

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. 216.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AT BAFFIN'S BAY; OR, THE TRAIL WHICH LED TO THE ARCTIC.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



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NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

The Bradys at Baffin's Bay

OR,

The Trail Which Led to the Arctic.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TALK THAT FAILED.

"I think we shall have to give it up, Governor."

"It begins to look so, Harry. I don't think we shall see our man."

"Do you imagine he has doubled on us?"

"Such is my idea. It is but little importance, anyway. Considering the lofty impudence shown us by the bank president, I hardly care to continue with the case."

"I am much of your mind. He acts as if he did not really want us to catch this defaulting teller."

"Depend upon it that such is the case, and I am of the opinion that the man knows too many of their secrets."

"Just what I think. Calling us on the case is only a bluff."

"All ashore that's going ashore!" shouted the uniformed officer who stood at the door of the big Fall River boat Puritan.

The Bradys stood on the pier watching everyone who went on board the boat.

Old King Brady wore his peculiar dress, the old white hat with its broad brim, the long-tailed blue coat with its brass buttons, and the big broad-soled, low shoes with "spats."

Young King Brady, who stood beside him, was dressed "up to the minute," as he always is when not disguised.

For an hour the world-famous detectives had been standing patiently on the pier watching for their defaulter, whom they had reason to believe would attempt to go East that night in disguise.

The bell rang, and a number of deckhands ranged themselves along the gangplank ready to pull it in.

The band was playing on the sterndeck, and the usual crowd was moving back and forth along the guards.

The "last man" came tearing furiously down the pier in a cab, sprang out, seized his dress suit case, and, followed by a lady carrying a poodle dog, hurried on board.

"Haul in!" called the mate, who was managing the plank.

Just then one of the pier officials came hurrying down the wharf, shouting:

"Hold on! Hold on! They have come!"

Who had come?

The Bradys, in common with everyone else on the wharf, turned to look.

Out of the office through which all passenger by the Fall River line are required to pass on their way to the boat two U. S. army officers appeared.

Behind them walked some twenty young men, handcuffed two and two.

Some wore the uniform of the regular army. Others were in the white costume of the marines. One, with sergeant's chevrons, had all the buttons on his uniform cut off.

With rapid steps, closely followed by two other officers, they marched down the pier.

One was singing:

"Hope that graced my early day,
Fair and free!
Like a dream has passed away,
Far from me."

"What does all that mean, Governor?" demanded Young King Brady.

But the old detective did not answer.

His eyes were fixed on the singer, a peculiarly handsome young marine, as he marched by.

The officers led the way on board the boat, the prisoners following.

"Poor wretches!" murmured Harry. "Deserters, I suppose."

"That's what!" replied Old King Brady. "On board, quick, boy! We are off on the boat to-night."

Old King Brady made a rush for the gangplank, which was just being pulled in.

Harry followed him, although taken entirely by surprise.

Not a word had Old King Brady uttered about going to Boston.

They had to run for it.

The plank was hauled in the moment they got aboard.

The officers and their prisoners were just filing through a door which led to the forward deck.

It closed upon them, and they were out of sight before the people on the main deck fairly knew who or what they were.

"For goodness sake, Governor, what is the meaning of this sudden freak?" demanded Young King Brady as the big boat began to move out of the dock.

"Something which you know nothing about, Harry."

"So I thought."

"Sit down here and I will explain."

The Bradys placed themselves in the comfortable leather-cushioned seats which run along one side of the main deck of all the Fall River boats.

"Look at this photograph, my boy," said Old King Brady, taking out his big leather wallet.

"A very handsome young fellow."

"Ever seen him?"

"If you had asked me a few minutes ago I should say no. Now it occurs to me that he looks like the young marine who was singing as those prisoners came down the wharf."

"Sharp. You are improving your powers of close observation every day."

"Is it the same person?"

"That I cannot answer. I think so; that is why I am here."

"How about the banker's case? We are off our beat altogether now."

"I shall wire the banker that we have dropped it. I am sure he has fooled us with false information. Let him play his tricks on someone else."

"I'm willing. Now, about this boy?"

"Harry, this is a matter so secret that I gave my solemn promise not even to tell you. I can only say this—that I have had the matter in hand for months. Do you remember when I rushed off to San Francisco in May?"

"Yes. Was that trip made on this business?"

"It was."

"I wondered what had struck you. Can't you tell me what the fellow is wanted for?"

"I cannot. All I can say is that he is wanted by one of the highest—one of the very highest, understand me—of the United States officials."

"Washington?"

"Yes."

"Not the President?"

"I'm not saying another word."

"You think those fellows were deserters?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Where are they bound?"

"There is an island off Newport where they imprison them. I forget the name."

"How long do they get?"

"The longest term is twenty years. It depends upon their behavior."

"It seems hard."

"When I was a boy they would have been all shot."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I must see that fellow and have a private talk with him at any cost."

"Did you know that your man had enlisted in the marines?"

"I had reason to believe that he had enlisted either in the army or the navy. I did not know which nor under what assumed name."

"You thought to find him at the Presidio when you went flying out to Frisco?"

"Yes; but I was too late. The regiment I believed him to have enlisted in had sailed for Manilla."

"It would have been of no use anyhow if this is your man."

"True. He must have deserted from some battleship or cruiser. But we shall soon know."

"What is your plan?"

"To wait here until one of those officers appear. Ah! Here comes one now."

Through the door which Old King Brady had been intently watching a man wearing the uniform of a captain in the regular army now came.

Old King Brady arose and walked toward him.

"Captain, may I have a word with you?" he asked, with a polite bow.

"Well, what is it?" demanded the captain stiffly.

"My name is Brady. I am a detective. This gentleman is my partner. I wish to make inquiry about one of those deserters you have in charge."

"I can give you no information about them, sir. It is against the rules."

"I have a letter here which may cause you to overlook your rules," said Old King Brady quietly.

He drew out of his wallet an official looking document which he handed to the Captain.

Harry caught a glimpse of the signature, and saw that it was that of the Secretary of War.

The captain glanced over the letter hastily.

"This is mandatory, Mr. Brady," he said. "I am bound to hear all you have to say."

As he folded up the document Young King Brady caught sight of the address.

It read:

"To any United States army officer to whom this may be presented."

"Will you join us on deck, captain?" asked Old King Brady suavely. "This is scarcely the place to talk."

"I have business with the purser, Mr. Brady. Come to stateroom No. 218 in half an hour. You will find me there."

"Thanks, Captain—Captain——"

"Captain Colligan."

"Just so. We will be on board."

"May I ask what you want?" asked Captain Colligan.

"I confess that my curiosity is aroused."

"An interview with one of your prisoners; that is all."

"Then we may as well come to an understanding right here."

"As you will."

"Which one?"

"The young marine who was singing as they came down the pier."

"Yes. What is he wanted for?"

"That question I cannot answer. I will state also that my interview must be private."

Captain Colligan sniffed at this.

"I think I have a right to know," he said. "It is entirely against orders for me to allow these prisoners to talk to anyone."

"I fall back on my letter, captain," replied the detective, in his dignified way.

"Well, be on deck. I'll see what can be done," said Captain Colligan, turning abruptly away.

"He seems to have forgotten all about his stateroom," said Harry.

"I expected something of this sort, and that is why I asked him not to talk here," replied the old detective. "I don't care to attract attention, but all the same it has been done. Come, let us go on deck and wait. We shall hear from him again."

And so they did, but it was fully three-quarters of an hour before the captain put in an appearance.

"What is the name of that young man?" he asked.

"Do you mean the true name?" replied Old King Brady.

"Yes."

"That I am not permitted to divulge."

"It seems to me that you are disposed to keep me very much in the dark, Mr. Brady."

"No more than I am my own partner here. If he was to ask me that question my answer would be the same."

"You ask too much. I am inclined to refuse your request."

"I ask nothing, Captain Colligan. I demand an interview with that young man," Old King Brady sternly said.

Captain Colligan bit his lip and turned away.

"Stay! Do I get it?" called Old King Brady.

"I suppose so," was the answer. "Go forward where you will not be observed."

The Bradys walked forward and leaned against the guards.

"This is a mighty mysterious case, Governor," Harry ventured to observe.

"Yes," replied Old King Brady dryly. "It is very mysterious indeed."

"Do you think the fellow will come?"

"Yes, I am sure of it."

Old King Brady was right.

In a few minutes Captain Colligan appeared with the young man at his side.

"Stand back out of hearing, Harry?" said Old King Brady. "Captain, I am obliged to put the same request to you."

And thus Old King Brady and the young marine stood together against the guards.

The marine looked anxious and troubled.

He was a mere boy; apparently not over twenty.

With his dark hair, slightly curling, his bright eyes, and perfect figure, Harry put him down as one of the handsomest fellows he had ever seen.

It was now growing dark, and the summer stars were beginning to show themselves.

Glancing at the Long Island shore at no great distance away, Old King Brady saw that they were about opposite Sand's Point.

The detective fixed his eyes upon the young man, with a long, searching look.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Joe Casey," replied the marine, his cheeks flushing slightly.

"You are a deserter?"

"Yes."

"From what ship?"

"The Brooklyn."

"Why did you desert?"

"It is a long story. I don't have to tell it."

"No; you do not, my poor boy."

"I was shamefully abused, sir. I saw no chance of things ever being any better, and so—and so——"

His voice choked, his eyes filled with tears.

"Twenty years," said Old King Brady solemnly.

"I know it."

"The best part of your life will be gone then."

"That's what it will."

"Is there no way of preventing it?"

"How can there be? I deserted, I was captured. What then?"

"Why not use your influence?"

"My influence? What influence have I got?"

"Much."

"You must be crazy. Who are you, anyhow?"

"A detective."

The young marine turned deathly pale.

"Arthur Eagleton, tell me what you know, and I will guarantee to save you from this awful fate."

There was a quick gasp, then a tight setting of the lips.

"I am known, then?" he breathed.

"You are known," said Old King Brady solemnly.

"How can you hope to escape? You will now be located for twenty years where I can put my finger on you at any time, and——"

Arthur Eagleton clutched the guard with his right hand.

"Well? And what?" he demanded.

"And take you back to Washington, where you can be made to tell."

"Never. I'd sooner die!"

The words were fairly shouted, and no sooner were they uttered than the marine made one leap over the rail and plunged headlong into the sound.

CHAPTER II.

FAILURE NO. 2.

"Blast you, Brady! Now you have done it! I shall be held responsible for this!" roared Captain Colligan, who with both the Bradys had darted forward to block this suicidal attempt, but all too late to do any good.

And the Puritan, running at full speed, had already passed over the spot where the young man struck the water, and was rapidly leaving it behind in her long, white trail of foam.

"Brother," said Old King Brady solemnly, "I would rather have parted with ten thousand dollars than to have had this happened; but it is too late now."

"The steamer must be stopped. A boat must be put back. He is a splendid swimmer. He may escape."

"I leave all such fool business for you, Captain Colligan. It is night. You could not have this steamer stopped inside of ten minutes. Of what use would it be then?"

"Then what do you propose to do about it?"

"To sign any statement of the affair you may draw up. To report to the Secretary of War personally just what has occurred."

"I suppose it is all that can be done. I fully expect to be cashiered for this."

"You will not be. Believe me, the blame is wholly mine."

"What did you say to him to make him want to commit suicide?"

"If I was to repeat every word which passed between us you would be none the wiser, while I would be violating a solemn pledge."

"You will hear from me again in this business," said Captain Colligan fiercely. "I shall make my report—never fear."

"Good evening, captain," Old King Brady answered.

Without reply Captain Colligan strode away, had the steamer stopped and search made. But it was useless. They did not find him.

"Governor, this is a terrible thing," Young King Brady ventured to remark as his great chief stood leaning over the rail half an hour later.

"Yes, Harry. I feel very bad about it."

"Was he the fellow you thought?"

"Yes."

"Why did he commit suicide?"

"There are some things worse than death. He thought he was up against one of that sort."

"He gave you no hint of his intention?"

"None; or he would be here now, of course."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I am thinking. I may say I have thought, for I have about reached a conclusion."

"Which is?"

"To come back to this place, and take up the trail where I lost it."

"Then you do not feel sure that he is dead?"

"It cannot be certain. You heard what the captain said about his being a splendid swimmer?"

"Surely."

"There is the shore at no great distance away. There is that small steamer lying at anchor over there. There are those two schooners."

"Well?"

"Four chances for Arthur Eagleton's life, Harry."

"Ah, that was his name!"

Old King Brady looked annoyed.

"For once I have betrayed myself," he said. "It would not have happened if it had been anybody else but you."

"The missing witness in the——"

"Hush, Harry! That will do."

Young King Brady said no more for a minute, and then remarked:

"And you so nearly succeeded! It is a shame."

"It may be for the best. When a man is willing to go into imprisonment for twenty years rather than open his mouth it is a pretty serious case."

"That's what it is. Still, what he knows might have cost him his life to tell."

"It looks that way. You have decided to return here."

"Yes. At the earliest opportunity."

"How will you manage it?"

"I shall charter a tug at Newport and come right back."

"Expensive work."

"I am not limited as to expense."

"Just where are we now?"

"The place where he jumped overboard was right off Hempstead Harbor."

"Fortunately no one saw him go but Captain Colligan and myself. We should be hounded to death if that had not been the case."

"And we may be as it is if the captain talks," replied Old King Brady.

"But come," he added. "Let us look up a stateroom. There is nothing more to be done now."

There was some excitement raised on board the steamer.

Wisely Captain Colligan kept his own counsel about the suicide's identity.

Later in the evening he and another officer looked up Old King Brady.

The captain had prepared a careful statement of the affair.

Old King Brady promptly signed it.

"I wash my hands of the whole business," said Captain Colligan. "If I am called to account I hope you will be on hand as my witness, that is all."

"Rely upon me, captain," said the detective. "Also believe me when I say that you never will be called to account."

The Bradys left the Puritan at Newport at three a. m.

Waiting only for daylight, Old King Brady chartered a tug, and with Harry immediately started back down the Sound.

The old detective merely stated to the tug captain that his business was to look for information concerning a man who had fallen overboard from the Fall River boat the night before.

By Old King Brady's orders the tug was run in at Glen Cove.

The Bradys then started directly for the office of the local paper.

They were successful in this their first strike.

"Why," said the editor, when Old King Brady had stated his name and business, "that must be the young man old Uncle Dan Hicks picked up last night."

"Uncle Dan lives here in town?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes."

"What is his business?"

"Well, he doesn't do much but fish."

"Where can he be seen?" asked Old King Brady, after the editor had given him a few meagre details of the affair—all he knew.

"I guess he is out fishing, all right. He almost always is. Better wait for him to come in."

But the Bradys were not waiting.

Of course, the run down the Sound had taken them almost all day, and night was again close at hand.

Receiving Uncle Dan's address from the editor, the detectives went directly to his house.

As they expected, he was out on the Sound.

