but I do not believe that will be necessary, for I am sure you will succeed."

To the Palace Hotel was Old King Brady's next move.

To his surprise he found that Harry had not returned.

Nor did he show up that night.

Old King Brady did not feel particularly alarmed about him, for Harry had always shown himself able to look out for his own safety.

Still, when he woke next morning and found no word from his partner, he began to wonder what it all meant.

And he had good reason to be disturbed.

Young King Brady was in serious trouble, as we shall now proceed to show.

## CHAPTER X.

### YOUNG KING BRADY GETS HIMSELF INTO A HOLE.

At the report of the revolver Mrs. Hare promptly fainted. Harry's escape was by a miracle.

The shot flew over his shoulder and shattered a handsome mirror behind his head.

Quick as a cat the detective had seized the pistol and wrenched it away from the infuriated girl.

"You beast! You fiend! You wretched spy!" she screamed, spitting in the detective's face. "I'll square accounts with you yet. Just you wait and see!"

With this she darted out of the room and fled up the stairs.

Young King Brady thought fast.

His first thought was to follow up Martha.

He gave that idea right up.

No good could come from it that he could see.

Gliding out into the hall, he slipped into the parlor.

Mrs. Hare was left to get over her faint as best she could.

In the parlor the detective waited breathlessly for an instant to see if Thomas would come.

He did not.

Evidently he had not heard the shot.

Then Harry made one of his lightning changes, being prepared with everything necessary for his purpose.

It was a wonder he was not arrested as a sneak thief when he slipped out into the street, his appearance was so rough.

Harry hung on the block, or within sight of it, for half an hour.

At the end of that time he was rewarded by seeing Martha Hare in her male disguise slip out of the house.

"That girl does not mean to go back again," thought Young King Brady. "It's up to me to shadow her and see where she goes."

This was easily done.

Martha never suspected the shabby, trampish fellow who slouched behind her on the other side of the way as she descended California Street hill.

She was evidently bound for Chinatown.

Young King Brady concluded that she intended to make straight for the rooms of the Fakirs' Club, and his suspicion proved to be quite correct.

Martha went to the Sacramento Street house and hurried up the stairs.

She came down again almost as quickly.

Count Fiosco had evidently got over his hop-chloroform jag and gone out.

Martha looked wild-eyed enough as she hurried on down through Chinatown to Montgomery Street.

Here she hailed the first cab she saw, and was driven rapidly away.

Young King Brady got a cab also, and heavily fed the driver to keep up with the one ahead.

He soon found himself on the Oakland ferryboat.

Once on the other side of the bay the cabs took Saucelito road.

It was now quite evident that Martha was making for Dr. Farber's sanitarium.

Probably she had gone via Oakland with the idea of throwing the detectives off the scent.

Harry spoke to the driver, and found out where the sanitarium was located.

He dismissed the cab before they came in sight of it, and went the rest of the way on foot, so as not to attract attention to himself.

He soon came in sight of the other cab.

It stood in front of the gate leading into Dr. Farber's handsome grounds.

"I'll pump that fellow a bit," thought Young King Brady. "Upon my soul, I believe the governor was right, and James J. Hare is confined in this place."

He slouched up to the driver.

The man was a powerfully built fellow.

He was standing by his horses, and as the detective drew nearer, he saw to his surprise that he was not the man who had driven the cab.

"This is strange," he thought. "I must look into this."

He walked on till he came up to the driver and stopped.

"Can you tell me what place this is?" he asked.

"That's Dr. Farber's," replied the man.

"What do they make in there?"

"Say, you're a wise guy, you are. What do they make? Why, they make rich lusers over into temperance howlers! Ha, ha!"

"Oh, an inebriate asylum."

"That's what. High-toned one—see?"

"'Twouldn't suit me."

"Nor me. You look kinder dry right now."

"I am, and hungry, too."

"Out of work?"

"Yes."

"Looking for it?"

"Of course."

"And praying you won't never find it. I know your sort, and they are a thirsty sort. I'll warrant you would like a drink."

"Wouldn't mind if I had the price."

"I haven't got the price to give you, but I've got a bottle of blamed good whiskey stowed away under the back seat in my cab."

"Hello! Is that an invite?"

"Sure. Get the bottle. I can't leave the hosses."

