

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, 1890, by Frank Tousey.

No. 345.

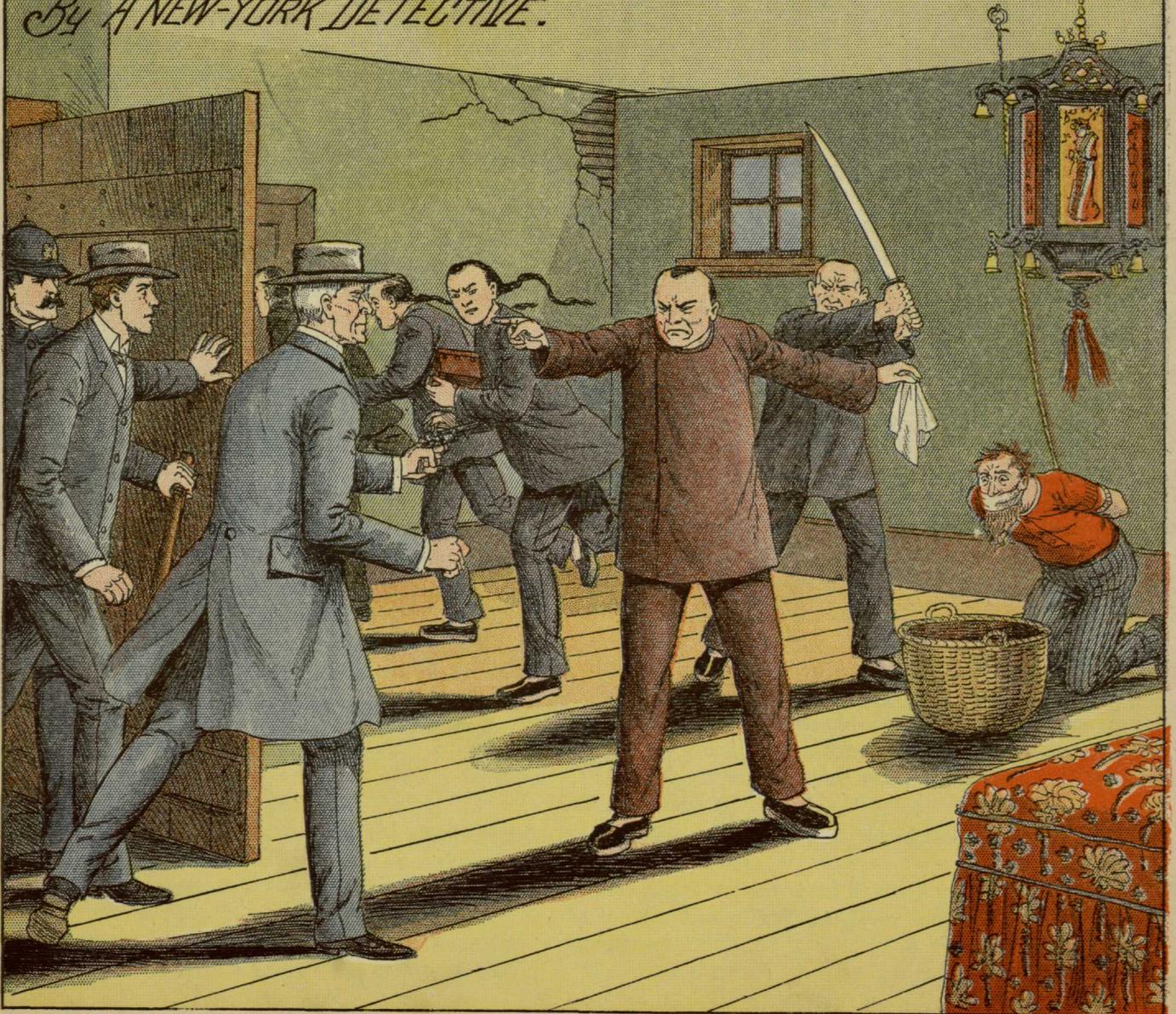
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS' CHINESE MYSTERY;

OR, CALLED BY THE "KING" OF MOTT STREET.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



"Hold where you was, Blady!" cried Chap Chung! "So I dlop de hankelchef so dlop him head into dlat basket! Now will you be good and go away!" It was a check on the detectives. For the moment the Bradys halted at the door.

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CHAPTER I.

THE BRADYS' QUIET NIGHT.

"And now, Harry," said Old King Brady, America's most famous detective, "let us settle down for a quiet evening. I'll play you a game of pinochle and we will tap this new brand of cigars, which, as it was imported direct from Havana for my especial benefit by a particular friend, ought to be something extra fine."

Young King Brady, partner and pupil of the keen old detective, assented readily enough.

A long day's work in the pouring rain had served to tire Harry out pretty thoroughly, and now in housecoat and slippers, seated in the library of the old mansion on Washington Square, where for some years the Bradys have kept bachelors' hall, he was ready for a quiet evening if such a thing was to be had.

But this Harry had abundant reason for doubting.

Of late the services of the Bradys had been much in demand.

They had that afternoon just wound up a city case, and where the next call would come from was a problem.

It might be from Cape Horn or with equal probability from the North Pole.

"I'm ready for the game, Governor," the young man responded; "but as for the quiet evening I shall have to see it before I believe it possible. Open the cigars, I'll get the cards and we will fire away."

There was no dressing-gown and slippers for Old King Brady.

When not in disguise the old detective has but one style of dress, which has become known far and wide.

We refer to the old blue coat with brass buttons, the antique stand-up collar with pointed ends finished out by that ancient "stock."

Of course, he had now laid aside the old white hat with its immensely broad brim—that hung out in the hall.

"What do you think of the cigar, Harry?" demanded Old King Brady, when the first game was finished and the cards were being shuffled for a new deal.

"Don't ask me."

"Ha! you don't like it?"

"I'm afraid I don't. It is as dry as chips and the room smells as though a woolen mill was afire somewhere on the block. Hello! There goes the bell!"

"It may be nothing."

"Don't you believe it. Surest thing you know, it's a call. There is no such thing as a quiet evening for us."

"Such has too often proved the case, but there is still a chance. What's the matter with Julius? Why don't he answer? Has he gone to sleep downstairs?" Old King Brady exclaimed.

"He is coming up now, Governor."

"Yes, yes! Wait a second till we see who it is."

After Julius, the man of all work, opened the door there seemed to be quite an argument in the hall.

"It's Chinks!" exclaimed Harry. "I can tell by their voices. Confound it, another Mott street case."

"Mott street cases sometimes pay well, my boy. I guess we are in for it. Well, Julius?"

"Dey'se two Chinee men at de do', Mr. Brady," replied the colored man, entering then. "Dey say dey mus' see you, sure t'ing."

"Ask their names, Julius," said Old King Brady.

"Well, I did, boss; dey won't gib dem. Dey gimme a hull lot of laundly talk."

"They will have to give me something else beside laundry talk if they want me to do anything for them tonight, then," said Old King Brady. "Show them in."

Then it was enter two Chinamen wearing American dress with their pigtailed neatly coiled about their heads.

One was fat and the other was thin.

The fat man was tall for one of his race and the thin one stood below the average height; indeed he might almost have been called a dwarf.

Before Old King Brady could say a word both began talking together and with such excitement that it was difficult to tell whether they were talking in English or Chinese.

"Come, come!" cried Old King Brady. "This won't do. Calm down, you two. Sit down. One at a time now. Which of you is the boss?"

"Me blossom!"

"Be blossom!"

Both blurted this out together.

"One at a time, I say, if you want to do any business with me!" exclaimed the old detective. "Now, then, you fat fellow, you do the talking. Who sent you here?"

"Tom Lee!" said the fat man, who appeared to be all out of breath.

The name mentioned was that of the most noted Chinaman in New York.

Tom Lee is not only head of the powerful faction known as the On Leong, but also bears the title of "Mayor of Chinatown."

It is not everyone who can get the chance even to see

Tom Lee, although almost every slummer who visits Chinatown tries it, but the Bradys know him well.

"Very good," said the old detective. "Anyone who comes here from Tom Lee gets attention, that's all. Now what's your name?"

"Fang Dang," replied the fat man.

"And the little fellow?"

"He Wee Woo!"

"Good. He's well enough. Now what do you want?"

"Me no can tell," replied Fang Dang. "Me comee here from Tom Lee."

"You said that before. What does Tom want?"

"No Tom Lee."

"Confound it, you just said yes, Tom Lee! But here, I must be patient with you or I shall have you both so rattled that you won't know which end you are on. What does Tom Lee want?"

"No Tom Lee! No Tom Lee! Ching Wing!"

"The King of Mott street?"

"Yair, yair! Kling! Dat light! Ching Wing!" cried the fat man, evidently greatly relieved to find that he was getting somewhere at last.

"Sit down," said Old King Brady. "Now we will get to business. What does the King of Mott Street want with the Bradys?"

"See, looker here, so you swear no tellee p'leecé or tellee sleclet slervice man, den we tellee you."

Used to the Chinese ways, Old King Brady gave the assurance with a mental reservation, of course.

Not that the old detective had any intention of turning down his Chinese clients because they were such.

Old King Brady is the man to keep faith with any client, be he black, white or yellow, unless the ends of justice stand in the way.

"Den me tellee you," continued Fang Dang. "Me slister she comee ffrom China—see? She gettee lost—see? Ching Wing he go to mally her. He feel belly bad dlat she gettee lost. He want de Bladys to flind her. He payee any old money so he gettee her back—see?"

"I see. Your sister has been lost since she reached New York."

"Me no can tell. Mebbe it was in Canada."

"Oh, she was smuggled in by way of Canada?"

"Yair. Tlonto. Dat where she come. See, me puttee her in box. Me big doctor. Me puttee her sleep and pack her in box Tlonto. Me t'ink she come New York allee light by 'spress."

"Let me follow you. In order to dupe the secret service men at Niagara Falls you put your sister under the influence of drugs, packed her in a box and shipped her by express from Toronto to New York. Is that it?"

"Yair; dlat it."

"And what hapuened then?"

"Dlen we takee box to Ching Wing's house and when we open it me slister she gone and stones in her place."

"Ha! The box had stones in it—the girl was gone?"

"Yair, sir, Mlister Blady, dat so."

"Did you come through on the same train?"

"Yair."

"What train?"

"It come over by Albany."

"New York Central?"

"Yair. Dlat light."

"How could you come over the line?"

"Me habbe pass. Me go home China to get me slister. Me comee in Melica allee light."

"You did not see your sister from the time you put her in the box at Toronto?"

"No."

"And the box was opened in Ching Wing's house?"

"Yair, Mlister Blady, sir. Dlat so."

"And what has this other fellow got to do with it?"

"He big fliend Ching Wing's."

"Little friend I should say. So you want me to find the girl?"

"Yair. Tom Lee him say you go Mr. Ole Kling Blady. He chargee muchee mun, but he flind your slister. Yair, dlat so."