An accurate description of his boat was given, however, and the Bradys, starting right off with their tug, soon came up with the old man, who, with his boat loaded with snapping mackerel, was leisurely pulling ashore.

Old King Brady hailed the boat, and soon had it safe alongside, with Uncle Dan himself on board the tug.

"Uncle," said Old King Brady, abruptly, "what did you do with that young fellow you picked up out of the Sound last night?"

"What young feller?" demanded the old fisherman, cocking one eye.

"Oh, you know all right."

"You say you are a detective?"

"That's what I told you."

"Hain't some one been a-stuffin' on yer? I ketch fish, not young fellers, boss."

Old King Brady very deliberately opened his pocket-book, and taking out a five-dollar bill, held it up by one end.

"See that bill?" he asked.

"Waal, of course."

"How much are your fish worth?"

"Waal, I reckon thar orter be five dollars into that mess. 'Tain't likely I kin find a market for them all."

"Five and five make ten, uncle."

"Uster when I went to skule. Likewise one and one make two."

"Just so. That's for you in exchange for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about that young marine you picked up in the Sound last night and put aboard that schooner."

"I didn't put him aboard no schooner. Who says he was a marine?"

"Tell it, uncle, tell it."

"What have you heard?"

"Mr. Maxwell told me you rescued a drowning man last night."

"He wasn't drowning. He was just as chipper as you be now."

"Yes, yes! Well, do you want the five?"

"I dew; but I tell you straight, neighbor, I'm the last man in the world to set bloodhounds onto that young feller's track. Ef I didn't know for certain that you couldn't get him I wouldn't tell you a blame thing for less'n ten dollars—so there!"

"Ten it is. Five for the information, five for cutting this business short."

"Waal, then, fork over."

"Oh, no! Goods first, pay afterward."

"I s'pose you'll have to have yer way. 'Twas like this: I was a-pullin' along trying to keep out of the way of them blame Boston boats, when all of a sudden I heard a voice holler:

"'Boat ahoy! On board the boat! Will you save a poor wretch from drowning?"

"I looked off in the direction of the boat, and what should I see but a hand coming up out of the water pretty close to me.

"Waal, sir, I pulled over to him and got him out. A likely looking lad, handsome as a picter.

"'Mister, I fell off one of the sound steamers,' he said. 'No matter which one. Detectives is after me,' he says. 'I wanter give them the slip.'"

"And he wore the uniform of a marine?" asked Old King Brady.

"I didn't see no clothes onto him only an undershirt and a pair of drawers, boss."

"How did he explain that?"

"He said he used to be a fine swimmer, and hadn't forgot how to dew the trick. He said he got his clothes off in the water so as he would be lighter."

"Then he did not tell you that he was a marine?"

"No."

"What did you do with him? Put him aboard the schooner?"

"No, I tell yer."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"No; I axed him, but he said he rather not tell, and allowed that it wouldn't do me no good for to know."

"Your haven't told me what you did with him yet."

"Who said anything about a schooner?"

"The editor of the Glen Cove paper."

"He's got the cart before the horse. I put him on the steamer—so there."

"What steamer? That little one with the black smoke-stack which was lying off here last night?"

"Yes."

"Tell me her name?"

"Waal, she's the Leopard!"

"Uncle, if you don't spunk up that second five won't be coming. What about this steamer? Who is her captain? Where is she bound?"

"Waal, I don't know her captain's name, boss, so I can't tell it to you, but she belongs to Mr. Timothy Todd. She sailed at daybreak, bound for the North Pole."

"Bad luck," muttered Old King Brady. "This is failure No. 2."

CHAPTER III.

GETTING READY TO BEGIN.

"Bound for the North Pole!" cried Young King Brady. "Well, Governor, we are not in it, so it would seem."

"That remains to be seen," replied Old King Brady. "The North Pole is a long way off. Uncle, how do you know that steamer intends to go to the Arctic? Tell more if you want that second bill."

"Waal, now there hain't nothing more of no consequence to tell. That steamer is going to the North Pole, providing she can get there."

"Well put in. Who is this Timothy Todd?"

"He's a gold bug what lives in our place."

"A millionaire?"

"Yes. He fitted up the steamer himself, and is going to the North Pole, I tell yer. I dunno no more."

"I think I understand," said Young King Brady. "I read about this expedition in the papers. The man is right."

"Did the young fellow ask to be put on board the steamer?" inquired Old King Brady.

"Yes, when I told him about it. He axed me first what steamer it was, and then when I told him what Mr. Todd meant to do he said it would just suit him. So we pulled over there, and after some palaver the captain agreed to take him aboard."

"And that's all you know?"

"Every blame thing."

"Did he ask you not to tell about having rescued him?"

"Sure. Of course it didn't make no difference telling on it around our place. I wouldn't have told you, though, for no five dollars. No siree! I hain't that kind of a man."

"That's all, uncle. Travel on with your fish," said Old King Brady.

"Take us to New York, captain," he added, "and be as quick as you can."

"Is there no possibility that we could overhaul the Leopard?" asked Harry.

"Not one chance in a thousand," replied Old King Brady. "It would be a mere waste of time to try."

"Do you give it up?"

"By no means."

"You can't really mean to——"

"To follow my trail to the Arctic? That's just what I do if my people will stand for the expense."

"Oh!" said Young King Brady. "In that case this is probably the beginning of a pretty long chase."

The Bradys were landed in New York before ten o'clock. They hurried to the nearest telegraph office.

Harry did not see the despatch which the old detective sent to Washington.

It would have been useless to press Old King Brady for information which he was not disposed to give.

The answer came about midnight at the Bradys' home.

Old King Brady read the despatch, tore it into small pieces, and threw them into the waste basket.

"Well?" asked Harry.

"Well, what?"

"Do we go to the Arctic?"

"We do."

"When?"

"As soon as a steamer can be fitted up to carry us there."

"Good enough! This is early summer. I should like nothing better. Perhaps it will come our way to discover the North Pole."

Old King Brady smiled and went to bed.

"The Governor wouldn't show any excitement if he was booked to make a trip to the moon," Harry said to himself, as he also went to bed.

For the next ten days Old King Brady kept flashing surprises upon his young partner in the shape of telephone messages, for as a matter of fact, Harry scarcely saw the old detective during all that time.

First came a call from downtown, which ran something like this:

"Harry.—Go at once to Sharp the tailor and be measured for four suits of clothes."

Young King Brady went.

He found that his partner had been ahead of him, and had picked out the cloth for two suits. The third was to be a complete outfit of sealskin; the fourth Harry was free to choose for himself.

"Heavens! The Governor is going it strong," he said.

"I wonder who is paying for all this."

Next came the following:

Old King Brady, over the phone: "Hello, Harry! Hello! This you?"

"What do you say? My voice sounds faint? Well, that isn't surprising. I am in Washington.

"Didn't know I was going to Washington? Well, I didn't think it was necessary to tell you. I want—no, no, Central, not through yet.—Harry! Hello, Harry. Oh, all right! They tried to cut us off! Get over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard as quick as you can. See Captain Manning of the cutter Walrus. Find out all we are likely to need for a three months' cruise in the Arctic, and order it sent on board in my name. No, no! The Government is not putting up for this at all. Don't be too inquisitive. You know just enough to make you think you know a whole lot, while as a matter of fact you know next to nothing. When shall I be back? I——"

That was the end.

They were cut off at this point, and Harry failed to get Old King Brady again.

The next surprise was the sudden appearance of Old King Brady at Harry's bedside in the middle of the night.

"Governor! You back again!" Young King Brady exclaimed as soon as he realized where he was. "What's up now?"

"You are to get up and take the milk train on the Erie. Leaves by Chambers street ferry at four o'clock."

"What on earth is the matter now? What have I got to do among the empty milk cans? I thought you were in Washington?"

"Am I going to take up my residence in Washington? Listen to me."

"Oh, I am listening."

"Every move we are making is being closely watched. You are to go to Chicago and personally deliver a letter which I shall give you, and which I am afraid to trust to the mail. I want you to go West on the milk train as far as Port Jervis, for it is most likely that you will be shadowed at this early hour. Still you must leave the house in disguise."

"I understand. I am to board the morning express for Chicago at Port Jervis?"

"Yes."

"All right. What time is it?"

"Quarter past two."

"Very good. Prepare your letter. I'll be on hand."

Soon after Young King Brady appeared, dressed as a servant.

The letter he received was enclosed in a blank envelope.

"You will destroy this in case there is the least danger of it falling into any hands but those of the person for whom it is intended," Old King Brady said.

"But it is addressed to nobody."

"The address is on the inside. You will open the first envelope when you are safely aboard the express."

Harry slipped out of the house by the basement way, with a market basket on his arm.

A man walking along the opposite side of the street followed him clear down to the Washington Market.

Here Harry began buying meat and vegetables.

These he ordered sent to a poor family with whom he was acquainted.

When he looked around for his shadow he could see nothing of him, nor did the fellow appear again on the ferryboat or milk train.

At Port Jervis Young King Brady boarded the express, and opened the letter.

Inside was another letter addressed to one of the highest U. S. officials, whose home was in Chicago.

A slip of paper also in the envelope contained the following brief note:

"Harry.—Deliver this in person. We could not trust either mail or telegraph. Immediately return to Boston. Will have a man at station to meet you there. Wear a knot of green ribbon in your buttonhole. O. K. B."

Arrived at Chicago Harry was immediately admitted to an audience with the great man.

"Ah! You are one of the Bradys!" was the greeting.

"I am, sir," replied Harry. "I was told to deliver this note."

The "great man" tore the letter open and glanced over its contents.

Tears rushed to his eyes; he buried his face in his hands.

Recovering himself after a moment, he pulled out his check-book and hastily wrote a check for \$10,000 in Young King Brady's name.

"It is a great deal of money, young man," he said, "and I beg you to be cautious. Go to the bank at noon and the check will be honored without question or identification. Say to your partner that I consider the idea a good one. The word is deposition—be sure you get it straight. As for the rest, it is China or Japan."

"And the money, sir?" asked Harry.

"Is to be given to Old King Brady, of course."

Thereupon Harry withdrew, cashed his check, and went flying through to Boston.

Arriving via the Boston & Maine at the northern station, Harry walked up and down the asphalt for a good half hour unobserved by anyone apparently.

At last an officer wearing the uniform of the United States marines approached and said:

"Who ordered you to wear that green ribbon in your button-hole, young man?"

"By whose orders do you ask the question?" replied Harry.

"Old King Brady, the detective."

"There was to be a password, according to a despatch I received."

"And you were to give the last syllable."

"T—e—r."

"Right. The word was deserter."

"Correct. I am to go with you?"

"You are. This way please, Mr. Brady. I am Corporal Dunphy. I am sorry I was late for the train."

Corporal Dunphy led the way to a cab, and the cab took them to the end of a long wharf where there was a steam launch awaiting them.

A little later Young King Brady boarded the Walrus off Deer Island.

The old detective was awaiting him on the deck.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "So you have got here all right. We sail at daybreak. Come at once to my cabin. No talk here, please."

Descending between decks Harry found to his satisfaction that he and Old King Brady had a charming little cabin fitted up for their special use.

"Well, what's the word?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Deposition," replied Harry.

"Thank Heaven! He has relented. And the place?"

"Japan or China."

"That's all right. Anything else?"

"Well, there's a little matter of ten thousand dollars coming, Governor."

"Better still. The boy is saved."

"I take it that all this means that Arthur Eagleton is not to be brought back; that he is to make his deposition, given ten thousand, and sent to Japan or China to start over again. Is that it?"

"If you are not wrong you are certainly right," chuckled Old King Brady, pocketing the roll of bills. "It is a question of supper now, and no more need be said on the subject."

"After all," added Harry, bound to have the last word, "it is the luckiest thing that ever happened to that young deserter that you insisted on having that little talk with him on board the Fall River boat."

"Ah!" replied Old King Brady, "there would have been no luck about it if he had not known how to swim as well as he did. But mark my words, Harry, the end of this thing is not yet. With all the secrecy possible to observe about this expedition, we have still been betrayed, and our destination and errand are known to the bitter enemies of a certain person whom I am not free to name. You see this cabin?"

"Well, of course."

"It would be like a picnic for you and I to occupy it alone during this voyage to the Arctic, but what will you bet that we will not be headed off and made to share it with spies before we sail?"

"Why not sail now, then?"

"Ah, my boy, this boat belongs to Uncle Sam. Captain Manning cannot sail until he receives orders."

"And none have been received yet?"

"No. We expected to slip out of the Brooklyn Navy Yard unobserved. At the last moment we were ordered to Boston to await further orders. It was a bitter disappointment to me as well as to the parties I represent in this case. As matters stand I don't know where I am at. Captain Manning expects sailing orders by daybreak, but whether he gets them or not remains to be seen."

"To all of which, Governor, not being able to advise, I have but one reply to make."

"Which is?"

"That I am as hungry as a bear."

"Correct," said Old King Brady.

He rang the bell and ordered supper of the young Japanese steward who appeared in answer.

The detectives paced the deck for an hour smoking and chatting after supper was over.

After that they went to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD KING BRADY BREAKS A PIPE.

Old King Brady was awakened by a thunderous knocking on the stateroom door.

He peered out of the window and saw that day was just breaking.

"Mr. Brady, Mr. Brady. Open—quick!" Captain Manning's voice was heard calling outside.

"All right," replied Old King Brady. "Just a minute, please."

He arose, and throwing open the connecting door between his own stateroom and Harry's, said in a low voice:

"Are you awake, boy?"

"Yes, Governor."

"Listen. There is someone trying to block our game, just as I supposed."

He pulled on his trousers and opened the door.

Captain Manning slipped into the stateroom, closing it behind him.

"It is just as you said, Mr. Brady," he began, greatly excited. "We are to have passengers, it seems."

"I was sure of it," replied Old King Brady. "I said from the first that it was folly to employ this government boat for private business."

"As I have no idea what this mysterious business is I don't know what answer to make you," replied Captain Manning, "but these people have come aboard with an order from a naval officer whom I am bound to obey."

"Written order?"

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

The captain handed over an official looking document.

"No help for it," said Old King Brady, glancing over the writing. "Who are they?"

"An old fellow who looks as if he could stow away a couple of quarts of whisky every day, a young woman whom he calls his niece, and ward, and a manservant, who looks like a South American."

"And the name?"

"Dr. Wemple, Miss Clay. He called the man Pedro. You saw how the order reads?"

"Yes; they are to be given the cabin. My partner and I will have to hang ourselves on hooks, I suppose."

"You will do nothing of the sort, if I give up my own stateroom," said Captain Manning, hotly.

"To that I will not consent."

"On second thought it will not be necessary. The engineer and the mate are warm friends. They can bunk together. You and your partner shall have the engineer's room."

"As you will. Have you the sailing orders?"

"Yes; Dr. Wemple brings them with him from the commandant of the Charleston Navy Yard."

"I have a good mind to retire and let them have the Walrus to themselves," muttered the detective. "Give me a minute to think, please."

