

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 Tousoy.

No. 272.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AT FORT YUMA; OR, THE MIX UP WITH THE "KING OF MEXICO."

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



Colonel Carter lifted two bags out of the safe. One slipped from his grasp, and as the gold pieces fell rattling on the floor a tall form stepped in among them from the verandah. It was old King Brady.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Æolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

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, N. Y., Post Office, March 1, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1904, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 272.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

The Bradys at Fort Yuma;

OR,

The Mix-Up With the "King of Mexico."

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

A MIX-UP AT TIMO.

"There it goes again! Gee! Oh, gee! Dis am de end of de world foh suah!"

It was an old fashioned earthquake shaking up things all over southwestern Arizona and Southern California.

This time it broke all the glass on the back bar at the "Fandango," the principal saloon at Timo, near Fort Yuma.

The adobe building was split down the back, and one of the side walls fell in, burying the Bradys, "Monkey," the chunky little colored boy who was acting as their servant, Tom Trotter, the proprietor of the Fandango, Wing, his Chinese cook, two Papago Indians and five miners all in one general mix-up.

Monkey and the China boy were yelling with fright, Tom Trotter was swearing at the loss of his property, and the miners on general principles, when Old King Brady, the famous New York detective, who had managed to crawl out from under the pile of fallen humanity, gave a warning cry:

"Up! Up, every one of you! There is worse coming!"

The old detective had made for the door and his practised eye had warned him of the danger.

Across the parched sands of the Yuma desert a dense black cloud, funnel-shaped and ominous was skurrying.

All around the sky had assumed a pale greenish hue.

"What's next, Governor?" he gasped.

"Cyclone!" cried Tom Trotter, before Old King Brady could answer. "This is my finish! There won't be anything left."

"Have you no cyclone cellar?" demanded Old King Brady. "Quick, man! Speak!"

"Yes, yes!" gasped Trotter. "I—you—that is—oh, I s'pose we must get into it!"

"Get into it! Why, of course we must get into it! Where are your eyes, man? Don't you see what's coming? In two minutes' time we shall be swept off the earth!"

There were at that time about half a dozen houses in Timo, a little settlement which had sprung up around some salt mines about twenty miles south of the Southern Pacific railroad, not far from the Mexican line.

The inhabitants were even now making for their cellars, mere holes in the ground with wooden lids; but near the Fandango Old King Brady could see none.

Just beyond the wrecked saloon stood the ruins of one of those old prehistoric buildings which are to be found here and there on the Yuma desert.

The only wall still standing of this one was nearly two hundred feet long, and toward it Tom Trotter now dashed.

All followed him, and when the saloonkeeper pulled aside a large block of stone which lay against the base of the wall a narrow passage was revealed, leading down underneath.

"Thar's a hole down thar!" growled Tom. "It will take us all in, I reckon."

"I'll get killed for showing it, though," Old King Brady heard him mutter under his breath.

It was no time to reason on the cause of the man's hesitations.

The Bradys crawled through the opening, followed by Monkey, the colored boy, whom they had engaged in Texas to carry their traps on this trip, which they had reason to

believe would carry them down into the wilds of Northern Mexico.

The salt miners and the others came trailing after them.

Tom Trotter came last, pulling the stone back into place by means of a short rope attached to a staple set in the stone itself.

Meanwhile the Bradys, producing their dark lanterns, had made their way into a small chamber walled up on all sides.

Harry now put up his lantern, and Old King Brady placed his upon the floor, while the miners, the Indians, the Chinaman and the negro all crowded into the narrow space.

They were a strange crowd, and the heat was something too terrific for description.

Scarcely had Tom Trotter joined them when the cyclone broke over Timo with an awful roar.

"Great heavens! What if that wall goes down and buries us here!" cried Young King Brady.

"Waal, there's certainly a chance of it," drawled Trotter, "and yet one of them scientific fellows what's always poking about once telled me that thar wall has stood for a thousand years."

Be that as it might, the storm was affecting it.

Sand came sifting in from somewhere, filling their eyes and making all hands choke and cough.

In a few moments the roaring died away and the sand ceased to come.

Tom Trotter returned to the passage to investigate.

The Bradys, who stood together in one corner, curiously eyed several boxes and bales which crowded into the narrow space.

"It's all right now, gents. The cyclone has past. You can come out!" cried Tom.

In a few minutes all were in the open again.

The desert sands were heaped up like waves of the sea.

Every one of the frame houses in the village of Timo were down; only the adobe had withstood the storm.

The Fandango, or what was left of it after the earthquake shock, seemed to have suffered the least of all.

The miners now started in search of their houses, which had been stampeded by the storm.

The Bradys and Monkey had ridden down from Gila City on three burros, and these sturdy little animals were discovered unharmed under the adobe shed in the rear of the saloon.

Having made sure of their safety, the detectives returned to the Fandango, where Tom Trotter stood, dismally surveying the wreck of his household goods.

"Well, this is the kind of luck you fellers brought me," he growled. "You was just going to give out your business in Timo when the earthquake struck us. Perhaps you will do it now."

"Friend, you can hardly hold us responsible for what has happened," replied Old King Brady, mildly. "We were requested to come here and see you by Colonel Carter,

of the Fifty-sixth U. S. Infantry, now stationed at Fort Yuma. Thus, you will see that we are here on government business. Here is a letter from Colonel Carter which will explain."

Tom Trotter made no move to take the letter, and Old King Brady immediately divined the cause.

"Perhaps you would prefer to have me read it to you," he said.

"I wish you would," replied Trotter. "The colonel's a friend of mine and a blamed good feller, but I never could read his writin' nohow."

"Nor any other kind of writing, I fancy," thought Old King Brady; and putting on his glasses, he read as follows:

"Dear Tom: This will be handed to you by Old King Brady, the famous detective, from New York; and I want you to help him if you can. I am ordered by the War Department to capture the 'King of Mexico' if it is a possible thing. My superiors at Washington seem to think that all I have to do is to whistle and he will come.

"I have at last succeeded in making the Washington people understand how the situation really is, and they have engaged the Bradys to ferret out the King's real headquarters. I want you to tell them the latest you know of him and to give them any other information you may have. Do all this for me, Tom, and I'll see you well paid for it, old man. Of course you will keep dark about it all.

Always your friend,

"CARTER."

Tom Trotter's face was a study while Old King Brady was reading the letter.

"Whar did you get that thar document, boss?" he asked.

"It was waiting for me at Gila City," replied Old King Brady. "That is why, instead of going on to Fort Yuma, I left the train and came down here."

"I see. Waal, you have come to the right man if you want to find out about the King of Mexico. Reckon I know as much about him as any one else; but at the same time I don't know no more."

This did not look particularly favorable.

Old King Brady had come down to Timo against his better judgment.

Indeed, he was not altogether certain at first that the letter was not a fake; but on showing it to the bank cashier at Gila City he was assured that it was in Colonel Carter's handwriting.

Accompanying it was a letter to Old King Brady himself, requesting that he should go down and see Tom Trotter.

Thus, as the Bradys had been sent to Fort Yuma by the Secret Service Bureau, with orders that they should place themselves under the direction of Colonel Carter, there was nothing for it but to obey.

"Yes," said Tom Trotter. "If you want to know about the King of Mexico I can tell you. He is a badman from

way back. He has robbed ranches and held up trains and cleaned out mines, and—and—well, done all the rest of it. He can drink more whisky at a sitting than any man I ever seen; and, as for swearing, waal, say, you just orter hear him, that's all!"

Having reached this point in his valuable information Tom Trotter stopped short.

"Do you mean that is all you have to tell?" Old King Brady asked.

"Yes," replied Trotter.

"What is the name of this outlaw?"

"They call him 'Hi Hix.'"

"Where does he hang out?"

"Up in the mountains over the line into Sonora."

"You know the place?"

"Indeed I don't! I'm no outlaw. I'm an honest man."

"Can you give us any information which is likely to help us in tracking this man out?"

"No."

"Nor direct us to any one who would be likely to help us?"

"No."

"Have you any idea where the King of Mexico is at the present time?"

"No."

"When did you see him last?"

"Waal, he stopped at my place about three weeks ago."

"Which way was he heading then?"

"For Mexico."

"You don't know whether he has been in Arizona since?"

"No; I don't know nothing about him, and you may tell the colonel so when you see him. I just can't help him a bit."

Old King Brady asked no further questions.

He saw that he had been entirely right in his surmise, and that he and his partners had come twenty miles out of their way on a useless errand.

"I think we may as well start right back again," he said. "Monkey, bring around the horses. If we lose no time we ought to be able to make Gila City before dark."

"Spect you kin," said Trotter. "And now, gents, since I can't be of no service to you I'll jest get to work cleaning up things hyar. If I see anything of Hi Hix I'll tell him the Bradys have come out to Arizona to ketch him."

"Do so," said Old King Brady. "Give him my compliments, please, and tell him we mean to succeed."

Ten minutes later the Bradys, followed by Monkey, started off on the desert.

There had been a heavy rainfall in connection with the cyclone, and the temperature had dropped at least thirty degrees.

Every little watercourse was running, and the cooler air brought immense relief.

"Well, Governor, it amounted to just what you thought it would," remarked Harry, as the slow-going burros pursued their walk over the sand.

"No," replied the detective. "You are dead wrong."

"Why, you said when we started that it would amount to nothing."

"I know I did; but it has amounted to a great deal."

Old King Brady put his hand into the pocket of that queer old blue coat with brass buttons, which, in connection with the big white hat with the broad brim, he invariably wears.

Producing a paper, he handed it to Harry, who, opening it, found it to be a government bond for \$1,000.

"Well, what is this?" Young King Brady demanded.

"Have you been investing in government bonds?"

"Not at all."

"What about this one, then?"

"I found in it the mix-up there at Timo."

"You did! And I was watching you all the time."

"Not all the time, Harry. You were not watching me when I took it out of that box in the hiding hole, or you would have seen me do it."

"Did this bond come out of the box?"

"Yes, the one I was leaning against. I saw a bit of paper sticking out of the crack. I pulled on it, and I got this."

"Could it have belonged to Tom Trotter?"

"Have you forgotten what we heard about the government bonds being stolen from the bank at Tupic three months ago?"

"Ah! That was one of the raids of the King of Mexico."

"Exactly. I happen to have a list of the bonds stolen on that occasion, payment on all of which has been stopped."

"A list of the numbers, you mean?"

"Yes."

"And this corresponds?"

"It does. It is the third on the list."

"Great Scott! Governor, this bond is quite worthless, of course; but it looks as if Tom Trotter and the King of Mexico might be pretty well acquainted."

"It looks as though we had visited one of the holdouts of the King during that little mix-up at Timo."

"Boss," called Monkey, "dunno as yo' keer nuffin about it; but we is being followed, we are."

"Hello!" cried Old King Brady, pulling in the burro and looking around. "Where, Monkey?"

Monkey pointed back.

Far in the distance, in the direction of Timo, a man mounted upon a broncho could be seen dashing over the desert.

Old King Brady produced his field glass and surveyed the rider critically.

"It is some greaser or another," he remarked; "but whether he is after us or not, I can't tell. It might be the King of Mexico, for all I know."

CHAPTER II.

LOST ON THE DESERT.

"I think we had better hold up and find out what that fellow wants," remarked Old King Brady, after they had

advanced a short distance. "To dodge him here in the desert is impossible. We may as well know what he is after."

They dismounted and stood by their burros, waiting for the solitary rider to come up.

He was a fine, strapping looking fellow, with intelligent countenance, and long, yellowish hair hanging down over his shoulders.

Dressed in a coat of tanned antelope hide, with a big Mexican hat banded with filigree silver lace, high boots, and revolvers thrust into his pink silk sash, he looked to be a person of importance, in his own estimation, at least.

Yet he was no Mexican, although dressed like one.

One glance was enough to show that.

"Good-day, gentlemen!" he shouted, as he approached. "Are you not the parties who left Timo about an hour ago?"

"We are," replied Old King Brady.

"Two detectives from New York hunting for the King of Mexico?"

Inwardly Old King Brady was furious.

Of course Tom Trotter had betrayed them.

"This comes from following a fool's advice," he said to himself, as he nodded assent and asked the name of his questioner.

"My name is Bill Burney," replied the man. "Tom Trotter was telling me about you. Tom is a particular friend of Colonel Carter, and he wants to help him out if he can."

"That may be so, all right," replied Old King Brady, "but I must say I did not see any particular evidence of it when I talked with him at Timo."

"Oh, Tom is a queer fellow. You can't make him talk. I happened in just after you left, and as I happen to know a thing or two about the King he suggested that I come on and make a deal with you, if I could."

"A deal?"

"Yes."

"What sort of a deal have you in mind?"

"Well, I know the King's holdout down in Sonora."

"You do?"

"Surest thing. I was doing a little prospecting back in the mountains there, and I came across it by the merest accident. Oh, you needn't look at me so sharp. I don't belong to the King's band."

"I was wondering," said Old King Brady. "I judge that you expect to be paid for any information that you give out?"

"Why, of course, old man! I'm not doing that sort of thing for love."

"Of course not. What is your price?"

"What's it worth?"

"To me personally not one cent."

"Then we can't trade."

"Possibly we may. I haven't started in on this business yet. Meet us at Fort Yuma to-morrow and I will intro-

duce you to Colonel Carter, if you don't know him. You can arrange with him for your pay."

For a minute Bill Burney made no reply.

"Well, probably I had better do that," he said. "Mean-time I am going to Gila City, and I may as well go along with you."

"Right," replied Old King Brady. "We shall be glad of your company. We shall start along right now."

The Bradys remounted their burros and resumed their slow march.

Bill Burney proved to be a very entertaining fellow.

He informed the Bradys that he was a graduate of a Western college and had received a very careful education; that since leaving college he had been knocking about among the mining regions of the far West.

The stories he told of his adventures were so interesting that Harry scarcely realized how time was passing until, upon reaching the bank of a deep, broad arroyo, they were suddenly brought to a halt.

"Great Scott, Governor! We never crossed this dried creek on our way down to Timo!" Harry exclaimed.

"You are right," said Old King Brady, quietly.

"Are we lost?"

"I expect we are."

"How did that happen?"

"Why the trail seems to have been completely obliterated between the sandstorm and the rainstorm. I have been doing my best to follow it until a few minutes ago. I thought I was all right; but it seems that I was mistaken just the same."

"Don't you know where we are, Bill?" asked Young King Brady.

"Upon my word, I don't!" was the reply. "I was just following your lead. Fact is, I am a new comer down around Timo. These desert trails are a puzzle at the best."

"Say, boss, 'pears to me like we'se been switching around to the southwest all the time," observed Monkey.

"What do you know about it, you black imp!" cried Bill Burney. "Who asked you to put in your oar?"

Monkey subsided.

Perhaps the look Old King Brady gave him helped to keep him quiet.

Burney now began to tell how easy it was to get lost in the desert, and he talked so rapidly and said so much to Harry that it seemed as if he was trying to talk against time.

Old King Brady for awhile said but little, just letting the fellow talk, until at last he remarked, in his quiet way:

"Something has to be done, Mr. Burney. Night is coming on, and we want to get to Fort Yuma. You must have ridden over the desert between Gila City and Timo many times. What do you propose?"

"Why, as I tell you, I haven't been long in this part of the country," was the reply. "I have only made the run to Gila City two or three times; but I do remember

something of the trail. I have an idea that this arroyo takes a turn a little further up. Suppose you stay here, and I'll ride ahead a mile or so and see if I am right. If I hit the trail I think I can recognize it, and I'll come back and tell you. I won't be long gone."

To Harry the proposition seemed absurd, and he started in to say so, when Old King Brady checked him with a frown.

"I think that is the best way," said the old detective. "Try it, Mr. Burney? We will stop right here until you return, provided you don't keep us waiting too long."

"You had better wait for me," said Bill. "It is no joke to lose one's self in an Arizona desert. Besides, if you go wandering about you are liable to run up against the King of Mexico."

"Which would mean a hot time," observed Old King Brady.

"And that's no dream!" exclaimed Bill, as he put spurs to his horse and went dashing away.

"Governor, what game are you playing?" demanded Harry, as soon as Bill Burney had passed out of hearing.

"Have you been asleep?" demanded Old King Brady. "Is it possible that you did not realize half an hour ago that we were going wrong?"

"I'll be honest with you. I didn't."

"You want to wake up. Even Monkey noticed that that fellow, while pretending to follow, was actually leading!"

"Dat's so, boss. I tried to catch yo' eye two or three times. In course, I didn't like to say nothing. Yo'se de boss."

"I own up," said Harry. "Then you knew all the time, Governor?"

"Certainly I did. I have been playing into the hands of the enemy, and I'll tell you why. We are working for the Secret Service Bureau, and don't want to fail in this. If we were to go straight to Fort Yuma and follow Colonel Carter's fool methods success would never come. I am satisfied that this man Burney was sent to us by Tom Trotter for no other purpose than to lead us into a trap. I want to meet this King of Mexico, and I can think of no quicker and surer plan to get a sight of his majesty than to let these fellows have their way."

Young King Brady remained silent and stood looking down into the arroyo, through which a little water was now flowing. In an hour's time it would probably be dry, and was liable to remain dry for a year to come.