Harry suspected the fellow.

He thought that he might have been discovered, and he was on the lookout for knock-out drops,

He made up his mind not to drink, but he could see no harm in getting the bottle.

He opened the cab door, and bending down, ran his hand under the seat.

It was a fatal move.

Biff! Whack!

Brass knuckles against the back of Young King Brady's head did the business.

It was a clean knock-out.

Harry fell sprawling on his face in the bottom of the cab.

"Gee! You got him!" exclaimed a man, springing out of the gate.

"Tumble him in!" breathed the other. "Quick! Doc's right always. He said somebody would come and begin chinning me."

"Perhaps this hain't the feller he was lookin' for."

"That's his funeral, not mine. In with him!"

Poor Harry was thrust inside the cab without ceremony.

The man sprang in after him and slammed the door.

Then the other, who was the regular driver, climbed upon the box and drove through the gate into Dr. Farber's grounds.

Ten minutes later Young King Brady was in Dr. Farber's reception-room, stretched out unconscious on the lounge.

The doctor was bending over him, examining the wound in the back of his head.

He seemed satisfied with what he saw.

Stepping aside he pressed an electric button.

A Chinaman soon appeared in answer.

"Ah Gore, send Madam Fiosco to me," said the doctor.

Ah Gore withdrew, and presently Martha appeared.

She had changed her male attire for the proper garments of her sex.

"Is this the detective?" asked Dr. Farber, pointing to Young King Brady.

"That is the man who followed me. I cannot say that he is the detective. He doesn't look like him."

"How now?" demanded the doctor, snatching a red wig from Harry's head.

"That's the detective."

"Very good! We must find out how much he knows. After that I shall put him out of business in short order. Now what do you propose to do?"

"Remain here until Jules comes, if you will let me."

"Let you? I shall insist on that. I meant afterward—about going home?"

"I don't propose to go home again. I see no use in it."

"Nor I. You have lost all affection for your mother?"

"Every particle. She has never been a true mother to me in any sense of the word."

"Then you had better remain here till your husband and I can fix matters up. That is all now."

Martha withdrew.

As soon as she was gone Dr. Farber locked both doors, and proceeded to strip off Harry's clothes.

These he threw over a chair, and producing a hypodermic syringe, jabbed it into Young King Brady's leg.

"There, my boy, that on top of the dose I gave you will keep you quiet for awhile," he muttered. "Now to search your clothes and find out what I can about you. If it is as I suspect, that you are the fake Chink who disturbed our meeting the other night, you shall shoot the chute and join Old King Brady in the great beyond."

Throwing a sheet over Harry's naked body the doctor proceeded to examine the clothes.

He was intensely disappointed.

Harry wore two vests, had a reversible coat and two pairs of trousers.

He was so fixed out that he could make himself appear either as a gentleman or a rough, working fellow, but that was all.

There was not a scrap of paper about him to reveal his identity or his plans.

The papers taken from Count Fiosco were not there, either.

Harry had left everything in his dress-suit case at the costumer's before starting out.

"He will have to be kept alive until we are through with to-morrow's business," muttered the doctor. "I must pump him and find out what he knows before I send him to his death, and I haven't time to bother with him now."

He touched the bell again, and Ah Gore appeared.

"See that boy, Gore?" asked Dr. Farber, pulling off the sheet.

"I see," replied the Chinaman.

"See those clothes? They work two ways."

"Yes, boss."

"Dress him. Put on the gentleman's trousers, and the coat, the way I have turned it. Then call Lee, and put him in No. 11. Just throw him down on the bed."

"Yes, boss."

Evidently Dr. Farber had confidence in Ah Gore carrying out his orders.

He lit a cigar and left the room.

It was dark when Young King Brady came to his senses. He was lying on a bed in a large and comfortably furnished room.

He got up, washed his face and hands, and moved round.

He lit the gas in order to see to do this.

He felt perfectly comfortable, and was able to take care of himself in every way.

This was all, however.

Throwing himself in a handsome Morris chair, Young King Brady pressed his hands to his head.

"Where am I?" he muttered. "Who am I? How did I get here? What does it all mean?"

It was impossible for him to think.

His past seemed to have been utterly blotted out.

Young King Brady was like a man wandering in a mist.