Old King Brady lit a cigar and finished dressing in silence.

"I have decided," he then said. "We go, captain."

"Very good," said Captain Manning. "Remember, if trouble comes I'm on your side, Mr. Brady. I have my orders to obey you to the letter. If it comes to serious trouble and you want to order this doctor in irons it shall be done."

The Captain went out and banged the door.

"You were right, it seems, Governor," remarked Young King Brady, coming out of the other stateroom fully dressed.

"Yes."

"What does this mean?"

"I really don't know, Harry. I am not fully conversant with the case, but I presume it means that no deposition must be brought back from the Arctic at any cost."

"Is it your game to force one from the boy?"

"Yes."

"He utterly refused to talk that night, you told me."

"Yes; but I had not played my trump card then. I shall play it first trick if we meet again."

"Any orders to give me before we meet these people?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"It is all theory, of course, but I have an idea that this woman is sent here for the express purpose of finding out what we know. You will probably be her mark. It is up to you to learn her secrets. Beware of exposing your own."

"Trust me, Governor."

"Now listen further. We are supposed to be traveling to the Arctic on a special mission. Mr. Todd, the owner of the Leopard, is to be interviewed on a private matter. That is all you are to know."

"I understand. Shall we go on deck now?"

"Hark! They are coming down into the cabin. It is as well that we should meet here."

Old King Brady threw open the door.

Captain Manning was showing a stout, florid gentleman down the stairs.

Closely following was a young woman of about twenty-four, a blond of rare beauty.

Behind her came a villainous looking fellow, with little, beady black eyes and coffee colored face, carrying two dress-suit cases, rugs, cloaks, and other things.

"Dr. Wemple, allow me to introduce Old King Brady and Young King Brady," said Captain Manning.

"Ah, pleased to meet you, gentlemen," growled the doctor, in a thick, harsh voice, which he evidently tried to make as cordial as possible. "My niece and ward, Miss Lilly Clay. Child of my only sister, gentlemen. This trip is rather unexpected. Ha, ha!"

The Bradys bowed.

Miss Clay, however, was not satisfied so easily.

She smiled sweetly, and insisted on shaking hands.

"Sorry to drive you out of your comfortable cabin, gentlemen," said the doctor. "Why must it be? There is a third stateroom here. Why not occupy that? All like one family. Just the thing. May as well be sociable. Ha, ha!"

"Captain Manning has provided for us," said Old King Brady. "He informed me that his orders read that the cabin shall be given up to you."

"So they do, so they do. I protested against it, believe me. Still, we don't have to stand by the letter of the law, once we are out at sea. There we can be a law unto ourselves. Come, what do you say! Lilly, my dear, you agree with me, I hope?"

"Surely, uncle," replied Miss Clay, smiling at Harry

Young King Brady looked the other way.

"No!" said Old King Brady. "We prefer to be by ourselves, doctor. The captain has assigned us to a deck stateroom forward which will answer every purpose."

"But I shall insist that we use this cabin dining-room in common, my dear sir."

"So be it. We shall not intrude upon you in any other way."

The Bradys now went immediately upon deck.

"What do you think of them?" asked Captain Manning.

"That Miss Clay is really the doctor's niece. Her features strongly resemble his," said Old King Brady.

"I fail to see it."

"Possibly you are not as well accustomed to studying faces as I am. What are they supposed to be taking this Arctic trip for?"

"I did not ask. Shall we make a start now?"

"If you please."

Captain Manning hurried away to give orders.

The Bradys saw nothing of the unexpected addition to their party until breakfast time, when the Walrus was well out at sea.

As Captain Manning and his officers used the snug little ward-room aft for their meals, the Bradys and Dr. Wemple's party were alone in the cabin with the young Jap as a waiter.

The doctor proved very sociable at breakfast.

Miss Clay was positively charming.

Her seat was next to Harry's at the table, and she lost no time in making it plain that she knew how to flirt.

"I suppose, Mr. Brady, that you are wondering why we are here?" remarked Dr. Wemple, after he had carved the beefsteak.

"My dear sir, I never trouble myself about the affairs of

my neighbors," said Old King Brady. "You can tell me or not, just as you please."

"And why should I not tell you, sir? Heaven knows I have no secrets. Don't want any. I am frankness itself. Now, about Lilly here. I don't mind saying right to her face that she is with me because she would insist upon going on the stage three years ago against my wishes. When I found I had to go to the Arctic I made up my mind to take her with me if I had pull enough to get permission to take a lady on a Government boat, and it proved that I had. Know why?"

"Now, uncle, for goodness sake don't ring me into your talk!" cried Miss Clay, blushing.

"Then, by thunder, I will, girl! I'm not to be muzzled by you or anybody else! I wanted to wean her from the stage, Mr. Brady. No place for a young woman of good family. No place!"

"You will find that your plan will fail, uncle!" said Lilly. "It is my intention to look up another engagement just as soon as we return."

"And you must certainly send me tickets for your first night, Miss Clay," said Young King Brady. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"I will send you a programme, and you can buy your own tickets," said the girl pertly, and so the flirtation went on.

"You were saying about your trip, doctor," began Old King Brady. "Yama, pass me the pepper, please. Thank you. This is a fine steak. I suppose, though, we shall have plenty of tough ones before the voyage is over."

"More than likely, if they let them lie on the ice. Steaks should be laid on a rack in the ice chest, Mr. Brady. But possibly you may take me for a butcher or a cook from the way I am talking, but I am not. I am a botanist. I have made a specialty of lichens. I am writing a book on the subject. When it became known that you were going on this trip to interview Mr. Todd it was suggested to the Secretary of the Navy that I accompany you and study the Arctic lichens in the interest of the Smithsonian Institute. That is the object of my voyage."

"Indeed," said Old King Brady. "I am not up on lichens."

"For my part I don't know what they are," smiled Miss Lilly. "Uncle, do be definite. I thought you were going after Arctic mosses."

"Don't display your ignorance, girl. Don't you know that lichens are a species of moss," said the doctor, with a frown.

"And you were saying that this suggestion to the Secretary of the Navy was from——" began Old King Brady.

"I did not say who it was from," replied the doctor hastily, "but I don't mind telling you that the head of the Smithsonian Institute was the man."

"Just so. Science, doctor, science. There is nothing like it, my dear sir."

"Except music," remarked Harry. "Miss Clay, I saw a mandolin case among your traps. May I venture to hope

that it is not empty, and that you will favor us during the voyage?"

Miss Clay was only too willing, and during the morning she did some very creditable work on the mandolin.

Her voice was a fine one, and the first song showed Old King Brady that she knew her business.

"The young woman is a professional, beyond a doubt, Harry," he remarked later on.

"And what do you think of the doctor?"

"A treacherous old rascal. I hardly dare to say exactly what I think."

"You had better. I must be prepared."

"Harry, this is a very serious matter. The deposition we seek at the end of this Arctic trail will bring disgrace and imprisonment upon a certain person who stands high in the confidence of the Government. You understand that."

"I think I do."

"There are millions behind that man. He would no more hesitate to put us out of the way than to eat his breakfast. I firmly believe Dr. Wemple to be simply a hired assassin—nothing less, nothing more."

"And yet you are eating at his table, Governor."

"Poison in food will not be his first move, my boy."

"What then?"

"Ah! Who can tell. But, believe me, it will not be many days before he shows his hand."

Two days passed smoothly enough.

The Walrus was now off the Newfoundland coast, and sailing northward in full sight of those rugged giant cliffs against which the ocean dashes with awful fury at all times of the year.

Dr. Wemple had continued to make himself most agreeable, especially trying to cultivate Old King Brady.

The detective avoided him all he could, and spent a great deal of time in his stateroom.

Miss Clay devoted herself to Harry, trying in every way to drag him into a flirtation.

Young King Brady was very cautious, however.

While he was always ready to chat, to join her in singing, and to read poetry, of which the young woman had a plentiful stock, it ended right there.

Many times Miss Clay brought the conversation around to the Bradys' mission in the Arctic, but not a word did she draw from Harry.

On the other hand Young King Brady was equally unsuccessful in getting anything out of her.

On the third night Miss Clay retired early, as it was very rough.

Old King Brady and Harry were seated astern, smoking, when Dr. Wemple approached them and drew up a chair.

"This wind still seems to hold, gentlemen," he remarked.

"Yes; and no sign of its letting up," replied Old King Brady. "The rolling of the boat does not seem to make you seasick, though."

"Oh, no; I am too old a sailor for that. I judge it is the same with you."

"Yes; I have been much at sea in my time."

"It is a real pleasure to have been thrown in with you, Mr. Brady. Your stories of detective life have interested me greatly. Do you know, I think if I was to begin over again I would choose a detective's career."

"You would probably regret it, doctor."

"I doubt that. There is something particularly fascinating about it. Take your present trip for example. Could anything be more interesting than to make this sudden dash to the Arctic for the only purpose of having a few words with this millionaire Todd?"

"Why, I don't know. You are as much in it as I am. Think of rushing to the Arctic for the only purpose of finding a new lichen."

"True; but—by the way, Mr. Brady, you seem to have dropped your cigars and taken to a pipe."

"Cigars mould at sea. Mine have been hard hit."

"That comes from being in a deck stateroom. I have a pipe here which I bought just before leaving Washington. I fancy it is a good one, but there is too much mouthpiece about it to suit me. I should be pleased if you would accept it, my dear sir."

Thus saying, the doctor produced a handsome briar-wood pipe in a case and handed it over to the detective.

Harry thought that Old King Brady would immediately decline the gift, but he did nothing of the sort.

"Why, thank you, doctor," he said. "This is a beauty. Just my style of pipe, too. If there is anything I delight in it is a large mouthpiece. I shall smoke this with great pleasure, I assure you."

"Fill it up now, and try it," said the doctor. "Will you have some of my tobacco. Perhaps you will find it too strong."

"No, thanks. I have smoked enough for to-night, and I am going to turn in presently," replied the detective, putting the pipe in his pocket. "How bright the moon is. A good telescope would come in handy now."

They chatted for half an hour or more.

Seeing that the doctor had no notion of leaving, Old King Brady retired to his stateroom, followed by Harry.

"Good-night," he said. "See you in the morning. Ever so much obliged for the pipe."

"The doctor seems to be getting mighty friendly," remarked Harry when they found themselves in the stateroom.

"Too friendly by half," replied Old King Brady.

"I was surprised that you took his pipe, Governor. It was only given to get on the blind side of you, of course."

"Nothing of the sort!" replied Old King Brady. "Use your wits, boy."

"Why, what do you mean?"

In answer Old King Brady stooped down, put the pipe on the floor, and with his foot on the stem, pulled at the bowl, breaking it short off.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "If this is the pipe of peace I break it. If it is the pipe of war we shall know it now."

CHAPTER V.

OLD KING BRADY BREAKS A WINE GLASS.

"What the mischief is the matter with you, Governor?" cried Harry. "What did you break that pipe for?"

"Look here," said the detective, pointing to that part of the broken stem which still adhered to the bowl of the pipe.

A tiny cartridge made of glass had been skillfully inserted at the end of the stem where it joined the bowl.

Harry, looking closer, saw that the stem had been jointed on to the bowl, but so skillfully that the joint was barely perceptible.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"It means murder, and nothing else," replied Old King Brady gravely. "What did I tell you, my boy?"

"If you had filled that pipe and lit it the heat would have broken the glass!"

"And set free some poisonous vapor."

"What do you suppose it is?"

"Prussic acid, probably."

"One inhalation would have killed you?"

"I should have dropped dead. Heart failure would have been the verdict, and there you are."

"Can we prove this?"

"Easily. Open the window. Make sure that no one is watching, first."

Young King Brady opened the door and peered out.

"No one there," he reported.

"All right. Let the door stand as it is."

Old King Brady pulled out a tiny pair of cutting pliers—one of the numerous tools he always carries—and turning his head away, snipped off the top of the cartridge.

The pungent odor of bitter almonds was immediately perceptible.

"Prussic acid," said Old King Brady quietly. He tossed the cartridge overboard and closed the stateroom door.

"Well!" exclaimed Harry, after a moment's silence. "We are right up against it, for a fact."

"I was just as sure of it before as I am now."

"Shall you report this to Captain Manning?"

"No; not yet."

"What shall you do about it?"

"Nothing at all for the present. Be most particular not to give yourself away."

The Bradys then went to bed.

For once in his life Harry grew nervous. It was a long time before he was able to go to sleep.

They all met at breakfast as usual.

Dr. Wemple was particularly agreeable.

After the meal they adjourned to the deck.

Old King Brady pulled out his old black briar pipe and began to fill it.

"What about my pipe, Brady?" demanded the doctor. "Aren't you going to give it a try?"

"Why, doctor," said the detective blandly, "I am almost

ashamed to tell you I was so careless as to drop your kind gift on the stateroom floor last night. It was dark, and in trying to find the pipe I stepped on it."

"And broke it?" gasped the doctor, his ruddy face quite pale.

"Yes; broke the stem all to pieces."

"Indeed! How unfortunate. But, Mr. Brady, that was a jointed pipe. Come to think of it, I have a duplicate stem which I think I could screw on if I tried."

"I should be delighted, but unfortunately, in my bad temper at my carelessness, I threw the pipe overboard. It is probably floating about somewhere a hundred miles or so astern."

"Oh," said the doctor. "Well, that settles the case, of course."

"By no means," laughed Old King Brady. "I have the case. Here it is. You better take it, doctor. You can use it to keep your duplicate stem in, my dear sir."

The doctor thrust the case into his pocket, pulled out a tobacco pouch, and began to fill his own pipe.

"Where do you imagine we shall meet the Leopard?" he asked.

"I was thinking about Baffin's Bay," replied Old King Brady.

"Oh, see those porpoises! How they do tumble about!" screamed Miss Clay, seizing Harry's arm in a kittenish way.

"Does she suspect?" thought Young King Brady.

He could not believe it.

Lilly rattled on in the liveliest fashion, and never once looked at her uncle.

The day passed without adventure.

At dinner Dr. Wemple ordered Pedro, his man, to open a bottle of champagne.

"My private stock, Mr. Brady," he said. "I shall be happy to have your opinion about it."

Two bottles were brought by Pedro and opened.

From one he filled the glasses of the Bradys, from the other those of Dr. Wemple and Miss Clay.

A warning look from the old detective put Harry on his guard.

"Well, here's health!" cried the doctor, raising his glass.

"I don't think I care for champagne, uncle," said Miss Clay.

Her face had turned very white. Harry could see her hand tremble.

"She knows," thought Young King Brady. "She is too nice a girl to be engaged in this sort of business. I mean to tell her so before I get through."

"Drink it, Lilly," said the doctor, holding back. "It will do you no harm."

"I never touch it," remarked Young King Brady.

"I shall not either," repeated Lilly. "I am not feeling well, uncle. Excuse me, please."

She arose and passed into her stateroom, paying no attention to the doctor's angry frown.