"You don't like my plan, Harry?" remarked Old King Brady.

"I think you are running an awful risk, Governor."

"I realize that; but look at the case. Here is a shrewd American who for two years had been making trouble along the Arizona border, retreating into Mexico after each one of his raids. The sheriffs are powerless to follow him. The United States troops dare not follow him, for fear of making international complications. It is put up to

us to see what we can do by our best customer, the Secret Service Bureau. We just must succeed."

"Settled," said Harry. "Then you regard this Bill Burney as one of the King of Mexico's men?"

"I don't think there can be the least doubt on that score."

"Do you imagine that the plan is to inveigle us over the line into Mexico?"

"I think we are already across the line and in Mexico."

"I shouldn't wonder; but——"

"Cut it out, Harry. Here he comes."

"Of course he has been to give the tip to some one," whispered Young King Brady, not caring to let Monkey too deeply into his business.

"Undoubtedly," replied the old detective. "Take it easy, Harry. Remember our rule in these difficult cases—just to take things as we find them; and how seldom has that rule, when closely followed, failed to lead us to success?"

"Well, I've found the trail!" cried Bill Burney. "We are not so far out of our road after all."

"That's good," replied Old King Brady. "Now, then, brother, you are the guide. Lead on, and we will follow whichever way you choose to go."

A ride of two hours followed, which should have brought the Bradys to Gila, even with nothing better than burros to carry them, for they had already covered ten miles or more before the halt came.

But, instead of striking the railroad, they found themselves still on the desert, with night coming on.

Bill Burney all the while kept up his lively talk, assuring the detectives that it was all right, and they would soon hear the whistle of the trains.

Just at dusk he suddenly changed his tune.

"I give up!" he exclaimed. "I don't like to own myself beaten, but we are lost all right."

"Of course we are," said Old King Brady. "I have known that this long time."

"Then why didn't you say something about it?" demanded Bill, in some surprise.

"Oh, it isn't my way to interfere with a man when he is running things. We will tie up for the night at that town over there and in the morning take a fresh start."

"What town?" cried Bill, showing still greater surprise. "Where do you see a town?"

"Over there," said Old King Brady, pointing toward the southwestern horizon, where little white specks could be seen rising above the line of the desert.

"You have sharp eyes, old man."

"My eyes are all right."

"I see it now. Didn't notice it before, though. I think you are right. We had better make for it. Indeed, it is the only thing we can do."

"Unless we want to put in the night here on the desert," said Old King Brady; "and that would not be very pleasant, to be sure."

"Sure enough. Suppose I dash ahead and secure comfortable quarters for all hands?"

"I wish you would. It will take us an hour yet to get there with these slow-going burros."

Bill was soon away, riding at full speed over the desert.

"It seems like running one's head into the lion's mouth," remarked Young King Brady.

"Just so," replied the old detective; "but remember we are after the lion, my boy."

CHAPTER III.

THE FANDANGO AT ZAREPA.

It was entirely dark when the Bradys and Monkey reached the twinkling lights which now for a long time had been the only indication of the town ahead of them.

It proved to be a wretched collection of a few dozen whitewashed adobes, dropped on the desert almost at the foot of the towering mountain range, which the Bradys had been watching during the last hours of their long ride, and which Bill Burney had repeatedly assured them were the mountains lying beyond the line of the Southern Pacific railroad.

Bill came dashing out from among the adobes to meet them.

"So you have got here at last!" he exclaimed. "It is a good thing that I came ahead as I did. I've secured the only vacant house in town, and I had no sooner made the arrangement when a big gang of prospectors who have been operating up in the mountains came tumbling into the place. They are wild because there are no accommodations for them."

"Yes?" replied Old King Brady. "Well, I hope they don't pull us out of ours, that's all. What place is this?"

"Town of Zarepa."

"Sonora; so we are in Mexico?"

"So it appears. I can't understand how I came to make such a mistake."

"It can't be helped now. Any chance to get something to eat?"

"That's all arranged for. There is a German fellow running a bodega here who has agreed to fix up a supper for us. I think it must be about ready now. There's to be a baile to-night. Things will be lively, I guess."

There was an unusual hustle in Zarepa, for a sleepy Sonora town.

The prospectors were in evidence everywhere. Rough fellows, with big boots and wide-brimmed Mexican hats, filled the two bodegas, or grocery stores, and prowled up and down the narrow streets.

Even the sleepy greasers, with their gay colored serapes, or cloaks, wrapped around them, and the inevitable cigarette in their mouths, seemed to be wider awake than Old King Brady had ever seen a bunch of greasers before.

They gathered in little groups at the corners of the houses and eyed the prospectors, who appeared to be all Americans, with little favor.

Every time one of them would try to address some black-eyed senorita three or four greasers would suddenly appear at her side.

Not a word was spoken. The black looks of the greasers were enough to send the prospector sliding away.

The Bradys found their adobe a little tumble-down one-story affair, with barred windows and an earth floor alive with fleas.

Here Monkey left their traps, and tied up the burros in one corner of the room, as Bill Burney assured the detectives that they were sure to be stolen if left outside.

The Bradys then made their way through the crowd into the principal bodega, where Bill introduced them to the proprietor, a coffee-colored individual who answered to the name of Don Pelayo.

The Don demanded five dollars for the supper, and upon receiving it showed the Bradys and their friend Bill into a stuffy little box of a room, where they feasted on tortillas, huevos fritos and frijoles, which, being Americanized, means pancakes, fried eggs and black beans stewed.

The supper was good, much to Harry's surprise.

Monkey's portion was sent down to the hut by a little Mexican boy, while the Bradys went out into the bodega and, mingling with the crowd, listened to mining talk.

A few of the prospectors spoke to them; but they appeared to be rather a civil lot, and no one tried to interfere with the detectives in any way.

At nine o'clock the fandango began.

As the Bradys learned afterward, Zarepa was noted for its fandangos.

It had the dignity of possessing a dancing hall also.

The hall consisted of a floor of planed boards resting upon posts and covered with a roof of thatch, being open on all sides.

Here the pretty senoritas gathered, and here, also, the prospectors flocked.

Even with the watchfulness of the greasers the senoritas were soon dancing with the hated "gringos," the contemptuous term applied by Mexicans to all strangers from over the American line.

Four guitars and an old harp, with many of the strings missing, furnished the music.

By ten o'clock the fandango was in full swing.

Old King Brady, it is unnecessary to say, did not join in the festivities, but sat talking with an old prospector, who told him all about the band who had invaded the town.

Thus the old detective was able to learn that they were genuine prospectors all right, and not members of the King of Mexico's band, as he had at first supposed.

Meanwhile Harry was waltzing with a pretty, black-eyed senorita to whom he had introduced himself, observ-

ing that she was not under the guardianship of any particular greaser.

She informed Harry that her name was Anita and that she just loved "Americanos." Moreover, she had been a waiter at a hotel in Tucson, and spoke excellent English.

Anita was a splendid slow waltzer, and so was Harry.

During that first hour of the baile they had a real good time.

There had been no fight yet, although the "aguuardiente," or Mexican brandy, was flowing freely.

At half past eleven Harry resigned his partner to a young greaser who had been forcing himself upon them from time to time, and joined the old detective outside the pavilion.

This was in response to a secret signal made by Old King Brady.

Things were getting lively on the floor, for the aguuardiente and the "mescal" were beginning to get in their fine work.

Cries of:

"Va! Va! Carita! Tomi mi bolsa!" (Go it! Go it, my little dear! Take my purse—or, you are the girl for my money!) could be heard on all sides.

"You seem to be having a fine time up there all by yourself," said Old King Brady, gravely. "Probably you don't realize the danger we are in."

"I am leaving that all to you, Governor. It was your notion, coming down here."

"Right! Mark me, something is going to come of it. Did you note that Bill Burney is not in evidence there at the fandango?"

"He was dancing awhile ago. I haven't seen him for the last half-hour, though."

"You have been too busy making love to attend to business. It is now over an hour since our treacherous guide slid out."

"Don't put it that way, Governor. I've learned something while making love."

"Huh!"

"Contempt for my brilliant work don't alter facts. May I—"

"I followed him out of town," broke in Old King Brady. "He went straight for the mountains, and no doubt with the intention of bringing the King of Mexico down upon us to create a mix-up. I think his plans must have miscarried in some way. I don't understand the delay."

"Then you look for trouble before morning?"

"Surest thing, Harry. But pardon me for finding fault with you. I am getting worried, and this harping and twanging and all the rest of it makes me sick."

"Take it easy. I've secured an ally who may prove valuable."

"Not the little greaser dame you have been dancing with? You have scarcely spoken with any one else?"

"That's the party. She knows the King of Mexico well."

"How can that be?"

"It seems that this Hi Hix once kept a gambling house in Tucson. Anita was a table girl at the hotel. She is terribly down on him. She claims that he promised to marry her and she is out for revenge."

"Let her get it her own way, then. It ain't for us to mix up in her quarrels."

"Hold on. You haven't heard all yet. The girl is anxious to get to Fort Yuma, and I know would tie to us. She says she has relations here. She has got a photograph of the King which might prove very useful to us, and she says she knows his holdout in the mountains back of here."

"What! What! She has been there?"

"No. The king has described it to her. We don't want to throw her over our shoulder by any means. Just offer her a hundred to betray all the secrets she knows about this man Hix and it is my belief that, as far as she is concerned, it will be the beginning of the end."

"Say no more," replied Old King Brady. "It may prove a good lead; but this thing has not worked out as I expected. I made sure that these prospectors belonged to the gang, but I have found out differently now."

"They have nothing to do with the gang, Anita says."

"I know. I have been talking with several of them. But come, Harry! What I wanted you for must be attended to. We will slide out of town a little way and go on the watch."

"You expect a raid, then?"

"Listen! You saw me talking with that old man?"

"Yes."

"He informs me that his party, between them, have brought over a hundred thousand dollars in gold dust with them out of the mountains. He has reason to believe that one of their number who deserted was a spy belonging to the gang. He looks for a raid on Zarepa this very night."

"That means lively work, Governor."

"You bet it does; and we must be prepared. My scheme is to keep on the outside of the mix-up, capture the King of Mexico, and take him to Fort Yuma if we can."

"A beautiful programme; but one which I fear it will be very difficult to carry out."

"Come," said Old King Brady. "Let them drink, sing and dance; but we will get down to business and see what this night is to bring forth."

Old King Brady led the way to the hut, where they had left the burros.

Thrusting his head through the low doorway, he called: "Monkey! Monkey!"

There was no answer.

"What's the matter with Monkey?" asked Harry. "Has he sneaked up to the pavilion to see the fandango, do you think?"

"Not at all," replied Old King Brady. "I sent him off on the desert to reconnoiter. He has not yet returned."

He led the way behind the adobe, which on this side was one of the last houses in town.

"There he comes!" said Harry, as a dark figure could be seen running toward them over the sandy plain.

It was Monkey, fast enough.

His eyes were rolling as he came up, all out of breath.

"Big gang over dar a-hidin' in de arroyo, boss!" he whispered. "I see 'em. Dey's comin' here to clean out de hull business in a little while."

"Good boy, Monkey!" exclaimed Old King Brady, in hushed tones. "How far away are they?"

"Bout half a mile, boss."

"How many are there of them?"

"How many fingers I got, boss?"

"Ten, Monkey."

"Dat's right. Den dere's fo' times as many men in de arroyo, an' Massa Bill Burney he there, too."

"Exactly," replied Old King Brady. "I thought as much. Monkey, you are all right. Was you listening to their talk?"

"Listened all I could, boss. Couldn't hear much, dough. Arroyo terribil deep, drowned out dere voices like."

"Shall we go?" asked Harry. "No doubt one of us could easily get down into the arroyo and find out the intentions of the men."

"No," replied Old King Brady. "We will wait and watch here; or, rather I will. Do you get back and warn that girl Anita. Let her pass the word to every one of her people that the King of Mexico is about to descend upon the town."

Harry slid back into Zarepa, while Old King Brady, directing Monkey to remain at his side, lighted a cigar and remained leaning against the adobe, looking off over the desert under the light of the stars.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KING COMES TO TOWN.

Anita was dancing with a wicked looking greaser when Harry climbed up into the pavilion.

It is not as it used to be in Sonora.

American music and American dances, as well as many other things American have penetrated that benighted country.

It seems strange that these people should insist in borrowing manners and customs from the neighbors they so bitterly hate.

Harry leaned against a post and tried to catch Anita's eye.

At last he succeeded.

The bright little senorita readily understood his signal, abrupt as it was.

Harry saw her shake her partner the moment the dance was over.

When he slipped around behind the pavilion he expected Anita to join them, and the girl did in a few moments' time.

"Were you speaking to your boss?" she asked. "Will he let me go to Yuma along with you?"

"I don't think he will raise any very violent objections, Anita," replied Harry; "at the same time, he did not seem to care so very much about it. I don't see how you are going to get out of town without trouble. You seem to have loss of friends here."

"Not a friend. I came down here to look for a cousin of mine; but I found she was dead. I want to get back over the line just as quick as ever I can. Wait till to-morrow. If a young fellow joins you after you are a little way out of town don't be too curious about him, for——"

There was a rustle behind them, under the pavilion, which was raised about four feet above the ground.

"Look out!" breathed Anita, springing away.

Harry did the same, and not an instant too soon.

Out from under the pavilion leaped the young greaser who had been dancing with Anita. He held a gleaming knife clutched in his hand.

"You gringo! You take my girl away!" he hissed in Spanish, at the same time making a lunge at Young King Brady.

Harry caught his wrist, and almost broke it as he twisted it until he dropped the knife.

"For shame, Pepe!" cried Anita. "Would you stab my friend?"

"He is no friend. You do not know him!" hissed Pepe, as quickly cowed as greasers usually are.

"I'll prove to you that I am her friend, and yours, too," said Young King Brady quickly. "Listen, both of you! I am an American detective—see."

Harry threw back the lapel of his coat and displayed his shield.

"Ah! I thought you were something great!" exclaimed Anita, admiringly, while Pepe scowled blacker than ever.

"You have heard of the King of Mexico?" continued Young King Brady. "Yes? Well, we are after him. We know that he and his band are near. We also know that in a very short time he will descend upon Zarepa and clean the place out!"

"Carramba!" cried Pepe.

"The wretch!" echoed Anita, her eyes blazing with fury. "Oh, Mr. Brady, if there is only something I can do to help."

"Tell everybody," said Harry. "Let the dance continue; but let all be ready. The Americans here are the ones they are after. They will help to drive these fellows off. Now, you see, Pepe, while you are getting jealous and trying to kill me I am working to help you and your people here."

Pepe looked ashamed and wanted to shake hands.

"Go down and start things up, Anita!" said Harry, hurriedly. "If we should capture the King, and we intend to do so if we can, we may make a start for Fort Yuma to-night; so if that young man you were speaking of wants to go with us he had better be on hand."

"He will be!" said Anita. "Don't you fear!"

Harry now hurried back to the adobe, where he found Old King Brady and Monkey still trying to hold up the hut.

"Well, have you started the ball rolling?" the old detective inquired.

"Yes. Seen anything of them?"

"Not yet. I'm keeping a sharp lookout, however."

"Probably they will hold off until nearer morning."

"Hard to tell! I begin to think that—ha! Look!"

"Something doing at last, Governor!"

In the distance a horseman suddenly appeared under the stars.

As the Bradys continued to watch they saw another, and still another mounted man appear.

Others followed. They ranged themselves in line and seemed to be waiting for a signal to start.

"Governor, it must be the gang all right," breathed Harry.

"It is, of course, if Monkey has made no mistake," replied Old King Brady.

"No mistake, boss," said Monkey. "In course dey am de gang. Dat ar's jes' de spot whar I done seen 'em. Now dey start! You blame soon find out whether Monkey makes mistakes or not."

"Right, monkey! They are on the move," said Old King Brady. "Now, then, Harry, to see how your game has worked."

They rounded the adobe and returned into the little town.

The music was still in full tilt in the pavilion; but the male dancers had disappeared to a man.

It was just women dancing with women.

Several old Dons, with their serapes wrapped around, stood guard at the foot of the steps.

A few of the prospectors were still on the dancing floor, wondering what the change of affairs meant, no doubt; but the majority of them hung to the cafes, where several poker games had been started.

Old King Brady rushed into Don Pelayo's bodega and shouted:

"Gentlemen, get your guns! Prepare to fight the King of Mexico if you want to hold on to your gold!"

Never was there such a stampede.

Cards were thrown aside and jackpots forgotten.

All came crowding out of the cafes, and there was a rush for the corral, where the horses had been left under guard, when Old King Brady more fully explained.

The Bradys went with them.

The prospectors had several spare horses, and Old King Brady resolved to abandon the burros, and purchased three horses on the spot.

Meanwhile the greasers were hiding in their houses, but all ready for business.

Nothing suits the average Mexican so well as an ambush.

The musicians were kept at their post, and the girls kept on the dancing floor as a bait. But it looked as

though there was likely to be a hot reception ready for the King of Mexico when he came.

The Bradys, however, were not in evidence.

This was somewhat unusual, for generally they are in the thick of the fight in cases of this kind.