## CHAPTER XI.

### OLD KING BRADY BEGINS TO WIND UP THE CASE OF THE BONANZA KING.

Old King Brady was on hand at the broker's office where he had agreed to meet Count Fiosco at ten o'clock.

He had carefully scanned the papers that morning.

There were rumors of a big strike in a certain Nevada silver mine.

The Fakirs of 'Frisco were getting in their fine work.

The count came bustling in a few moments later.

"So you are here," he said. "Glad to see you. You are still of the same mind you were in last night?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Honorable Mr. Chelmsford, quietly.

"I am prepared to follow your advice, count."

"You cannot do better."

"You are satisfied that I am good for the money needed? You telephoned the Bank of Colorado, I hear?"

"Why, yes," replied the count, rather confused. "I did not suppose they would tell you, though."

"No harm done, my dear fellow. You received a favorable report?"

"I did, indeed."

"Very good. When do I get the stock?"

"At three o'clock to-day."

"Deliver it at the bank, and your money will be ready. That is all that need be said now, I presume."

That was all.

They parted.

Old King Brady made a bee-line for the bank.

Here he was admitted to Mr. Belton's private office.

"Well, Brady, did the count keep his appointment?" the bank president asked.

"He did."

"And it is all arranged?"

"Yes. The stock is to be delivered here at three o'clock."

"Good! There is a big chance for us to scoop in a pot of money in this!"

"Go over the ground again, please."

"Well, it is like this. Neither Graney nor the count own a share of White Pine stock. They know where it is, however, and they are depending on their chance of buying it up to-day at a slight advance on the market price."

"I see. What is it quoted at?"

"Ten."

"Well?"

"They probably intend to give about twelve for it. Now what is your limit?"

"Twenty. Fiosco said he would probably care to go that high in mine blocks."

"Exactly. Now I've been hustling all the morning, and every share available is at my call."

"Good! At what price?"

"Ten, eleven, and one lot twelve."

"I see. Then the fakirs can only get this stock through your brokers."

"Exactly; who will only deliver for cash."

"I see. And your brokers will hold at?"

"Twenty!"

"Fiosco and Graney won't pay it."

"They will. I shall spring their false rumor of the strike on the exchange as soon as it opens. In fact, it is due now."

"Yes, yes."

"My brokers will begin running the stock up. The fakirs will jump in to buy at the very start."

"I see."

"As soon as the strike rumor gets on the tape you must find the count and give him orders to go as high as fifty."

"I see."

"At three o'clock, when they start to deliver, you will be missing. We have no orders to pay more than twenty, and the stock will be left on Graney's hands."

"Good!"

To-morrow you will have arrested the count and exposed the plot. The stock drops back to ten."

"Yes."

Meanwhile we have sold every share which my brokers are now buying for cash at anywhere from ten to thirty points advance, and the difference comes out of John H. Graney's pocket."

"A splendid scheme, but let me suggest one change."

"Name it."

"When Graney starts to deliver at three o'clock, don't turn him down completely. Tell him I've been called out of town, and that my remittance failed to arrive. Tell him to meet me here at ten o'clock to-morrow and it will be all right."

"I see. You hope to have your proofs ready, and to be able to arrest Graney."

"That's it exactly. If I have any luck I shall have James J. Hare here ready to confront him."

"That would be great. You see how we stand. We ought to make at least forty thousand dollars on the deal, and Graney will be powerless to raise a finger against us."

Leaving Mr. Belton Old King Brady hurried to the palatial offices of Hare & Co. on California Street.

As he expected, he found Count Fiosco there.

The Honorable Mr. Chelmsford was in a great state of excitement. He could hardly wait to be introduced to John H. Graney.

"You have seen the tape, count?" he exclaimed. "The strike in White Pine is already announced."

"No!" cried the count, turning pale. "It can't be."

He made a rush for the ticker, and found that it was so.

"Graney, what's the meaning of this?" he demanded, calling his fellow fakir aside.

"Some of Ryan's drunken work, I suppose," growled Graney. "Will your man stand for an advance? If he will, it will be all right."

Oh, yes, the Honorable Mr. Chelmsford would stand for an advance.

He required a little urging, but not much.

If his dear friend, the count, and the great Mr. Graney thought it safe, he would stand for thirty points advance.