"You belong to the On Leong?"

"Yair."

"And Ching Wing, too, I believe?"

"Yair; dlat so."

"Why do you call him the King of Mott Street?"

This was too much for Fang Dang.

He threw up his hands and made it understood that he could not explain.

"You comee long wid us. De Kling he speakee good L'nglish. He tell you all," he declared. "Me hab callage at door."

The Bradys withdrew and consulted.

They had no case on hand at the time, and Old King Brady regarded it of the highest importance that they should keep in with Tom Lee.

"We shall have to accept this call from the King of Mott Street, as they call him, Harry," he declared.

"I've heard of the fellow before, but why do they call him King?" Young King Brady asked.

"Oh, I believe he is the head of the principal lodge of the On Leong."

"And consequently the enemy of the Highbinders, or Hip Sing Tong."

"That's what he is; but he is also a man of big influence. They say he will be Tom Lee's successor when the old man dies. The title 'King' was given him by some newspaper reporter at first, I believe, and it has stuck to him ever since."

"I suppose we had better go," assented Harry.

This settled it.

Old King Brady now informed Fang Dang that they were ready to accompany him.

The conveyance at the door was an old Bowery hack, which looked as if it might have seen much service.

The Chinks got in on the front seat, and with the

Bradys at the back they went rattling off in the direction of Chinatown.

Now that they were in possession of their detectives, the two Chinamen shut up like clams.

Nor did the Bradys care to draw them out further, for Fang Dang's pigeon English was anything but easy to understand.

They drove through to the Bowery by the way of Canal street and were just turning out of Chatham Square into Mott street, when down went the corner of the hack on Harry's side, sending Old King Brady on top of him with the two Chinks spilling themselves over both.

It was a strenuous moment.

The Bradys' "quiet night" was taking a strange turn.

There was worse to follow, however.

Immediately the hack was surrounded by a mob of Chinamen.

One of the hind wheels had come off, causing the trouble.

The mob, however, seemed to think that this was not trouble enough.

They wrenched open the door on the upper side, chattering and jabbering like so many monkeys.

"Help, Blady! Mmurder!" yelled Fang Dang.

Then all in an instant a shot was fired directly in upon the struggling occupants of the cab.

Fang Dang fell back upon Old King Brady with a despairing cry.

"By heavens, this is murder for fair!" gasped Harry.

Alas for the Bradys' quiet night!

CHAPTER II.

CALLED AGAIN BY THE KING.

It was a time when the warring factions of Chinatown were having full sway.

The police either could not or would not check them.

Every day for a week there had been a shooting scrape among the Celestials of Mott, Pell or Doyer street.

The Bradys in a general way were aware of this, but as it was now some time since they had been called upon to handle a Chinese case, they had not given the matter any particular thought.

It was brought home to them now, however.

Fang Dang had been shot dead as he lay struggling on top of the Bradys.

The only wonder was that the old detective had not lost his life, too.

Who killed the man was never certainly known.

It is very difficult to trace these murders in Chinatown.

Even when the informer gets in his fine work the courts are loath to believe him, and wisely so, for nine times out of ten he is not telling the truth.

The crowd pressing about the hack scattered as the shot was fired.

Two policemen came running up and, aided by one or two white bystanders, they lifted the body of the dying Chinaman out upon the sidewalk, giving the Bradys and Wee Woo a chance to get free.

Neither of the detectives found himself any the worse for this adventure, although Harry, being on the bottom, was pretty badly shaken up.

Upon the exciting scene which followed we need not particularly dwell.

In less time than it takes to tell it the Bradys found themselves in the middle of a dense crowd.

This was made up of people from the Bowery and Chatham Square, Worth and other streets.

There were very few Chinamen in that crowd.

At the sound of the pistol-shot the Chinks, according to their usual custom, fled like rats to their holes.

Although the affair took place in the heart of Chinatown, so to speak, it was all in a minute difficult to find a Chinaman anywhere around.

The reserves from the Elizabeth street police station quickly landed upon the scene.

Already the Bradys had explained to the police what they knew of the shooting.

Wee Woo stuck to his unfortunate companion when in the confusion he might easily have escaped.

Fang Dang expired in Old King Brady's arms a few moments after they got him to the sidewalk.

Not a word did he utter after that one dreadful cry given when the shot struck him.

The ambulance came at last, and the young doctors pronouncing the man dead, he was taken to a house on Pell street in which We Woo declared the deceased had lived.

Here they were received by a frightened white woman, who declared that she was the dead Chinaman's wife.

At first the police were inclined to hold Wee Woo, but upon Old King Brady's request the man was allowed to go free, he having positively declared again and again that he knew no one who bore any grudge against Fang Dang.

The wily Celestial never mentioned the missing Chinawoman, nor did the Bradys, but after the detectives were able to get away with Wee Woo the matter was brought up.

The little Chink was terribly excited—almost hysterical.

He would not talk, however, but kept moaning and repeating over and over:

"He my good fiend! He my good fiend!"

"Come, come! You must brace up!" said Old King Brady, when at last they got the man around on Mott street and were free of the crowd. "This is a bad business, but it can't be helped. We must go and see the King of Mott Street now."

"Yair, yair!" groaned Wee Woo. "He my good fiend! He my good fiend!"

"Where does this Ching Wing live?" demanded the old detective. "You take us to his house."

"Yair, yair!" said Wee Woo. "Me take! You come long with me."

The Bradys never doubted his sincerity.

Why should they under the circumstances?

And yet the little Chinaman deceived them in the end.

He led them to the second floor of an old brick house on Mott street and entered the front room, telling the detectives to wait a minute.

They waited ten, and then Old King Brady began banging on the door.

It was the old story.

A Chinaman whom they had never seen opened the door and thrust his head out.

"What want?" he demanded. "What want?"

"Ching Wing!" cried Old King Brady.

"Me no sabe Ching Wing."

"Yes you do sabe him. The King of Mott Street."

"Me no sabe Kling of Mott Street."

"Tell him Old King Brady wants to see him."

"No sabe Kling Blady; no sabe no kling."

"We want Wee Woo, then."

"No sabe Wee Woo!" protested the Chink, and so it went.

It ended in the Bradys forcing an entrance and making a thorough search for Wee Woo.

This came to nothing.

They discovered a private staircase opening from the back room and leading to the floor below, where a Chinese banker carried on business.

This man was equally ignorant of Wee Woo, and declared that no one had come down the stairs.

It was all of no use, and in the end the Bradys had to give it up and go home.

Next morning the papers told of the latest murder in Chinatown, and the names of the Bradys were brought into unpleasant connection with the affair.

Fang Dang was not known in Chinatown at all, it seemed, but belonged to the Chinese colony on Race street, Philadelphia.

The papers declared that he was a Highbinder, and asserted that the murder had been committed by a member of the On Leong company.

It was boldly stated that the murderer was known and would soon be arrested.

But he was not, just the same, and in a few days the affair was forgotten.

The Bradys called on Tom Lee next day, but got no satisfaction.

The Mayor of Chinatown assured Old King Brady that the King of Mott Street had not been seen in New York within two months, and that he himself had no connection whatever with Fang Dang—did not even know him.

The Bradys believed Tom Lee, for the old Chinaman had no motive for deceiving them.

And so the Bradys' Chinese mystery remained a mystery for several weeks.

The detectives went West to chase up a notorious bad-man who was terrorizing a certain mining camp.

By the time they had run the fellow into the penitentiary and again found themselves back in New York they had forgotten all about the affair, but it was again brought to their notice about a week after their return. When one afternoon as they were sitting in their little office on Park Row the door opened and an elderly Chinaman whom they had known for some time as the keeper of a Pell street opium joint came in.

"How do, Blady," said the man, who spoke English fluently. "Nicee day."

"Ah, Chap Chung, and how are you?" replied Old King Brady, never imagining that the affair of the King of Mott Street was coming on the carpet again.

"Me allee light," replied Chap Chung, dropping into a chair. "Nicee day."

"You said that before, Chung. What brings you here?"

"Say, Blady, you sabe Kling of Mott Street?"

"Yes, yes! You come from him?"

"Yair."

"Well?"

"He my bludder."

"Oh, yes!"

"You no believe it?"

"How can I tell. Go on."

"He wantee see you. He gib you case."

"He sent for us once before and we had all kinds of trouble. Guess we don't want his case, Chap Chung."

"Oh, now come, looker here, Blady, you sabe me?"

"Oh, yes; we sabe you very well, Chap Chung, but I don't sabe the King of Mott Street, and I don't want to, what's more."

"No say dlat, Blady. Odder time him 'flaid. So de Highbinders kill Fang Dang, de Kling, he fear'd he get killed, too."

"Well, well! We want nothing to do with him."

"No say dlat, Blady. Some time you come up Mott street and say, come now, Chap Chung, you see so and so? You sabe dat? Ah, ha! You help me now and I help you den."

"That's right, Chap Chung. You have got me there."

"Yair; Kling of Mott Street he my bludder, so you help him."

"Bring him in here, Chap Chung, and we will see what can be done."

"No can, Blady. He muchee flaid. He run away dlat time, yair. Now he comee back. He hide, but he muchee flaid."

"Where do you want me to go, Chung?"

"You come along me."

"Now?"

"Yair, now."

"Can't do it. We will call to-morrow if you will give us the number."

"Come to-night, Blady. Mebbe to-morrow my bludder have to run away again."

"All right then, we will come to-night. Where shall I come to, your place?"

"No, not my place. Here."

Chap Chung had a number on Mott street already written on a card.

Giving this to the Bradys, he then departed.

"Our Chinese mystery again!" exclaimed Harry. "Do you know I am quite curious to see the end of that affair?"

"I can't say I care so much about meddling with it then," replied the old detective; "but Chap Chung's argument was sound; the first thing you know we shall want to locate somebody in his opium joint, and if we refuse him now he will be getting back on us then, surest thing."

And so that night the Bradys again went to Chinatown.

The number on Mott street proved to belong to a large red brick flat house opposite the church.

It was one of the few modern structures in Chinatown, and was arranged in comfortable flats, all of which were inhabited by Chinese.

Old King Brady inquired of a young Chinaman who stood in the doorway as they approached.

"Yair, me sabe Ching Wing," replied the fellow. "You Old Kling Blady?"

"That's me."

"And you fliend?"

"He's my partner. We always go together."

"Yair. Comee 'long."

Evidently this person had been on the lookout for the Bradys.

He led them to the third flat, and there ushered them into a comfortably furnished room quite American and up-to-date in its fittings and with little about it to indicate that its occupants were Chinese.

Three Celestials in American dress sat around the room.

Two immediately got up and left, while the third, a man about thirty, arose to greet the detectives.

We stated that Chap Chung spoke English fluently; what we should have said was that he talked all the time, but his English was decidedly of the pigeon brand.

Not so Ching Wing's.

He spoke the language as well as the Bradys themselves.