As soon as they had secured the horses Old King Brady ran them around behind the corral and left them in charge of Monkey, while they sneaked along the edge of the town, watching the approach of the outlaw band.

"They are a well mounted gang," remarked Old King Brady, as they stood in the shadow of the adobe watching the outlaws approach.

"That's what they are," replied Harry. "I take it that big fellow in the lead must be the King."

"Now, listen, Harry," said the old detective, "these prospectors are nothing to us, and the greasers still less; what we want is the King of Mexico. Let us keep dark, lay for him, and get him if we can."

"You can," spoke a voice around the corner of the adobe. "If you want to catch the King of Mexico just watch me."

"Ah, there!" cried Harry. "Is it you, Anita?"

It was no one else, but the girl was gone before the Bradys could get near her.

"Follow her," said Old King Brady. "Keep her in sight. I'll be on hand when the right time comes."

Ten minutes later the outlaw band descended upon the town.

Great strapping fellows for the most part, they were as fine a looking company as Old King Brady had seen in many a long day.

All were dressed in Mexican costume, and the bronchos which they rode were of the finest stock.

Each man wore a big white Mexican hat, and the most of them had little silver bells strung around the rim.

The stirrup straps of their high saddles were all strung with Mexican dollars, which jingled musically as they came dashing into the town.

The girls on the dancing floor fled at their approach.

They had only remained there so as to make the outlaws believe their coming was not observed.

When the band, headed by the King himself, came dashing into the plaza there was not a soul to be seen.

Don Pelayo's bodega and the cafes were tight-shut.

Every light in town had suddenly been extinguished.

Throwing up their revolvers, the outlaws discharged them into the air.

"Wake up here!" shouted the leader. "I am the King of Mexico! Listen to my proclamation! We are after Joe Miles' band. Turn them over to us, and not a greaser in this place shall be harmed."

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTURE OF THE KING.

The proclamation of the King of Mexico brought matters to a head at once.

Not a native showed his face.

The Zarepans cared nothing for the strangers who had introduced themselves upon their hospitality.

Of course the Bradys had no means of knowing how the case actually stood; but they shrewdly suspected that the King was well known in Zarepa, and that the inhabitants of that sleepy municipality were quite ready to stand in with him.

It certainly looked so from the way things went that night.

The prospectors under the leadership of Joe Miles, the elderly man to whom Old King Brady had been talking, were, however, of entirely different mold.

The large amount of gold dust which they had in their possession made them desperate.

Gathered in the corral, where they could be on hand to defend their horses, the men were all ready for fight.

With one concerted yell they now showed themselves at the head of the roughly paved, irregular street which led up to the corral.

"Down with Hi Hix!" Joe Miles shouted. "Freeborn Americans acknowledge no king."

"Hot work was right at hand.

It was no question of which should draw first.

Both sides fired together.

There was no nonsense about it, either. Both sides shot to kill.

In less time than it takes to tell it half a dozen of the prospectors lay dead or wounded, and four or five of the King's men went down.

Three times Joe Miles fired at the King himself, and his majesty of Mexico turned his full attention to old Joe.

It was literally a duel to the death; but in the uncertain light it was somewhat prolonged.

Then Old King Brady, watching from behind one of the adobes, saw Joe Miles go down.

Wild shouts from the King's men announced the victory, as the prospectors fled into the corral.

At first the outlaws were disposed to make a rush for them, but the King held them back.

"Wait!" he shouted. Stand your ground, boys! We've got 'em foul. Let 'em come and surrender before I count twenty, or not a man will be left alive to tell the tale."

The moments of silence which followed were most oppressive.

"At last there came the rush out of the corral.

The miners were mounted now.

Their well-filled saddle-bags formed a tempting bait.

The outlaws opened fire the instant they passed through the gate of the corral.

Coming as they did from abreast, this fire was most effective.

There were six platoons of them, and out of every platoon two or three went down, while the others dashed off over the plains.

They were not pursued.

The outlaws fired more for the horses than the men, their aim being to capture the gold.

Out of twenty-four horses, only ten escaped.

Four more of the King's men fell in that mad dash, and then the end came.

The bulk of the gold had fallen into the hands of the King of Mexico. Joe Miles was dead, and such of his followers as had survived were flying across the desert for their lives.

All this Harry saw from under the dancing pavilion, where he had taken refuge.

He had not seen Anita. He did not know where Old King Brady was.

During the entire mix-up not a greaser showed himself.

Now that all was over, the King found himself in full possession of the town.

The King now proceeded to give his orders.

"Make for the saddle-bags, boys! Secure the gold first!" he shouted.

The King himself did not dismount, but most of the others did.

The saddle-bags were overhauled and transferred to the outlaws' horses.

Harry knew by the shouts, plainly heard, that they were making a rich haul.

The King then dismounted and began to look over his own wounded.

Several were removed to the corral for treatment.

That was the time Young King Brady saw something which he had never witnessed before.

In two instances the merciless outlaw drew his revolver and shot a wounded man dead.

These were his own men, whom he judged had no chance of recovery.

Three of the wounded prospectors were shot the same way.

The dead were then all carried outside the line of houses and thrown down upon the desert.

A guard was left at the corral to keep guard on the treasure-laden horses, and then the King, at the head of his band, with Bill Burney at his side, marched into the plaza.

Altogether, it was the most cold-blooded affair Harry had ever witnessed.

So far the mix-up had all run one way.

Reaching the plaza, the King mounted the steps of the dancing pavilion, and shouted:

"Hey, you blamed greasers! Come out of your holes and show yourselves! It is the will of the King that this fandango should go on."

The Mexicans responded slowly.

A number of men came sneaking out of the houses.

Most of the women followed them.

The musicians took their places again and began playing.

"Hold up on that music for a moment!" shouted the King. "There were two fellows who came into town to-

night with a nigger boy—an old man and a young one! Where are they?"

The call was made in Spanish.

Don Pelayo, answering for the citizens of Zarepa, assured the King that they did not know.

There was some further talk, and then came a man who declared that he had seen the Bradys (making off over the desert.

It was Pepe.

Harry felt certain that Anita had sent him out to tell that lie.

It worked, however.

The King, seemingly satisfied, ordered the musicians to begin, and soon the fandango was in full progress.

Young King Brady was chafing terribly at his confinement.

He did not know what to do.

The outlaws were dancing with the pretty señoritas overhead, making the platform creak and tremble as Harry crawled over to the end away from the steps.

He had made up his mind to get in behind the corral, where Old King Brady had left Monkey in charge of the horses, thinking that perhaps he might find the old detective there, when all at once he saw a dark form half rise ahead of him, and a heavy hand was laid on his mouth.

It was Old King Brady himself.

"Hush, Harry!" he whispered. "Not a move! Look there!"

Old King Brady pointed out from under the pavilion toward an adobe near to the one in which they had intended to pass the night.

Two persons were walking toward it.

Anita was one, and the King of Mexico the other.

They passed around the corner of the hut and disappeared, for the door opened on the side away from the pavilion.

"Our chance to take a hand in this mix-up, Harry!" breathed Old King Brady. "That girl knows her business. She has handled her cards well."

"Yes."

"Harry, you did not come up with the girl?"

"No; I was too late. I had no chance to do anything but to sneak under here."

"I did. I was talking with her. It is well arranged. She has inveigled the King into that hut for our special benefit. I paid her a hundred dollars to do the job, as you suggested. Now is our chance."

"And the gold?"

"We are not in it on that. We want the King of Mexico. If we can deliver that fellow at Fort Yuma we shall have done a big thing."

"Governor, it is taking an awful risk."

"We are here to take risks. There will be no better time than the present, while the attention of his followers is taken up with the dance. Are you ready, boy?"

"I am always ready."

"Now, then," said Old King Brady.

They crawled out from under the pavilion, shot across the open space, and turned the corner of the hut.

"One quick rush and all is done!" breathed Old King Brady, drawing his revolver.

They sprang into the hut, where the King of Mexico stood talking to Anita with his back turned.

"What is this?" he cried, swinging around and reaching for his gun.

He did not get it.

The cold muzzles of the Bradys' revolvers were pressed against his forehead on the instant.

"Hi Hix, this is the time to surrender!" said Old King Brady, in low, impressive tones.

The rage seen in the King's face was terrible to witness.

"Anita, you little fiend! This is your work!" he hissed.

"You bet it is, Hi! I'm proud of it!" returned the girl, leaning against the wall of the adobe and beginning to roll a cigarette. Many Mexican ladies smoke.

"Throw up your hands, or I instantly fire!" the old detective sternly said.

The hands went up.

"I yield to force of circumstances," said the King. "Wait! My time will yet come!"

"I daresay! The time of several poor wretches came to-night through you," replied the detective. "You know who I am?"

"Old King Brady, I suppose. Secret Service agent hired by Colonel Carter to run me down."

"You are well informed."

The King seemed completely cowed.

Old King Brady now slipped a pair of regulation handcuffs about his wrists.

To make matters more secure, he tied his arms in front of him with a strong cord, and jammed a silk handkerchief into his mouth for a gag.

"Anita, is there any one in this house beside ourselves?"

"No one," replied the girl.

"You still wish to go with us?"

"I do. I shall never be happy until I see Hi Hix hung."

The King glared at the girl.

It was all he could do, for he was past speaking now.

"Come!" said the old detective. "Let's get on the move!"

They passed out of the hut and, skirting the backs of the adobes, gained the high corral.

The twang of the guitars and the shouts of the dancers must have made the King feel rather sick.

His entire band seemed to be right in it, while he was on the outside of all these festivities, and on a fair way to get to the gallows, unless something occurred to interfere with the old detective's plans.

In taking possession of the corral the King had never thought to look behind it, where he would have discovered

Monkey and the three horses which Old King Brady had bought.

"Oh, you'se got him! You'se done gone an' caught de King!" Monkey cried.

"Hush! Make no noise!" said Old King Brady. "We must be off! Here! Help me put this man into the saddle. Harry, will you ride behind him, or will I?"

"I will. I'm the smallest," replied Young King Brady.

"Do so, then! And Monkey shall ride behind me, leaving Anita a horse for herself."

In this way the Bradys and their prisoner rode off upon the desert.

By dawn they were well on their way to Fort Yuma, Old King Brady finding no difficulty in guiding himself by the aid of the stars.

CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL CARTER AND THE KING.

The Bradys halted for breakfast beside a small dry watercourse just over the Arizona line, where there was a little grove of cottonwood trees.

Here the prisoner's arms were untied, but a stout cord was bound about his ankles, and he was allowed a change of position by being stood up against a tree.

The gag was also removed, and while Harry built a fire and Anita proceeded to prepare breakfast, with the aid of Monkey, who had brought along a good hamper of provisions, Old King Brady informed Hi Hix that if he had anything to say his remarks would now be listened to.

"I don't know as I care to do much talking," was the reply. "You have got me, and that seems to be all there is to it. I suppose I shall have to face the music. There doesn't seem to be any other way."

"You speak like an educated man."

"I am an educated man. I am a college bred man, if it comes to that."

"What college?"

"No matter."

"Then your name is probably not Hi Hix."

"No more than yours is actually Old King Brady."

"My name is Brady. The rest was tacked on by my friends."

"And mine is not Hix. What it is I'll never tell you; but while you are disposed to talk there are a few questions which I would like to ask."

"Ask them."

"You intend to deliver me to Colonel Carter?"

"I do."

"Shall I be hung on the spot, or do I get a trial?"

"I cannot tell you. I do not know what the colonel's orders are. I should suppose, however, that you would receive a trial, as a matter of course."

"There is no course about it. Men of my kind are generally hung first and tried afterward out here."

"Just so! Anything further you want to know?"

"I don't know as there is," growled the King; "but I'll give you one little pointer, and I'll give it to you straight, old man."

"What is that?"

"You and that son of yours will never get out of Arizona alive."

"Young King Brady is not my son. He is my partner."

"I don't give a blame who he is, or what he is; mind what I tell you. He will never get out of Arizona alive."

"We'll see about that," replied the old detective, coldly. "In the meanwhile it appears to be a waste of time to talk to you. I think I'll attend to my own affairs."

Breakfast over, the Bradys got on the move again.

It was hotter than ever. Such weather Old King Brady had never experienced.

But it was to be expected, for Fort Yuma bears the reputation of being the hottest place in the United States.

The thermometer registered 120 degrees when the Bradys, with their prisoner, rode up to the fort.

Their coming created little excitement.

There were two sentries at the gate of the old fort, who saluted and asked their business.

"I have an appointment here with Colonel Carter," said Old King Brady. "Is he within the fort?"

"He is," replied the soldier. "The colonel is on the sick list. I don't know if he will see you. I will take in your name."

Not a word was said about the prisoner, who, with the detectives, remained outside the high stockade until word came out that the colonel would see them at once.

Passing through the gate, the sentry ordered a halt.

"It is only you who goes to the colonel, sir," he said, respectfully. "The others must wait for orders. They can ride in under that shed there, where they will be in the shade."

"Good!" said Old King Brady. "I was afraid you were going to insist upon my friends remaining outside in the sun. It is rather hot."

"Well, it is somewhat warm, sir," replied the soldier; "but nothing to what it is sometimes."

"Then deliver me from Fort Yuma in a hot time," muttered the old detective, mopping his brow as he followed the soldier into the barracks.

Here, under an awning in the rear of the long building, he found the colonel swinging in a hammock, making a cigarette and sipping orange sangaree between dreams.

Colonel Carter was a dudish, affected individual; a man decidedly not in Old King Brady's style.

Yet the old detective was glad enough to find somebody at the fort, for so far, outside the sentries, he had not seen a soul.

"Oh—er—aw! So you are Old King What's-his-name," drawled Colonel Carter, taking a puff at his cigarette. "How de do? Rather warm."

Old King Brady was furious; yet, to show it would have been ridiculous, and he restrained himself the best he could.

"I believe I have an appointment with you, colonel," he said. "You seem to be decidedly comfortable there, and with your permission I'll proceed to make myself the same."

Thus saying, Old King Brady put the sangaree pitcher on the ground and seated himself on the table.

Colonel Carter put on his eyeglasses and stared.

"Aw—say—er—it is customary for people to stand in my presence, don't you know!" he exclaimed.

"All right," said Old King Brady. "I'll stand up when I get rested. Perhaps, Colonel Carter, it would be just as well if you remembered that I am in the employ of the Secret Service Bureau, and not a private in the Fifty-sixth. Understand once and for all, sir, you talk to me like a gentleman, or I leave this place and return to Washington at once."

Colonel Carter glared.

"Where you fancy you have something in the way of a pull, I daresay," he drawled.

"Where I have pull enough to have your insolence duly punished, Colonel Carter," said Old King Brady, rising. "Probably I had better take my departure. I can go over to Yuma and wait for my train there as well as at the fort."

"Stop," said the colonel. "There is no sense in this misunderstanding, Mr. Brady. I—er—well, I apologize. It is a hot day. I am not well, and—er—and out of temper. Let it pass."

"It depends upon yourself, colonel. If you think that you could be able to remember that I am a civilian and not one of your soldiers I am willing to let it pass."

"So be it," said the colonel. "Well, what have you to report?"

"I am here to report to you. I received your letter at Gila City, and took the enclosure to the man Trotter, at Timo, according to request."

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"What came of it?"

"Trotter could give me no information."

"So? Where have you been since?"

"Busy."

"That is no answer."

"It is my answer."

"You were sent here to help me hunt down this outlaw, this King of Mexico, as he styles himself. I doubt if your services are necessary, however. I understand that the King has run north to Arizona with his band. I have sent the best part of the regiment after him."

"Indeed! When did they start?"

"This morning."

"Who gave you this information upon which you acted?"

"Really, you are becoming quite pressing with your questions, Mr. Brady."

"No more so than the situation warrants."

"What do you mean? What do you know?"

"I happen to know that the King of Mexico did not go north of the railroad with his band."

"You do!"

"I do!"

"What? Where? Where is he?"

"Handcuffed, tied to a horse and under the barracks shed, waiting for you to have done with all this nonsense and come down to business with me."

Colonel Carter made one leap out of the hammock, and faced Old King Brady with a countenance as pale as death.

"You have captured this man, then?" he demanded, controlling himself with the greatest difficulty.

"I have. I have performed the duty for which I was engaged by the Secret Service Bureau. I have made the King of Mexico a prisoner, and have fulfilled my mission by delivering him here at the fort."

"You have done well," said the colonel. "I will take charge of the man. Have you taken any of his followers as well?"

"No."

"Where was the capture made?"

"At the town of Zarepa, in Sonora."

"How was it accomplished?"

"Pardon me. I do not consider it necessary to explain my methods."

"You are still holding a grudge against me, Mr. Brady."

There was a decided whine in Colonel Carter's voice.

It was really remarkable the change his manner had undergone.

Old King Brady, trying to study his case the best he could, was entirely unable to understand what all this meant.

But there was one thing which he had observed at the start which puzzled him greatly, and was puzzling him still.

Between Colonel Carter and the captured King there existed a strong personal resemblance.

As Old King Brady looked at the man now it seemed even more marked, and he asked himself what it could possibly mean, as he coldly replied:

"I have cut out my grudge against you as far as I can, Colonel Carter. I will cut out the balance of it if you will give me a little time."