The bank was telephoned again.

John H. Graney talked with Mr. Belton, who assured him that the Honorable Mr. Chelmsford was good for any amount he might name.

Then the count suggested a drink, and all adjourned to the famous "Poodle Dog."

Meanwhile Hare & Co.'s representatives on 'Change were bustling to get hold of all the White Pine stock they could lay hands on.

Backed by Old King Brady's money, Mr. Belton's brokers soon secured every available share.

They let it out slowly, lot by lot, and every hour marked an advance in price, until by noon the Hare & Co. brokers were offering as much as 45.

"It is all working well," Mr. Belton reported. "At half-past two the tape will announce that the reported strike in the White Pine mine is all a fake. I see John H. Graney's finish in this deal, and I am right glad it has come."

"Well," said Old King Brady, "keep at it. I must leave you now. Probably I shan't see you again to-day."

Old King Brady now returned to the Palace Hotel and donned his usual dress.

He then went down on Drum Street, and after a little search for the place turned up at a low saloon.

As soon as he entered, the man, Jerry Brander, came forward to meet him.

"Well," demanded the detective, "how is it with you, Jerry? Anything doing?"

"I guess yes," chuckled Jerry. "I look to see the old man's finish to-night if you make good your promises, boss."

"Trust me for that."

"I know I can."

"Is there no place where we can get together by ourselves and go over this business?"

"Sure there is. Follow me, Mr. Brady."

Jerry led the way into a small room behind a big pile of barrels.

Here Old King Brady started the ball by handing Jerry a roll of bills.

"That's for you, because you saved my life," he said. "It has nothing to do with the case we are working on."

"Well, I'm a million times obliged to you, boss. How much is supposed to be here?"

"Two hundred."

"Well, well! But, say, I thought Old King Brady was a man of his word."

"Haven't I kept my word? What's the matter with you?"

"You promised me a gross of fish-lines if I'd throw mine overboard."

"So I did. Well, I forgot the fish-lines. Let's have a drink instead."

After the drink they got down to business.

"Did you find I was right, Jerry?" Old King Brady began. "Is James J. Hare hidden in Dr. Farber's house?"

"That's what he is. He's in No. 20, and they keep him loaded all the while."

"I see. And the object?"

"My brother knows nothing about that, boss."

"Can we get in to-night?"

"Not me. I don't go. You can."

"And others with me?"

"Yes. Jack is ready to throw up the sponge as far as Doc is concerned. He accepts your price."

"Good! And the time?"

"There's to be something doing at ten o'clock to-night. Jack couldn't make out just what. He overheard some talk between Doc and a young woman what came there yesterday. There's to be a kind of a meeting in Mr. Hare's room then."

"That will be just our time, Jerry."

"So I was a-thinking. And, say, there's another fellow just took in there yesterday. A young chap. Jack got orders from Doc to knock him out with brass knuckles, and he done it. He told me to tell you. Thought mebbe it might have something to do with your case."

"I doubt if it has," replied the detective, after getting Jerry to describe the young prisoner and tell the circumstances of his capture in detail.

Old King Brady turned the matter off as if of no account.

And yet he was certain that the prisoner could be no one else but Harry, and he was terribly worried about it, of course.

The interview closed with an appointment to meet Jerry at Saucelito ferry about nine o'clock.

Old King Brady then called a cab and drove to the headquarters of the San Francisco police.

It was the first the authorities knew of the Bradys being in town.

Old King Brady was received with the utmost respect, and had a long interview with the chief.

"You can rely upon us, Mr. Brady," said that official, when he and the detective parted. "All shall be as you wish. It seems rather rough on us that we have to get men from the States to help us out in our business, but the matter is

of too great importance to stand on ceremony. All we can do is to jump in and help you put the case through to a finish."

Thanking the chief, Old King Brady jumped into his cab and was driven to Mrs. Hare's.

The lady met him in a state of excitement which made it seem that it would take but little more to drive her mad.

"I am thankful you have come, Mr. Brady!" she exclaimed. "If I had known where to find you I should have looked you up. Your partner? Was he seriously injured? Do you know anything of my daughter? Speak! Tell me——"

"Madam, I have not seen either your daughter or my partner since yesterday; but I have important news for you. Your husband has been located. He is held a prisoner in a private sanitarium over at Saucelito, kept by one Dr. Farber, and if all is well, I shall rescue him to-night."