"I am much obliged to you for calling, gentlemen," he said. "Be seated, please, and I will tell you my story. I think I can trust you with my secrets. You have been very highly spoken of to me by Tom Lee."

"I want to say right here, Mr. Wing, that Tom Lee distinctly told us that he did not send that man who was killed to my house, and that I believe him, too."

"And you may; he spoke the truth. He did not send poor Fang Dang to you, but he did speak to me about you. We were all in danger of our lives at that time, Mr. Brady, so you see we had to go slow, as you Americans say.

"Yes, yes. I understand. You speak very good English."

"There is no reason why I should not. I am a graduate

of Oberlin College out in Ohio. I have been in America all my life."

"Born here?"

"In San Francisco, of a white mother. I came to New York five years ago and started as an importer of Chinese goods. I have made money, and while the On Leong company had the upper hand here I was a person of some influence, but the Highbinders have the best of us just now, and we have to be very cautious. After the murder of Fang Dang I had to go in hiding, but now I have ventured back again on purpose to see you."

"About the affair of which Fang Dang spoke?"

"Yes; about my wife."

"You have not yet found her, then?"

"I have found no trace of her," replied the King. "Listen, Mr. Brady, and I will tell you the whole strange story. I have no desire to conceal a thing."

CHAPTER III.

THE BRADYS BEGIN.

"You may not understand or approve of our Chinese customs in regard to women, Mr. Brady," continued the King of Mott Street. "To you Americans it seems very strange that we buy our wives with money and sometimes sell them to others after we are tired of them.

"As to the first custom I can only say that it has obtained in China for thousands of years."

"And is not unknown here when you come to consider our habit of demanding dowry," remarked the old detective.

"Exactly so," replied the King. "As for selling our wives, is it more barbarous than your system of divorce? You put away your wives when you are tired of them and cease to contribute to their support. We, on the other hand, watch our chance and sell them to some man who will provide for them; certainly we never turn them out of our houses to starve."

"Go on with your story," said Old King Brady. "Let us come down to business now."

"It is this way," said the King. "I knew Fang Dang for many years. He told me about his sister in China and showed me her picture. I agreed to buy her and marry her if he would bring her to this country.

"Of course he violated your laws in doing this, but we cannot respect a law which excludes our race from the United States while the vilest and most desperate criminals of any other race find no difficulty in entering."

"Go on," said Old King Brady. "We will not discuss this law. I have nothing to do with that."

"But you will respect my confidence, I am sure."

"I certainly shall. Proceed."

"Fang Dang told you the circumstances of the ship-

ment of Mina Dang from Toronto, I presume?" continued the King.

"If that is the girl's name, yes."

"Such is her name. Dang was a Chinese doctor. He administered a drug to his sister which is known only to ourselves and which will produce unconsciousness for a long period without bringing any harm to the taker.

"Having done this, he packed his sister in a fur-lined box and, addressing the box to me at this house, marked it 'glass' and shipped it by express.

"He accompanied the box on the train, and from time to time was able to see it in the express car. The time he really lost sight of it was after the box reached New York. It then went into the express-room at the Grand Central station, and Fang Dang was not able to remain to watch it for fear of attracting attention, so he hurried here.

"That night the box arrived, and I assisted in bringing it upstairs into this room. We had prepared a supper, and some of my most intimate friends had been invited. Of course I was all expectation at seeing my wife, so you can judge of my disappointment when, upon opening the box, we found only a number of stones wrapped in paper and wedged in place with pieces of wood. That is my story, Mr. Brady. It is all I can tell you about the case."

"It is practically the same story as was told me by Fang Dang," replied Old King Brady. "Now let us see if we cannot get a clew to this mystery. I will begin by asking you a few questions."

"And you may count upon my truthful answers to all you may ask."

"First, who killed Fang Dang?"

"I haven't the least idea. I will pay you a thousand dollars if you will bring his murderer to justice."

"That may come in with the rest of the case, but I shan't take it up alone. Had he any enemies that you know of?"

"None. I believe that he was killed by a hired High-binder—indeed I am sure that such was the case."

"Hired by the person who stole your wife?"

"Such is my belief."

"It certainly looks like a plausible theory."

"It is the only theory which will hold."

"Now about the box."

"What about it?"

"You can show it to me?"

"Yes; I have it here in the other room."

"Shall we step in there and take a look at it?"

"I will have it brought here."

"Wait a moment. What steps have you taken to find the girl here in New York besides calling on me?"

"None. I do not dare to make a move for fear the Hip Sing Tong would betray me."

"And in other cities?"

"I have visited Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. I have inquired of my friends in all those places, but I have not been able to get any clew."

"There have been no new women seen in the Chinese colonies of those cities, then?"

"Not so far as I was able to learn, Mr. Brady. You know my people keep their women concealed. It is our custom. It is not so easy to learn when new ones come to town."

"I see. Could not your brother find out for you here if there were any new women in town?"

"My brother?"

"I mean Chap Chung, the man you sent to our office."

"Oh, he is not my brother, Mr. Brady."

"No? He said he was."

"He meant my brother in the On Leong society."

"Oh, I see. Well, has he made any effort to find out?"

"Yes, but he has not succeeded in learning anything. You see, he keeps an opium place; it is not so easy for him to learn about Chinawomen."

"That is so. What is your own belief—that the woman is in New York, or that she has been taken to some other city?"

"I hardly think she is in Chinatown, but there are plenty of Chinese who do not live in Chinatown, as you very well know. She may have gone to one of them."

"I see; I am inclined to think you are right. Well, we will now look at the box."

Ching Wing opened a door and called something in Chinese.

In a few minutes one of the men whom the detectives had seen before came in dragging a long packing-case which looked big enough to contain a woman of small size.

It was strongly made and bore upon the lid the following marking:

"C. Wing, Esq.—Mott Street, New York City. Glass. Handle with care."

"I see by this mark here that the box was passed by the Custom House officer at Niagara Falls. How was that arranged?" Old King Brady asked.

"By some friend of Fang Dang's," was the reply. "I don't know how he managed it. I did not ask."

"It positively was not opened at the Falls, however?"

"If I can believe Fang Dang it certainly was not."

"But can you believe him?"

"I think so."

"Is there no chance that he fooled you?"

"I can't believe that."

"I don't see the stones, where are they?"

"We threw them away."

"That's a great pity. Can't they be found?"

"No; they were thrown in the ash barrel. They have been carted off long ago."

"I am very sorry for it. It was a great mistake. Harry, will you make a few measurements here?"

Harry produced his rule and carefully measured the box.

During the conversation he had been making notes of

all that was said and he now jotted down the measurements.

"I have seen enough of the box," said Old King Brady. "Take it away."

When they were alone again the detective resumed his questions.

"Do you know who the expressman was who brought the box here?" he asked.

But the King of Mott Street did not know.

In fact, he seemed to have reached the end of his rope.

The Bradys remained with him but a short time longer, and then, promising to take the matter right in hand, they left the house and returned to their office.

It seemed to the old detective that they had undertaken a very difficult case.

Personally he had very little hope of success, for looking for a Chinese woman is like the typical needle in a haystack.

No race on earth is so jealous of its women as the Chinese.

There are but very few women of the race east of San Francisco, anyhow, and such as exist are kept religiously concealed.

It was not until the next morning that the detectives took hold, and their first visit was to the express office at the Grand Central station.

Here they interviewed a Mr. Morrison, who at the time was express agent there.

Old King Brady described the box to Mr. Morrison and gave him the date of its arrival.

The agent then looked the box up in his book.

"Here it is," he said. "It arrived all right and was delivered at once by a driver named Tom Dolan. What is there wrong about it?"

"The box contained a Chinese statue," said Old King Brady. "It is known to have been carefully packed at Toronto, but when it reached Mr. Wing it was discovered to be empty and stones had taken the place of the statue. That is all."

"And quite enough," said the agent, "but it was never opened after it reached us, to that I will swear."

"Did you see the box?"

"I can't say that I remember it, but it is marked received in good condition on my book."

"Is Dolan a perfectly reliable man?"

"Entirely so."

"Can I see him?"

"He is out now."

"When can he be seen?"

"About eleven o'clock. I will question him if you wish. I can call you up on the telephone."

"We will call you up at that hour," replied Old King Brady, and he withdrew.

"We didn't make much out of that, Governor," remarked Harry, as they left the express office. "What is to be our next move?"

"What we really want is to get at the baggage-masters

who were on the train which brought the box down from the Falls," said Old King Brady. "We will tackle the superintendent next."

This gentleman gave the Bradys but little information.

He did not seem to take any interest in the matter and was pompous and curt.

"Come, sir," said Old King Brady, at last. "You will have to do a little better for us than this, unless you want me to call on someone higher up. What was the name of the baggage-master on that train? We positively must know."

The superintendent came off his high horse then.

He did some telephoning and announced that the baggage-master's name was Frank Ryers, and that he lived at a certain number on East Fortieth street.

He also stated that Ryers was then off duty, and very likely could be seen at his house.

So the Bradys called at the tenement.

On the fourth floor they found Mr. Ryers, who had just got out of bed.

He proved to be a civil fellow and was ready enough to talk.

At first he could not remember about the box at all, but at last he suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, yes! I recollect now. There was a Chink who looked into the baggage car when I was unloading. I remember distinctly. I thought it strange at the time."

"What did he say?" asked Old King Brady. "Did he speak of the box?"

"No, he didn't. He asked me if I had a bag of clothes there for him."

"Did he give his name?"

"He gave some Chinese name, but I don't remember it."

"Did he look at the box?"

"I can't say that he did. I don't remember anything about that."

"He could have seen it, though?"

"Certainly."

"Was it in the baggage car at the time or on your truck?"

"In the baggage car."

"Did this Chinaman hang around to see it unloaded?"

"Now you come to speak of it, I am inclined to think that he did hang around for a few minutes."

"Can you describe him?"

"Yes; he was very tall for a Chinaman and quite fat."

"Fang Dang was the name he gave you," exclaimed Harry.

"Yes, it was," replied Ryers. "That was the name, sure. Is the box lost?"

"It had been opened and its contents stolen," replied Old King Brady. "You had better brush up your memory in the matter, Ryers. You may be called as a witness in this affair."

"Well, it was never opened on my run then," replied the baggage-master, earnestly. "I never left the car at all."

"How far is your run?"

"From Albany down."

"When do you go up the road again?"

"This afternoon."

"Then there will be a chance for you to earn a little money and at the same time save me a journey. Can you question the baggage-master who brought the box over from the Falls to Albany?"

"I can. He is one of the most reliable men on the road and a particular friend of mine."

"Here's ten dollars for your trouble and here is my card," said Old King Brady. "You can see me on your return."

"Thank you very much," replied Ryers. "So you are the famous Old King Brady?"

"That's me. You won't forget."

"No, indeed. If there is anything to be found out you can just bet I'll get it, but I don't believe there is."

"Nor do I, either," remarked Old King Brady, as he and Harry descended the stairs. "We have made a beginning, and my opinion is that we shall end in putting it up to Fang Dang."