"Upon my word, Mr. Brady, this is a great state of affairs," exclaimed the doctor. "Am I to drink alone?"

"I'll drink with you, doctor," said Old King Brady, blandly.

He raised his glass.

"Here's looking at you!" he cried.

The doctor responded, and tossed off the champagne.

At the same instant there was a crash of glass, and Old King Brady sprang up, but not in time to avoid the stream of wine which came running over the table-cloth.

"Heavens, how clumsy I am growing," he cried. "It was the roll of the boat, I guess."

Old King Brady had dropped his glass, smashing it to flinders and spilling the wine.

He expected that the doctor would insist upon his taking another glass, but he did nothing of the sort.

His face had become deathly white. His hands trembled. His eyes were fixed upon Pedro with a villainous scowl.

Old King Brady, looking at the South American, saw that he was greatly excited.

All in a minute the man turned and hurried out of the cabin upon deck.

"Doctor! What is the matter? Are you ill?" Old King Brady cried.

"N—no. It is nothing!" gasped the doctor, his teeth chattering. "Heart—Mr. Brady. Chronic, my dear sir!"

He got no further.

A violent fit of vomiting set in.

The Bradys sprang to his assistance.

"Help me to my stateroom. Leave me!" gurgled the doctor.

They did so, and heard him bolt the door.

From Miss Clay's stateroom, which was on the opposite side of the cabin, a low sobbing could be heard.

The sounds from Dr. Wemple's stateroom, which was the one Old King Brady had occupied at first, showed that he was still having a hard time of it.

The Bradys sat looking at each other, but for the moment did not speak.

Then Harry, leaning across the table, whispered:

"Bottles changed by the man, Governor?"

"Sure."

"He got the dose he meant for us."

"That's what."

"What can it mean?"

"Blunder of the man's, probably."

"Are you going to interfere?"

"No. Of what use? I don't know what poison he used. He put it in the bottle, he drank it—let him cure himself."

"The girl knows, and is weakening."

"Evidently. Be on your guard. When we meet her again no allusion to this if the doctor recovers, as I think he will."

Old King Brady arose and led the way on deck.

A little later Miss Clay joined them, and reported her uncle resting quietly.

"He is subject to these attacks," she said. "Champagne

almost always makes him horribly sick, but he will persist in trying to force himself to drink it. As for me, I hate the stuff."

Nothing more occurred that day.

The Walrus was now shooting off from the Banks of Newfoundland toward the coast of Greenland.

Captain Manning thought that they ought to call in at St. John's to see if the Leopard had been there, and so learn her exact destination, but Old King Brady objected, feeling that the best plan would be to proceed directly to Baffin's Bay.

For this Old King Brady had good reasons.

Among other places to which Harry had been hustled during the week of preparation was Glen Cove, Long Island.

Here he had made careful inquiry about the destination of the Leopard of those who knew Mr. Todd, and he learned that it was the intention of that gentleman, *who*, by the way, was exploring entirely on his own account, to proceed directly to Upernavik, the Danish settlement on Baffin's Bay.

This information the Bradys kept strictly to themselves.

During the morning Miss Clay played the mandolin and sang, and tried to make herself agreeable, but it was hard work.

After dinner she retired to her stateroom and was not seen again until supper.

Dr. Wemple did not show up at the dinner-table, but put in an appearance at supper, looking very pale and sick.

"It's a fortunate thing you did not drink any of that wine, Mr. Brady," he said. "I am sure it has gone sour, or something is the matter with it. I have had Pedro throw the whole case overboard. I doubt if any of it is fit for use."

"You had a hard time of it, doctor," said Old King Brady sympathetically.

"Indeed, I did. Fortunately, I knew just what to do for myself. Although I have not been in general practise for some years I still have a good knowledge of medicine. What you learn when you are young is hard to forget."

"That is certainly so," replied Old King Brady. "One of my earliest lessons was caution. I do believe that I grow more cautious every day."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

After that the conversation lagged, and all were relieved when the meal was done.

Shortly after sundown Old King Brady, announcing that he had writing to do, retired to his stateroom.

As he was entering the door he saw Pedro coming out of the room adjoining.

"Hello! What in thunder are you doing in that room?" the detective demanded.

Pedro muttered something in Spanish—English he never spoke and probably could not—and hurried away.

The door of the stateroom was not locked, and Old King Brady pulled it open.

He found that the room was a mere closet, and was used as such.

There were cans of oil, extra coils of rope, and other things scattered about, above which a hammock was swung.

"Strange," muttered the detective. "I must see Captain Manning about this."

He did so, and the captain informed him that he had given Pedro permission to swing the hammock at the request of the doctor.

"He says the fellow snores horribly, and he can't bear him in the adjoining stateroom any longer," he explained. "But if you don't want him next to you, Mr. Brady, I will find some other place."

"Oh, no!" said Old King Brady. "Let him stop where he is for to-night. We will then know how loud he snores."

Miss Clay did not appear on deck as usual, and Harry grew very tired of waiting for her.

By nine o'clock he determined to give it up, as the night air was becoming decidedly cold.

He had just started for the stateroom when he suddenly saw the young woman, wrapped in a heavy cloak, gliding ahead of him toward the bow.

She did not seem to see Harry, and she walked so rapidly that Young King Brady became alarmed.

"What on earth can she be up to?" he murmured, hurrying after her with noiseless tread.

He was soon to know.

Reaching a place where she should have been free from observation, and no doubt thought she was, Miss Lilly pulled off her cloak and threw it into the water.

Then, bracing both hands upon the rail she leaned far over and gazed down into the sea.

"Heavens! That girl means to commit suicide!" gasped Young King Brady.

He made one bound and caught her in his arms, pulling her back just as she was in the act of throwing herself over the rail.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD KING BRADY BREAKS A SNAKE'S BACK.

Old King Brady had shut himself up in his stateroom long before, and as it happened there was not a solitary person on this side of the deck as Harry stood with Lilly Clay clasped tightly in his arms.

"Don't hold me back, Mr. Brady. Let me go! Let me go!" moaned the girl.

"Not on your life, for it is your life that I would save!" replied Harry, in low, firm tones. "I will not let you go!"

"But I want to die! I will die!"

"Not yet! Your time has not come."

"It must come! I'll make it come!"

She struggled fiercely, but Harry held her so firmly that it was all of no use.

A passionate fit of weeping followed. She let her head fall upon Young King Brady's breast.

It was very hard to refrain from allowing the soothing words spoken to have an endearing sound, but Young King Brady restrained himself.

This might all be a part of the plot—it was impossible to tell.

At last she grew quieter and allowed Young King Brady to lead her to a seat.

“Why did you do that, Miss Clay?” he asked. “Why do you want to die?”

“Because I hate myself—hate the life I have been leading.”

“It is never too late to mend. Your life can be changed.”

“Not mine.”

“But why?”

“Because I am held down by an iron hand.”

“Your uncle?”

“Hush! He is not my uncle. He is my father, Mr. Brady. He is a black-hearted wretch. Ask me no more.”

“You poor thing,” whispered Harry. “I wish I could help you, but I can’t.”

“No; you cannot. Let me go now.”

“Promise me that you will not try again to take your life.”

“I cannot.”

“Is it that you are sick of the part you are playing?”

“Yes. But that is because it is the last straw.”

“You have played similar parts before?”

“Yes, oh, yes.”

“You know why we are going to the Arctic?”

“Yes; to seek Arthur Egleton.”

“You know him?”

“No; I do not; but I know——”

“Well?”

“One who is his bitter enemy, and would move heaven and earth to kill him, and that man he believes to be his dearest friend.”

“And has sacrificed himself for him?”

“Yes, the fool.”

“You and your father are in the employ of that man?”

“Yes. Ask me no more, Mr. Brady.”

“I would like to know his name.”

“I dare not tell it. I am not all bad. You do not know how wicked life has grown to be in Washington. There it is all money, money.”

“With some—surely not with all.”

“No, probably not; but with many. Do not trouble about me. I am not worth it. My father and I are a pair of blackmailers, crooks, criminals. You would shudder if I was to read you off the full catalogue of our crimes.”

“And yet you have never been arrested to the knowledge of my chief, and he is well up in the knowledge of all criminals.”

“We never have, Mr. Brady. You can arrest us now if you wish. I shall not raise a finger to prevent. I hate my father. I hate the life I lead.”

“Promise me not to try suicide again during this voy-

age. Work with us. Old King Brady will help you, as he has helped many before now.”

“Well, I will think of it.”

“Promise you will not try suicide again this trip. Let the rest go.”

“I promise.”

“And I shall rely upon you.”

“Beware, Mr. Brady. You do not know what a narrow escape you had this very day.”

“Oh, yes, we know. Your father came near falling into his own trap.”

“It is true.”

“In some way those champagne bottles were changed.”

“That was an accident. Pedro blundered.”

“I thought as much. Must you go?”

“Yes. Shall you arrest my father?”

“I cannot say. It is for Old King Brady to decide.”

“You will do nothing about it to-night?”

“No. I am sure of that.”

The girl arose and caught Harry’s hand.

“Listen!” she whispered. “Do not sleep. Watch well. Another attempt will be made upon Old King Brady’s life to-night, and perhaps yours to-night, but what the nature of it is I do not know. Remember what I say.”

“I shall not forget. Thank you. Are you going now?”

“Yes. When you meet me to-morrow treat me as before. How can I ever thank you for your kind sympathy?”

“By placing yourself under the protection of Old King Brady.”

“I will think of it. Good-night.”

“Good-night! Have hope! Without hope life is not worth living; and, believe me, there is a better day at hand.”

She glided away without answer, leaving Young King Brady alone.

“Well, this is a step ahead,” thought Harry. “I am sincerely sorry for the poor thing.”

He remained looking off on the water for some time, and then went to the stateroom, and told Old King Brady all that had occurred.

“It has turned out much as I thought it would,” replied the old detective. “Still, I am surprised at this attempt at suicide, of course.”

“Then you did not consider this girl wholly bad?”

“I did at first, Harry, but not when I heard her weeping in the stateroom. I had intended to have a talk with her to-morrow, but you have saved me that.”

“What can this attack arranged for us to-night be, Governor?”

“I have no idea; but it is to be made by Pedro—that is sure.”

“Pedro?”

“Yes. He is in the next room to-night.”

“So?”

“Yes.”

“How did you learn that?”

“I met him coming out of the room. The captain explained that he had been allowed to swing a hammock there at Dr. Wemple’s request.”

"Then we had better speak low—he may overhear us."

"He is not there now. I have been on the watch."

"And you will watch all night?"

"Most assuredly. Both of us must watch."

"Why not have this murdering doctor put in irons?"

The captain said he would do it at your request."

"Why, Harry, can't you see? I want to get that man dead to rights and wring a confession out of him. It may be invaluable. Then he may have papers about him that we want. Patience, patience. I am not afraid."

"Then I am. I declare I shall never be able to close my eyes again while he remains free."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Old King Brady. "Don't get nervous. This thing is all coming out right in the end."

The Bradys remained for some time further in conversation.

At last—it was about half past ten—they heard the man Pedro enter the adjoining room.

So far they had kept a light burning, but the old detective now began to prepare for business, and called out loud enough to be heard in the next room that it was time to extinguish the light and go to bed.

A few moments later he put out the light and climbed into the lower berth.

"Get to bed, Harry," he whispered. "Of course you will not undress. Have your dark lantern ready for instant use."

Then, after some slight talk further, made loud enough for the listener to hear, the Bradys pretended to quiet down for the night.

All this time not a sound was heard from the adjoining stateroom.

Two hours passed, and the same silence reigned.

Old King Brady, never more wide awake in his life, put up his foot and pressed against the slats of the upper bunk to make sure that Harry was awake too.

Young King Brady's answer was to turn over.

At the same instant a strange rustling sound was heard on the floor.

It was almost inaudible. If the detectives had not been fully on the alert they never would have heard it.

As Harry lay wondering what it meant Old King Brady suddenly shouted:

"Light! Light! Be quick!"

Harry flashed his electric dark lantern on the instant.

There was Old King Brady, leaning out of the bunk, raining blows with a belaying pin upon some object on the floor.

It was a snake of no great length, but rather thick about the body.

Fortunately Old King Brady had hit fair at the first blow, breaking its back.

But the snake still showed fight.

Rearing its head and trusting out a forked tongue, it vainly endeavored to dart at the detective.

This only for a moment.

Then its efforts died away into a hopeless wriggle, after which the movement was only in the tail.

Old King Brady watched it in silence, and Harry, not knowing what his game might be, did not dare to speak.

"It is dead!" the old detective whispered at last.

The words were scarcely spoken when an awful yell rang out in the adjoining stateroom.

"Heavens and earth! What's that?" Young King Brady cried.

He started to get out of the upper bunk.

"Stay where you are as you value your life!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "We are not through with this business yet."

He drew his revolver.

"Hold the light low!" he whispered. "See that hole in the partition close down by the floor? Hold it so the light will strike there!"

Another yell, then another, then deep groans!

"Upon my word, it seems to be written that these wretches should fall into their own trap!" cried Old King Brady. "I—ah! Here comes the other one!"

Through the hole a second snake, the very counterpart of the first, came gliding.

Taking deliberate aim, Old King Brady fired, blowing the head pretty well to pieces.

"It is the fer-de-lance," he cried. "One of the most deadly snakes in the world!"

"West Indies—Martinique!" echoed Harry.

"Yes; that is its home. Its movements are as rapid as the flight of an arrow, and if I don't greatly mistake this one has been getting in its fine work in the next room."

"I'm coming down now, Governor."

"Come on; the danger is all over. He had a pair of them, but it is not likely there were any more."

"What possessed you to put that belaying pin in your bunk?"

"Why, I expected to have to rap that fellow over the head with it. I didn't want to fire a shot, but all the same it had to be done. Ha! Who is this?"

A violent rapping was heard upon the stateroom door.

Harry dropped down from the bunk and opened it, Captain Manning stepping in.

"What is all this?" he exclaimed. "Was there a shot fired in here?"

"Indeed there was," replied Old King Brady. "Look!"

"A pair of fer-de-lances! Great heavens! It is the most deadly snake in existence. I have seen them down in the West Indies many a time."

"That's it, captain," replied Old King Brady, getting out of the bunk.

"But where on earth did they come from?"

"Ask the man in the next stateroom if he is still capable of answering, which I very much doubt."

"Pedro! Mr. Brady, you were right. That move meant mischief."

"Come," cried Old King Brady. "Let us see."

They hurried to the next room, but the door was bolted.

All the knocking and calling they could do brought no response.

As the door opened outward, to break in would have been a hard task.

Captain Manning called the mate, who with a heavy cold chisel soon succeeded in prying open the door.

"Dead!" said Old King Brady. "As I thought!"

There lay Pedro upon the floor beside a small box with a trap door at one end which was partially raised.

His right arm was horribly swollen, as was his face, which had turned quite black.