"Thank Heaven!" gasped the lady. "Hare and I agree in nothing; but we don't quarrel now, and I want no harm to befall him through me. I suppose my daughter is at the bottom of the plot against him. Keep nothing back! Speak!"

"She is, Mrs. Hare."

"Well, well; I must tell you a secret. Martha is not Mr. Hare's child."

Old King Brady bowed.

"No need to go into family history, Mrs. Hare," he said. "Tell me about my partner now."

"He was shot at by Martha in this room yesterday in my presence. I fainted, and when I came to my senses he had disappeared. My daughter was locked in her room. She would not answer me when I spoke to her through the door. Later she gave me the slip and left the house. I have not seen her since."

"She is at Dr. Farber's, Mrs. Hare, and my partner is there, also, held a prisoner."

"Is it possible? What villainy! A wretch named Dr. Ching, a half-breed Chinaman, college bred and highly educated, is at the bottom of it all. He is married to my daughter, your partner tells me. My husband befriended him. He was once Mr. Hare's private secretary, but he proved so dishonest that Hare had to let him go."

"And he poses now under the name of Count Jules Fiosco," said Old King Brady. "If my plans succeed, in a few hours he will be under arrest. Now, Mrs. Hare, no more of this. Be ready for me when I call at half-past eight. You must go with me to the sanitarium and see this thing through."

Mrs. Hare readily consented.

At eight-thirty the detective called for her in a carriage.

They were driven to the Saucelito ferry, where Jerry Brander was picked up.

The carriage then drove down upon an adjoining wharf, where a tug was in waiting.

There were six policemen on board the tug, which at once started across the bay.

They steamed up to a little wharf at the foot of Dr. Farber's extensive grounds.

The man who had done up Young King Brady was there to meet them, and they were led among the trees and shrubbery up the hill to the rear of the sanitarium, Jerry remaining behind on board the tug.

"Now then, boss," said Jack Brander to Old King Brady, "it's up to you to tell me what I'm to do. I can take you to the room adjoining the one where Mr. Hare is confined, if you like. I have bored a hole in the dividing door, and you can see and hear all that is going on."

"Good!" said Old King Brady. "But first take me to the room where that young man I spoke to you of is confined. Mrs. Hare and the officers can wait for me in the room you just spoke of. It won't take long to bring this business to an end with your help, and you shall be well rewarded, you may depend."

"That's all right," replied Jack. "I am sick of this business, and I shall be glad to see old Farber's finish. Gentlemen, come this way."

Thus saying, Jack opened a little door, and Old King Brady, accompanied by Mrs. Hare and the policemen, filed in.

It promised to be a bad night for the Fakirs of 'Frisco. The Bradys had run them to earth at last.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

Young King Brady pulled out of his muddled condition before morning.

This was more than Dr. Farber expected, and he did not visit him again that night.

Harry tried every way in the world to break jail during the early morning hours, but it was all no use.

His skeleton keys and everything else pertaining to his craft that he carried with him had been taken from him.

The detective had nothing to work with and the door of his room was made of iron painted to resemble wood, while the window was secured by heavy iron bars.

Next morning Dr. Farber got a call to go to San Francisco, and again he failed to look up his prisoner.

He also forgot to give any orders about him.

As a consequence, Young King Brady put in a very uncomfortable day.

No one came near him. He got neither food nor drink.

Harry was a pretty restless boy when night came.

Seven o'clock brought a change.

The door was suddenly opened and Dr. Farber entered the room.

Young King Brady was ready for him.

He sat in a chair with his head in his hand moaning.

He appeared to be half dazed and told the doctor that he felt very sick.

When the doctor tried to question him he could get nothing out of him.

He then mixed a powder in a glass of water and told

Harry to drink it just before going to bed, which he advised him to do right away.

A tray with a good supper came soon after the doctor withdrew.

Jack Brander brought it.

He waited on Young King Brady.

Harry tackled him at once.

"Look here, I'll make it well worth your while if you will help me to get out of this," he said.

Jack laughed.

"You don't want to go," he said.

"Indeed I do. Let me explain."