"Certainly. Certainly. I am not well. It is all a mistake. I—er—I will have this prisoner brought before me. I will take charge of him. Those are the orders, I believe?"

"My orders were to capture the King of Mexico and deliver him to you. This accomplished, I am out of the case."

Thus saying, Old King Brady turned, walked through the hall of the barracks and returned to the yard outside.

Harry, Anita and Monkey stood around; but the King still remained tied to his horse.

There were a few soldiers standing around watching the group, so the fort was not utterly deserted, it seemed.

Old King Brady looked at the prisoner curiously.

Allowing for the difference in dress, the resemblance between the King and Colonel Carter was certainly very strong.

Old King Brady assisted the prisoner to dismount.

"We shall not remain here long," he said to Anita. "I will take you over to Yuma and give up this business right now."

"You do?" demanded the girl, in surprise.

"I do."

"I'd like to have a talk with you before you go to Yuma, Mr. Brady."

"Say what you have to say now."

"No; not now."

"Why not?"

"I'll explain later."

"Very good. Come, Harry, we will take the prisoner in!"

"This is a queer shop," remarked Young King Brady, as they walked along. "The few soldiers there are here appear to be half asleep."

"It's the best, I fancy."

"Where's the Fifty-sixth?" demanded the King.

"Gone to hunt you," replied the detective.

Again Hix gave that curious chuckle.

He seemed to regard being taken before Colonel Carter something in the light of a joke.

They passed through the hall and out on the veranda, where they found Colonel Carter in the hammock again, busy with his sangaree and cigarettes.

Seen face to face, the resemblance between the two men was so strong that Harry noticed it at a glance.

"So you are the King of Mexico?" demanded Colonel Carter, putting on his eyeglasses and surveying the prisoner.

"That is what they call me," replied the outlaw, drawing himself up proudly. "You are Colonel Jack Carter of the Fifty-sixth?"

"You know me, my man."

"Well? And what?"

"What do you mean by this familiarity?" demanded Colonel Carter, fiercely.

"Familiarity!" cried the King, bitterly. "Be it so. I mean what is to become of me?"

"You will be imprisoned in the casemates and sent to Tucson for trial."

They were looking each other full in the eyes now.

The resemblance was startling.

"These men are something to each other, surely," Old King Brady said to himself.

Colonel Carter touched an electric button and a bell rang sharply.

Four soldiers armed with muskets promptly appeared.

"Take this man to casemate No. 9," ordered the colonel. "Let him be duly confined there until further orders."

"Hold on," said Old King Brady. "I want my handcuffs, please."

The colonel glared, but the old detective coolly removed the handcuffs.

"Thank you for bringing me to the fort, Mr. Brady," said the King. "I owe you a debt of gratitude for this which I hope to repay later on."

Old King Brady made no reply, and the prisoner was marched off by the soldiers.

"I am through, colonel," said the old detective. "Have you anything further to say?"

"Nothing. I presume you will render your report promptly?"

"To the Secret Service Bureau?"

"Yes."

"Certainly. Anything further?"

"Nothing further."

"Good-day, colonel."

"Good-day."

"Colonel Carter and the King look enough alike to be brothers, Governor," whispered Harry as they returned through the hall.

CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL CARTER COMES AROUND.

Anita was pacing up and down, paying no attention to the soldiers who watched her as she smoked her cigarette.

"What did you want to say to me?" asked Old King Brady, having ordered Monkey to bring the horses out.

"I'll tell you when we are out of here," replied Anita, springing lightly into the saddle, for she was a splendid rider.

"All right," replied Old King Brady. "Take your time."

He and Harry mounted, Monkey getting up behind the old detective as before.

The gate was then thrown open by the sentinel, and they rode off toward the town of Yuma, where Old King Brady proposed to take the train.

As soon as they were well away from the fort Anita urged her horse up alongside of Old King Brady, and said:

"I am going to tell you now what Hi Hix told me while we were together in the hut there at Zarepa. I think you ought to know."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because I feared him."

"Would you fear him any more for betraying his secrets than for delivering him into my hands?"

"I promised not to tell. I did not care to have him know that I had broken my word."

"Ah!" said Old King Brady. "You take a strange view of the matter. Well, go on with what you have to say."

"The gang mean to attack the fort, Mr. Brady. It is all arranged."

"Ha! Is it so?"

"Yes. You noticed that there were very few soldiers there."

"Yes. The regiment has gone up to Aricopa Wells."

"On a hunt for the King?"

"Yes."

"On information furnished by one Tom Trotter, who keeps a joint at Timo?"

"Yes; I see you are well posted."

"He was to lead the attack on foot?"

"Yes."

"Who will lead now?"

"Bill Burney."

"Ah! The fellow who took us down to Zarepa with the intention of betraying us into the hands of the King."

"That is the man."

"I see. Well, Anita, I thank you for this. I also thank you for not telling me sooner."

"What do you intend to do about it?" Harry asked. "I don't understand what you mean."

"I'm going to think about it first," said Old King Brady; "but the one thing I am not going to do is to tell Colonel Carter."

"And why?"

"He has hurried me off the case, and there are other reasons. Still, I shall act. Just how I can't say at the present moment."

They rode on in silence.

"What do you propose to do when we get to Yuma?" the detective asked Anita after awhile.

"Apply for work at the Pacific hotel."

"Well, don't leave town without letting us know," said Old King Brady, and they rode across the river into the town.

The Bradys went to the Pacific hotel, too, and engaged rooms for the night.

Harry was curious to know what his chief intended to do about the raid on the fort.

"If I can engage a band of thirty or fifty men I mean to stand up against these fellows and have a little mix-up with them on my own account," was the reply.

"Question is, can you get the men?"

"That's the point. We shall have to look into the matter right now."

When the Bradys get busy they let no grass grow under their feet.

The old detective hustled about Yuma, saw the mayor, called on the chief of police, who was himself the principal policeman, and did many other things, all before twelve o'clock.

During this time the Bradys learned that Colonel Carter was exceedingly unpopular at Yuma, and also with his men.

"If an attack is made on the fort by the King of Mex-

ico's gang they will capture it sure," the mayor of Yuma declared, adding:

"In the first place, the stockade is all out of repair; and in the second place, I believe half the men would be only too glad to turn against Carter and let the gang in. Still, I can't see for the life of me what the King would have to gain by capturing the fort."

"That's what is puzzling me," said Old King Brady, and the question continued to puzzle him all through the day.

The old detective figured out that if the attack was to be made at all it was pretty certain to be made that night.

Of course Bill Burney's object would be to rescue his chief.

One thing was certain, whatever was to be done must be done quickly or there would be no chance to do it at all.

There was no force to be raised at Yuma for love or money; but the mayor reported that there were men who might be engaged at a silver mine twenty miles north.

The heat and the long ride had rather told upon Old King Brady.

He was for hustling right up to the mine and interviewing the superintendent; but Harry would not hear to it.

"Monkey and I will go," he declared. "You stay here and rest."

It was so agreed.

The mayor gave Harry a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the silver mine, and Young King Brady, who scarcely knows what it is to feel fatigue, started on the forty-mile ride with Monkey at his heels.

Old King Brady then seated himself in the shade in the front of the hotel, ready to make the most of a good long rest.

Thus the day wore on, and night was falling when the old detective saw an officer approaching the hotel.

"Surely that is Colonel Carter!" thought the old detective. "A fine looking fellow he is, too, when he is rigged up in his regimentals. Great heavens! He looks more than ever like the King."

There were little tables outside of the hotel, and at one of them the old detective was seated, smoking his cigar, when the officer approached.

"Ah, Mr. Brady," he said. "You haven't started back for New York yet, it seems."

"Not yet, colonel," replied the old detective, adding to himself:

"Even his voice sounds like the King's."

"Are you intending to take the evening train?" inquired the colonel, seating himself on the other side of the table.

"No; I thought of putting off my start until to-morrow morning."

"Indeed? Will you join me in a drink? They can make us a highball, or perhaps you prefer an orange sangaree."

The colonel seemed mighty sociable all of a sudden. The man's whole manner seemed to have changed.

"I will try a sangaree just to keep you company," said the old detective. "You seem to be feeling a lot better, I should say."

"Well, I am better," was the reply. "The capture of that scoundrel has quite set me up. Still, I am feeling a great deal worried, too."

"About what?"

"Something I have learned. Let me order the drinks. I want your advice. Here, boy, let us have two orange sangarees, and be quick about it. Poco tiempo don't go down with me."

The young Mexican who was waiting on the tables actually stepped off in lively style.

Old King Brady, ready to meet his visitor half way, produced his cigar case and handed it to the colonel.

"Poco tiempo, meaning little time, is rather a failing out here," he remarked. "Still, it happens to be the name of the brand of cigars I am smoking. Help yourself to one, colonel. You will find them very good."

"Thank you," replied the colonel, accepting a weed. "Yes, this seems to be a good cigar, and here comes the boy with the drinks. Your good health, Mr. Brady. Ah! That is quite refreshing. Now for business. I have been having a long talk with this fellow who calls himself the King of Mexico, and he has coolly informed me that his band, led by one Bill Burney, will probably attempt a rescue to-night. A pretty serious affair, Mr. Brady, with my regiment away."

"Indeed! He told you that?"

"Yes; he is certainly a bold one. He made no secret whatever of it. There are only eight men, all told, over at the fort, and that number includes the cook and my Chinese servant. I am really very much troubled about it. I came over here hoping that I might find you, and get a little advice as to what I had better do."

"Well, it is hardly up to me to advise Colonel Carter, of the Fifty-sixth, how to defend Fort Yuma," replied Old King Brady, with a smile.

"I don't know about that. Of course, if I had my men to back me it would be altogether a different affair; but the regiment being away leaves me in a fix."

"It is unpleasant, certainly. You might bring the prisoner over here and lodge him in jail."

"Of course I might; but would that prevent the attack on the fort?"

"I was about to add that when the attack came you could just throw open the gate and show the outlaws that their leader was not in the fort. Probably they would retire in that case, when they saw that there was nothing to be gained by an attack."

Colonel Carter took several puffs at his cigar and sipped his sangaree.

"I was thinking that perhaps you would be willing to return with me to the fort and have a talk with your pris-

oner," said the colonel. "Perhaps you could get more out of him than I can. What do you say?"

"I see no use in it," replied Old King Brady, coldly.

"I would like very much to have you."

"How did the King come to make this confession to you?"

"Why, it was not so much a confession as it was a boast," was the reply. "He said he would get square with us all. Among other things, he remarked that you would never leave Arizona alive."

"Yes; he has remarked that before," replied Old King Brady. "I do not fear any man's threats, however, so that counts no ice with me."

"I think he is a particularly dangerous character. You, perhaps, are not aware to what lengths he has gone."

"On the contrary, colonel, I think I am fairly well posted; but, by the way, how much that man looks like you."

"It is really quite remarkable. I can't account for it. Well, Mr. Brady, I think I shall get back. I think I shall follow your advice."

"And bring the prisoner to Yuma?"

"Yes; I am satisfied that you are right, and that it will be the best way. Now, I'd like to have you undertake the job for me. You handled the fellow before very skillfully."

"You flatter us."

"Not at all. Why, just stop and think of the sheriffs and constables and others who have been after this man for the past three years. Until you took hold all failed."

"I was fortunate."

"It is your methods. That's where it comes in. Now, oblige me by coming to the fort and taking charge of the King; it will be a great relief to my mind."

Old King Brady thought to himself that he cared very little whether Colonel Carter's mind was relieved or not; but somehow he did not like to refuse.

After all it would be a bad business to have the King rescued. On the whole Old King Brady concluded that he had better go, and he reluctantly consented.

The colonel was profuse in his thanks.

Leaving word with the proprietor of the hotel when he had gone, Old King Brady started off with Colonel Carter for the fort.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD KING BRADY TRAPPED.

As they were crossing the bridge over the Colorado river Colonel Carter for the first time showed recollection of Harry.

"By the way, where is your partner?" he asked. "Don't you want to take him along?"

"No," replied Old King Brady. "He has gone upon a

hunting expedition up the country. No; I don't think I need him."

"You have those handcuffs with you, I presume?"

"Oh, yes."

"You may need them before you get through."

"Probably I shall," was the brief reply.

Old King Brady was still puzzling his brain, wondering if he could be making a mistake.

He was soon to know that he was making the mistake of his lifetime; but somehow he could not see it then.

They rode into the fort, the guard throwing open the gate and respectfully saluting as they passed through.

"We will proceed directly to the casemate and interview the prisoner," said the colonel.

When they passed in through the iron door it seemed to Old King Brady as though they were entering a Turkish bath.

A gringo lamp illuminated the narrow space.

There lay the prisoner on the ground, with nothing to cover him but light underclothes.

He half raised himself, glaring like a wild beast.

"You! You back again, you old idiot!" he cried. "I wish I had a revolver! I would shoot you where you stand for bringing that man here."

"Why, he is mad!" exclaimed Colonel Carter. "The heat has turned his brain!"

"Mad!" shouted the prisoner. "I might well be mad! You detective, who do you suppose I am?"

"I know who you are now, though I didn't at first," said Old King Brady. "You are Colonel Carter. This man at my side is the King."

Old King Brady knew his mistake now.

His hand was upon his revolver, but he was not quick enough to draw.

The false Colonel Carter whipped out his weapon and fired directly at the detective.

Nothing but the dim light in the casemate saved him.

As it was, the bullet went through one side of the old white hat and out on the other.

It plowed a slight furrow over the top of Old King Brady's head.

It was nothing but a scalp wound, but the blood came streaming down over the detective's face, and he sank to the ground.

"Dead!" cried the King. "Another enemy bowled out! Ha, ha, ha!"

Old King Brady, well experienced in playing possum, played it then for all it was worth.

The King stirred him up with his foot and then let him alone, never doubting that he was dead.

Colonel Carter, the genuine colonel, lay groaning on the ground.

"Stop that grunting!" cried the King, fiercely. "I told you I would bring that old guy here and lay him out alongside of you, Jack Carter. Well, have I kept my word?"

"Don't talk to me!" groaned the colonel. "I wish I was dead, too."

"Very well; I can soon accommodate you. I'll shoot you if you say the word. That will end your troubles, Jack."

"Walter Carter, would you shoot your twin brother? Are you indeed such a fiend as all that?"

"Fiend is a pretty name. Call me by it if you wish. Yes; that is the kind of man I am. I care nothing for human life."

"You always were merciless, even as a boy. I well remember how you would torture any stray dog or cat that you could get your hands on. I never supposed, though, that it would come to this."

"But this is just what it has come to, Jack. Why did you send on those detectives to hunt me down? You knew who the King of Mexico actually was."

"I didn't send for them. They were forced upon me by the Secret Service Bureau, through the agency of the War Department. I had nothing whatever to do with the matter, Walt."

"Yet you went to the trouble of steering them down to Timo. You gave them a letter to Tom Trotter because you knew I hung out there."

"I did that hoping that Trotter would steer them into your hands. Believe me, Walt! That's so."

"I don't believe one word of it, Jack. If I did I would set you free and pull right out now."

"What are you going to do with me? I am practically ruined if your men destroy this fort, and it all comes out about you being my brother and capturing me so. I shall be put on the retired list sure, even if I escape being cashiered."

"Would that be your fate, Jack?"

"You know it would, Walt!"

"Then hear me! I know it would break your heart. I know that you would prefer death rather than have this happen."

"It's so, Walt!"

"I believe you, and because I believe you I am going to let you live. The day which brings ruin and disgrace to you will be the brightest day of my life."

Colonel Carter covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud.

Old King Brady felt sorry for the man, although he could not help thinking that he had brought this fierce enmity of his brother down upon himself.

He did not dare to move—not even to open his eyes.

The iron door of the casemate clanged, and he heard the key turn in the lock.

The King had gone, and Old King Brady and the pompous army officer were left to themselves, prisoners in that narrow earth enclosure, burning up with a heat which could not have been less than 130 degrees.

Captain Carter checked his emotion almost with the closing of the door.

"Oh, the fiend! The fiend!" he muttered, springing

to his feet. "To think that I should have been fool enough to let him do it after all I knew!"

What was he talking about?

Old King Brady neither knew nor cared. It was about time to think of himself.

Then Colonel Carter was startled to see the old detective, with his face all streaming with blood, suddenly sit bolt upright.

"Colonel Carter, pull yourself together. The case may not be as bad as you think," he called out.

"You! Not dead!" gasped the captain, stumbling back against the wall of the casemate.

"Not dead; not even dying, if I can get the attention I need and get out of this confounded heat."

"Thank heaven for that! It drove me mad to feel that I had been a witness to a murder at my brother's hands."

"Then this scoundrel is actually your brother?"

"Yes; my twin brother. Don't ask me any more. All that is my private business. Just let me add that no greater villain exists."

"I don't need you to tell it. I've seen and heard enough. How did he manage to change places with you?"

"More of his treachery. I'll be frank with you, Mr. Brady. I didn't want to see him captured."

"That is why you steered me to Timo."

"I own up. It was in the hope that they would capture you."

"And so you tried to get rid of me as quick as possible; and so you consented to bring your brother one of your old uniforms with your own hand, so that he could walk out of the fort."