CHAPTER IV.

HARRY MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The Bradys now adjourned to the cafe of the Grand Union Hotel and sat down there to have a talk.

The result was an agreement upon a definite course of action.

Harry was put onto Tom Dolan, the expressman, with orders to get next to him if possible.

Old King Brady himself assumed the more difficult task of looking up the history and character of the late Fang Dang.

The theory of the Bradys at this stage of their investigation was that there never had been any Mina Dang, and that the King of Mott Street had been grossly swindled by the dead man.

Harry was rather inclined to question this idea.

But neither of the Bradys felt by any means sure of their ground.

Parting now from his chief, Young King Brady hurried home and fixed up a disguise which made him look like a young workingman.

Old King Brady in the meantime went down to lower Broadway and saw the superintendent of the express company, whom he knew very well.

From this person he obtained a written order on Mr. Morrison directing him to employ temporarily "Fred Flynn" and to put him on the wagon with Tom Dolan.

The order carried no explanation, but was a positive command.

This order the old detective despatched to the house by special messenger, and Harry waited for it.

As soon as it came to hand he returned to the Grand Central and presented it to Mr. Morrison.

The express manager read the order and looked Young King Brady over from head to foot.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

"I don't know any more about it than you do, sir," replied Young King Brady, in a tone which carried with it a "don't ask me any more questions, for I shall not answer them" ring.

Mr. Morrison "caught on" and desisted.

"Dolan!" he called.

In a moment a strapping fellow with a fiery red head appeared.

"This is Fred Flynn. He goes with you on your rounds," the manager said.

"What's that for? I've got a helper," growled Dolan.

"Orders from headquarters. Your helper will have to go on another wagon for a few days," replied Mr. Morrison.

Harry thought at first that Dolan was going to strike, but he said no more and Young King Brady was ordered to follow him into the express-room.

Here Dolan put him to work, and later they made a trip together.

Dolan was grouty and unsociable.

He would scarcely speak to Young King Brady at all.

Harry was quite prepared for this, however.

He had done similar work before, and he did it well now.

Dolan had no fault to find nor did he find any.

He simply maintained his stubborn silence.

Late in the afternoon they went out with the wagon again.

Harry, who had no desire to spend a week in the express business, determined to bring matters to a head if he could.

"Looker here, Dolan. You're sour on me," he said, after they had delivered about half their load and were driving along Eighth avenue.

"And why wouldn't I be?" growled the driver. "I know blamed well what you are."

"What am I?"

"A spy."

"There you are mistaken. I'm going to put you right. You think I have been put on this wagon to spy on you."

"I do. I don't think anything about it. I know it's so."

"You are wrong. I am a detective. See, here is my shield."

"I knowed it. What's the difference between a detective and a spy."

"Let me explain. I am not here to spy on you at all."

"You never can make me believe it."

"Wait, wait! Hear what I have to say before you go up in the air about it."

"I don't want to hear what you've got to say. I——"

"Perhaps you would like to make twenty or so on the side, however."

"That's different. You can't put that in my way."

"Oh, yes I can. Mr. Morrison has nothing at all to do with me going on this wagon. I am here simply to get some information which you alone can give me, and I want to get it right, which I might not have been able to do if I had tackled you in any other way. But before I say any more, I just tell you now that the twenty is yours if you are willing to tell me what I want to know."

"Go on," growled Dolan, getting interested at last.

"It's like this," said Harry. "Several weeks ago you delivered a long case marked glass to a Chink down on Mott street."

"Oh, that's what you are driving at, is it?" cried Dolan. "Morrison told me all about it. I might have knowed. Well, you won't get anything out of me for a blamed good reason. I haven't got nothing to tell."

"There!" exclaimed Harry, "that's just what I told Old King Brady. I was sure there was nothing in this, and that it won't be the least use to arrest you."

"Arrest me!"

"That's what he means to do."

"Are you Young King Brady?"

"That's who I am. My orders are to get next to you and pump you, but I feel so sure that he's on the wrong track that I am just coming out flat-footed and telling you all about it, see?"

"But this arresting business?"

"I can't stop it unless I can get the points out of you the old man wants. My orders are to pay you twenty for the information and to promise you that you will not only not be arrested, but that you won't be bothered in any way about the matter. It is up to you to decide, Dolan. Old King Brady is well acquainted with the superintendent of the express company. If you do get arrested it will cost you your job. The old man is a very hard one to turn."

It was easy to see that Dolan was very much troubled.

He drove on in silence for some distance, and Harry let him think the problem out.

"Say, how do I know you fellers will let up on me if I talk?" he blurted out at last.

And then he hastened to add:

"Not that I have anything to say. I don't admit that, but s'posin' I had?"

"It will be just as I tell you," said Harry, quietly. "The Bradys never go back on their word."

"Not that I care a blame about the thing anyhow," growled Dolan, "only if I don't get into trouble."

He knew something, that was clear. Harry let him talk, and he kept beating about the bush for some minutes and then blurted out:

"Say, I'm going to take you up, but if you ever go back on me I'll do you up, surest thing you know, and I've got the gang back of me what can fix you all right."

"You will never have any occasion to use your gang. I see you do know something. The very best thing you can do is to tell."

"All right, then. Hand over your twenty."

"I'll do it. I feel that I can trust you, Tom."

The money changed hands.

"Now," said Dolan, with a grin, "I am going to give away the Chink. That there box didn't go straight to Mott street. It was took to another place first."

"Where?"

"House on West Forty-eighth street, number —."

"Who ordered you to do that?"

"A fat Chink."

"Tall man?"

"Yair, and fat. The biggest Chink ever I see."

"Where did you strike him?"

"He come up to my wagon after I got my load on."

"And paid you well for the job?"

"Well, I didn't do it for me health, young feller; that's one t'ing sure."

"I won't ask you how much he gave you. It don't make any difference now. The man is dead."

"Dead! What killed him?"

"He was shot in Chinatown that night; but that don't concern you any. You have let yourself clean out of the matter, Dolan, and you will never hear anything more about it. Who took the box inside that house?"

"Me and my helper."

"Do you think it was an opium joint?"

"Well, as to that I can't say. We didn't see nobody in there but the fat Chink. We left the box in the hall."

"And waited outside until you were called to come and take it away again, I suppose?"

"That's it."

"Didn't it strike you as being very mysterious business?"

"Of course."

"And you were well paid for it. However, that is nothing to me now. After you took the box on your wagon again you went with it to Mott street, I suppose?"

"That's right. You can't get nothing more out of me, Brady. I've told you every blame thing I know about the business. Say, was there something stole out of that box?"

"There was, so you can see where you stand. This would have been a very serious matter for you if you had not taken up with my offer. Now you can let me off the wagon. My job is done. There will be nothing to fear."

Dolan, without reply, reined in and let Harry get down.

"So-long!" he called out as Young King Brady hurried away. "Don't you forget your promise now."

Harry had won out.

He had also proved the truth of Old King Brady's theory that Fang Dang was a fraud and had himself arranged the affair.

But there was another side to it.

Old King Brady had been very doubtful if there ever had been any Chinawoman in the case at all.

Harry's discovery seemed to show that there had been.

In short, instead of clearing up the Bradys' Chinese mystery, all this only served to deepen it.

Young King Brady went home much perplexed.

Upon reaching the house he learned that the old detective had not been there since morning.

It was still early, and Harry promptly called up the office.

He hardly expected to receive an answer, for the Bradys keep no clerk, and one may call them up a hundred times and never get them.

It is one of Old King Brady's peculiarities to conduct his business in this way.

But this time the answer came promptly.

"I'm here. What have you done?"

"I'm through with the expressman," Harry replied.

"Well, don't tell me now. Any luck? That's all I want to know."

"Yes, good luck. Are you coming home?"

"Not now. I am waiting for a call over the 'phone from Toronto. You had better come on down."

And after this conversation Young King Brady started for the office at once.

CHAPTER V.

GATHERING UP THE THREADS.

Harry found the old detective leaning back in his chair smoking a cigar.

"What's up?" he asked. "Did you learn anything among the Chinks?"

"Not a thing," replied Old King Brady. "I went the rounds among those we know, but could learn nothing about Fang Dang. He seems to have been an almost unknown quantity in New York."

"But the King of Mott Street knew him all right."

"There you are wrong. He really knew very little about him. I called on the King again and had a long talk with him. He admitted to me that Fang Dang was not much known to him. He met the man in Philadelphia and they made this wife trade. Dang was paid five hundred dollars by the King."

"In advance?"

"Sure. For a woman he never saw, and yet he persists in calling her his wife every time he speaks of her. The full price of the girl was to have been two thousand dollars, balance on delivery of the goods."

"Queer lot, those Chinks."

"That's what they are. The King can't see anything strange about the transaction. He won't listen to the suggestion that he was fooled by Fang Dang."

"What about Wee Woo?"

"The King never heard of him. He don't seem to be able to make out who the little Chink is."

"Who suggested that they call on us?"

"It was the King's own suggestion. He was afraid to show himself on account of this trouble with the High-binders, so Fang Dang started out alone."

"Did Fang Dang see the opening of the box?"

"Yes, he did. He was present when it arrived."

"Then he must have done some pretty lively hustling. My story——"

"Wait a minute, Harry. We may as well finish with mine first. After I left Chinatown I came here determined to find out something definite about Fang Dang, so I first called up the chief of police in Toronto and asked him to make inquiry in the Chinese colony and let me know over the 'phone as soon as possible what the result was. Next I called up our friend Maloney."

"You mean the Philadelphia detective who runs things in Chinatown?"

"Yes. I got him and he promised to find out all about Fang Dang. He claims to have seen the fellow and remembers all about his funeral a few weeks ago, but he doesn't know him at all."

"Has he reported yet?"

"Neither of them have reported. I am waiting patiently and I shall wait until midnight if necessary. Now, go ahead with your story."

Harry's time to talk had come.

If it had been anybody but Old King Brady the story of Tom Dolan would have been told long ago.

But the old detective has ways of his own of doing these things.

He realized that Harry's story was important, and his idea was to clear the decks before going into anything else.

Harry now related all that had taken place.

He expected Old King Brady to be duly impressed with its importance and he was not disappointed in that regard.

"Evidently there must have been something valuable in that box which was removed in the Forty-eighth street house," said Old King Brady, "but then it might just as well have been opium as a woman."

"I have thought of that, Governor. You will try to take in the house, of course?"

"Most certainly. We must investigate it for all it is worth. Ah! There goes the telephone at last."

The call proved to be from Maloney, the Philadelphia detective.

Although Old King Brady left the door of the telephone closet open, Harry could make very little out of the end of the talk he heard.

"There is nothing doing there," said Old King Brady, disgustedly, when he returned to his seat. "Maloney professes not to have been able to find out anything about Fang Dang beyond the fact that he was a notorious opium smuggler, and he says that our friend, the King of Mott Street, is that, too."