The man was quite dead, and presented such a hideous appearance that Young King Brady turned away half sick with the sight.

"Stung twice," remarked Captain Manning. "So much for trying to work in the dark, I fancy. I tell you, gentlemen, that greased lightning is slow in its movements alongside the fer-de-lance. But this is villainy of the worst kind. Who is responsible for this?"

"Oh, Dr. Wemple, I guess," replied Old King Brady carelessly.

"He should at once be put in irons. I can stand for nothing like this."

"Now, captain," replied Old King Brady, "are you going to stick to your promise? Am I absolute master on board the Walrus as far as the management of my own business is concerned?"

"You are, Mr. Brady. Those are my orders."

"Then, my dear sir, say no more, but leave all to me. Note—I trust to your silence also."

"Your wishes shall be respected," said the captain. "There is nothing more we can do here?"

"Nothing."

"Very well. If my help is needed say the word."

"How far are we from the Greenland coast now, captain?"

"We ought to sight it by daylight."

"And to Baffin's Bay?"

"Oh, that is a long way yet. We shall have to make the run through Davis Straits, you know."

"I know. I have carefully studied the map. You will proceed direct to Upernavik, captain, unless you happen to run into the Leopard on the way."

"All right, gentlemen," replied Captain Manning. "I accept my orders, and nothing remains but for me to bid you good-night."

CHAPTER VII.

THAT KNOCKING ON THE HATCH.

Old King Brady remained quietly on the deck until Captain Manning and the mate had retired.

"What are you going to do, Governor?" Harry then asked.

"We are going to put the remains of those two snakes into the other stateroom and go to bed. There will be no further move made to-night."

"Yes, but all the same this is getting pretty hot," said Harry. "I'd like to see Dr. Wemple's wings clipped, for my part."

Perhaps you will see them cut off short before you get through," replied Old King Brady. "I know my business, Harry.

"Oh, of course."

"Then say no more."

The Bradys, picking up the remains of the dead snakes with a towel, threw them into the next room beside Pedro's dead body, shut the door, and went to bed.

Morning dawned clear, but decidedly cold.

The Bradys were up at daybreak, but saw nothing of the Doctor or Lilly.

When Yama rang the breakfast gong they descended into the cabin and took their seats at the table as usual.

A moment later Dr. Wemple came out of his stateroom.

He looked pale, and a good deal disturbed.

Knowing, of course, that he must have heard them talking, the Bradys did not expect him to show surprise at their presence in the cabin.

"Good morning, gentlemen! Good-morning," he said in his gruff, offhand way. "I hope you rested well last night."

"Never slept better in my life, doctor," replied Old King Brady. "How are you feeling yourself?"

"Much improved, thank you. My niece, however, is decidedly sea-sick. I have advised her to remain in bed."

"Just as well, probably. It was rather rough the latter part of the night. Captain Manning thinks that we ought to sight the Greenland coast some time this morning."

"It will be the opportunity of a lifetime. I must get my camera in working order and snap a few plates."

"The very thing I was thinking of myself. Permit me to help you to some of these fried eggs."

The conversation lagged then.

Dr. Wemple ate but little, and the Bradys, making short work of their meal, hurried on deck just in time to catch the first glimpse of the Greenland coast.

Far in the distance off to the eastward, high rugged hills partly covered with snow could be seen.

"And so that is Greenland!" exclaimed Harry. "Well, I never expected to live to see it. With all our traveling about, Governor, we could hardly have supposed that we were destined to strike a trail which would lead us to the Arctic."

"Hush!" whispered Old King Brady. "Here comes the doctor. It is about time he was looking for Pedro. I think he is starting in on his search now."

"Ah, doctor!" he added, "there is the Greenland coast."

"Indeed! Well, well!" said the doctor. "Rather inhospitable, I must say."

"Decidedly so. Good for lichens, though, no doubt."

"Let us hope so. By the way, you haven't seen anything of my man Pedro, have you?"

"Not this morning, doctor."

"I can't imagine what has become of him."

"Isn't he in the cabin? I understood that he occupied the stateroom adjoining yours."

"So he did until yesterday," replied the doctor, uneasily; "but the rascal snored so that I requested Captain Manning to give him a stateroom somewhere else. Oh, captain! Where did you put my man to sleep last night?"

"In there," said Captain Manning, pointing to the broken door.

"Why, someone has been trying to break in here!" exclaimed Old King Brady, following the doctor to the door.

"Indeed they have. What can it mean?" replied the doctor uneasily.

Captain Manning, who had been watching all this from a distance, now came up and pointing to the door roared out:

"Who the blazes has been breaking in there?"

"Just what we were wondering," said Old King Brady.

"Is that the work of your man, doctor?" demanded the captain sternly.

"N—no. I don't know!" stammered the doctor.

Then, recovering himself, he thundered on the door, getting back no answer, of course.

"Leave him to me, captain," whispered Old King Brady.

The captain retired.

Old King Brady lit a cigar, having first offered one to the doctor, which was refused.

"No, no! I am worried," he exclaimed. "Something is surely wrong with the man."

"If he went in there last night he must be in there now," said Old King Brady, puffing away. "Why don't you open the door and see?"

It had to be done, and the doctor did it.

"Heavens! What is this?" he cried.

"Snakes—a dead man—a spoiled plot!" said Old King Brady with the utmost coolness. "Three carcasses to be thrown overboard, Doctor—that is all."

"But—but——"

"Stop, Dr. Wemple!"

"Sir!"

"Not another word. Let this be the last of your plots against me and my partner. If you are a wise man go!"

As pale as death the doctor retreated to the cabin without opening his mouth.

"You have declared war!" cried Harry. "Now, what is coming next?"

"Next," said Old King Brady, "is for one of us to get close to Dr. Wemple. I would far rather it had been peace than war, but it was not to be so. Now it will have to be plot against plot. We must find out what he knows, and what he intends to do."

"And whose job is that?" asked Harry uneasily.

"Mine?"

"Yes."

"I wish it wasn't, then; but I stand ready to do my best."

"And what's to be done with all that rubbish, Mr. Brady?" demanded Captain Manning, coming forward again.

"Overboard with it," ordered Old King Brady, "and

then, captain, I want to have a heart to heart talk with you."

Old King Brady and Captain Manning were closeted for an hour.

At dinner Dr. Wemple and Miss Lilly were left alone, for neither of the Bradys appeared.

Dr. Wemple did not put in an appearance on deck again that day, and nobody went near him.

Late in the afternoon Lilly, wearing an expensive seal-skin sacque and cap, appeared on deck.

Old King Brady went forward to meet her.

"Are you feeling better, my dear young lady?" he asked.

"Very much," replied Lilly, in a low voice. "Where is your partner, sir?"

"Unfortunately, he is decidedly seasick, and confined to his bunk."

"I am very sorry to hear it. You did not come to dinner?"

"No. I dined in the wardroom with the officers."

"Do you intend to do so in future?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps it is just as well. I am wondering something, Mr. Brady."

"Yes, miss."

"I am wondering if your partner told you what passed between us last night?"

"Yes, miss."

"Well, then, tell him that I say it is too late to do as he suggested. Tell him that I shall make no change."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, miss."

"Do not be, sir. You cannot help me. If your life or his is again in danger you will be warned as before, if it lies in my power; but do not depend upon that."

"Thank you heartily. I stand ready to help you, miss."

"You are very kind, sir, but it cannot be. I am past help."

"Do not say so."

"I say so because I know so."

"You have it in your power to help me, why not let me help you in return?"

"Ah, there you are all wrong, sir. I have no power to help you."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is the honest truth, Mr. Brady. I was brought on this expedition merely as——"

"I know. You were to do the agreeable to my partner and make him talk."

"It is true. I am sick of my life. I am determined to be used in this way no longer."

"Then stick to this determination and you will come out ahead. You absolutely know nothing of the doctor's intentions?"

"Absolutely nothing beyond the fact that he is interested in this disappearance of Arthur Eagleton, and is working under the direction of——"

"Hush! Do not mention the name. Say the boy's most bitter enemy."

"Whom he believes to be his dearest friend."

"You have told the whole story. One question more. Does the doctor intend to kill Arthur Eagleton?"

"He has not told me. He is to receive a large sum if he can guarantee that the boy will never return. You can draw your own conclusions."

"I see."

"Now, no more, Mr. Brady. Tell all I have said to your partner. Say also that I think it best that we remain as strangers. He had better not speak to me again."

"I think it very doubtful if he has the chance for some time to come. Harry is not only frightfully seasick, but has a high fever. It looks to me as though he was going to be seriously ill."

"And no wonder, after the frightful experience of last night. I can imagine what occurred."

"Yes, yes."

"You killed those snakes, Mr. Brady?"

"I did."

"They were brought on board for your especial benefit, in case other means failed."

"Is there anything more in that line to come? If you know you might as well tell me now."

"Nothing that I know of. If I did know I should certainly tell you. I am going to leave you now."

Another night passed, and without adventure.

The Bradys kept close, as they also did next day.

Lilly was frequently on deck, but saw nothing of the detectives. Dr. Wemple did not appear.

The Walrus was now entering Davis Straits, and among the region of the icebergs.

Several magnificent specimens were passed.

Old King Brady and Lilly were both on hand to have a look at each one, but neither Harry nor Dr. Wemple appeared.

On the second morning, while the Walrus was still steaming through the straits, the old detective sent a note by Yama to Dr. Wemple, saying that he would like to see him on deck.

Dr. Wemple wrote on the bottom of the note that if Old King Brady wanted to see him he could come into the cabin, and sent it back by Yama.

Old King Brady reversed the sheet and wrote in a bold hand:

"Come on deck or take the consequences."

A few moments later Dr. Wemple appeared, with a face as black as a thundercloud.

"Well, sir!" he exclaimed, "you assume to command my presence, it appears. To avoid trouble I have responded to your insolent request, but it is for the last time."

"Don't bluff, doctor," the detective replied in a low, firm voice.

"Bluff, sir! Bluff! I would have you to understand—"

"Pardon me, I understand you perfectly, and so does Captain Manning. You are only a common crook. I have dealt with your kind for years. Heaven knows I ought to understand."

"Have a care what you say, sir. I possess a pull at Washington of which you little dream."

"You make a mistake. We are not in Washington now. Look about you. We are just passing out of the straits and are entering Baffin's Bay. Don't fancy for a moment that you are master here."

"I don't deal in fancies. I confine myself to facts. It is a fact that I have come on deck at your request. What do you want?"

"To make a statement and a request."

"I am ready to listen to your statement. I will accede to your request or not, just as I please."

"My statement is this: You are hired by a certain official in Washington to prevent me from connecting with one Arthur Eagleton. Your orders seem to have been to kill me and my partner also, rather than allow us to talk with that unfortunate young man or to bring him back to Washington, if he is willing to come."

"I deny the least knowledge of what you are talking about."

"Very good. That is my statement. My request is that you give me a solemn promise to drop this business and confine yourself to the study of lichens. Do that and it shall be peace between us; refuse, and it shall be war."

"Your request is based upon your statement, and both are equally absurd."

"Absurd!" cried Old King Brady, suddenly raising his voice to a shout and stamping hard upon the main hatch near which he stood. "I have it in my power to order you in irons, sir. Still, I shall not do it. Go your own way. I'll give you rope enough to hang yourself with. Now it is war."

Rap! Rap! Rap!

A loud knocking was heard on the under side of the main hatch.

"What on earth does that mean?" exclaimed Dr. Wemple, who seemed to be relieved at finding an excuse to change the subject.

"Why, I am sure I don't know!" replied Old King Brady, assuming his usual tone.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

Again the knocking came, and a muffled voice was heard calling:

"Let me out! Let me out! I am starving! For heaven sake let me out!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SAM THE STOWAWAY.

"Here, captain! Oh, Captain Manning! There is some one knocking on the hatch!"

Captain Manning, who happened to be conveniently near, came hurrying forward.

"It must be a stowaway," he said. "Strange he should have kept close until now!"

"I didn't know we carried cargo," said the doctor. "How could he stow away?"

"Oh, there is a lot of stuff down in the hold," replied the captain. "The hatch was open while we lay at the navy yard. Easiest thing in the world, my dear sir."

"Wouldn't it be just as well to open the hatch and see who it is? The knocking keeps right up," Old King Brady said.

"Of course," said the captain. "If he is a stowaway I'll put him in irons. I have no mercy on these fellows. I won't have one in my crew! Here, raise this hatch. Look alive, now! Look alive!"

Two sailors flew to obey.

The hatch was raised.

There was a pile of boxes beneath, on top of which lay a young man with pale face and all in rags.

He was black with dirt, his long light hair hung down over his shoulders, his blonde beard, about an inch in length, was filled with dirt and dust.

"Water, water!" he gasped as Old King Brady seized his outstretched hand and pulled him on deck.

"You young hobo! I'll give the water!" thundered the captain. "I'll throw you overboard at the end of a line and wash you. You will stow away on a Government cutter, will you? I'll learn you! Away with him! Put him in irons. I'll have no such cattle as this among my crew!"

What had come over Captain Manning?

Previous to this he seemed a mild-mannered man enough.

What had come over Old King Brady, always merciful, who now remarked:

"Serve him just right, too. We want no such creature crawling about the deck."

The young man began to whimper.

"Oh, have mercy on me, boss!" he whined. "I know I'm no good. I own up I've done time in prison, and sneaked into the hold to see what I could steal, but I'm almost dead with starvation. I was took sick down there. I was awful bad, and too weak to climb up on them boxes to knock on the hatch. Give me something to eat, for heaven sake, an' I'll serve you faithful and well."

"Pitch him over to the sharks," said Old King Brady.

"I'd like to," snapped Captain Manning, "but my way is to clap 'em in irons and keep 'em on bread and water. That's what he'll get to the end of this cruise or till he croaks, and the sharks will get him then."

"Oh, oh! Spare me!" groaned the stowaway.

Dropping down all in a heap he caught hold of Dr. Wemple's ankles.

"Mister, you look as though you had a kind heart!" he cried. "Ask them to let up on me. I—I'll work for you. I'll do anything—anything if you will make them let up on me! True and honest I will!"

So far Dr. Wemple had not spoken a word, but his eyes had been intently fixed upon the young man.

"Get up!" he said, extending his hand.

"Heaven bless you, mister. You are the one what's good to a poor feller," whined the stowaway, rising to his feet.

"What's your name?" demanded the doctor.

"Sam Siler, sir."

"What business did you ever do? What do you know?"

"Well, I might say I don't know nothing, sir. As for business, I never had none what you might call regler—just knocking around."

"Where do you belong?"

"In New York."

"Captain Manning," said the doctor, "I would like to take charge of this young man. My servant is dead under circumstances which—which I cannot understand. I need a helper. Is there any reason why I should not be allowed to take this fellow, may I ask?"

"I don't know of any if you want to be bothered with him," replied the captain. "He must sleep in your cabin, though, and eat at your table. I won't have him knocking about ship, and we have no time to feed tramps."