"I was fool enough to do just that thing. But you see —"

"And he rewarded you by knocking you down, getting your revolver, forcing you to strip, carrying away your clothes and leaving you to take his place as prisoner, while he went out into the fort posing as you."

"Every word you say is true, Mr. Brady. Did he tell you this?"

"No; I guessed it."

"But how came you here?"

"I was caught in the net that he threw out at me. When he came over to the hotel in Yuma posing as you I believed in him, and at his request followed him here."

"He would deceive Satan himself. Well, let us say no more about him, except this. We are up against it. Do your best. If you can see any way out of this mess I shall not interfere again, you bet. This time, brother or no brother, the law shall take its course."

Colonel Carter was greatly excited. He kept pacing up and down the casemate shaking his head and wringing his hands.

"Sit down, colonel! Take it easy," said Old King Brady, in his calm, reassuring way. "In some respects you are worse off than I am; but we are both in a bad box. We want to pull together, my friend."

"That's what we want to do. I am not altogether a selfish man, Mr. Brady; although my army life has hit me hard in that respect, I own. Let me think of your case. Are you badly wounded? One would think from the blood on your face that you had no right to be alive."

"Take this handkerchief and see what sort of a wound I am carrying, if you can wipe the blood away, colonel. I don't think it amounts to so very much," Old King Brady replied.

The colonel, muttering something about his being no slouch of a surgeon, proceeded to obey.

"It is nothing serious, unless inflammation gets in," he said. "The bullet appears to have gone through your hat and skimmed right over your scalp. Apparently there has been no serious damage done."

"Then cut my case out. What comes next? What do you know about this place? Is there no chance of escape?"

"Not from the casemate."

"But there is no cannon here. What about the other end? There must be an opening."

"It was closed up, for some reason, before my time."

"Then it is up to us to open it. Probably you don't understand that your brother's band of followers are expected here to-night."

"I understand it only too well, and let me tell you something. The payroll for the regiment arrived here this morning. The money, amounting to several thousand dollars, is now locked up in the safe in my quarters."

"Do you think your brother knows it?"

"I can't say. It may have been betrayed to him by one of the men."

"Where is the paymaster?"

"Gone to San Diego. We expect him back to-morrow. I was holding the money until he came."

"I see. The situation is serious. Should your brother capture this money the blame will all fall upon you."

"That is what it will. It means my finish."

"It is known that the King of Mexico is your brother?"

"Not generally known. It is bound to come out, though. You know how such things always are."

"That's true enough," said Old King Brady. "Listen! Do you hear anything going on outside there?"

"No; I can't say I do."

"Probably I was mistaken. I thought I heard some one calling. This door fits very close."

"There is no doubt that Walt has deceived all hands as easily as he deceived you," groaned the colonel. "Only for you, I don't see a thing to hinder him from having me hanged as the King of Mexico and taking my place permanently."

"It could be done, I daresay," replied Old King Brady; "but we must get to work—jump in and head him off, if we can."

Thus saying, Old King Brady took down the lantern, which hung suspended from a hook, and pushed it into the mouth of the casemate.

"Why, colonel!" he called. "This opening is merely

filled up with sandbags. There should be no difficulty in getting out of here. Where is the opening on the other side?"

"It opens on the river bluff."

"Of course it does. If we could ~~once~~ get out, there ought to be no difficulty in sneaking along the edge of the bluff and making the bridge."

"But the bags!"

"I can remove them."

"Not alone," said the colonel. "For a wounded man in a temperature which beats a Turkish bath you show more energy than any one I ever saw; but I'm no dead drag. Let us pitch in, Mr. Brady, and work out of this infernal black hole if we can."

CHAPTER IX.

DEAD OR ALIVE.

Harry reached the mica mine, up to the Cortepexo canyon, in due time, for the sturdy little burros which he and Monkey rode, and which had been hired to take the place of the tired horses they had purchased at Zarepa, proved to be well up in their business and got over the ground in fine style.

The superintendent read the letter from the mayor of Yuma and immediately took up the matter with great enthusiasm.

"Of course I'll help," he said. "That scoundrel robbed the bank of which my brother was cashier and shot him dead. That was down at Deming, two years ago. You bet I'll help. I'd go myself, only I don't dare leave my post here. How many men do you want?"

This was the sort of reception to get.

Harry asked how many men could be spared, and finally left the mine at the head of a band of thirty determined fellows, led by a perfect giant, whose name was Jack Edwards.

The ride back to Yuma took much longer than the journey out.

The trouble was with the horses.

These were poor stock, most of them being used as work horses in the mine. All the fire was taken out of them.

It was just after nine o'clock when Young King Brady finally rounded his band up in front of the hotel.

To his surprise, and much to his disappointment, Old King Brady did not come out to meet him.

Anita was there, however.

"You won't find the boss," she said. "He went away with an army officer. I reckon he has gone up to the fort."

The hotel proprietor came out and explained that Old King Brady had gone to the fort with Colonel Carter.

"He left word that he would be back soon," he added;

"but that was before supper, and I have not seen anything of him since."

Harry was greatly perplexed. While he was wondering what he ought to do he saw Anita making signs to him.

"Something in the wind," he thought, and excusing himself to Jack Edwards, he dismounted and followed Anita down the street.

"I saw it all," said the girl. "That officer was no one but Hi Hix himself."

"What!" gasped Harry.

"Oh, it is just as I am telling you. I saw them out of the dining-room window. I had no idea he would go away with him, or I should have tried to warn the old man. I meant to do it as it was; but I put it off too long."

"I think you must be mistaken," said Harry. "It was probably Colonel Carter. The colonel looks just like the King of Mexico. You see you didn't know that."

Harry went on to explain, but Anita was not to be convinced.

"They may look alike, but this was Hi dressed up, I'll swear to it," she declared. "Besides, the old man hasn't shown up since. I'll bet you what you like that there is something seriously wrong."

"What do you advise me to do?"

"Well, if I was in your place I would leave your men here, or most of them, and sneak up to the fort and see what I could find out."

"What time do you look for the raiders?"

"Well, I don't look for them until after midnight myself. It is a pretty serious matter to attack a government fort. They would be apt to tackle that job after things have quieted down over here."

"I believe you are right," said Young King Brady, after a minute's reflection. "I'll take Monkey with me over the river and see what I can learn."

Young King Brady now returned to Jack Edwards and explained the situation.

"I'm glad to get a chance to rest the horses a bit, if there is any prospect of making a night run of it," Edwards declared; "but what if you get caught yourself and are carried into the fort? That would effectually spoil the pie."

It was all arranged about signals from the opposite side of the river, in case anything was seen of the outlaw band.

Young King Brady's theory was that Bill Burney would attempt to cross the river lower down, and thus descend upon the fort from the other side.

As Harry and Monkey crossed the bridge they heard a great clatter of hoofs behind them, and looking back saw quite a party of men, apparently greasers, dashing into Yuma over the Mexican trail.

"Is it possible they can be the King's men?" thought Harry.

He put the question to Monkey as they remained watching them from the bridge.

"Don't think so," said Monkey. "See, boss, dey'se goin'

right straight fo' de hotel to get a drink or suthin. Wouldn't do dat nohow if dey was de gang."

When Young King Brady saw the newcomers ride straight for the horse sheds of the hotel he came to the conclusion that Monkey was right, and they pushed on toward the fort.

Steering clear of the sentry at the gate, they wandered along the edge of the bluff.

They could hear nothing to indicate that anything unusual was going on inside.

Harry was bound to know how the case stood, and he had not come unprepared.

Strolling back along the bluff, he bade the sentry a polite good-evening, remarking that it was somewhat cooler than it had been during the day.

It was not the man who had admitted the Bradys into the fort, but one whose face Harry did not remember.

"Well, it's a little cooler, perhaps," was the reply. "Hot enough, though."

"Yes, it's hot enough. Must be dull work pacing up and down here."

The sentry allowed that it was dull work—very dull.

Harry pulled out a little whisky flask.

"I'd ask you to have a drink, but I suppose it isn't allowed," he remarked.

The sentry's eyes glistened.

"You get along up there by the first casemate, where I can't be seen from inside," he whispered. "Perhaps I'll drop up that way in a minute."

Harry strolled on.

As he turned he noticed that Monkey had vanished.

Where was the boy?

Had he slipped over the edge of the bluff and tumbled into the river?

He halted by the casemate, and presently the sentry came strolling along.

"Take it all; I don't want it," said Harry, handing him a bottle.

The man seized it eagerly, took a hurried swallow, and thrust the bottle into his hip pocket.

"You want something else, though. What is it?" he asked.

"Did you ever see me before?" demanded Harry, in a low whisper.

"Yes; you are one of the detectives who brought in the King of Mexico this morning."

"I am. My partner came back here with Colonel Carter awhile ago, did he not?"

"Yes; just before dusk."

"You saw him come in?"

"I did."

"I was expecting him at the hotel. I was rather surprised that he did not show up."

"He won't show up," said the sentry, hurriedly. "I'll tell you something if I can trust you not to give me away."

"You can trust me all right, partner."

"Well, then, he's locked up in the casemate with the King of Mexico, and he's liable to stay there, too."

"What's it for?" demanded Harry.

"Don't know," replied the man; "but I must get back now, or there'll be trouble. Of course, if you want to go in and see Colonel Carter I'll pass your name in; but I wouldn't go in if I were you."

"I don't think I will just now," replied Harry. "I'll stroll around a bit and think. This is an outrage. Something has to be done; but the trouble is, I don't know what to do."

"The colonel is a man who does just as he pleases," said the sentry. "He's a bad man to run up against, and that's a fact; but I must get right back now, or I shall be missed."

Harry strolled on along the casemates.

Every other one was closed up. The alternate ones carried guns.

"What high-handed outrage is this?" Young King Brady asked himself. "What can it all mean?"

He was just about to turn back when he thought of Monkey.

Harry began to be seriously worried about him. It would be so easy for one to lose his footing and drop out of sight over the bluff there in the dark.

Just as he was turning back, with his mind made up to return to Yuma and ride over to the fort with the band he had collected and make a formal demand for Old King Brady, he saw Monkey suddenly appear before him.

"Monkey, where on earth have you been?" whispered Harry, running up.

"Come!" said Monkey. "It's de boss! I done found him! Come right now! I spec's he am dead!"

For the moment Young King Brady thought that his heart would stop beating.

"Dar he am!" cried the boy. "I come up hyar jest ter see what I could find, an' I done found him so; but I dunno whether he am dead or alibe."

It was only Old King Brady's head.

It protruded from the casemate, and it was covered with blood.

The casemate had caved in, and all the rest of the old detective's body was buried.

Harry bent over and called his name; but there was no answer.

It was just as Monkey had said.

It was a question whether Old King Brady was dead or alive.

CHAPTER X.

TROUBLE ALL AROUND.

The unforeseen accident which put an end to the old detective's plan for escape had occurred just at the moment of success.

After a long, hard struggle, Old King Brady managed to remove the sandbags which choked up the mouth of the casemate.

It was a great relief for him to feel the fresh air come against his face.

But, instead of pushing his way out, the detective crawled back again.

Captain Carter, overcome by heat and fatigue, had given up long ago.

The army officer may have been used to hard work in his younger days; but he had entirely grown out of it.

The detective had left him crouching in a corner of the narrow space, made narrower still by the banking up of the sandbags.

There Old King Brady found him in a state of complete collapse.

"Come, captain! It is all over!" he said. "The way is clear before us now!"

There was no answer.

Old King Brady crawled up to the man and found that he was entirely unconscious.

The awful heat of the casemate had proved too much for him.

Indeed, Old King Brady was not quite sure that he had not a corpse on his hands.

He tried his best to revive him, but failed.

Then he tried to drag him to the opening, but the colonel was a large man and a remarkably heavy one, and he failed in that, too, as he was too weak.

"I can do nothing with him," thought the detective. "The only thing for me to do is to get out myself and go for help, if I can get past the sentry, which I am inclined to doubt."

Then his own trouble struck him.

Crawling through the narrow space toward the opening, something dropped.

It was a case of cave-in.

It came so suddenly upon the unfortunate detective that there was absolutely no chance for escape.

Fortunately his head was outside when the great mass of loose earth came down upon him.

It knocked Old King Brady senseless.

Then it was that Monkey came upon him.

The accident occurred but a few minutes before.

It was Harry's turn to do the digging now, and he worked with a will, with nothing to dig with but his two hands.

Success crowned his efforts at last, and Old King Brady was dragged out from under the mass of sand.

He was still alive. Moreover, he was conscious now.

Old King Brady is hard to kill.

It was some minutes, however, before he was able to regain his speech and explain what had occurred.

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Young King Brady. "So that is the way he turned the tables on you. Never mind! We will down him yet; but first we must take account of stock, Governor. How badly are you hurt?"

"I don't think there is anything serious the matter with me," was the reply. "I have a scalp wound to look after; and my wind was all knocked out. That is about the worst of it, I fancy. Let me get on my feet and see how I feel."

While Old King Brady was resting Harry told of his success in bringing down the men from the mica mine.

"You have done well," said the old detective; "if we can get into shape, I have no doubt we shall come out ahead; but, first of all, we want to rescue Colonel Carter if it can be done."

"Can we ever work our way back into that hole?" asked Harry. "For my part, I don't feel like trying it."

"Then give me a few minutes' time, and I will tackle it again myself. We have made a miss of it, Harry. Instead of landing the King of Mexico in jail we have turned him into a full-fledged United States army officer. He might take it into his head to keep on impersonating his brother forever. That won't do, you must admit."

"You don't go; but I will," said Harry, rather ashamed that he had even suggested holding back. "Monkey, you sneak down by the gate and see what the sentry is about. I gave him a bottle of whisky awhile ago, and by this time he ought to be feeling happy."

As Monkey started Harry crawled into the casemate again.

He brought his little electric dark lantern into play.

He immediately discovered that he had removed nearly all of the fallen earth, and that it would be a comparatively easy matter to work into Colonel Carter's prison.

There seemed no use in going back to report, so Harry buckled right down to business, and in a few minutes managed to crawl back into the casemate.

He found Colonel Carter conscious.

He was sitting with his back against the wall panting for breath.

"Who are you?" he gasped. "Where is Old King Brady? I—I am dying, I think. Oh, this terrible heat! This terrible heat!"

"Brace up!" said Harry. "Old King Brady is outside. Crawl through the hole and join him."

"I can't! I can't move. This is my finish. I——"

It was just at this instant that the unexpected happened—the worst that possibly could have happened, it would seem.

The iron door flew open, and there stood the King and two soldiers.

Harry dropped behind the bags, shutting off the lantern the moment he heard the noise at the door.

"Drag out that old man!" said the King, thickly. "Lively now!"

He reeled against the door as he spoke.

Decidedly his majesty was drunk.

So were the two soldiers.

As they stumbled in Colonel Carter called out:

"Mercy, Walt! Mercy! Save me! Get me out of this or I shall die!"

The King seized him by the collar and jerked him to his feet.

"Die! That's what I expect you to do, you infernal outlaw!" he cried. "Thought you were dead already. Don't you pretend acquaintance with me. That won't serve you a blamed bit. Where's that old fraud of a detective who committed suicide? Flames and furies! Who is this?"

The two soldiers had captured Young King Brady.

"I'm in the soup!" thought Harry, as they dragged him out.

He fully realized his danger.

"Nothing but bluff will save me!" he said to himself. "I must go slow!"

"Why how are you, colonel?" he exclaimed. "Of course you want to know how I came to be in there. Just give me a chance to explain."

"Explain nothing!" roared the King. "Run him off twenty yards and I'll shoot him, boys! We'll teach these blasted detectives not to come prying around here trying to rescue prisoners. Lively, now!"

"Heavens! This is my finish!" thought Young King Brady. "This wretch means to carry out his threat that I should never leave Arizona alive."

In the meanwhile Old King Brady on the outside could hear the loud voices, although he could not distinguish words.

He realized only too well what it meant.

Harry had been captured.

But what could he do to help him?

He staggered forward with some wild idea of crawling back into the casemate.

It was no use. He was too weak.

He stumbled and fell, and there Monkey found him half fainting upon his return.

The voices had now died away.

"What's de mattah, boss?" cried Monkey, in alarm.

"Hush!" said Old King Brady. "Not so loud. My partner has been captured. Fool that I was to allow him to go inside there. What did you find?"

"Dat soldier am dead drunk, boss. He gone to sleep. Needn't be afraid of him."

"I must pull myself together and act," thought the old detective. "Used up as I am, it must be done."

And when Old King Brady makes up his mind to do a thing it usually is done.

In that moment the brave old man threw aside all thought of his own pains and aches, and strength returned to him through sheer force of will.

Again he listened at the casemate, and hearing no sound, he started to crawl in.

"Hole on! Lemme do dat!" said Monkey. "Ise better able dan you is."

"Do it, then!" said the detective, in a whisper. "Make no noise. Don't go clear in! Just see if any one is there. The lantern is still burning. You ought not to have much trouble if you are sharp."

Monkey wiggled through the hole.

Old King Brady, watching, saw that he had disobeyed orders and passed through into the casemate.

In a moment he was back again, ready to report.