"That's very likely, Governor. Did he say that Fang Dang had really just come back from China, I heard you ask him that?"

"He didn't tell me. He said that the man had been away somewhere, but he could not say just where. He had been gone some time, though."

"This throws us back on Toronto. We shall have to wait till we hear from there."

It was now after eight o'clock and the Bradys waited until ten.

Shortly after that the call came.

The conversation over the wire conducted by Old King Brady ran as follows:

"I have got something definite at last, Mr. Brady!" called the chief. "Sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

"All right. Go ahead."

"I learn that this man Fang Dang is well known to our Chinese colony as a persistent opium smuggler into the States and that he has also run in many Chinese. He was a man of great influence and is supposed to have been rich. I am told that, although he lived in Philadelphia, his real headquarters were in San Francisco. Are you getting me all right?"

"Yes; I hear you perfectly. Go on."

"Fang Dang was seen here in Toronto about the time you name. He came from the West and had with him a small-footed Chinese woman whom he introduced as his sister. Where he brought her from I have been unable to learn."

"Good! That's what I want to know. What became of the woman?"

"That nobody knows, or rather nobody will tell. You know one can never tell what a Chinaman really knows."

"I understand. Go on."

"Fang Dang himself was seen in the company of a wild-looking white man during the last day of his stay here, and it is known that they started for New York together. This man was evidently an opium fiend. It is known that he smoked in a notorious opium joint here within an hour of his departure. His name, as he registered it at the Rorin House, was Dr. Aloysius Huber, New York. This is really all I have been able to learn."

"Very satisfactory, and I am very much obliged to you," was Old King Brady's final reply, as he rang off.

The old detective repeated the substance of the conversation to Harry, and then seizing the directory, looked up Dr. Huber's name.

"Here you have it!" he exclaimed. "Huber, Aloysius, physician, No. — West 48th."

"The very house!" cried Young King Brady, excitedly.

"Where the box was delivered? You are sure?"

"I am sure. I wrote the number down. Here you are. Yes, that is right."

"Then this doctor is our game, but we must find out first if he is known in Chinatown. We will go to the King."

The Bradys left the office now and strolled up to Mott street.

Ching Wing himself opened the door for them.

"Well, you have found some clew to my wife?" he asked.

"We have found a clew, certainly," replied the old detective, "but what it may amount to we don't know yet. What we want from you now is information. Who is Dr. Huber?"

"I don't know him."

"No. — West Forty-eighth street?"

"I never heard of him. What does the man look like?"

"Balked again," said Harry, and it was so, for Ching Wing could give no information at all.

"He is supposed to be a notorious opium fiend, this man," continued Old King Brady, who had warned Harry to say nothing about the box having been taken to Dr. Huber's house; "if that is true somebody in Chinatown ought to know him."

"That is so. You have inquired?"

"Of nobody but you as yet."

"Why do you want to know? What has this Dr. Huber to do with the case?"

"That we can't tell yet. When we can you shall know. I must see Chap Chung and ask him."

"If this doctor smokes in the joints right along Chap Chung ought to know."

"Come, now, Wing," said Old King Brady, confidentially, "we really want to help you, but you must help us. Anything you may say won't be used against you; you have my promise for that."

"What you mean?" demanded the King, beginning to look nervous.

"How came you to send Chap Chung to our office?"

"He is my friend. I was afraid to come myself, so I sent him."

"I see, but that isn't enough. You have had business with him?"

"Yes."

"Opium?"

"Oh, no!"

"Tell the truth! Out with it, or we drop the case and won't try to find your wife!" exclaimed the old detective, sternly. "You heard what I said. Whatever you tell us now will never be used against you, but you must tell."

"Well, then, yes."

"He is a customer of yours?"

"Yes."

"And of Fang Dang's?"

"Yes."

"What did Chap Chung say when you told him that you were going to engage us to find your wife?"

"He said you were the best detectives in New York."

"And offered to go for us?"

"Yes."

"That's all."

"I will send for Chap Chung. If he knows this Huber he will tell me."

"Come with us around to his place and we will talk to him there."

"No, no!"

"Why?"

"I dasset go on the street."

"With us you are perfectly safe."

"I suppose so; still, Fang Dang was with you when he was shot. I won't go."

This was certainly an unanswerable argument.

"We will go alone," said Old King Brady.

They now left the King and went around to Chap Chung's notorious opium joint on Pell street.

But here they were disappointed, for a bland young Celestial met them at the door and assured them that Chap Chung had gone to Harlem.

It was all in vain that the old detective showed his shield; the young man was not to be moved.

"He go Ha'lem. He no comee back till moller!" he said over and over again.

It was now eleven o'clock and the Bradys gave it up for the night and went home.

Next day, having other business to attend to, nothing was done on the Chinese mystery.

The day after that Old King Brady ran over to Philadelphia to look up Fang Dang's record for himself, leaving Harry to work on Dr. Aloysius Huber.

They met at the office shortly after five o'clock, Harry being there when Old King Brady returned from the train.

"I'll save you the trouble of asking me what I have accomplished, Harry," said the old detective; "my day has been simply wasted. I don't blame Maloney now. Little is known in the Race street colony about Fang Dang. He was an opium smuggler and did a quiet, profitable business in that line. That is really all I have learned."

"And I am about in the same fix," replied Harry. "This Dr. Huber has only lived in that house a few months. Nothing definite is known about him except that he is a very peculiar character. He is supposed to be rich, and does no practicing of his profession in the neighborhood, but he receives many visitors at night. The house he is said to own, and the neighbors have no use for it. Still the police are not onto it. There has never been any complaint made of the place. It is, however, suspected that something crooked goes on inside."

"You have done very well," replied the old detective. "This gathering up the threads is a slow business at the best. Are Chinamen seen going in there?"

"Not that I could learn, but the doctor has a Chinese servant.

"Is the doctor a married man?"

"It is said not. As far as I could learn he lives there alone with this one Chinese servant, a young man who does all the marketing for him. The doctor seldom goes out himself."

"And these nightly visitors?"

"Invariably come in carriages."

"Yes."

"Is this going on every night?"

"Yes."

"Do the visitors make long stays? Do the carriages wait for them?"

"That's the mysterious part of it. The carriages never wait, and, according to the neighbors, nobody is ever seen coming out of the place but the Chinese servant, and on rare occasions the doctor himself."

"Pshaw, Harry! How can you say that you have done nothing? Here is another mystery for us to tackle. Of course, if the neighbors know all this the police know it, too. This doctor is protected, all right, by someone in office. However, we won't waste any time trying to find out who it is or what the police really know. What sort of people are these visitors, a theatrical bunch?"

"Something in that line. They are mostly men, but women sometimes come. I went over the whole matter with the greatest care, but that is about all I could learn."

"Have you seen Chap Chung, as I told you?"

"I have been to his place four times. He is never in, it seems."

"And that's strange, too. It was not so formerly. His joint did a big business. Well, we will pay a visit to this Dr. Huber for ourselves."

And so at about eight o'clock the Bradys, carefully disguised, turned up on West Forty-eighth street and walked to Dr. Huber's house.

There was no sign, but a silver doorplate bore the inscription:

"A. HUBER, M. D."

This was enough to give the detectives their excuse, and Harry pulled the bell.

There was a long wait, but at last steps were heard in the hall, and the door being opened slightly on a chain, a Chinaman peered out.

This was a time when the Bradys had a surprise.

Instantly both recognized the Celestial as Chap Chung.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY'S LIVELY LODGING-HOUSE.

Now was the time when Harry felt like congratulating himself upon his own shrewdness.

Old King Brady had hardly considered it necessary to disguise, but Harry had talked him into it.

It is not often that Young King Brady attempts to argue with his partner in any way.

"Doctor in?" asked Old King Brady.

"What want?" demanded the Chink, without further opening the door.

"My son here is sick. I want to see the doctor."

"Doctor no practice. He old man."

"Just the same I want to see him. I have something particular to say to him," persisted Old King Brady.

But this did not go, either.

Chap Chung, without even answering, slammed the door in the faces of the detectives.

"Come away," said Old King Brady. "We must not linger here."

He did not speak again until they got to the corner.

"You recognized that Chink?" he said then.

"Certainly. It was Chap Chung."

"It was. Harry, this only adds to the mystery."

"What can he be doing in that house?"

"Running a fashionable opium joint, of course. I can make nothing else out of his presence there."

"Then he is fooling the King of Mott Street, too, and they have got the girl concealed in the house."

"It may be so. The ways of the Chinese are past finding out. We have got to take hold here with a strong hand, I see. Go back and pace off the distance from that house to the corner of Sixth avenue. Don't make a show of yourself, now, but do it so as to attract as little attention as possible."

Harry obeyed and Old King Brady waited for him by the drug store.

"Now we will get on Forty-seventh street and see what we have in the rear," he said.

They turned the corner and Harry did his pacing again.

The result was interesting.

It brought the Bradys to an old brownstone house which, unlike most of its kind, had outside blinds.

These blinds were closed on every window.

In the little front yard and area-way was all sorts of rubbish.

Children had thrown mud against the blinds and on the front stoop lay a dead cat among other things.

The front door was closed up as though the occupants of the house had departed for the country some summer's day long before and had forgotten to come back again.

Not a trace of light could be seen behind the blinds; this mysterious house seemed locked in darkness and gloom.

"The other half of Dr. Huber's establishment," said Old King Brady. "Really, Harry, this case is quite in our line."

"I should say it was, Governor," was the reply; "but we can't stand gaping here."

"Right," said Old King Brady, and they pushed on toward Broadway.

"We want to divide now and go on the watch on both streets," said the old detective. "I don't propose to ask a question of either police or wardman about this matter; we will handle it all ourselves, and it will take all night to do it."

"Furnished rooms to let," laughed Harry. "I see what my fate is now."

"That's the plan, if we can only locate ourselves. Let's get the Herald or the World as quick as we can."

The Bradys hurried to a noted cafe and carefully searched the papers.

The results were very satisfactory.

On both streets were rooms to be had located about as the detectives wished.

They tackled a house on the upper side of Forty-eighth street first, and here Old King Brady engaged a room, the windows of which commanded a view of Dr. Aloysius Huber's door.

They then went to the number of Forty-seventh street.

This proved to be almost opposite the mysterious house.

The woman who received them informed the Bradys that she had but one room to rent, and that was on the second floor in the rear.

"Oh, that won't do at all," Harry spoke up. "Would it, uncle?"

"Not at all," replied Old King Brady; "it would give you the horrors staring at the back yards all day."

"I am sorry," said the landlady. "Do you have to stop in your room all day?"

"Yes," replied Harry. "I write for the newspapers. I am in my room almost all the time. I should want a front room or none at all."

"Do you mind about the size?" asked the landlady.

"Not a bit. Just so long as it has a good table in it for me to write on, that is all I care for."

"And a bed to sleep in," added Old King Brady.