"You shall not be asked to. I agree to your terms."

"All right," said the captain. "Suit yourself. I'm not meddling with your business—at least not yet."

"Heaven bless you, sir," whined Sam, seizing the doctor's hand and trying to kiss it.

This, however, was a little too much for the doctor, and he jerked his hand away, saying:

"Get down there into the cabin, and wait for me."

Sam shambled off, and the doctor turned to Old King Brady.

"Well, is our interview over?" he asked.

"As far as I'm concerned," replied the detective. "Unless you want me to lend you a bottle of disinfectant to use on your tramp."

"I'll take care of my tramp. Don't you bother your head about him," replied the doctor, retreating to the cabin.

"Back to your work, men," ordered the captain.

Then he and Old King Brady walked aft.

"That worked all right," remarked Captain Manning.

"And why not?" replied the detective. "I knew he would jump at the chance."

The captain went about his own affairs, and Old King Brady leaned over the rail watching a huge iceberg at no great distance away.

"My part of the work accomplished all right," he said to himself. "Now it is up to Harry to do the rest."

The Walrus was now fairly in Baffin's Bay.

On the right, as far as the eye could reach, the rugged, mountainous coast stretched away to the northward.

On the left beyond the berg was a vast sheet of floating field ice, though at a considerable distance away.

For a long time through his glass Old King Brady watched the great ice cakes tumbling about as the broken mass rose and fell.

Suddenly he spied an immense white bear moving along on the ice, looking like a tiny speck.

As the detective fixed the glass upon it he saw the bear rise on its hind legs and seem to paw the air.

Then all at once it vanished, and where the ice had been beneath it open water was seen.

"I had rather that bear would be taking his chances over there than me," thought Old King Brady, "and feeling

cold he retired to the stateroom, which was steam-heated, and comfortable enough.

Now it was understood that Young King Brady was confined to his bunk, and meals were regularly sent to the stateroom.

About this there must have been some mistake, for when the old detective went in Harry was not there; nor did he put in an appearance all day nor far into the evening. But shortly before midnight Old King Brady, who was lying down, broad awake, was brought alive to business by a slight scratching on the outside blind.

He hastened to open the door, and "Sam the Stowaway" slipped in.

"Harry!" gasped Old King Brady. "This is very imprudent! If your absence is discovered all our trouble goes for nothing."

"No fear, Governor. The doctor is as drunk as a boiled owl, and Lilly, I am sure, is sound asleep."

"You must not stay but a minute."

"Hear him say it! You expected me all right. Now, you know you did."

"I told you if you had a chance."

"Well, I got it. Don't let's waste time. It is working all right."

"I am glad to hear it. You are sure he don't suspect?"

"Positive."

"But the wig and beard."

"Am I not the pupil of Old King Brady? Is there any man on earth who can fix up a wig and beard like you. Besides, the man is loaded all the time."

"He wasn't so at first."

"No; for the first few days he made a violent effort to keep sober, but now he has taken to the lush. He'll never suspect."

"Has he made you any proposition yet?"

"I wouldn't have believed he would tumble into it so quick, but he has."

"And of what nature?"

"Why, first he asked about my history."

"Well, you had one ready made, no doubt."

"Sure thing. It was a black one, too. I kept telling him of one crime after another that I had committed. Then I would whine and snivel, and say I hoped he wouldn't think any the worse of me."

"And how did he break the ice finally?"

"Well, he turned suddenly on me when I was telling him a yarn about how I did a fellow up to oblige a man who gave me fifty dollars for the job, and said:

"Look here, Sam, I don't think any the worse of you for that. Would you do as much for me?"

"I'd do anything for you, boss," I said. "You have showed yourself my friend, all right."

"And I'll be more than a friend to you," he said. "I may have a job for you by and by in the same line. Will you stand by me then?"

"Sure I will, boss," I answered. "If there is anything on earth you want done I'll do it."

"Not for nothing," he said. "I'll pay well. There may be as much as five hundred dollars coming for that job."

"You have done well, Harry," put in Old King Brady, "and I had no idea that you could get next to him so soon as you have. And in the meantime what are you to do?"

"Wait on him, be a sort of valet."

"I see he has given you a fairly good suit of clothes."

"Yes. He brought them out of one of his trunks, and they just fit. I can't imagine how he happened to have them on hand."

Pedro was about your size; probably they were brought for him. And the girl? What of her?"

"She keeps her stateroom almost all the time, and has very little to say to the doctor. He is very rough with her at times. They got into a big row at the supper table, and sputtered away at each other in Spanish. I couldn't make out exactly what it was about, they talked so fast, but I heard him mention the name of Brady three or four times."

"Things are working fine, Harry. You had better get back now. Stick close to the doctor, and don't hesitate to arrest him if necessary. Remember it can be done on board a Government steamer under the license we hold just as legally as though he was upon United States soil."

Young King Brady left the stateroom, and had scarcely departed when a rap came on the door.

"Back again," thought Old King Brady. "What now, I wonder?"

He sprang up and opened the door, but instead of Harry there stood Captain Manning looking very much excited.

"Oh, you have not retired yet?" he exclaimed. "Well, I am glad of it. Come out here, quick! I want to show you something that will interest you a whole lot, unless I make a big mistake."

CHAPTER IX.

OLD KING BRADY LOSES HIS MAN.

Thinking of Harry engaged with his dangerous task in the cabin, Old King Brady followed Captain Manning to the bow.

It was now broad daylight, although but little after twelve o'clock, for the noon of the long Arctic day was close at hand, and in a short time the sun would not set at all.

As it was it had barely dipped below the horizon to soon appear again.

"What do you make of that over there right off that big glacier, Mr. Brady?" Captain Manning asked.

"Looks like a wreck."

"It does to me. Take this glass."

"It is the wreck of a steamer," added the detective, after a long look. "She has gone down stern first, and has either sunk in shallow water or is resting on a rock."

"She is on a rock, probably. Well, my dear sir, steamers are not as plenty as blackberries up here."

"Surely not. You are thinking of the Leopard?"

"Of course."

"Have you any way of identifying her?"

"Not at this distance. Have you?"

"I only know that she has a black smokestack."

"So has that boat."

"It is about the same size. How far off, captain?"

"Six or eight miles."

"How far are we from Upernavik?"

"About a hundred and fifty. I'm not acquainted with these seas. I haven't made my reckoning yet. It may be two hundred. Why do you ask?"

"Planning in case that proves to be the Leopard, captain."

"Don't keep me in the dark, Mr. Brady. I have stood shoulder to shoulder with you so far."

"You have—you have done all you promised. Would you put me aboard that wreck if it proves to be the Leopard?"

"You have only to say the word."

"It can be done without stopping."

"Surely. Do you want someone to go with you?"

"One man."

"And your partner?"

"Will stick to his present job."

"It can be done. How is the boy getting along?"

"Fine."

"He's a good actor, all right. He did the stowaway to perfection after you gave the signal by stamping on the hatch."

"No better than you did the cruel tyrant, captain."

"That comes natural. If the boy had been a real stowaway he wouldn't have got much sympathy from me."

"I am in the mood to try this, but the doctor must not know."

"What's to be the report when he finds you missing?"

"You know nothing of me. I've dropped overboard, and my partner with me."

"All depending upon this being the Leopard."

"Of course."

"I'll set a man to watch. You can turn in."

"This is the man who will do the watching, captain. You will be on hand if I want the boat?"

"Yes; I shall not retire until this is settled. You will find me in my stateroom."

"And the boat?"

"Will be made ready right now, and the man ready for you, too."

"Right."

"But as for the rest, Mr. Brady?"

"As for the rest, you are to go on to Upernavik. You are to inform my partner of what I have done. You are to wait until Dr. Wemple goes ashore, and then steam right back to the wreck."

"And leave your partner with the doctor?"

"Yes; unless he asks to be taken on board."

"Correct," said the captain, and he walked away.

Old King Brady continued to watch the wreck as the Walrus steamed slowly along the line of the coast.

Soon the steamer stood in closer to the shore, passing around a large flat-topped berg.

Once clear of the berg the wreck could be more plainly seen.

There was a boat lying alongside and Old King Brady could see several figures moving about the deck.

"I suppose we ought to go to the assistance of that steamer, anyhow, as a matter of fact," he said to himself, "and yet she has made no signals of distress."

He leveled his glass, and for fully fifteen minutes did not lower it.

A fog was creeping down the bay. Old King Brady did not observe it until he took the glass from his eyes, so intent had he been in studying the wreck.

"It's the boy! I am sure of it!" he muttered. "But what he is doing there alone with those Esquimaux overhauling cargo I can't quite understand."

Save one young man, Old King Brady had been able to see no white person on the steamer, but there were several Esquimaux clothed in furs moving about the deck.

Again Old King Brady raised the glass, and this time he caught the name.

"It is the Leopard!" he exclaimed. "Now for business. It seems almost wicked to leave Harry behind with that murderous fiend in the cabin, but the boy has learned to take care of himself, and to attempt to communicate with him would be fatal to my plans."

He hurried to the captain's stateroom, and the door was opened instantly in response to his knock.

"It is the Leopard!" said Old King Brady.

"I thought as much. Let me congratulate you. Do you go?"

"Yes."

"There is a fog bearing down on us. It may strike you before you can make the shore."

"I never allow thoughts of danger to stand in my way, Captain."

"Very well. Then all is ready; follow me, please."

With as little confusion as possible, Captain Manning ordered a small boat lowered.

It was all ready for the work, and carried food and water.

A young marine sat ready with the oars as Old King Brady came down the ladder.

"You are under Mr. Brady's command now," said the captain. "You are to do just as he orders—understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the marine, as he pulled away.

He was but little more than a boy, and with his mouth open he stared fixedly at the detective.

He seemed to be dying to speak.

As such company was better than none, Old King Brady at length asked him his name.

"Jack Tenny, sir. Say, you don't mind if I ask you a question?"

"Surely not."

"It's against the rules for us fellers to talk to our superiors, sir."

"That's all right, Jack. Fire away."

Jack's mouth opened still wider.

"Be you Old King Brady, the detective?" he blurted out.

"Yes."

"Gosh!"

"What's the matter?"

"To think that I should be a-rowing you! The boys said you were Old King Brady, but I didn't more than half believe it. Say, I've read a whole lot about you."

"Well, and now you see me."

"That's it. To think I should! Say, do you know what I would like more'n anything else in the world, boss?"

"No; what?"

"To be a detective like you."

"You would have to live a good many years before you could be a detective like me. I am old enough to be your grandfather, I fancy."

"I seen a detective in the theayter onct what hung by his feet out a winder and shot a man with each hand. Gee! It was great!"

It was high time to cut Jack short, and Old King Brady made no reply.

But Jack was not to be put down by any snubbing process.

He was evidently a talker, and he kept right on.

"Dere was a feller with me what belonged to our ship. He was a Gloomy Gus, dat's what we called him. He didn't see nothing into it, an' said de detective had ropes tied onto his legs what held him. Dat was de night he got himself into a whole lot of trouble, for he cut away from us fellers and deserted, but he got took, and now he will have to do ten years for it—mebbe twenty, if he don't behave."

"A marine?" asked Old King Brady, becoming suddenly interested.

"Yair."

"What ship were you on then?"

"De Brooklyn. I got a transfer to dis special duty, but I belong to de Brooklyn."

"And this young fellow's name was Arthur Eagleton, you say?"

"I didn't say nothin' of de sort, 'cos his name was Joe Casey, but we called him Gloomy Gus, 'cos he wouldn't never have nothin' much to do with nobody, and was always down in de mouth."

"Luck!" thought Old King Brady. "Here is a fellow who knows him. He is bound to be useful before I get through."

"And what became of this Joe Casey, Jack?" he asked.

"I don't know. I was sick in the hospital a long while. That's the way I come to get transferred. He was took in in Philadelphia. I s'pose he is in Newport now."

"Did he ever tell you anything about himself and what made him so gloomy?"

"Never a word! Oh, look at the fog, boss! It's right on top of us!"

"I'm watching it," replied Old King Brady. "I hope you have got the steamer sighted all right."

"I have, sure. Dat's my biz. Orders is to take you aboard."

"Give me the oars, Jack, and you take my seat."

"What's dat for? Hain't I a-pullin' all right?"

"You are. Your orders are to obey my orders, I believe?"

"Sure thing. I'm not kicking."

Jack shipped his oars, and they changed seats.

"Now take this glass. Look off at the young fellow you will see moving about the deck of that steamer," Old King Brady said.

"I don't see no young feller, boss, only a lot of Esquimaux. Hold on! Yes, I do, too! Gee! It's Gloomy Gus! No, it can't be! Blame it all, it is!"

The surprise was genuine enough.

"Keep your eye on him," said Old King Brady. "There has got to be some rowing done now, or the fog will catch us among the icebergs, and I don't want that."

"Better let me take the oars again, boss."

"No, my boy. I'm stronger than you. Stay where you are and watch your friend Gloomy Gus."

But Jack had very little time given him to watch the young man on the steamer.

Old King Brady sent the boat through the water flying, but the fog came sweeping down upon them a good deal faster than he could row.

"Does your Gloomy Gus seem to see us?" was the last question Old King Brady put to the marine before the mists finally enveloped them.

The answer was that he did not. Then the glass came back to Old King Brady, for Jack could see no more.

It was a serious case, for they were still at some distance from the steamer.

But Old King Brady had sighted her position with great care, and felt sure that he could come up with her.

The Leopard lay in a little cove very close to the beginning of a huge glacier which extended for a mile or more along the coast.

Jack asked about it before the fog came, and now he struck the topic again.

"Say, boss, they tell me that them there glaziers is just frozen rivers," he remarked. "Is that so?"

"That is what they are," the detective replied.

"An' say, a feller was tellin' me dat dey moved just like dey was likerfied."

"What?"

"Lickerfied."

"Oh! Liquefied. Yes, that is true."

"Den I heard another yarn about dem which I don't believe, nohow, and that was dat icebergs was big chunks of glaziers broken off. Say, dat can't be so."

"It is so, Jack."

"Gee! I wouldn't have believed it. Say, wouldn't it be a cinch to have one of dem glaziers tied up in New York to de dock on a hot summer's day? T'ink of de ice you could sell."

"Stop your chattering, boy. I have all I can do to think of my business just now," said Old King Brady sternly.

The old detective was listening to the sound of the breaking waves, and trying to distinguish those which broke

against the steamer from those which broke on the cliffs and at the base of the iceberg beyond.

He soon was able to distinguish the difference in the sounds, and turned his boat in accordance.

A few moments more proved that he was right, for the stern of the Leopard loomed up in the fog.

"Ahoy! Ahoy, on board the Leopard!" shouted Old King Brady.

But there was no answer, and it was just the same when the detective shouted again.

He pulled around on the starboard side where he had seen the boat.

It was gone.

A dangling rope was seized by Jack and the boat made fast.