"Dar hain't no one dar, boss. I seen dar wasn't, so I done go all de way troo. De doah am locked and de lantern burning; but Massa Harry, he am gone."

"Then we go, too," replied Old King Brady. "Come, Monkey; we will soon find out how matters stand inside the fort."

They hurried on along the edge of the bluff.

Passing the gate, they found the sentry lying against the stockade fast asleep, with the empty whisky flask at his side.

Old King Brady peered through the gate, but could see nothing of any interest.

Loud, boisterous voices could be heard singing, however.

They seemed to come from the barracks.

"Not much discipline in there," Old King Brady said to himself. "It sounds as though all hands were drunk."

He started for the bridge.

When half way across he saw a young man coming toward him, smoking a cigarette.

"Mr. Brady!" he exclaimed, stopping short. "What in the world is the matter with you! Where is Harry? I was just coming over to try and find out."

"And you made a mistake, daughter, and put on the wrong clothes before starting," was the reply. "You are Anita, all right."

"Of course I am. I often go about so. It is ever so much easier. I have friends in Yuma to help me out. What is the matter with you?"

"I have been having a hard time of it, Anita. Harry is captured."

"Of course! I knew it would be so. I warned him, but he wouldn't listen. The King of Mexico has changed places with Colonel Carter—is that it?"

"It is."

"It is all my fault. I should have warned you when I saw you talking to him. I was dead slow. I'll warn you now, though. Bill Burney and the whole gang are in the town disguised as prospectors. They are whooping it up for all they are worth in the New Wild West. Chances are they mean to attack the fort some time during the night."

"Is that so?"

"It is a fact."

"Well, it doesn't surprise me a bit. Where are Harry's men?"

"Most of them are in the Wild West, too, getting drunk as fast as they can. It was all a mistake leaving them to themselves, I reckon. I was coming over to see what I could find out about you two."

Old King Brady leaned against the rail, his face no doubt showing the despair he felt.

"I don't suppose you can do a thing," said Anita. "You look about used up as it is."

"I must do it all," replied Old King Brady. "There is no one else to do anything. I'm going straight ahead."

"Any use for me to go on to the fort?"

"Not a bit. What the situation in there is I don't know; but I strongly suspect that the King and all hands are drunk. We want help. I must get it; but I must get myself straightened up first."

They pushed on into Yuma.

Here Anita left the detective.

"I'll hang around and keep my eyes and ears open," she said. "I'll strike you later on. Trust me, Mr. Brady, I am not doing this for the sake of doing something. Hi Hix has been all that is treacherous to me. I am out for revenge."

"Strange girl," thought the detective, as they parted. "She is brimfull of pluck and energy. I must try and do something for her if I win out in this case."

Old King Brady and Monkey made their way to the hotel.

Here the detective went at once to his room and proceeded to clean up and get himself in shape.

While this was going on Monkey, who had been sent for the mayor, returned with that official, who was a Mr. Binderman, one of the most respected business men of the town.

Old King Brady was ready to receive him, and he proceeded to explain all that had occurred.

"It's a bad job," said the mayor. "This delay is likely to prove fatal. There is such a mob in town to-night. Very possibly some of these so-called prospectors may belong to the King of Mexico's gang; but then I have no means of proving it."

"And you hesitate to arrest them without proof?"

"I would arrest them quick enough if I had the men to do it. We were cut down in an appropriation for the police this year. The chief is doing duty himself. We only have four others, and one of them is off sick."

"We must depend upon the men my partner brought down from the mine then."

The mayor shook his head doubtfully.

"It is a burning shame," he said, "but those fellows are nearly all drunk. That's always the way. As long as you can keep these fellows at it, then it is all right; but the minute you let go your hold off they are on a drunk."

"And to turn a drunken mob loose in this town would be a serious business."

"So serious that I wish now that I had never had any hand in bringing them here; still, if those other fellows are the King of Mexico's gang, and they let themselves loose in Yuma, that is serious, too. Ah, if the regiment was only here."

"No use wishing for the impossible," said Old King Brady. "If the regiment was here we would be free from

our troubles; but it isn't, and I suppose you have no idea when it may turn up."

"Not the least in the world."

"Then, Mr. Mayor, it is up to us to act promptly. Let us get down to the New Wild West and see how the land lies."

CHAPTER XI.

HARRY HAS A HOT TIME WITH THE KING.

As far as personal troubles were concerned, Old King Brady had escaped from his, while Harry had jumped right into them with both feet.

Harry expected nothing but to be shot then and there.

There is no accounting for the vagaries of a drunken man, however.

As has been remarked before, the King of Mexico was very drunk that night.

The shots did not come.

"Hold on there, boys!" he called out, before the soldiers had a chance to get Harry into position. "I've changed my mind. I think I'll have a little talk with this fellow before I put him out of business. Turn him loose."

The soldiers obeyed.

"Now go about your business," ordered the bogus colonel. "If you behave yourselves all right I think I'll send you out a couple more bottles of whisky. Here, young fellow, you follow me."

Young King Brady meekly obeyed.

"It is the Bradys' luck again," Harry said to himself. "We are going to win out in this business after all."

The thought gave him confidence. He looked around for Colonel Carter as he followed the King.

He had been turned over to the two other soldiers, who had carried him off, Harry had no idea where.

The King led the way to the veranda, where Old King Brady had found Colonel Carter in his hammock, on the occasion of his first visit to the fort.

This veranda was in front of the colonel's private quarters.

Through the windows, which opened like doors, on a level with the floor, Harry could see a comfortably furnished room.

Beside the handsome brass bedstead, oak chairs, etc., there was a medium-sized safe standing against the wall.

On the central table were several whisky bottles, some empty, some full.

The King had evidently been whooping it up here, and it was equally plain that the hard stuff suited him better than orange sangaree.

Entering the room, the outlaw poured out a full glass of whisky and turned it off.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Now I feel better. Hot stuff for a hot day is my motto. Now we will sit down here on the veranda and have our talk. Do you want a drink?"

"No, thank you," replied Harry. "I think I am hot enough as it is."

"Suit yourself," replied the King, throwing himself into a chair and proceeding to light a cigar. "Do you know why it was that I didn't have you shot, young man?"

"Can't say that I do," replied Harry. "Do you mind if I smoke a cigarette in your august presence?"

"In my what?"

"In your august presence, I said."

"Young man, you've got a nerve. Who do you think I am?"

"I know very well who you are not, and that's Colonel Carter, of the Fifty-sixth.

"Then what?"

"Then you must be the King of Mexico, whom I understand to be the colonel's twin brother."

"Smoke away, you little bluffer. Say, I spared your life on account of the cool way you took the situation. I like cool hands. I'll be equally frank with you. I am the King of Mexico; and say, do you know your full danger?"

"Oh, I can imagine any old thing," replied Harry, lightly, as he touched the burning match to his cigarette.

"Well, I'll be blamed," drawled the King. "You don't seem to be one bit afraid of this."

He flourished a revolver under Harry's nose.

"Oh, that's old business with me," said Young King Brady. "Come, colonel—I suppose you would like to have me call you colonel—get down to tacks."

"Right. I see you are ready to meet me bluff for bluff. Well, I like a good bluffer. How came you in that casemate, young man?"

"Crawled in."

"What became of your partner?"

"Oh, he crawled out."

"What are you giving me? I shot him dead, same as I am going to shoot you, if you get too fresh."

"Colonel, you don't know the Bradys. We are a hard pair to kill."

"Well, that's straight enough, I guess. So Old King Brady was not dead?"

"No."

"And he worked his way out of the casemate?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"Don't know. I left him on the outside."

"I'll send a couple of soldiers to pull him in, then," said the colonel.

But he did not.

On the contrary, he seemed to forget all about it in a minute, as he continued his talk.

"I suppose you fellows thought you had got me," he said, boastfully. "Nothing of the sort. I'm good to turn the tables on a bunch like you every time."

"I see that's so," replied Harry. "We might as well pull out. Better let me go, and I'll make a quick back track for New York."

"What's the use in that?" demanded the King, thickly. "What's the use in your going at all? Why don't you stop out in this country and cast your lot with me?"

"Would you take me into your band?"

"Sure I would. We want just such young fellows as you are. Say, I like your style, Brady, that's what."

The King was growing confidential, and his speech so thick that it was only with some difficulty that Harry could make out what he said.

"By jove, if I could get a couple more drinks into him he wouldn't stand in my way any," thought Young King Brady, as the King went on to dilate on the pleasures of an outlaw's life.

"Well, I'm only too willing to join you," said Harry; "suppose we call it a bargain."

"It's a go," said the King. "Shake hands."

They shook.

"Now, let's have a drink on it," said the King.

The drop which Harry swallowed could hardly have hurt him, most of which he poured on the floor.

Harry fully expected to see the King keel over after this.

The result was quite different, however.

The King appeared to get straighter.

It was evident that his memory was failing him, however, for just then one of the soldiers came up and saluted, and, instead of ordering him to go out and hunt up Old King Brady, he asked him what he wanted, and when the man suggested that the colonel had said something about whisky he gave him three full bottles.

"Look out, you fellows! Drink it all!" he bawled. "If you don't you'll hear from me."

Then, turning to Harry, he added:

"Say, Brady, I s'pose you are wondering what I am trying to fill them fellows up for? Come, isn't it so?"

"I own up."

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm expecting company here by and by. That's why I am holding on. You brought me in here a prisoner. I could have walked out long ago if I'd been chosen. Then there's another reason."

"What is that?"

"See that safe in there?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's a big pot of money in it. I'm after that, too."

"I'm with you there."

"Of course you are. You're a detective. All detectives are crooks."

"Certainly they are."

"Glad to hear you own up. Nothing like frankness among friends. That's another reason why I didn't kill you. I'm a little full. I don't know as you noticed it; but I am."

"Never noticed it. You don't show it at all."

"Well, I don't s'pose I do much. I'll tell you, if I get the money I don't believe I'll wait for the gang. They

might not come. I might get asleep here, and that would make trouble. Suppose we go for the safe right now?"

"I'm ready."

"S'pose you could work the combination. My hand is a little unsteady."

"Oh, I think I could. Have you got it?"

"Got it to get. You follow me."

The King arose.

His feet were more unsteady than his hand.

He swayed so at first that Harry thought he would surely fall.

In a minute he recovered himself and led the way into an inner room.

Here Harry found the wretched colonel lying on a bed.

His face was red and flushed. He seemed burning up with fever.

He was muttering to himself in a wild sort of way.

Young King Brady saw that the heat and excitement had driven the poor man delirious.

There was not one atom of pity in the King's face as he steadied himself and looked down upon his brother.

"Well, Jack? What do you think of it all now?" he demanded. "Open your eyes, man! Don't lie there muttering to yourself like a blasted idiot. Speak!"

He opened his eyes and stared at his brother.

"It's no use," he muttered. "No use. I can't do it. I never can go through that hole."

"Brace up, you blamed fool! What hole are you talking about?"

"You know. I must do something, though. Walt will kill me. He said he would. He's bad enough to do anything, even to kill his own brother. Hush! Don't you tell him what I said."

"Why, blame if all, the man's gone daffy!" cried the King. "Look here, Jack! Don't you know me? I'm Walt!"

"No, no!" cried the colonel. "No, no! I know you now. At first I thought you were the detective. But now I know you. When did you get back?"

"Well, who am I?"

"What's the use in asking me a question like that? Just as though I didn't know Nate Hathaway, paymaster of the Fifty-sixth. Look out! Look out!"

A gleam of intelligence swept over the countenance of the drunken outlaw. He seemed to have been seized with a sudden idea.

"Yes, I'm Hathaway, all right," he said. "Say, Jack, how is it about the payroll money? Did that brother of yours get his clutches on it?"

"No, no!" cried the colonel. "No, no! I looked out for that. Nate, I kept dark. Walt is a fiend. You don't know. You never will know. He broke our poor old mother's heart; he sent our father to an early grave. No; I'll never tell him about the money. I never, never will!"

"We had better take the money out of the safe and

hide it, Jack," said the King, whose mind seemed clearer, now that he was holding on to one idea.

"Do you think so?" asked the colonel.

"Sure I do. Tell me the combination of the safe. Do you know, I have forgotten it. Let's have it, Jack."

It was a shrewd scheme—shrewder than Harry would have supposed a man as drunk as the King could carry out.

And what he asked for he got.

Colonel Carter repeated the combination, going over and over it again and again.

"I'll get the money and bring it here, Jack," said the King. "We'll hide it in the bed."

The King staggered out into the other room, closing the door behind him.

"Now we are fixed, Brady!" he said, triumphantly; "and remember, boy, if you go back on me I'll bore you as full of holes as the bottom of an old barnacle-ridden ship. Now watch me open that safe. I'll get the money, and then we'll skip."

He approached the safe, but as he started to stoop down, in front of it he lost his balance and fell upon his face on the floor.

At first Harry thought to let him lie there; but he concluded that, after all, it would be better to let him get the money.

"If the gang attack the fort, then I can hold the cash safe," Young King Brady reasoned. "If I blow on this fellow he'll tumble down the way he is now."

Once on his feet the King swayed unsteadily and leaned against the table, almost overturning it.

"Come, this won't do!" he said, thickly. "I must brace up. I'll take another drink and that will straighten me. Say, you got that combination all right?"

"Yes, I did," replied Harry.

"Then open the safe."

"Shall I?"

"Sure."

"I'd rather you would."

"Do as you are told, young fellow. No holding back now."

The King poured out another drink.

As soon as he turned it down a great and sudden change seemed to seize him.

He threw his hand up to his head. His face grew as red as a boiled lobster.

"Hit at last!" he gasped. "No man can buck whisky as I have bucked it and escape!"

He reeled and fell heavily to the floor, striking the back of his head with fearful force.

The end had come.

When Harry bent over him the King of Mexico's face was fairly purple.

"A case of apoplexy!" murmured Young King Brady. "He'll die if I leave him so."

He tore off the King's collar and tie, and seizing a pitcher of water, dashed it on his face.

It seemed to revive him somewhat.

The purple look left his face, and he began to breathe more naturally.

Harry determined to let him lie where he was and make no further effort to revive him.

Then he arose and tried to think.

Passing into the room beyond, he found that Colonel Carter had fallen into a quiet sleep.

Outside in the barracks he could hear men singing, and there was a shuffle of feet, as though some were dancing.

The whisky had evidently done its work.

Harry began to wonder if he was the only sober one left in the fort.

Should he disturb the money?

It was running a big risk.

This was government money.

If he removed it from the safe and anything happened to it afterward it might involve him in endless trouble.

"I'll go out and see how the land lies," Young King Brady determined.

He passed out into the yard and skirted along the barracks toward the gate.

He had scarcely reached it when sounds outside began to attract his attention.

Harry halted.

What could it mean?

Just then a man's face appeared behind the gate bars, peering in.

In the dim light it was impossible to see anything distinctly; but there was no mistaking the white hat and the long-tailed blue coat.

"Thank heaven! It is the Governor!" cried Harry, hurrying to unbar the gate.

"Open the gate, Harry!" called the figure, stepping back into the shadows.

If Young King Brady had been a bit less excited he might have guessed.

As he threw the gate back four men rushed in and seized him, pinioning him back against the stockade.

The man with the white hat and the blue coat was one of them; but alas! It was not Old King Brady.

Now that it was all too late Harry realized that he had to do with the outlaw Bill Burney, disguised in the old detective's clothes.

"Hold up your head, you young spy!" he hissed. "You know me, all right, I reckon. Where's the King?"

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

What had happened to Old King Brady?

Had he run up against fresh misfortune?

It looked so, since he had parted with his clothes.

It was so, and how it came about we must now proceed to explain.

It did seem as if the fates were against the old detective that night.

Before he and the mayor of Yuma had gone ten feet away from the hotel the latter managed to step into a break in the board walk, and down he went, flat on his face.

"My dear sir! Are you hurt?" cried the old detective, stooping down to assist him to rise.

The mayor was groaning with pain.

"Hurt! Why, I've broken my ankle, I guess!" he said. "Dear me! Dear me! This is terrible! What shall I do?"

He was entirely unable to stand when Old King Brady had succeeded in dislodging his foot.

In the meanwhile a crowd had been gathering around them.

Of course every one knew the mayor, and as he was rather popular, offers of assistance were plentiful enough.

It did not seem to be a break; but there was no doubt that the mayor's ankle was badly sprained.

The only thing to do seemed to be to get him to a doctor, and several of his friends undertook to support him to the physician's house.

Old King Brady found himself decidedly left out in the cold.

"You honor," he said, pressing forward, "under the circumstances, I see no use in you bothering your head any further about my business. I see that I shall have to go it alone."

"I'm very sorry, Brady," said the mayor. "I shan't be far away in case I'm wanted. You go on and report to me later, and then we will see what is to be done."

There was nothing for it but to take the direction of the doctor's house and rest quiet with this.

So it happened that Old King Brady pushed on to the New Wild West saloon alone.

When he pushed open the screen door and entered the place he thought that he had never seen such a crowd of miners and tough looking citizens gathered in under one roof before.

The New Wild West was more than a saloon.

The business of dispensing drinkables was combined with gambling and dancing, besides which there was a full-fledged variety show running full head under a long shed in the rear of the barroom.