"Well, naturally I want a bed," laughed Harry. "But how is it, ma'am? Can you arrange any way to give me a front room?"

"I was thinking of the hall bedroom on the top floor," replied the landlady. "The gentleman who has it is two weeks behind. I don't really know what to say."

"What's the price?" demanded Harry.

"Three dollars a week."

"If you will move him into the rear room downstairs I'll give you five dollars a week for the top floor room. You can square it with him some way, I daresay."

"I suppose I could," said the landlady. "He's only a variety man, anyhow, although he thinks he is a great actor."

"You keep a theatrical boarding-house, ma'am?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes, sir; my lodgers is mostly in that line. I'll take your offer, young man."

"Show me the room and if it suits me I'll take it," replied Harry.

"When would you want to come?"

"Right away, to-night."

"Well," said the landlady, "I suppose I shall have trouble with Mr. Trainor, but if you want the room you shall have it."

She escorted the Bradys upstairs then and showed them the room, which, of course, was promptly engaged.

The landlady informed Harry that within half an hour she would have Mr. Trainor's things removed and the room ready for him.

Young King Brady, on his part, thought that he would hardly be in before midnight.

The Bradys then left and went around on to Forty-eighth street again, where for the remainder of the evening they sat at the window watching Dr. Huber's house.

The show began about eleven o'clock, and during the hour which followed the detectives saw enough to convince them that there could be no doubt about the place being a high-toned opium joint.

The first carriage came precisely at eleven.

Out of it stepped a very blonde lady and two men in evening dress, partially concealed by their light overcoats.

The next brought four men and the next two.

Then came a carriage from which a solitary woman alighted, and the Bradys caught the flash of diamonds as she turned to pay the cabby.

And so it went.

Up to midnight fifteen cabs had drawn up before Dr. Huber's house.

Shortly after twelve Harry left Old King Brady and went around to his own room, where he locked himself in.

He now seated himself by the open window and prepared for his lonely watch.

There was nothing doing until a quarter before one, when he saw three young men come sliding out of the area of the apparently deserted house.

"The old story," thought Harry. "They go in on one street and come out by the other. In no city on earth except New York could such a game be carried on for any length of time.

A little later the solitary female with the diamonds came out, and shortly afterward the blonde woman and her friends.

This woman staggered so that the men had to support her.

And others followed at varying intervals.

It was now after two, and as yet no carriage had come up to the mysterious house.

"Really I've seen enough," Harry said to himself. "I don't see any use in sitting up any longer. Guess I'll turn in."

He began to make preparations for bed.

Just as he was ready to turn in he glanced out of the window again, being safe in doing so, for at no time had he burned a light in his room.

A young man was in the act of leaving the area of the house across the way.

As he passed out of the gate he seemed to stumble and fell face downward on the sidewalk.

"Great Scott! He's got a load of dope on for fair!" thought Harry. "He's done for, I guess. No! He's up again!"

Staggering to his feet, the unfortunate fellow stumbled on in the direction of Broadway.

Harry jumped into bed.

In spite of his long watch he did not feel a bit sleepy.

Ten minutes passed, finding him just as wide awake as ever.

He was just beginning to wonder if it was worth while to sleep at all, when all at once he heard a stumbling step on the stairs.

He thought it would turn off at the landing below, but it didn't.

There was a pause there and then the fellow came staggering up the last flight.

"Another one beautifully loaded," thought Young King Brady. "There must be a sweet gang in this house."

The next moment he knew that he was interested, for the steps ceased and someone tried the door.

"It's my predecessor, surest thing," thought Harry.

He was just about to order the fellow downstairs when it occurred to him that this could only result in a row which was sure to attract attention to himself.

The fellow was kicking on the door now and making desperate efforts to open it.

Harry jumped out of bed and turned the key.

He was careful about opening the door, too, for he felt that the drunkard was probably leaning against it.

But with all his care he did not avoid trouble.

The instant he opened the door the man outside came reeling in against him with such force that both fell on the floor with noise enough to wake the dead.

"Shut up! Stop that noise! Go to bed up there!" someone was heard yelling in the room below.

Young King Brady crawled out from under the intruder.

"Oh, this is a lovely lodging-house," he thought. "So nice and quiet. But who have we here?"

Harry lit the gas and locked the door.

He saw that he had made a valuable discovery.

The fellow on the floor who lay all unconscious was the identical person whom he had last seen leaving the mysterious house.

He was a man well past thirty.

His clothes were of expensive make, but much mused.

His features, which were upturned as he lay, betokened intelligence.

His black hair, thickly sprinkled with gray, and his sunken yellow features, showed plainly enough that he was an opium fiend.

"He is the man I want, all right, whoever or whatever he may be," thought Young King Brady. "Let's see if I can't get him on the bed."

He listened at the fellow's heart first.

It was beating regularly.

"He'll come out of it all right, I guess," thought Harry. "If his heart begins to go weak I'll go for a doctor, but I'll wait a minute, anyhow."

He gave up any idea of disturbing the man now.

Raising his head he placed a pillow under it and then proceeded to dress himself.

He had scarcely finished, when the man opened his eyes.

This is the way with habitual opium smokers.

They never sleep sound for any great length of time unless they are getting ready to sleep the sleep of death.

Often after a brief nap they will wake up quite sensible and remain so for some minutes, after which they are liable to drop off asleep again, and so they keep alternating between sleeping and wakefulness until the effect of the drug has passed.

The fiend on the floor did not seem to see Harry at all.

His lips moved and the muttered words which reached Young King Brady's ears were ominous enough.

"It was murder!

"The Chink must have killed him!

"Horrible! Oh, why did I look in there!

"Bad! Bad! Base wretch. To thee I owe my ruin and yet I would have saved thee!

"Not at the peril of my own life, though.

"The picture! Who will finish the picture?

"Ha! Fiend! I know thee! Thou art not real! Avaunt foul phantom of my diseased soul!"

He staggered to his feet now and made a stumbling rush at Harry as though he would have caught him by the throat.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRADYS FIND THEMSELVES UP AGAINST THE OPIUM GANG.

Old King Brady was like Harry that night.

Even after the carriages ceased to come, and this happened right away after midnight, the old detective found himself unable to sleep.

Old King Brady did not undress, but threw himself down upon the bed just as he was.

Soon finding that sleep was impossible, the detective determined to give it up and go around on the other block.

The scheme of hiring a house in the rear to be used for an exit for an opium joint or gambling-house is an old one in New York, and Old King Brady from the first had felt satisfied that such was the arrangement here, and had told his partner as much.

It was just after Harry went to bed that the old detective turned into Forty-seventh street.

He actually passed Harry's opium fiend and recognized his condition.

Still, as he had no proof that the man had come out of the mysterious house, he did not attempt to interfere with him in any way.

But something had transpired which was to give Old King Brady an opportunity which he was not slow to avail himself of.

He looked up at Harry's window.

There all was dark and he could see nothing of his partner.

Old King Brady then turned in at the gate of the mysterious house, and in an instant his discovery was made.

Here there was an inner iron gate enclosing the basement door.

This had been shut before, but now it stood wide open. More than that, the door itself was ajar.

"This is my chance," thought Old King Brady. "I only wish Harry was here."

He fully realized the terrible risk he would run if he entered the house alone.

But it was quite in Old King Brady's usual style to do this very thing.

Many such chances has he taken in his long career.

The fact that the keen detective still lives and flourishes is proof positive that, after all, such risks are not as great as they seem.

For a moment Old King Brady hesitated.

Once more he glanced up at Harry's window, but there was nothing doing there.

"I'll chance it," he muttered, and, pushing aside the door, he boldly entered the hallway of the mysterious house.

It was not entirely dark here, as he expected to find it.

At the further end of the hall was a gas jet turned down low.

Old King Brady passed through the hall and out into the back yard beyond.

The doors of basement and kitchen stood open, and he observed as he passed on that both rooms were bare of furniture.

Beyond stood the fence which separated this yard from the yard of the Forty-eighth street house.

From this fence a single board had been removed.

Old King Brady passed through the opening and approached the basement door of the Forty-eighth street house.

Here there were lights in the windows above on two stories, but the third was dark.

Old King Brady tried the door.

It was not locked and he threw it back.

Instantly the light of a dark-lantern was thrown in his face.

There stood Chap Chung and another Chinaman, while between them was a Chinese woman, a little doll-like creature, whose frightened face was just visible amid the folds of a long cloak in which she was wrapped.

Both Chinamen gave sharp exclamations and drew back.

"Hold on there! Chap Chung, you scoundrel! You are under arrest!" cried Old King Brady, whipping out his revolver. "I am an officer. I——"

He should have acted rather than to attempt to parley.

Instantly the two Chinamen threw themselves upon the old detective.

Chap Chung was large and powerful for his race.

So quick was his action that before Old King Brady could do a thing the revolver was wrenched from him and he was borne to the floor.

The Chinawoman gave a little squealing cry and fled back along the passage.

Jabbering like a pair of monkeys, the two Chinks fell on Old King Brady and beat his head upon the floor.

It would surely have been all up with the old detective if he had not played 'possum then.

Evidently they thought they had done for him, for they arose and stood over him now.

Of their talk Old King Brady could make nothing.

Chap Chung bent down and examined the detective's shield.

Then he pulled off the wig and false beard which he wore.

"Old Blady man!" he whispered. "So, so! We killee him!"

That was all the English spoken.

The Chinamen conferred together, the girl hovering near.

When she repeated her whining cry Chap Chung struck her in the face brutally, and after that she remained silent.

Now the other Chink went back into the house and soon reappeared with a coil of rope.

With this Old King Brady was securely bound.

The Chinamen then picked him up, carried him into the kitchen and laid him onto one of the stationary wash-tubs.

After this they departed, locking the kitchen door behind them, as well as the door which led through to the basement.

After this Old King Brady heard them pass out by Forty-seventh street, and he knew by the sounds which reached his ears that the outer door had closed on a spring-lock, in all probability.

Now, whether Chap Chung and the other Chinaman actually believed Old King Brady dead or not we cannot say, for the old detective had no means of knowing.

The chances are, however, that they did, and that they intended to return and look after the disposal of his body later on.

Old King Brady believed that the action was because they had the Chinese woman on their hands, and did not know what else to do.

It was a sorry ending to Old King Brady's plans.

But the detective has long ago learned to know that it is these seeming mishaps that very often are the means of leading him to his most brilliant successes.

Thus as he lay there on top of the tubs Old King Brady did not altogether despair.

In the meantime Harry was wrestling with Trainor, the opium-crazed actor.

That Trainor regarded him as an evil spirit conjured up by opium we have already seen.

Young King Brady broke the spell by lighting the gas and pulling down the shade.

He had easily thrown off the fellow when he made a rush for him, tumbling the wretched man over on the bed.

Here he lay winking and blinking and muttering to himself.

"Brace up," said Young King Brady. "No nonsense now. You and I have got to come to terms. What's your name?"