"On deck, you monkey!" said Old King Brady. "Let down a ladder if you can find one, but first look for your friend Gloomy Gus."

A few minutes later Jack looked over the side and called:

"Say, Mr. Brady, dere ain't no one on board here."

"I knew it," muttered the detective, intensely disappointed. "He saw me coming, and has given me the slip in the fog."

CHAPTER X.

THE WRECK OF THE WALRUS.

Young King Brady lay in the bunk he had originally occupied when he first came on board the Walrus listening to Dr. Wemple's loud snores.

"That man is a perfect beast," he said to himself. "He knows he is beaten and now he is getting square with himself by keeping full to the eyes with whisky. I wonder what all that row can be about?"

Harry had just waked up, after an hour or so of refreshing sleep.

He could hear a lot of running about the deck, and the hoarse voice of Captain Manning shouting orders.

At first, in his half-wakened condition, he had thought nothing of it, but now it began to dawn upon him that something must be going wrong.

He got up softly, and opened the deadlight.

The steamer was enveloped in a dense fog.

"This is serious business here among the icebergs," he thought. "I think I had better dress."

He hustled on his clothes, and ventured on deck.

It was as he supposed.

The fog was the thickest he had ever seen.

Captain Manning dashed past him at that moment.

"Get those bumpers out forward!" he was shouting.

"Make all ready in case we strike."

Then as he passed Harry he said hurriedly:

"Get the doctor and the girl up! Don't you feel the chill

in the air? We are close to the ice. There is liable to be trouble here."

He was gone in an instant, not stopping to tell of Old King Brady's departure—it is doubtful if he thought of it then.

Harry hurried below, and knocked on the door of the stateroom occupied by Lilly.

"What is the matter?" she called.

"Fog! Icebergs! Danger of collision. The captain says to get right up!" Harry replied.

"It is death and we deserve our fate," he distinctly heard the girl say as he hurried away.

But Young King Brady had no such idea then, for he felt the utmost confidence in Captain Manning's ability to handle the steamer.

But Harry little knew the danger of venturing so close to the Greenland coast.

He now began the difficult task of getting Dr. Wemple awake.

At last he made him comprehend.

"I'll be out in a minute," said the doctor. "Go to the sideboard, pour me out a glass of whisky, and bring it here, Sam."

"Yes, sir," replied Young King Brady, and he hurried to obey.

Now, Dr. Wemple had made many trips to the sideboard himself before turning in, and during the latest one he had been so very unsteady that he fell on his nose, and Harry had to pick him up.

As Harry was about to take up the decanter he observed two or three letters on the floor, which had evidently fallen out of the doctor's pocket at the time of his tumble.

Of course they went into Harry's pocket now, and while the doctor was dressing he withdrew to a corner of the cabin and looked them over.

Two were business letters of no consequence.

The third was from a certain senator at Washington, whose name we shall not give.

It was very brief, and read as follows

"Dear Doctor: The start is from Boston. I have arranged that. They must never return. The reward stands for that, and will be doubled on delivery of proof of the death of A. E.

Yours truly,

"— — — —"

"The man must be a lunatic to sign that," thought Harry, "but now I know the name."

Dr. Wemple came out of the stateroom shortly after taking his drink.

Lilly made her appearance at the same time.

"Have you been on deck, Sam?" was the first question the doctor put.

"Yes, sir."

"Is the case really so bad?"

"It is pretty bad, sir."

"What does the captain think?"

"That we are in great danger."

"Danger of what? Running ashore?"

"Running into an iceberg."

"Aye, aye! Well, I guess he is about right."

"I feel it coming," said Lilly gloomily. "I feel death in the air. I don't know why I say it, but——"

"But don't say it," broke in her father rudely. "You make me sick with your everlasting croaking and gloomy forebodings. Sam, pack up my stuff. You will find the dress suit cases in that closet. Never mind about the trunk in the stateroom; that only contains books and scientific instruments. We shall have to let it go."

"Filled with stones," Harry heard the girl mutter as he passed to the closet.

Her father made as though he would strike her, and began a violent tirade in Spanish.

Harry paid no attention, but began packing the dress suit cases as directed.

He was thus engaged when suddenly a wild shout on deck, and the rush of feet attracted the attention of all.

"Look out!" shouted the doctor.

He had scarcely uttered the words when there came a frightful crash which threw them all to the floor.

Horrible grinding, crushing sounds followed.

The steamer seemed to writhe and twist like a snake.

Dr. Wemple, scrambling to his feet, fell over against the table, swearing like a pirate.

Lilly knelt on the floor and prayed audibly.

Young King Brady, the only cool one of the party, rushed on deck.

"Stand by the boats! Make all ready in case we have to abandon ship!" Captain Manning was shouting.

In front, dimly seen through the fog, a huge wall of ice towered.

Harry saw that the worst had happened.

The Walrus had run head on into an iceberg in the dense fog.

It looked like death.

Here they were away up in Baffin's Bay at the season of the ice break-up in charge of a man who knew nothing of Arctic navigation.

The expedition had been a most foolhardy one. Young King Brady could see it now.

He looked in vain for the old detective.

Running to the stateroom he threw open the door in the hope of finding Old King Brady there.

But the stateroom was deserted, although all their belongings remained in their usual places.

"Where can the Governor have got to?" thought Harry, making a rush forward along the deck.

The steamer was now backing slowly away from the berg.

Captain Manning stood calmly giving his orders.

Harry could see that the bow was all stove in.

"Is it serious, captain?" he asked in his natural voice, which until now he had cleverly disguised.

"It's our finish, I'm afraid," said the captain. "I've sent the mate below to ascertain the extent of the damage

to the water-tight compartments. When he returns we shall know the worst."

"And Mr. Brady? I do not see him."

"He sighted the wreck of the Leopard, and put off to it in a boat before the fog came down upon us."

The mate came up and saluted.

"There is no hope, sir," he said. "We are taking water with great rapidity. Nothing can save us."

"You hear!" said Captain Manning, turning to Harry. "Prepare for the boats."

Young King Brady hurried below.

His resolve was taken.

He would obey orders, and stick to Dr. Wemple, even if by so doing he went to his death.

Entering the cabin, he found the doctor in the act of taking another drink.

"You had better not hit that stuff too hard, sir," he said. "We are in great danger. We have run into an iceberg, and our bow is stove all to pieces. The captain has ordered all hands to the boats."

"Oh, let me die here! There is no use!" moaned Lilly, but Dr. Wemple seemed to grow perfectly calm.

"Get up, Lil," he said. "Stand on your feet, girl; and don't talk nonsense. We are not dead yet, by any means, and for my part, I don't propose to give up until the last gasp. Sam, get my traps on deck. You stand by me, boy, and I will make your fortune if we are lucky enough to get out of this all right."

Young King Brady silently obeyed.

He played his part as perfectly now as he had at any time since he began.

There was no confusion.

Although the Walrus was only a cutter, carried few men, and was practically managed like a merchant steamer, her crew were all trained to naval discipline, and the good effects of this were apparent now.

Captain Manning made no attempt to save anything but the ship's papers.

Four boats were lowered, each with its supply of water and provisions.

In one of these—the smallest—Dr. Wemple, Lilly, and Young King Brady embarked, along with two sailors to do the rowing.

The iceberg had now disappeared in the fog, but its deadly chill could still be felt.

When Captain Manning left the deck of the Walrus it was almost on a level with the water.

Doubtless the cutter soon sank, for it was never seen again.

The captain had given directions as to the course of the boats, and an attempt was made to keep together.

But the fog was very dense, and so far as the boat which carried Young King Brady and his companions was concerned it failed.

Almost before they were aware of what was happening, they had become separated from the others.

For awhile they could hear their shouts, and the sailors

tried their best to come up with the other boats, but in vain.

Dr. Wemple stormed and raved over this new disaster, and made himself as disagreeable as possible.

Young King Brady, still true to his part, only spoke when addressed.

Lilly never uttered a word.

Urged on by the doctor, and for their own safety, the sailors kept on pulling until at last the sound of breakers could be heard through the fog.

"We are nearing the shore," said the doctor. "Keep it up, boys. We may yet be saved."

"Don't be too certain about it being the shore, sir," said one of the sailors. "It may be another iceberg."

It was cold enough for that, certainly.

Although warmly clad, Young King Brady could scarcely speak, his teeth chattered so.

Suddenly an awful roar—a thunderous crashing—a noise which can only be compared to the fall of some large building, broke upon the stillness, and the boat was tossed about like a ship in a storm.

"In heaven's name what can that be?" gasped Lilly. "Oh, father, death is surely near!"

But all these happenings seemed now only to increase Dr. Wemple's self-possession.

"It is probably a new iceberg forming," he said. "A great mass of projecting ice has no doubt broken off a glacier. Ha! As I thought. There it goes."

Dimly seen through the fog a towering mass of ice swept toward them.

They were ten minutes passing it.

Then all in an instant, when no one expected it, the fog was swept away, and there lay the snow-capped cliffs not a hundred yards distant from the boat, while at the distance of perhaps two miles to the south, a small steamer could be seen stranded on the rocks.

"We are saved!" shouted Dr. Wemple. "There's the Walrus now."

"It is not the Walrus, sir. It is another steamer. We saw it before," said one of the sailors. "I understand she is called the Leopard. The old gentlemen in the big hat was pulled out to her by one of our men."

This was the time Dr. Wemple lost his head again.

In all his career as a detective Harry had never heard such swearing.

But it was done in English only for a moment.

Then the doctor shifted to Spanish.

After a little he cooled down, and producing a glass, proceeded to study the steamer.

"You mean Mr. Brady?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the sailor, eying the doctor in no very friendly way.

"I can see him on the deck. There is a young man with him. He wears your uniform."

"Yes, sir. It is Jack Tenny. He pulled him off to the steamer."

"Why?"

"I don't know, sir. Them were Captain Manning's orders."

"Pull ashore. Ha! What is this? Tents! What can it mean?"

No one answered.

Young King Brady had already spotted the tents.

There were five of them. They had been erected at the head of the beach under the cliffs, and close to the beginning of a huge glacier which stretched away up the coast almost as far as the eye could reach.

"I see nobody moving about, Sam, do you?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir."

"It is very strange."

"There is where the iceberg broke off, all right. Perhaps the party which occupied those tents had climbed up on top of the glacier and were there when the ice parted. They may have been swept away."

"You are a bright boy, Sam. The suggestion is a perfectly feasible one. I wouldn't wonder if you were right."

They landed in a little cove right in front of the tents.

"Pull the boat up on shore, boys," said the doctor. "I'm going to do a little exploring. This situation isn't as bad as it might be. Captain Manning may show up. Something may be done with that steamer. I look to get out of this trouble, all right."

The doctor was quite in his usual mood now. He was even cheerful when Harry and Lilly accompanied him up to the tents.

They proved to be quite deserted as far as human beings were concerned, but were well supplied with furs, blankets, provisions, and everything to make a good-sized party comfortable.

It looked as though the people to whom they belonged had just stepped out for a walk.

Harry saw at once that they had probably struck the camp of Mr. Todd's exploring party.

No doubt Dr. Wemple had come to the same conclusion, but beyond a few casual remarks he did not say a word until he had inspected the last tent.

"Well, Sam, where are all the people?" he asked then.

"There are their footprints on the sand, doctor," replied Young King Brady quietly.

"By gracious, you are sharp, boy. I did not observe them."

The sand on the beach was hard and compact.

The indentations were barely visible, but they were there.

"They lead off toward the glacier," said Harry. "Shall we follow them?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "Just wait a minute, though."

He directed his glass toward the steamer, and studied it long and earnestly.

Harry wished he could get a squint through it, for he could make out but little with the naked eye.

Lilly now declared herself too much fatigued to go any further, and threw herself down upon a pile of blankets in one of the tents.

"Go on; I'll follow you, Sam," said the doctor, seeming to be disturbed at this.

He began talking in Spanish to his daughter.

Harry left the tent and followed the trail along the beach to within fifty feet of the point where the beginning of the great glacier projected out into the sea.

All at once he stopped and threw up his hands.

Young King Brady had made a startling discovery.

A huge block of ice, ground off the top of the glacier by the breaking of the iceberg, probably, had fallen upon the beach.

It was a startling sight.

Five pairs of human legs projected from under the block of ice, and in one place further on was a man's head and shoulders.

Here was all that was left of Mr. Todd's exploring party.

Caught under the fallen ice block all had been crushed to death.

In the case of one body, Harry was able to get at the pocket, from which he drew a memorandum book with the name "Timothy Todd" written inside, together with elaborate notes of the voyage.

Just as he had begun to read Dr. Wemple came hurrying up.

"What's all this! What's all this?" he exclaimed.

"It is death!" replied Harry solemnly. "Look and see. This book I took from the pocket of that body there. The man's name appears to have been Timothy Todd."

"Caught by the breaking of the iceberg!" exclaimed the doctor. "Well, well, well!"

They talked for some time, and then returned to the tents.

As they drew near they saw a young man, accompanied by four Esquimaux, coming along the beach.

Dr. Wemple gave a sharp exclamation and hurried forward.

It was all that Young King Brady could do to control himself.

The trail which led to the Arctic had been followed to its end.

The young man was surely the deserter who had leaped overboard from the Fall River boat.

Young King Brady had come up with his man at last.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

Young King Brady would have given much for the presence of his chief then, but it was not to be.

All he could do was to take things as they came, and await results.

He did not hear the first greeting between the doctor and the young marine, for it was his policy to go slow.

When he came up to the tents Arthur Eagleton was talking with the doctor and Lilly in an animated way.

"It must be our party!" he exclaimed. "The chief was a Mr. Todd. We came up to Baffin's Bay in a steamer called the Leopard. She ran on a rock. You can see her below there. I was left in charge to keep these Esquimaux from stealing. They were a little too many for me, so I persuaded them to come with me to the tents. I wanted to get one of the boys to go back and help me out. Mr. Todd was determined to ascend the glacier; that is why he came up here. We got caught in the fog, and stopped under the rocks till it lifted. Then I saw your party come ashore, and I came on."

"Young man," said the doctor solemnly, "this is a sad time for both of us. My name is Wemple, Dr. Wemple. I came up here on a Government cutter to study the Arctic lichens. This is my niece, Miss Clay. We ran into an iceberg, and were wrecked; but I have hopes that our captain and crew may finally connect with us. Join us, my boy, and we will take good care of you. By the way, what is your name?"

"Joe Casey, sir," was the reply. "I shall be very glad to join you. Can we not go up to that ice block and see the remains of these unfortunate people? If I am the last survivor of the Leopard I shall have to make some report, no doubt."

"Surely you can. My man will go with you. Sam, take this young man up to the ice block. I'll overhaul these provisions, and shake up a little breakfast. You will both be surprised to find what a famous cook I am."

The doctor was more than agreeable. He was positively jolly.

Harry did not fail to notice the troubled look on Lilly's face.

"He means mischief," thought Young King Brady. "There is no use waiting for the Governor. This is a chance in a thousand. I must act on my own account."