Old King Brady pushed his way through the noisy, drunken crowd which filled the place, his sharp eyes looking from one face to another, anxious to pick out Bill Burney if he could.

Old King Brady had his plan.

Of course Burney would not dare to attempt any violence against him there in a public place like the New Wild West.

The old detective was determined to get him outside, if possible, and while engaging him in conversation, slip the handcuffs on.

But he did not see Bill Burney.

He did, however, recognize several faces which he had seen in Zarepa.

There could be no doubt that the King of Mexico's gang had invaded the place.

The useless band which Harry had gone to so much trouble to bring into Yuma were in evidence everywhere.

All were more or less intoxicated, and they crowded about the bar, talking in loud, boisterous tones, boasting of how they were going to wipe out the gang of the King of Mexico and hang the King himself.

Many of the King's gang stood by taking all this in, and Old King Brady could not but think how they must be chuckling to themselves as they heard this wild talk.

The detective passed out into the variety hall and looked over the audience who were listening to the stale jokes of a blacked-up minstrel troupe of seven; but he could see nothing of Bill Burney there.

Then he tried it upstairs in the gambling room.

In spite of the intensely hot weather the faro table was crowded.

The notorious Al Hawkins was dealing the cards out of the box, a man well known as the most skilled faro dealer in the far West.

Old King Brady had seen Al before, so the gambling room held no interest for him when, after surveying the faces of the players and hangers-on, he discovered that Bill Burney's was not among them.

Looking around, Old King Brady beheld Anita in her male disguise.

Now, from the first the detective had been rather disposed to distrust this pretty Mexican girl.

Perhaps Old King Brady's voice was not as cordial as it might have been when he said, in a low tone:

"Well, Anita, what is it now?"

"I knew you would come," whispered the girl. "Step out on the balcony with me. I have got something to say."

Old King Brady followed her through the nearest window, which, like all the rest, opened to the floor.

There was nobody on the balcony, as it happened.

"What brought you here?" asked Anita. "Are you trying to study the lay of the land?"

"That's it."

"Probably you expected to see Bill Burney here?"

"Well, I was in hopes I might, I will admit."

"I've been a little more fortunate. I know just where he is."

"Where?"

"In the private poker room, in the rear of the one we have just left."

"Can you get him out? I would like to have a talk with him, if I could."

"I can; Bill knows me well. I don't think he suspects that I had anything to do with the King's capture. But it seems to me that you had better go right in there and see him."

"Very well," said Old King Brady. "Head on."

Anita pushed on into the faro room, and thence into the hall, where she knocked twice on a door.

It was instantly opened by a Chinaman.

"What want?" he demanded, suspiciously.

Anita made a hurried reply in some foreign language.

It might have been Spanish, or it might have been Chinese. Old King Brady could not tell.

It did the business all right, however. The door was thrown wide open, and there were several poker games in full progress.

Bill Burney sat at the head of one of the tables, dealing cards with his left hand.

"Oh, how are you, Brady?" he called out, familiarly, as if Old King Brady was his best friend. "See you in a minute, old man."

"Fresh," thought Old King Brady. "Too fresh by half. There's some game besides poker going on here."

He looked around for Anita, but the disguised girl had not entered the room.

Answering Bill Burney's greeting with a nod, he walked up to the table and watched the outlaw while he scooped in a fat jackpot.

Bill then pushed back his chair, saying:

"You will have to excuse me, boys. I have business with this gentleman."

"Come, Brady," he added. "If you want to have a talk follow me."

"Who told him I want to have a talk with him? This is a queer turn of affairs," thought the old detective.

He followed the outlaw from the room, however, and they passed downstairs.

"Have a drink?" asked Bill, as they reached the bar-room.

"I'll join you in a few minutes," replied Old King Brady. "Let us step outside. I want to ask you a question."

"Instead of going outside, let us go inside," was the reply. "Pete Brannigan, the proprietor, has a private room here where we can talk. Follow me."

Bill turned aside through the door, passed down a short passage and opened a door.

"Thunder! It's all dark here!" he exclaimed.

"You just step in, and I'll go back to the bar and see if we can't have a light."

"No," said Old King Brady, whose suspicions were growing. "We can talk where we are."

"All right; fire away. What is it you want?"

"An explanation," replied the detective. "You left me rather abruptly down at Zarepa, and—"

Thus far he got in his speech, but no further.

Suddenly something came flying through the air which landed over the old detective's head.

It was a lasso thrown by a practiced hand.

Instantly the fatal cord tightened around Old King Brady's neck, and he was jerked violently from his feet.

At the same moment a light shot up within the room.

There was Anita, standing beside a man who held the end of the lasso.

"There you are, Bill!" cried the girl. "The old spy is in your hands now."

"You little traitress!" panted the old detective, trying to rise.

A jerk of the lasso pulled him down again, and he saw now that Tom Trotter, the keeper of the Fandango at Timo was the man who was doing the pulling.

He dragged Old King Brady into the room and the door was closed.

"Do him up, Bill!" cried Anita. "Now is your chance to get rid of him once and for all."

"Not on your life," retorted Burney. "You have done well, Anita; but the game is not over yet. We may have use for this man."

"I think he is pretty well done up as it is," said Trotter. "His head is all cut. I think he has been shot. The fall has started it bleeding again. It is my opinion that we are dealing with a dying man."

"So be it!" said Burney. "Now, look here, it is time we were up at the fort. You know your husband, Anita. He is probably dead drunk by this time. If he has got the payroll money this is our chance to get it away from him. I propose to carry out my bargain, little girl."

"I hope you do, Bill," was the reply. "I've worked hard enough to help you. Turn Hi over to the authorities and let them hang him, and I stand ready to marry you."

"That's right," said Trotter. "We are all sick of Hi Hix's tyranny. The King of Mexico is as good as dead, and we fellows are ready for his successor, and that's to be you, Bill Burney. Long live King William the I. Hur-ray!"

"Shut up, you fool!" growled Bill. "Here, take this old fellow's coat and hat and play the detective. We will slide up to the fort and capture Hi. If what Anita tells us is true we shall have no one to deal with but a bunch of drunks."

Such was the talk, and all this Old King Brady heard as he lay on the floor.

Weakened by all he had passed through, he could not pull himself together in his usual style, therefore he decided to play possum and let them do with him as they would.

The lasso was removed, and Bill Burney, tumbling the detective over, pulled off the old blut coat and put it on, with the white hat.

"Now I'm in shape," he said. "Come on. We'll lock him in and leave him where he is."

They departed, and Old King Brady heard the key turn in the lock.

It was some minutes before Old King Brady made a move, for his strength was about gone.

He was fumbling for his dark lantern, when suddenly he heard the key turn in the door, which flew open, letting in light from the hall.

There stood Monkey, grinning from ear to ear.

"I'se hyar, boss!" he cried. "I was watchin' dem fellers."

I sneaked in troo de side do', an' say, what fools dey was to leave de key in de lock. Come out ob dis! De soldiers am a-coming into town!"

* * * * *

Just what Bill Burney's idea was in impersonating Old King Brady was never fully known. But the chances are that it was done for the sole purpose of aiding him in obtaining admission to the fort, in case any objection was raised by the guard.

But the guard was in no shape to object.

Bill Burney, although a much younger man than Old King Brady, was tall and gaunt, and with the old blue coat and white hat to back him had deceived Harry for the moment in the dark.

This blunder fixed Harry.

"Make us no trouble, if you know which side your bread is buttered," said Burney, fiercely. "Where's the King?"

"You mean the King of Mexico, your chief, I presume," answered Young King Brady, with all the calmness he could assume. "Oh, he is dead, I reckon; or, at all events, dying. That was the situation at last accounts."

"You mean dead drunk," put in Anita, pressing forward.

Harry had not recognized her in her disguise until now.

"He started in that way, and he has made a beautiful finish of it. But while I am answering questions, let me ask one. Where did you get that hat and coat, Mr. Burney? What have you been doing to my chief?"

"You're the coolest card I've seen in some time," said Burney. "But it won't help you. Now, young man, listen to me. I am, or was, a member of the King's band; but that is all over now. The King is a dead cock in the pit. We who have followed him for the last three years are determined to oust him. I happen to know that he is Colonel Carter's brother. I also happen to know all about the payroll money, supposed to be here in the colonel's safe. There are several other things I happen to know, for this little girl here has been inside the fort while you were running around on the outside, and she has learned a lot. I tell you this, because I don't intend to leave you alive behind me. Now, lead me to the King, if you know where he is, as I have no doubt you do."

"Betrayed by a woman," thought Harry. "We haven't been half fly this trip. Well, there is nothing for it but to yield."

"Follow me," he said, aloud. "I'll take you to the King."

They passed through the yard unmolested.

Reaching Colonel Carter's quarters, Harry led the way inside.

There lay the King just as he had left him, breathing heavily upon the floor.

"And that's my husband!" cried Anita. "Look at him! Look at him, Bill! Can you wonder that I want to be rid of such a man?"

"Hi is a goner, Anita!" said Bill, bending over the King. "He'll never come out of that sleep alive."

"That will suit me all right," replied Anita, heartlessly. "But say, Bill, get to work. Everything is running our way now; but who can tell what minute there may come a change?"

"Right you are! Let's look in on the colonel. This safe has to be opened. No doubt he knows the combination. I only wish Young King Brady did. It would give me a whole lot of pleasure to force him to open it at the revolver's point."

Bill Burney passed into an adjoining room.

The men with him, all three of whom were greasers, stood guard over Harry.

Anita went into the room with Bill.

"Why, he is dead!" Harry heard the treacherous girl call out.

Bill stepped back into the room looking puzzled.

"Things don't seem to be working right," he growled. "That man," pointing to the King, "put up a job to have himself captured by you and your partner, in order that he might be brought in there. Do you know why?"

"I can't say I do," replied Harry. "I labored under the delusion that my partner and I did capture him."

"He wanted to get in here to revenge himself on his brother," continued Bill, "and incidentally to swipe the payroll money in that safe. It was he who gave the false information which sent the regiment flying north in search of him. Same with the paymaster. A fake letter called him to San Diego so that the coast might be clear, and the King would have carried out his plans all right if he had left the whisky alone. We knew he would hit it, however, so here we are to catch the cash on the rebound. Now, Young Brady, are you sure that the King did not get the combination of the safe? Are you sure that you don't know it? Are you—heavens! Look there!"

A strange figure appeared at the door of the inner room. It was Colonel Carter, clad only in his underclothes.

His eyes were closed. He was muttering to himself. He appeared to be walking in his sleep.

"The money! The money!" the somnambulist was saying. "I must hide it, or Walt will get it. It will never do to leave it in the safe."

He walked to the safe, rounding the prostrate body of his brother as though he could see it.

A moment more, and he was working the combination, with his eyes still tightly closed.

The lock clicked and the safe door flew back.

Colonel Carter lifted two bags out from the safe.

One slipped from his grasp, and as the gold pieces fell rattling to the floor a tall form stepped in among them from the veranda.

It was Old King Brady, hatless and coatless.

"Arrest all hands!" he cried, pointing to Bill Burney; "and above all arrest that fraud!"

"You!" gasped Burney.

He started to draw on the detective, but his hand dropped to his side.

"Look!" cried Harry.

The veranda was crowded with soldiers. Several were coming in behind Old King Brady through the door.

At this moment Colonel Carter, dropping the other bag, threw up his hands and opened his eyes, exclaiming:

"Ah! Thank heaven, the regiment has returned!"

* * * * *

"Yes; the regiment had returned and was now at Old King Brady's back, and this ended it all.

In less time than it takes to tell it Bill Burney, Anita and the three greasers were prisoners.

Colonel Carter, awake now, could scarcely understand what it all meant.

It meant the finish of the Bradys' case, for one thing.

Perhaps it could scarcely be called their success; but if they did not win out, as usual, they certainly did not lose.

The King of Mexico never revived.

The King was dead, but Bill Burney never succeeded him to the throne.

Bill was turned over to Uncle Sam, and is now a prisoner in an Eastern penitentiary.

Anita was held for a few days and then allowed to go free.

Colonel Carter took charge of his brother's remains and sent them east for interment.

The gang vanished from Yuma before the soldiers could get at them.

Tom Trotter was arrested by the Bradys in the New Wild West.

Tom's cyclone cellar at Timo was subsequently searched, and many government bonds were found in the box. They were part of the proceeds of one of the bank robberies of the King.

The Bradys were paid by the Secret Service Bureau.

Colonel Carter was cold and distant to the last, and scarcely thanked them for what they had done.

Every since the badmen of southwestern Arizona have given Yuma a wide berth, for they remember the case of The Bradys and the King of Mexico.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE BOND KING; or, WORKING ON A WALL STREET CASE," which will be the next number (273) of "Secret Service."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

WILD WEST



A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Application made for Second-Class Entry at N. Y. Post Office.

No. 77.

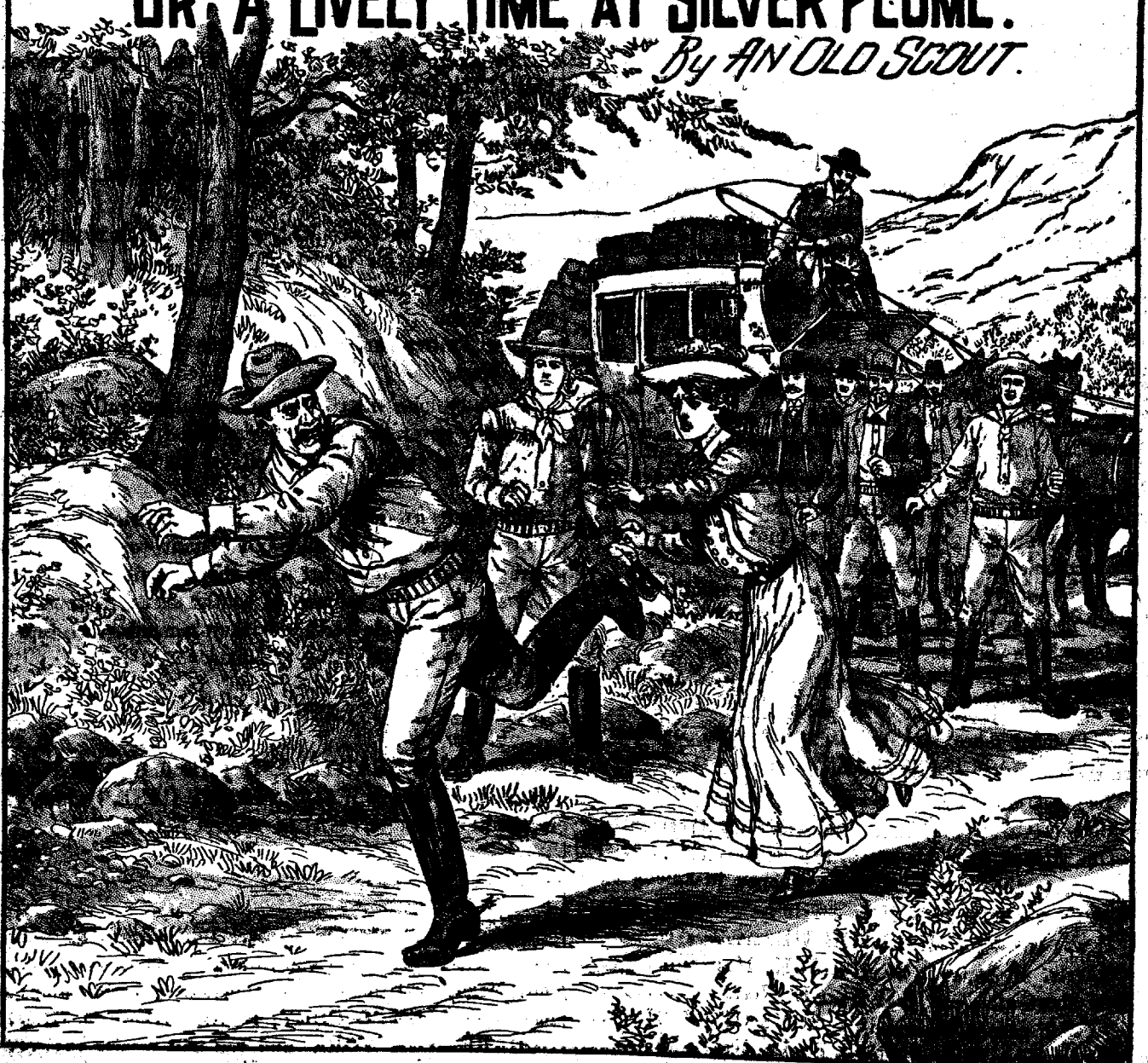
NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE GIRL IN GREEN

OR, A LIVELY TIME AT SILVER PLUME.

By AN OLD SCOUT.



WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, etc., of Western Life.

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

32 PAGES.

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOME COLORED COVER.

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published.

Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

LATEST ISSUES:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 23 Young Wild West's Vacation; or, A Lively Time at Roaring Ranch. | 53 Young Wild West After the Claim-Jumpers; or, Taming a Tough Town. |
| 24 Young Wild West On His Muscle; or, Fighting With Nature's Weapons. | 54 Young Wild West and the Prairie Pearl; or, The Mystery of No Man's Ranch. |
| 25 Young Wild West's Mistake; or, Losing a Hundred Thousand. | 55 Young Wild West on a Crooked Trail; or, Lost on the Alkali Desert. |
| 26 Young Wild West in Deadwood; or, The Terror of Taper Top. | 56 Young Wild West and the Broken Bow; or, The Outlaws of Yellow Fork. |
| 27 Young Wild West's Close Call; or, The Raiders of Raw Hide Ridge. | 57 Young Wild West's Running Fight; or, Trapping the Reds and Renegades. |
| 28 Young Wild West Trapped; or, The Net That Would Not Hold Him. | 58 Young Wild West and His Dead Shot Band; or, the Smugglers of the Canadian Border. |
| 29 Young Wild West's Election; or, A Mayor at Twenty. | 59 Young Wild West's Blind Ride; or, The Treasure Trove of the Yellowstone. |
| 30 Young Wild West and the Cattle Thieves; or, Breaking Up a "Bad Gang." | 60 Young Wild West and the Vigilantes; or, Thinning Out a Hard Crowd. |
| 31 Young Wild West's Mascot; or, The Dog That Wanted a Master. | 61 Young Wild West on a Crimson Trail; or, Arietta Among the Apaches. |
| 32 Young Wild West's Challenge; or, A Combination Hard to Beat. | 62 Young Wild West and "Gilt Edge Gil"; or, Touching up the Sharpers. |
| 33 Young Wild West and the Ranch Queen; or, Rounding Up the Cattle Ropers. | 63 Young Wild West's Reckless Riders; or, After the Train Wreckers. |
| 34 Young Wild West's Pony Express; or, Getting the Mail Through on Time. | 64 Young Wild West at Keno Gulch; or, The Game That Was Never Played. |
| 35 Young Wild West on the Big Divide; or, The Raid of the Renegades. | 65 Young Wild West and the Man from the East; or, The Luck that Found the Lost Lode. |
| 36 Young Wild West's Million in Gold; or, The Boss Boy of Boulder. | 66 Young Wild West in the Grand Canyon; or, A Finish Fight With Outlaws. |
| 37 Young Wild West Running the Gantlet; or, The Pawnee Chief's Last Shot. | 67 Young Wild West and the "Wyoming Wolves"; or, Arietta's Wonderful Nerve. |
| 38 Young Wild West and the Cowboys; or, A Hot Time on the Prairie. | 68 Young Wild West's Dangerous Deal; or, The Plot to Flood a Silver Mine. |
| 39 Young Wild West's Rough Riders; or, The Rose Bud of the Rockies. | 69 Young Wild West and the Purple Plumes; or, Cheyenne Charlie's Close Call. |
| 40 Young Wild West's Dash for Life; or, A Ride that Saved a Town. | 70 Young Wild West at "Coyote Camp"; or, Spolling a Lynching Bee. |
| 41 Young Wild West's Big Pan Out; or, The Battle for a Silver Mine. | 71 Young Wild West the Lasso King; or, The Crooked Gang of "Straight" Ranch. |
| 42 Young Wild West and the Charmed Arrow; or, The White Lily of the Kiowas. | 72 Young Wild West's Game of Chance; or, Saved by Arietta. |
| 43 Young Wild West's Great Round Up; or, Corraling the Ranch Raiders. | 73 Young Wild West and "Cayuse Kitty"; or, The Queen of the Broncho Busters. |
| 44 Young Wild West's Ride Rangers; or, Trailing a Bandit King. | 74 Young Wild West's Steady Hand; or, The Shot That Made a Million. |
| 45 Young Wild West and the Russian Duke; or, A Lively Time on Mountain and Plain. | 75 Young Wild West and The Piute Princess; or, The Trail that Led to the Lost Land. |
| 46 Young Wild West on the Rio Grande; or, Trapping the Mexican Coiners. | 76 Young Wild West's Cowboy Carnival; or, The Roundup at Roaring Ranch. |
| 47 Young Wild West and Sitting Bull; or, Saving a Troop of Cavalry. | 77 Young Wild West and the Girl in Green; or, A Lively Time at Silver Plume. |
| 48 Young Wild West and the Texas Trailers; or, Roping in the Horse Thieves. | 78 Young Wild West's Long Range Shot; or, Arietta's Ride for Life. |
| 49 Young Wild West's Whirlwind Riders; or, Chasing the Border Thugs. | |
| 50 Young Wild West and the Danites; or, Arietta's Great Peril. | |
| 51 Young Wild West in the Shadow of Death; or, Saved by a Red Man's Bullet. | |
| 52 Young Wild West and the Arizona Boomers; or, The Bad Men of Bullet Bar. | |

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS, OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY. BY FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....
Name..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....

FRANK READE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Containing Stories of Adventures on Land, Sea, and in the Air.

BY "NONAME."

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOMELY ILLUMINATED COVER.

A 32-PAGE BOOK FOR FIVE CENTS.

All our readers know Frank Reade, Jr., the greatest inventor of the age, and his two fun-loving chums, Barney and Pomp. The stories published in this magazine contain a true account of the wonderful and exciting adventures of the famous inventor, with his marvellous flying machines, electrical overland engines, and his extraordinary submarine boats. Each number is a rare treat. Tell your newsdealer to get you a copy.

LATEST ISSUES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>19 Six Weeks in the Clouds; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Air-Ship the "Thunderbolt."
 20 Around the World Under Water; or, The Wonderful Cruise of a Submarine Boat.
 21 The Mystic Brand; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Overland Stage.
 22 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Air Racer; or, Around the Globe in Thirty Days.
 23 The Sunken Pirate; or, Frank Reade, Jr., in Search of a Treasure at the Bottom of the Sea.
 24 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Magnetic Gun Carriage; or, Working for the U. S. Mail.
 25 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Ice Ship; or, Driven Adrift in the Frozen Sky.
 26 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Sea Engine; or, Hunting for a Sunken Diamond Mine.
 27 The Black Range; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Among the Cowboys with His Electric Caravan.
 28 Over the Andes with Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, Wild Adventures in Peru.
 29 Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring a Submarine Mountain; or, Lost at the Bottom of the Sea.
 30 Adrift in Africa; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Among the Ivory Hunters with His New Electric Wagon.
 31 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for a Lost Man in His Latest Air Wonder.
 32 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Sea Serpent; or, Six Thousand Miles Under the Sea.
 33 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Prairie Whirlwind; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Canyon.
 34 Around the Horizon for Ten Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Trip.
 35 Lost in the Atlantic Valley; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and his Wonder, the "Dart."
 36 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Explorer; or, The Underground City of the Sahara.
 37 Lost in the Mountains of the Moon; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Trip with the "Scud."
 38 Under the Amazon for a Thousand Miles.
 39 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Clipper of the Prairie; or, Fighting the Apaches in the Southwest.
 40 The Chase of a Comet; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Aerial Trip with the "Flash."
 41 Across the Frozen Sea; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Electric Snow Cutter.
 42 Frank Reade Jr.'s Electric Buckboard; or, Thrilling Adventures in North Australia.
 43 Around the Arctic Circle; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Famous Flight With His Air Ship.
 44 Frank Reade Jr.'s Search for the Silver Whale; or, Under the Ocean in the Electric "Dolphin."
 45 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Car; or, Outwitting a Desperate Gang.</p> | <p>46 To the End of the Earth; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Great Mid-Air Flight.
 47 The Missing Island; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Voyage Under the Sea.
 48 Frank Reade, Jr., in Central India; or, the Search for the Lost Savants.
 49 Frank Reade, Jr. Fighting the Terror of the Coast.
 50 100 Miles Below the Surface of the Sea; or, The Marvelous Trip of Frank Reade, Jr.
 51 Abandoned in Alaska; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Thrilling Search for a Lost Gold Claim.
 52 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Twenty-Five Thousand Mile Trip in the Air.
 53 Under the Yellow Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Cave of Pearls.
 54 From the Nile to the Niger; or, Frank Reade, Jr. Lost in the Soudan.
 55 The Electric Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Greatest Wonder on Earth.
 56 The Underground Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Subterranean Cruise.
 57 From Tropic to Tropic; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Tour With His Bicycle Car.
 58 Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventure With His Air-ship.
 59 Under Four Oceans; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."
 60 The Mysterious Mirage; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Search for a Secret City.
 61 Latitude 90 Degrees; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Mid-Air Flight.
 62 Lost in the Great Undertow; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Cruise in the Gulf Stream.
 63 Across Australia with Frank Reade, Jr.; or, in His New Electric Car.
 64 Over Two Continents; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Long Distance Flight.
 65 Under the Equator; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Submarine Voyage.
 66 Astray in the Selvas; or The Wild Experiences of Frank Reade, Jr., in South America.
 67 In the Wild Man's Land; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Heart of Australia.
 68 From Coast to Coast; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Trip Across Africa.
 69 Beyond the Gold Coast; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Overland Trip.
 70 Across the Earth; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Trip With His New Air Ship.
 71 Six Weeks Buried in a Deep Sea Cave; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Submarine Search.
 72 Across the Desert of Fire; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Trip in a Strange Country.
 73 The Transient Lake; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Adventures in a Mysterious Country.
 74 The Galleon's Gold; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Deep Sea Search.
 75 The Lost Caravan; or, Frank Reade, Jr. on the Staked Plains.
 76 Adrift in Asia With Frank Reade, Jr.</p> |
|---|---|

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos..... | |
| " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos..... | |
| " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos..... | |
| " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos..... | |
| " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos..... | |
| " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos..... | |
| " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos..... | |
| Name..... | Street and No..... |
| | Town..... |
| | State..... |

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 19.—**FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

LATEST ISSUES:

- 186 The Bradys and "Faro Frank"; or, A Hot Case in the Gold Mines.
- 187 The Bradys and the "Rube"; or, Tracking the Confidence Men.
- 188 The Bradys as Firemen; or, Tracking a Gang of Incendiaries.
- 189 The Bradys in the Oil Country; or, The Mystery of the Giant Gusher.
- 190 The Bradys and the Blind Beggar; or, The Worst Crook of All.
- 191 The Bradys and the Bankbreakers; or, Working the Thugs of Chicago.
- 192 The Bradys and the Seven Skulls; or, The Clew That Was Found in the Barn.
- 193 The Bradys in Mexico; or, The Search for the Aztec Treasure House.
- 194 The Bradys at Black Run; or, Trailing the Coiners of Candle Creek.
- 195 The Bradys Among the Bulls and Bears; or, Working the Wires in Wall Street.
- 196 The Bradys and the King; or, Working for the Bank of England.
- 197 The Bradys and the Duke's Diamonds; or, The Mystery of the Yacht.
- 198 The Bradys and the Bed Rock Mystery; or, Working in the Black Hills.
- 199 The Bradys and the Card Crooks; or, Working on an Ocean Liner.
- 200 The Bradys and "John Smith"; or, The Man Without a Name.
- 201 The Bradys and the Manhunters; or, Down in the Dismal Swamp.
- 202 The Bradys and the High Rock Mystery; or, The Secret of the Seven Steps.
- 203 The Bradys at the Block House; or, Rustling the Rustlers on the Frontier.
- 204 The Bradys in Baxter Street; or, The House Without a Door.
- 205 The Bradys Midnight Call; or, The Mystery of Harlem Heights.
- 206 The Bradys Behind the Bars; or, Working on Blackwells Island.
- 207 The Bradys and the Brewer's Bonds; or, Working on a Wall Street Case.
- 208 The Bradys on the Bowery; or, The Search for a Missing Girl.
- 209 The Bradys and the Pawnbroker; or, A Very Mysterious Case.
- 210 The Bradys and the Gold Fakirs; or, Working for the Mint.
- 211 The Bradys at Bonanza Bay; or, Working on a Million Dollar Clew.
- 212 The Bradys and the Black Riders; or, The Mysterious Murder at Wildtown.
- 213 The Bradys and Senator Slam; or, Working With Washington Crooks.
- 214 The Bradys and the Man from Nowhere; or, Their Very Hardest Case.
- 215 The Bradys and "No. 99"; or, The Search for a Mad Millionaire.
- 216 The Bradys at Baffin's Bay; or, The Trail Which Led to the Arctic.
- 217 The Bradys and Gim Lee; or, Working a Clew in Chinatown.
- 218 The Bradys and the "Yegg" Men; or, Seeking a Clew on the Road.
- 219 The Bradys and the Blind Banker; or, Ferretting Out the Wall Street Thieves.
- 220 The Bradys and the Black Cat; or, Working Among the Card Crooks of Chicago.
- 221 The Bradys and the Texas Oil King; or, Seeking a Clew in the Southwest.
- 222 The Bradys and the Night Hawk; or, New York at Midnight.
- 223 The Bradys in the Bad Lands; or, Hot Work in South Dakota.
- 224 The Bradys at Breakneck Hall; or, The Mysterious House on the Harlem.
- 225 The Bradys and the Fire Marshal; or, Hot Work in Hornersville.
- 226 The Bradys and the Three Sheriffs; or, Doing a Turn in Tennessee.
- 227 The Bradys and the Opium Smugglers; or, A Hot Trail on the Pacific Coast.
- 228 The Bradys' Boomerang; or, Shaking Up the Wall Street Wire Tappers.
- 229 The Bradys Among the Rockies; or, Working Away Out West.
- 230 The Bradys and Judge Lynch; or, After the Arkansas Terror.
- 231 The Bradys and the Bag Boys; or, Hustling in the Black Hills.
- 232 The Bradys and Captain Bangs; or, The Mystery of a Mississippi Steamer.
- 233 The Bradys in Maiden Lane; or, Tracking the Diamond Crooks.
- 234 The Bradys and Wells-Fargo Case; or, The Mystery of the Montana Mail.
- 235 The Bradys and "Bowery Bill"; or, The Crooks of Coon Alley.
- 236 The Bradys at Bushel Bend; or, Smoking Out the Chinese Smugglers.
- 237 The Bradys and the Messenger Boy; or, The A. D. T. Mystery.
- 238 The Bradys and the Wire Gang; or, The Great Race-Track Swindle.
- 239 The Bradys Among the Mormons; or, Secret Work in Salt Lake City.
- 240 The Bradys and "Fancy Frank"; or, The Velvet Gang of Flood Bar.
- 241 The Bradys at Battle Cliff; or, Chased Up the Grand Canyon.
- 242 The Bradys and "Mustang Mike"; or, The Man With the Branded Hand.
- 243 The Bradys at Gold Hill; or, The Mystery of the Man from Montana.
- 244 The Bradys and Pilgrim Pete; or, The Tough Sports of Terror Gulch.
- 245 The Bradys and the Black Eagle Express; or, The Fate of the Frisco Flyer.
- 246 The Bradys and Hi-Lo-Jak; or, Dark Deeds in Chinatown.
- 247 The Bradys and the Texas Rangers; or, Rounding up the Green Goods Fakirs.
- 248 The Bradys and "Simple Sue"; or, The Keno Queen of Sawdust City.
- 249 The Bradys and the Wall Street Wizard; or, the Cash That Did Not Come.
- 250 The Bradys and Cigarette Charlie; or, the Smoothest Crook in the World.
- 251 The Bradys at Bandit Gulch; or, From Wall Street to the Far West.
- 252 The Bradys in the Foot-Hills; or, The Blue Band of Hard Luck Gulch.
- 253 The Bradys and Brady the Banker; or, The Secret of the Old Santa Fe Trail.
- 254 The Bradys' Graveyard Clue; or, Dealings With Doctor Death.
- 255 The Bradys and "Lonely Luke"; or, The Hard Gang of Hard-scrabble.
- 256 The Bradys and Tombstone Tom; or, A Hurry Call from Arizona.
- 257 The Bradys' Backwoods Trail; or, Landing the Log Rollers Gang.
- 258 The Bradys and "Joe Jinger"; or, The Clew in the Convict Camp.
- 259 The Bradys at Madman's Roost; or, A Clew from the Golden Gate.
- 260 The Bradys and the Border Band; or, Six Weeks' Work Along the Line.
- 261 The Bradys in Sample City; or, The Gang of the Silver Seven.
- 262 The Bradys' Mott Street Mystery; or, The Case of Mrs. Ching Chow.
- 263 The Bradys' Black Butte Raid; or, Trailing the Idaho "Terror."
- 264 The Bradys and Jockey Joe; or, Crooked Work at the Race Track.
- 265 The Bradys at Kicking Horse Canyon; or, Working for the Canadian Pacific.
- 266 The Bradys and "Black Jack"; or, Tracking the Negro Crooks.
- 267 The Bradys' Wild West Clew; or, Knocking About Nevada.
- 268 The Bradys' Dash to Deadwood; or, A Mystery of the Black Hills.
- 269 The Bradys and "Humpy Hank"; or, The Silver Gang of Shasta.
- 270 The Bradys and Dr. Dockery; or, The Secret Band of Seven.
- 271 The Bradys' Western Raid; or, Trailing A "Bad" Man to Texas.
- 272 The Bradys at Fort Yuma; or, The Mix-Up With the "King of Mexico."

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find..... cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....?
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....?
- " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....?
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....?
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....?
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....?
- " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....?

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....