"My name is Jack Trainor if you want to know," mumbled the man. "Since you are not a phantom, then I s'pose you must be a burglar. My wits are coming back to me now. I see that all my belongings have been swiped. Are you responsible for this?"

"I am no burglar, Trainor. I am a detective. I have taken this room for a purpose and your things have been moved to the vacant room downstairs. See, here is my shield, and look, here is my revolver. I don't want to make trouble for you and don't you make any for me."

Trainor dragged himself up into a sitting position on the bed, clutching the sides.

"A detective, eh?" he mumbled. "Well, you've detected me. But I say, I didn't kill Doc and I don't know who did."

These words Jack Trainor managed to get out only with the greatest difficulty, and, having spoken them, his head fell forward and he went sound to sleep.

Harry understood all this.

Many times has Young King Brady had to do with the victims of opium before.

He knew, therefore, that in a few minutes this dope fiend would wake up again brighter than he had been.

Young King Brady availed himself of the opportunity to deftly go through the fellow's pockets.

He might have spared himself the trouble, however, for nothing of any interest to him was found.

In due time Jack Trainor roused up again.

He glanced unsteadily at Young King Brady, and then said in a steadier voice:

"So you are still here, are you? What are you going to do with me, take me to jail?"

"No; I only want to ask you a few questions," replied Young King Brady, seating himself on the edge of the bed. "Are you able to answer them now?"

"Able enough, I guess. Mebbe I won't answer your questions, though. What are you to me?"

"You will answer or I will handcuff you and take you to the station. There has been murder done in that house across the way."

"You lie, there hasn't!"

"In Dr. Huber's house on Forty-eighth street then, and the doctor is the victim. I heard what you said."

Trainor was silent.

It was easy to see that he was terribly alarmed.

"Now I'll explain to you that I am out after Dr. Huber, and I am not alone in the business," continued Harry. "You are up against the police and there will be all kinds of trouble for you unless you do just what I say."

"Trouble!" gasped Trainor. "It is always trouble. I never have anything else."

"And so I say," continued Harry, in the same quiet, reassuring manner, "that the very best thing you can do

is to tie to me and do just as I tell you, and very likely I can fix it so that you will have no trouble at all."

"I'm inclined to think that myself," replied Trainor.

"What's your name?"

"Brady."

"Not Young King Brady?"

"Yes, Young King Brady."

"The deuce you say! And is Old King Brady working on this case?"

"Yes, he is. He is liable to be here any minute."

"There you are. Well, I know all about the Bradys, of course. There's no help for me. Take me over on your side, Brady, and I'll do the best I can."

"That's where your head is level. Now tell me what happened in that house?"

"Somebody has murdered Doc Huber, that's all."

"Who did it?"

"Don't know."

"How do you know he has been murdered?"

"Because I was in the joint smoking, and when I started out I thought I would look in on Doc and ask him how his picture was getting along. I went to his room and knocked. As I didn't get any answer I opened the door and went in. Doc lay dead in front of his picture. Someone had put a knife into his back. I guess it touched his heart, anyhow he was dead all right."

"I see. Then you slid out as fast as you could."

"That's right; it wasn't very fast, though. I was pretty badly doped."

"You are better now, though."

"Yes, yes! I shall be all right in half an hour's time. This is no new deal with me."

"I suppose not. Did Dr. Huber run a regular opium joint in that Forty-eighth street house?"

"He didn't run it. He was the angel. He owned the house and the one behind it. He let a Chink run the joint."

"And the Chink is Chap Chung, the same man who runs the opium joint on Pell street."

"That's right; I see you know."

"Do you think he could have killed the doctor?"

"Brady, I haven't the faintest idea who killed him. I smoke there at times and Doc Huber used me for a model. That's all I know."

"You speak of a picture and of being a model. Was Dr. Huber an artist, then?"

"Sure he was. He was a rich man and a terrible opium fiend. He has been at work for six months on a big painting which he called the 'Opium Smoker's Dream,' or something like that. I posed for one of the figures in the picture, that's all I know about the man or his business. I'm giving it to you straight."

"Did you ever see a Chinese woman in that house?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"I tell you no, Brady. I'm not keeping anything back."

"You know the way in by the Forty-seventh street house—the one across the way?"

"You can't get in that way. You can only get out."

"Were there many people in there when you left?"

"Only a few. They're all doped except Chap Chung."

"He was there?"

"Yes, and another Chink who works for the doctor."

"What's his name?"

"We call him Charley Chow. I don't know whether that's his name or not."

Harry looked at his watch.

It was now nearly three o'clock.

"Trainor, are you able to go with me into that place?" he asked.

"No, I'm not."

"You must. Either that or I arrest you."

"Well, I'll try."

"That's better. Get up and come along."

Jack Trainor proved to be in much better condition than Harry had hoped for.

He appeared to be a little dazed when he got on his feet, but that was all.

Together they stole downstairs and into the street.

For better or for worse, Young King Brady was resolved to investigate the opium den.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE OPIUM JOINT.

Harry had some further talk with Jack Trainor and then they went downstairs together, and, without disturbing anyone in the house, gained the street.

"You are sure we can't get in by that house?" asked Young King Brady, looking up at the dark front of the deserted dwelling.

"Sure. The door can't be opened on this side," was the reply.

"I'm going to try it then," said Harry, and he did make the attempt.

It was as Trainor claimed, however.

There was not even any way of opening the area gate on the outside, so there was no chance to get at the door.

Harry ran up the front stoop and examined the door there.

Here it was worse.

An iron plug had been driven into the keyhole.

"Nothing doing," muttered Young King Brady, and he joined Trainor at the foot of the steps.

"Well, are you satisfied?" demanded the opium fiend.

"I am satisfied that I can't get in, yes."

"Good enough. Now I suppose you will be calling the police?"

"I don't want to call the police. I want to see the inside of that house first. What's to hinder our going in there in the usual way?"

"Mebbe they'd let you in if you made out you wanted to smoke."

"Let's try it," said Harry. "Come on."

He looked up at Old King Brady's window when they got on the other block.

It was open and the shade was raised.

Harry gave a peculiar whistle.

This was a signal.

The Bradys have a secret code of their own which they work in various ways.

If Old King Brady had heard this whistle he would have known that Harry needed him, and he surely would have come.

But again there was nothing doing, and this much to Harry's disappointment.

Jack Trainor did not catch onto this, it was all done so quickly.

He ascended the steps of the opium joint with Harry and pulled the bell.

And still again there was nothing doing.

Three times Jack Trainor rang and no answer came.

"There's something wrong. Guess the Chinks have all lit out," muttered Trainor. "Brady, we are dished all around. Now I suppose you will be going for the cops."

"If there has been murder done in there, as you say, sooner or later the cops will have to know it," replied Harry; "just the same I'm going in there first if I can."

"You can never get in. They keep the door double barred all the time."

"They do, eh? What about this?"

As he spoke Harry opened the door.

When he tried it he found that the door was not even locked.

"I never knew it to be open like that," said Trainor. "I don't understand it."

"I do, then."

"What do you mean?"

"That whoever committed the murder left it so on purpose in order that it might look as though the murderer of Dr. Huber came in from the street."

"By jove, I believe you are right, Brady."

"Come on in. We mustn't stand here. First thing is to ascertain who is in this house."

Harry closed the door and lit the hall gas.

"Now where's your joint?" he asked.

"Do you want to go there first? Poor Doc's room is upstairs."

"I want to see who is in the house first, as I told you."

"Then follow me."

As he passed along Harry tried the front parlor door. It was fastened, and Jack Trainor led him into the back parlor through a door at the end of the hall.

Here Harry found himself in the opium joint.

It occupied both parlors.

The place was elaborately furnished in Oriental style. On both sides of the long parlors which were open clear

through from front to rear, there were little alcoves partitioned off by expensive Japanese screens.

Here costly rugs were spread with silken cushions thrown down upon them, and each alcove was provided with its opium layout spread upon low Turkish tables.

A rich Persian carpet covered the floor and expensive paintings adorned the walls.

The place was dimly lighted by a huge Chinese lantern.

It was, in short, a high-toned hop joint, and about the finest in its fittings that Young King Brady had ever seen.

There were five dope fiends on exhibition, all men.

All were sound asleep, lying sprawling upon the cushions dead to the world.

"Great heavens, how bad I feel," groaned Jack Trainor. "There is no use talking, Brady, I shall have to have another pipe."

"You will have nothing of the kind," retorted Harry, clutching the wretched man by the arm. "You just come along with me."

"Wait! Just a moment. Just one whiff," pleaded Trainor.

But Harry hurried him out of the rooms and back into the hall.

"What's upstairs?" he asked, sternly. "Now come, brace up and let us have no more nonsense."

"Doc's rooms are up there," replied Trainor. "I can hold off for awhile, but I shall have to smoke again."

Harry, without replying, hurried him up the stairs.

Trainor pointed to the door of the front chamber.

"That's it!" he whispered, all in a tremble. "I almost wish I hadn't gone in for this. I don't want to see him again."

"You'll stick it out then. Come on."

Young King Brady threw open the door.

Here again the room was dimly lighted by an elaborate Chinese lantern which hung suspended from the ceiling, the light being cut off from the street by heavy drapery.

And now the tragedy of the opium joint was revealed.

Stretched upon the floor, face down, lay a tall, spare man with iron-gray hair.

He was dressed in Chinese costume such as the Mandarins wear, green silk trousers with a yellow blouse.

This last was saturated with blood and there was blood on the costly carpet, for a knife had been driven into the back of the unfortunate man.

There had been murder done, fast enough.

At a glance Harry saw that he was up against a very much more important matter than to find a smuggled Chinawoman.

But the main feature of this room yet remains to be described.

This was a huge canvass supported by three easels, an unfinished oil painting upon which a vast amount of work had already been done.

It represented a man lying upon cushions with an opium pipe in his hand, while all about him were little scenes, some of them made up of little figures.

To describe these scenes would take us far beyond our limit; nor did Harry attempt to understand their meaning then, although later he had the opportunity to make a careful study of this remarkable painting.

Its general import was plain enough, however.

It was the fantastic dreams of an opium fiend.

"That's me!" said Jack Trainor, pointing to a figure which seemed to run through several of the scenes. "I posed for Doc many a time. Oh, say, it makes me sick to look at him."

There was no shamming about this.

Trainor turned deathly pale, and the next thing Harry knew he sank to the floor in a faint.

Young King Brady let him lie there.

He knelt beside the body and turned it partially over to get a look at the face.

It was as yellow as the face of a man with the jaundice.

That Dr. Huber had been a confirmed opium fiend there could be no doubt.

The body was cold and the unfortunate man was unquestionably beyond human aid.

"I must wake up the Governor and call help," thought Harry. "But what shall I do with Trainor?"

The dope fiend had now come back to consciousness.

He staggered to his feet with Harry's help and began crying, saying over and over again what a good friend the dead man had been to him.