He walked off with Arthur Eagleton, who seemed terribly disturbed, and began talking of Mr. Todd and his kindness, when Harry, who now that they were out of hearing, suddenly cut him short.

"Arthur Eagleton, I know you!" he said in a low voice. "Don't stop to think of those who are already dead. Think of yourself, and hear what I have to say."

"You—you know me!" gasped the young deserter, stopping short.

"I do!"

"It is impossible. I——"

"Stop! You must know all that I know right now. I am not what I seem. Neither is Dr. Wemple. Both of us came to Baffin's Bay for the express purpose of meeting you, I to save you, but he to kill you. Read this!"

Harry produced the letter, and placed it in the young man's hand.

Arthur Eagleton hastily glanced over its contents.

"The wretch!" he gasped. "But who are you?"

"Do you remember the detective on the Fall River boat?"

"Y-yes. But you are not that man!"

"No. He is my partner. I am in disguise. Were it not so you would probably recognize me as the young man

who stood near Captain Colligan while you were talking just before you jumped off the boat."

"Your name?"

"I am Young King Brady."

"And your partner, then, must be Old King Brady."

"Yes. You have nothing to fear from us. Your destruction lies with Dr. Wemple, and no one else. But walk on—we may be observed."

Young Eagleton walked on in silence for a few minutes.

"Why have you followed me?" he asked then.

"That is something Old King Brady will tell you—I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not positively know."

"You must know if you are what you say you are."

"Still I do not."

"Then I will answer my own question and tell you. It was to persuade me to return to Washington and testify against Captain Reginald Wilford, of the United States army, whose trial for the embezzlement of millions is soon to come off. Is it not so?"

"It is something of that sort; but I have never been fully told."

"That is it. Listen, Brady. You are a man—so am I. I was Wilford's clerk. I know all. I love his sister better than any being in the world. We were engaged to be married. On the night of Wilford's arrest she sent for me, and made me give my solemn promise that I would never betray her brother. That promise must be kept—it shall be kept. I vanished from Washington. Hunted by detectives I wandered all over the country. Not a dollar ever came to me. I would neither ask nor accept it. Even my father cast me off. On the verge of starvation at last, I enlisted in the marine service. I deserted because I was shamefully abused. As for the rest, you know it all, but the motive of this senator who penned those lines."

"And that I can guess."

"My testimony would ruin him. He is as deep in the mud as Wilford is in the mire. The man has hounded me everywhere, and now even here in the Arctic his paid assassins seek my life."

"But we are not in with them. We would save your life. We are working for the highest officials of the Government, whose only object is to convict the guilty and get at the truth."

"Never through me! I will keep my oath."

They walked on toward the ice block in silence.

Young King Brady could see that Arthur Eagleton was terribly excited, and that it was all he could do to keep back the tears.

* * * * *

Old King Brady found himself enveloped in the fog almost as soon as he got on board the *Leopard*. The steamer was in perfect order, but quite deserted.

Of course there was nothing to be done but to remain on board until the fog lifted, and this Old King Brady did.

In spite of his disposition to talk, the old detective found Jack Tenny to be a very intelligent fellow.

During the time which followed the two made a careful examination of the situation of the steamer.

The result was the discovery that she was but little injured.

Evidently she was hard and fast, but the point of the rock appeared to about fill the break, and while one watertight compartment was evidently full, Old King Brady judged that the others were all right, and that the *Leopard* was in no immediate danger of sinking.

Such was the situation when the fog finally cleared away.

Old King Brady discovered Dr. Wemple's party almost as soon as they saw him.

Long and earnestly he watched their movements through his glass, and did not fail to see Harry and the doctor go up the beach together toward the ice block.

Then came the next discovery.

Arthur Eagleton and his Esquimaux appeared on the scene.

From what point of concealment they came into view Old King Brady could not discover, but there they were, and through the glass he witnessed the meeting of the doctor and the young marine, and later saw him go up the beach with Harry.

He turned to Jack, and ordered him to remain in charge of the *Leopard* until his return, to which the young sailor, only too proud to be under the orders of the famous Old King Brady, consented readily enough.

Old King Brady now went ashore, and passing so close under the cliffs that it would be hard to see him from the distant camp, hurried along the beach.

He had not gone far before he made a discovery.

The trail left by Arthur Eagleton in the sand suddenly turned in abruptly toward the cliffs.

Following it, the detective came upon a narrow opening in the rock, which led him into a most peculiar cave.

"This is the way he went with his Esquimaux, and that is why I did not see them," Old King Brady said to himself. "It is the very thing. I can make good time here."

He started on the run and kept it up for the best part of a mile.

The cave was by no means dark, for there were many openings in the rocky wall.

At last he came to the place where Arthur Eagleton had left it, his footprints being plainly marked in the sand.

But the cave extended right on, and the detective determined to follow it, for he made up his mind that in all probability it continued to the glacier, thus passing the camp.

At last he reached a point where he could hear the sound of voices.

"It was very light just ahead, and coming to the place he found a break large enough to admit his whole body and about breast high.

Old King Brady peered through and found himself directly behind the camp.

Indeed, one of the tents half concealed the opening.

About five feet away and nearly opposite the hole in the

rocks a camp table had been spread with stools for three persons, and plates set for the same number.

Near by was a portable camp-stove, in which a fire was burning.

Dr. Wemple stood over the stove making coffee.

Old King Brady, with his eyes just at the level of the hole, watched his movements.

Just then the girl Lilly came in sight.

"They are coming, father," she said in a cold, hard voice. "Look at them. I think you will be rather surprised."

"Ten thousand furies! Young King Brady!" cried the doctor, almost dropping the coffee-pot.

"Just as I suspected from the first," replied the girl sneeringly. "How could you be so blind!"

"What do you mean? The captain's boats must have landed further up shore. How else could he be here?"

"How else? Oh, you are a sharp one!" sneered Lilly. "Perhaps your stowaway has dropped his wig and whiskers up the beach. I guess that's about all."

"He must die!" hissed the doctor.

"Oh, sure!" retorted Lilly, moving away. "We must all die some day. Ha, ha, ha!"

And singing the refrain of a popular song, she moved off up the beach.

* * * * *

The dropping of his disguise had been a deliberate act on the part of Young King Brady.

Thus, with his identity fully disclosed, Harry sauntered carelessly by the side of Arthur Eagleton, and approached the camp.

Dr. Wemple had time to cool down in the meanwhile, and he kept busily at his cooking, and appeared not to see.

"Why, Mr. Brady, where did you spring from?" cried Lilly, as the detective and his companion approached.

"Dropped from the clouds, perhaps," Harry lightly replied. "Doctor, how are you. There has been a mistake about this young man's name. Let me introduce Mr. Arthur Eagleton, late of Washington, D. C."

The doctor glared. He could not fathom Young King Brady's game.

The fact was Harry had no game.

"Well, I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Brady," said the doctor, quickly recovering himself. "Have the other boats arrived?"

"No; I have arrived. That is all."

"And your partner?"

"Was last seen on board the Leopard, as you know."

"You take me by surprise, but you do not find me unprepared. I'll set another place here, and you shall join us at breakfast. By the way, Mr. Eagleton, do you consider that those unfortunate men under the ice cake are Mr. Todd's party?"

"They undoubtedly are," replied Arthur in a suppressed voice.

"Sad, very sad! And to think that we should be eating their food and occupying their camp. It seems like fate.

But sit down, gentlemen. You will find my coffee excellent. What, are those the boats now?"

All looked off at sea except the doctor, and he made a quick move about the table where he had placed a cup and saucer for Harry.

"I see no boats," said Young King Brady.

"Ah, probably I was mistaken," said the doctor cheerfully. He was pouring coffee when they turned around.

"Try my coffee, gentlemen," he said. "You will find it excellent. The bacon and eggs will be ready in a moment. You may as well warm up on coffee first."

Arthur started for the table, and seating himself, raised the cup.

"Hold!" cried Lilly, as pale as death. "Do not drink, young man! There is poison in the cup!"

"You lie, you jade!" shouted the doctor, foaming with rage.

"The girl speaks the truth!" cried a voice behind the villain. "Game's up, doctor. Your hand is exposed!"

It was Old King Brady, leaning well out of the hole, and covering the poisoner with a revolver.

"Take that, you meddling old fraud!" roared the doctor, whipping out his own revolver and firing with lightning quickness.

The shot flew wild, and flattened against the rock overhead.

The doctor darted away, expecting a return shot.

At the same instant a mass of ice which overhung the top of the cliff broke away and fell, crushing Dr. Wemple beneath its weight.

"He is dead?"

Lilly said it.

Old King Brady, who had crawled out of the hole, had just risen from beside the doctor's prostrate form, from which he and Harry, with Arthur's help, had pulled the ice away, while the two sailors and the Esquimaux stood watching from a little distance.

"Yes, dead," replied Old King Brady. "His skull is crushed."

Lilly turned away and entered the tent without a tear.

"Yes; it is the last of your enemy, Arthur Eagleton," said Old King Brady, "and you also should thank heaven. Now, show your gratitude by returning to Washington with me if we can get there, or at least by making a full deposition of what you know in the Captain Wilford case."

"I shall do neither," replied the young marine, firmly. "I have sworn——"

"To the girl who swore to remain true to you, but who the day before we left Boston was married to the Hon. Clement Chalmondely, of the British minister's office at Washington. You are absolved from your oath. She is as treacherous as her brother. Do the right thing."

"The proofs?" demanded Arthur, deathly pale.

"Are here. A telegram from your father. I hold \$10,000 in cash for your use if you will depose; and his instruction for you to take it, go to China or Japan, and begin life anew, if you will."

Arthur seized the telegram, and hastily read it.

"I will go to Washington," he said. "I will tell all I know. That shall be my revenge."

It was very strange, but at this same instant a shout from the sailors attracting the attention of all, they looked off on the water, and saw Captain Manning's boat and the two others just pulling into the cove.

They had arrived in the nick of time, for the Bradys' work was ended. The Arctic trail had been followed to a finish, and they were ready to go home.

Captain Manning knew his business. He got the Leopard off the rocks and patched her up, and in that steamer the whole party returned to the Brooklyn navy yard, leaving Dr. Wemple buried under Arctic ice.

Arthur Eagleton gave himself up as a deserter, but through his father's influence was promptly pardoned.

He never testified against Captain Wilford, however.

On the day that his arrival became known the captain blew his brains out in his room in a Washington hotel.

On the same day a certain senator, who shall be nameless, departed for South America, and has never since returned.

Six months later there was a quiet wedding in Chicago, where Harry had gone to Arthur's father's house for that \$10,000.

Arthur Eagleton had taken a wife.

Lilly Wemple? Yes—and no one else.

The love-making was done on the deck of the Leopard, so far as there was any.

"She tried to save my life, and I will try to save hers," was what Arthur told his father.

They have been a year wedded now, and are happy still. The Bradys were handsomely paid for their work by the Washington officials who engaged them.

Who these were even Harry does not know to this day.

That detail of the case remains a mystery.

Harry calls it "The mystery of THE BRADYS AT BAFFIN'S BAY."

THE END.

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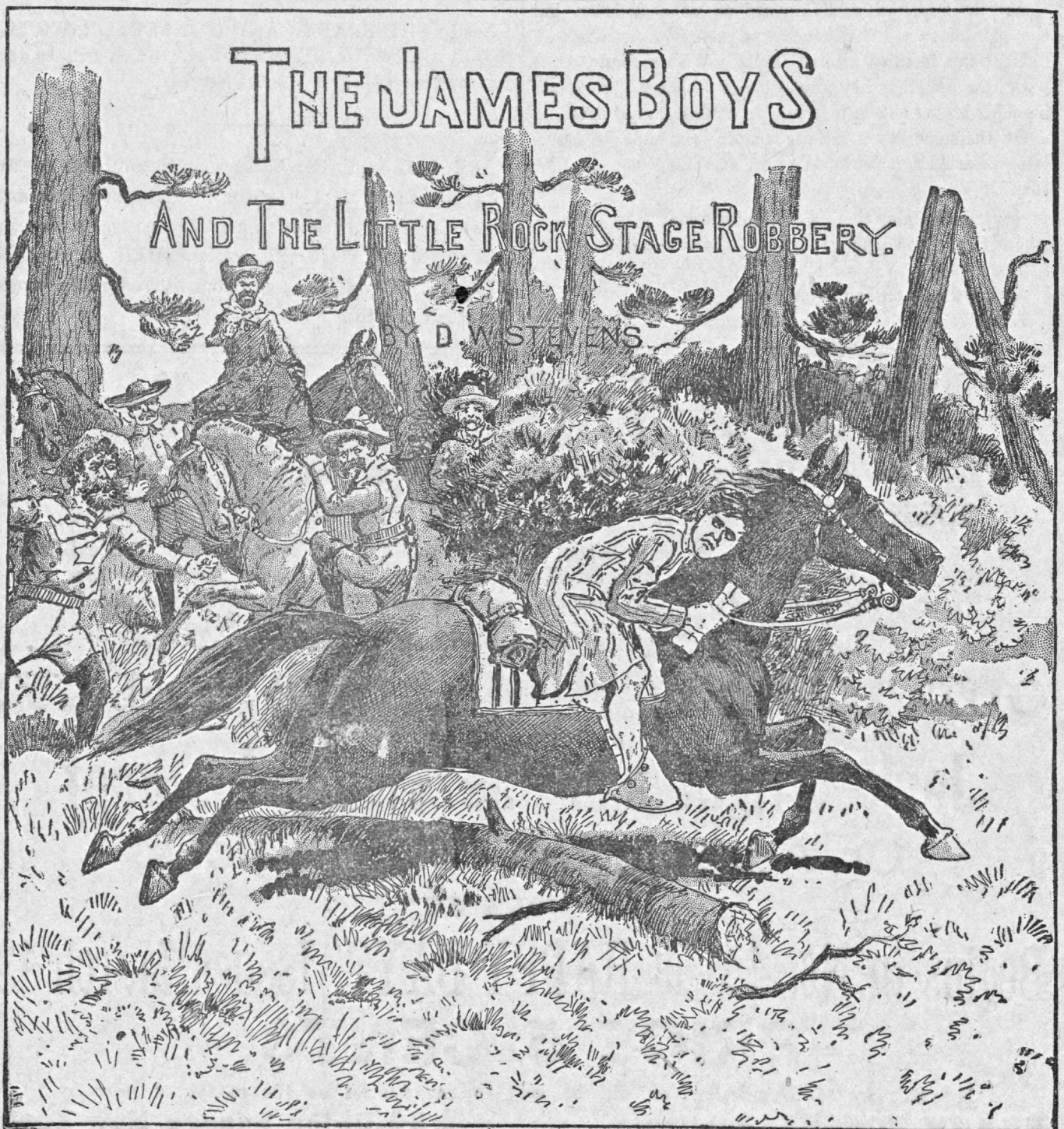
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