"Hold on. Mum's the word! Old King Brady will be here to-night and Young King Brady wants to be on hand to help him out, I'm thinking."

"Oh!" cried Harry. "If that's the case I'll stay."

He pressed Jack for details, got them, and after that rested content.

Thus, when just before ten o'clock the door of Harry's prison was softly opened and Old King Brady slipped in he was in no way surprised.

"Governor, I feel like a fool!" said Harry, after their first greeting had been exchanged. "Here I've been locked up for more than a day and nothing doing in the case."

"Don't you say a word," chuckled Old King Brady. "Best thing that could have happened us. It's your case, anyhow. You struck the first clew, and if you had kept on flying about the way you were you might have spoiled all. We have reached the finish. The curtain is about to rise on the last act. Follow me!"

And while Old King Brady followed Jack, Harry followed Old King Brady, who led the way down the long corridor to a certain room.

They slipped inside to find the policemen and Mrs. Hare awaiting them.

Voices could be heard in the next room.

"Look, Mr. Brady. See how those wretches are treating my poor husband!" breathed Mrs. Hare, pointing to a small hole which Jack had bored through the panel of the dividing door.

Inside the adjoining room were gathered Dr. Farber, Count Fiosco and Martha Hare, with two stolid Chinamen, Highbinders both of them; men whose trade was murder and who stood ready to do murder at the doctor's command.

James J. Hare, more nearly sober than he had been for days, lay stretched upon the wire spring of an iron bedstead.

His hands were tied to the bars above his head and his bare feet, with his legs spread apart, to the bars below.

Attached to these cords were two sticks—a double tourniquet—with a Chinaman in charge of each one.

Thus the wretched man was on the rack.

It was the torture of the Middle Ages brought down to modern times, and Dr. Farber was just the man to work it to a finish, for he had no mercy in his black heart.

Nor was Martha any more merciful.

As for "Count Fiosco," he just stood by and grinned with delight at the torture being inflicted upon the man who had once been his friend.

"Give the sticks another turn, boys," said Dr. Farber. "That's the talk!"

Then the wretched Bonanza King was once more stretched on the rack.

"Spare me! Spare me!" he groaned. "Girl, you are a perfect fiend to stand for this."

"Say nothing," broke in Fiosco, taking up a pen and pointing to a legal document which lay spread out upon a table. "Sign this will making my wife your sole heir and you shall be instantly released."

"Never!" cried the Bonanza King. "You treacherous dog! You have pried into my business and into my family secrets. Martha is not my daughter. It is enough that she is your wife to make me resolved that she shall never inherit one penny of my wealth. And if I was to sign the will what would be the result? That scoundrel of a doctor would then kill me, that my millions might sooner come your way."

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled the doctor. "You are between the devil and the deep sea, my friend! But I'll promise you one thing, and I'll keep my word. If you don't sign you shall be racked to pieces, torn limb from limb; but if you do sign I'll agree to let you drink yourself to death."

"He'll sign," said the count. "He dare not refuse. I know his secrets. I can prove that he is a forger and that the best part of his wealth is stolen property. Ha! Ha!"

"Liar!" cried the wretched man. "It is false. You know one of my secrets, and because you know it, I was weak enough to try to make a gentleman of you, to introduce you to the Turk's Club and to put you on a social footing with some of our leading men. And this is the return for all my kindness. Well, well! Do your worst. Kill me if you will, but I'll never sign!"

"Give him another turn, boys!" cried Dr. Farber. "Oh, yes, I think he'll sign!"

"Not to-night!" exclaimed a stern voice behind him. "This is your finish, Farber. You have made your last throw!"

The door of the next room had been thrown violently open and in rushed the Bradys and Mrs. Hare.

"The Bradys!" gasped the doctor, making a dart for the other door.

"Trapped!" cried Fiosco, drawing a revolver.

But he dropped it, for Old King Brady had him covered in a twinkling.

Harry did the same for Dr. Farber, and the police crowded into the room, capturing all hands.

Mrs. Hare flew to her husband's side.

"Oh, James! James! forgive me!" she cried. "My child did this, but believe me when I tell you I never knew!"

"She speaks the truth," cried Old King Brady, cutting the Bonanza King free. "You can thank your faithful wife for your rescue, Mr. Hare. It was she who brought us here."

But neither the Bonanza King nor Mrs. Hare heard.

They had fainted in each other's arms.

Back to San Francisco on the tug was the next move.

Dr. Farber and Count Fiosco went as prisoners.

The Hares occupied the little cabin.

No attempt was made by the detectives to arrest Martha. She was allowed to remain with her handcuffed husband, with whom she conversed in low tones.

Arrived at the wharf, where there were carriages in waiting, the Hares were driven to their home on Nob Hill, while Dr. Farber and the count were whirled up Washington street to the jail.

Martha went with her husband.

Leaving their prisoners safely jailed, the Bradys returned to the Palace Hotel and slept the sleep of the just.

Before retiring they enjoyed a quiet little supper in Old King Brady's room.

The old detective told Harry all about the stock transactions before spreading out the evening paper on the table.

As he expected, there was a full account of the White Pine excitement, with the exposure of the rumored strike.

The stock had touched fifty when the exposure was given out, just before the Board closed.

"There will be music in the air to-morrow," said Harry. "I'm afraid we can't get John H. Graney, however. He'll be sure to get wind of what has occurred."

"The chief of police has given strict orders not to allow the prisoners to communicate with any one," replied Old King Brady. "Still, the affair may leak out. We can only wait and see."

Next morning at half-past nine a carriage drove up to the Bank of Colorado.

The Bradys alighted and assisted the Bonanza King, in a very weak and shaky condition, to accompany them into the bank.

The party were immediately shown into Mr. Belton's private room.

"Mr. Hare, I congratulate you!" exclaimed the banker, shaking hands with the Bonanza King. "So you have escaped from those fakirs. I confess yesterday I feared you never would."

"Yes, thanks to these brave detectives, I am here," replied Mr. Hare. "Here for revenge."

"Graney was in yesterday after we refused to accept the White Pine stock," said the banker. He was furious. I hope he will show up this morning, but I have my doubts."

"We can only wait," said Old King Brady. "If he comes I shall arrest him. If not, I must turn the job of running him to earth over to someone else, for we have an important engagement in New York."

They talked further and ten o'clock came.

Promptly on the moment John H. Graney's card was handed in.

"Show the gentleman in," said Mr. Belton, and placing a screen in front of the Bradys and Mr. Hare, he seated himself at his desk and was busily writing when Mr. Graney came bustling in.

"Well, Belton, what about that stock?" he demanded

almost fiercely. "Has that man, Chelmsford, shown up yet?"

"I don't think he will accept it," replied the banker. "He feels that he has been deceived."

"Not accept it! Not accept it!" roared the fakir. "I tell you, he must accept it! If he don't I'll put you on the street! It is you that put me into this hole. You held the stock. I know it now. It was you——"

"No, Mr. Graney, it was I," exclaimed Old King Brady, stepping into view.

"Who the mischief are you?" gasped Graney, pulling back.

"Old King Brady, the detective!"

"Great heavens! Hare!"

Old King Brady had pulled the screen away.

"Yes, Hare!" cried the banker, tottering forward. "Hare, your benefactor, whom you betrayed. Thou art the man, John Graney! Officers, do your duty. He is the head fakir of the pack, and I'll never rest till I put him behind the bars!"

Old King Brady darted forward and snapped the handcuffs on his man.

Mr. Hare did put John H. Graney behind the bars. The man is now doing time in San Quentin for kidnapping, as is also Dr. Farber, but Count Fiosco escaped.

Mr. Hare refused to bring a charge against the fellow. Once released, the "count" and his wife disappeared. This was the end.

Mr. Hare gave the Bradys a check for \$20,000 before they left town.

To the Brander brothers he gave a thousand dollars each. Then, taking his wife with him, the Bonanza King departed for Europe.

He has closed out his business and is living in Paris now. Of course it all got into the papers. Rumor said Old King Brady made a hundred thousand on White Pine.

This, however, was an exaggeration.

Still, the old detective did scoop in a few thousands and Mr. Belton as much more, while Harry came in on equal terms.

But after all, it was only a nine days' wonder.

Frisco is a busy place, and people soon forgot all about the remarkable case of "The Bradys and the Bonanza King."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE BOSTON BANKER; OR, HUSTLING FOR MILLIONS IN THE HUB," which will be the next number (183) of "Secret Service."

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