"Brace up! We must get out of this!" Harry exclaimed. "Show me the way out by the Forty-seventh street house. Stay—what is there on the floor above?"

"Nothing. The rooms are not furnished up there."

"We must see. The Chinamen ought to be here, the one you call Charley Chow, anyway. You say he lives in the house."

"Yes, he lives here. Either he or Chap Chung did this job. I don't believe you will find either one of them here."

Harry pushed on upstairs and examined every room.

In spite of what Jack Trainor had said, one of them was found to be furnished in the Chinese style.

The door of this room had been forced and badly broken.

From various articles which lay scattered about Harry came to the instant conclusion that the Chinese woman had been concealed here.

Matters had now taken such a strange turn that Harry felt that he must delay no longer.

What impelled him to go out by the rear instead of by the front door it is hard to say, but that is the way he chose.

Jack Trainor led him to the basement and they passed through the yards and into the house beyond.

No sooner had they entered when a voice called out:

"Hello! Help! I am a prisoner here."

"For heaven sake! The Governor!" gasped Harry.

He threw open the kitchen door.

There lay Old King Brady tied up on the tubs.

"Harry! Is it you?" he exclaimed, astonished enough on his side.

"For heaven sake!" cried Young King Brady. "Whose work is this?"

"Chap Chung is responsible. He has gone off with our Chinawoman," was the reply, as Harry cut the old detective's bonds.

"Help me up!" added Old King Brady. "Now that we are here we must arrest Dr. Huber. I——"

"Hold on! We have nothing to do in that line," broke in Harry. "Dr. Huber has been murdered. He lies dead in another room."

And this ended the adventures of the night.

CHAPTER IX.

STILL GROPING IN THE DARK.

Two weeks passed and the Bradys, when they entered their office one morning, found themselves as far from the conclusion of their Chinese case as ever.

Not but what the mystery had been solved in a measure.

Old King Brady had seen the Chinese woman, he knew how she had been stolen from the King of Mott Street and by whom, but he found himself as far from recovering her as ever.

The case indeed seemed hopeless in that regard.

The wind-up at Dr. Huber's joint was quickly made.

After Old King Brady had examined the body the police were notified and they took charge of the Forty-eighth street affair.

Of course the evening papers were full of the tragedy.

The smokers found in the joint were all arrested.

The character and past history of Dr. Huber were well ventilated by the police detectives.

The man had spent many years in China, it appeared.

He was a bachelor and a person of considerable means.

He was also a persistent opium smoker and practically insane through the use of the drug.

The examination of his effects turned up letters from the Chinaman Fang Dang, which went to show that Dr. Huber had met the Chink in Toronto, and that there the Chinese woman had been sold to him as a model to be used in his art work.

Thus it was proved that Fang Dang had played a double game all the way through.

Chap Chung's name figured in the letters.

It appeared that this Chinaman had practically been the partner of Fang Dang in his opium smuggling business.

That the King of Mott Street had been swindled and that both Fang Dang and Chap Chung were his bitter enemies, while posing as friends, was made clear.

All these things were revealed at the start, but a week failed to show up anything more.

Relatives of the dead doctor turned up promptly enough.

By these people it was claimed that there had been robbery as well as murder done.

By them it was asserted that Dr. Huber was in the habit of keeping a large sum of money in a little safe in his art studio, as much as thirty or forty thousand dollars, it was claimed.

This safe had been blown open and was found empty, so the Bradys were ready enough to believe that robbery had been done by Chap Chung and the doctor's man, Charley Chow.

But where were these Chinamen?

This was a question which neither the Bradys nor the police could answer.

Of course one of the very first things the Bradys did was to hurry to the Pell street joint, intending to arrest Chap Chung.

But here again the wily Chinaman was too wary for them.

When they reached his Chinatown joint they found that the place had been cleaned out and there was a to let bill stuck on the door.

During the days which followed the Bradys made a thorough search in Chinatown for the missing men, but without the least success.

And so stood matters on the morning in question.

The detectives were about ready to give up in despair.

"Overhaul the mail, Harry," said Old King Brady. "I've got a letter to write. If there is any case offered worth considering I propose to take up with it."

"And abandon our Chinese mystery?" demanded Harry, scarcely surprised at this decision.

"Yes."

"Then for once the Bradys are to acknowledge themselves downed."

"If it has to be so, then it will have to be so, that's all," replied Old King Brady. "We can't spend our time knocking about Chinatown with no result."

"That's right. Just the same it will weaken our influence among the Chinks, I am afraid."

"Let it, then. I can't help that."

Harry began at the mail, which happened to be rather a large one, and the old detective had just started in to write when the door opened and in walked Jack Trainor.

The actor was well dressed and quite himself.

"Ha, Trainor! Good-morning!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "When did you get in town?"

"I came by the Fall River boat from Boston." was the reply. "I came directly here."

"Well, upon my word, you are looking fine."

"And I am feeling so. That medicine your doctor gave me is doing a world of good."

"Glad of that. Have you been hitting the hop since?"

"No; I haven't touched the stuff since you persuaded me to put myself in his charge. I can't tell you how much I am obliged to you, Mr. Brady. I had given up all hope of ever pulling away from opium."

"Say nothing about it, my boy. I only hope you stick to your good resolutions, that's all."

"I certainly shall make every effort to do so, Mr. Brady. Only for you being so good as to keep my name back in that Huber affair, I should have been arrested, surest thing. If I had been it would have been my finish."

"Say no more about it. I am satisfied that you had no hand in the murder, but we must work hard to clear up the mystery, and when I hired you to help us, I meant business, and I mean it still. What have you accomplished in Boston?"

"You will be pleased, Mr. Brady. Chap Chung went there, of that there can be no doubt. I looked up my Chinese friend and he made a thorough canvas of the Harrison avenue colony. Several persons claim to have seen Chap Chung there on the second and third days after Dr. Huber's murder, but where he is now I did not learn."

"Anything turn up about the woman?"

"Yes; she was with him on his arrival. That is sure."

"Then you think it will pay us to go over there?"

"I certainly do."

"I should have gone in any case, but I have been busy with other matters. I—hello, Harry, what have you struck now?"

"It is a letter from the King of Mott Street," said Harry. "He seems to have got a bite."

"Good enough. Read it out. We are all friends here."

The King could write English as well as he could speak it, so it seemed.

The letter ran as follows:

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir—I advertised in the different Chinese quarters Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg and St. Louis just as you told me. To-day I got a letter from Boston which I think means business. Please call.

"Yours truly,

"CHING WING."

"Come!" exclaimed Old King Brady, "it looks as though the King had really caught a bite through my scheme, as you say, Harry. I think I will take a run up to Mott street and hear what he has to say."

"Do you want me with you?" asked Harry.

"No; you can remain here," was the reply. "I'll be back soon. Trainor, you stop, too. I think I can put you in the way of getting a theatrical engagement and I want to talk to you about it. I shan't be gone long."

Thus saying, Old King Brady started for Chinatown.

Now the scheme to which the old detective referred must be explained.

Right away after the Forty-eighth street affair Old King Brady called on the King and told him what had occurred.

He found that Ching Wing, with true Chinese persistency, was not in the least willing to abandon the search for his so-called wife.

Indeed, he appeared to be more than ever determined

to find her, and he told the old detective that, inasmuch as Fang Dang was dead and he would not be called upon to pay the two thousand dollars balance for the woman, that he would promptly pay it to the detective if he could succeed in turning Mina Dang over to him.

This, of course, was a very good offer, and as Ching Wing seemed a very respectable sort of Chink, Old King Brady felt that Mina Dang would be just as well off with him as with any other man of her race, so he proposed to the King to cause an advertisement to be posted on the bulletin-boards in the Chinese quarters of the large cities named.

Personally, Old King Brady was inclined to believe that Chap Chung had probably gone to San Francisco, but as matters then stood with him he did not care to undertake a trip to the Pacific coast.

The advertisement read as follows, as Old King Brady wrote it. How it read after the King of Mott Street had it printed in Chinese, of course we cannot say:

"To the heirs of the late Fang Dang: I have in my possession a box containing diamonds, as claimed, which belonged to the late Fang Dang and was put in my charge by him. This I will deliver to his legal heirs upon proof that they are such and upon the delivery to me of the woman Mina Dang, sister of the late Fang Dang, whom he sold to me to be my wife."

"CHING WING."

Of course this box business was a pure fake.

Old King Brady looked to see someone make a try for the diamonds, and in that way gain a clue to the whereabouts of the woman and so to Chap Chung.

Old King Brady was received by the King of Mott Street with his usual urbanity.

Certainly if there was any Chinese gentlemen in America, Ching Wing was one.

"So you get my letter, Mr. Brady?" asked the King, after he had shaken hands with the detective and placed refreshments and cigars before him in the Chinese style.

"Yes, I have the letter," replied the old detective. "That is why I am here. So our plan worked?"

"I have one answer," replied the King. "It came this morning from Boston."

"Boston?"

"Yes."

"Well. Let me see it."

"Oh, you cannot read it."

"Let me see it."

The King produced the letter.

It was addressed in English and the envelope bore the Boston postmark.

The letter itself was written on one side of a half sheet of notepaper in Chinese fly tracks.

Old King Brady glanced at it, handed it back and asked Ching Wing to read it, which he did, as follows:

"I am cousin to Fang Dang. He has no other relatives in America. If there are diamonds in the box he gave you they belong to me. About the woman Mina Dang, she is here in Boston. I will guide you to her if you will come here alone, but if you bring the Bradys you will not see me. If you do not come you will regret it, for I shall find means to take the diamonds and your life. I am in earnest. The Highbinders have you watched. I know my business. You cannot escape, but all will be easy if you do as I say.

"WANG DOCK.

"No. — Harrison Avenue, 4th Floor, Boston, Mass."

"What do you think of that letter, Brady?" demanded the King, as he folded the paper up.

"Have you read it to me just as it is—just what the words mean in English?" the old detective asked.

"No, no. If I did that you could not understand it. I turn it into English as I read, see?"

"I suppose so. It is hard to say what it really means, but I think Chap Chung wrote that letter."

"So do I," replied the King, emphatically. "I believe it is a Highbinders' plot to kill me and you, too."

"Why me?"

"Brady, I don't want to frighten you, but I know now what a bad man Chap Chung really is. I have heard from others who have been working on this business among my own people."

"Chinese detectives?"

"We have no detectives. Friends of mine. I cannot tell you who they are, for that would not be right; but I know now that Chap Chung and Fang Dang were much together, and my friend heard Chap Chung say that he meant to kill Old King Brady first time he got a chance, because you sent a friend of his to the penitentiary in San Francisco over a year ago."

"Is that so?"

"It is so."

"Who is the friend?"

"Low Tai."

"Yes, I remember. That is true. I did send a Chinaman of that name to the Folsom penitentiary in California. He stabbed a detective whom I was working with in the Jackson street joss house in San Francisco and the man nearly died."

"That is the case. So you see your danger and mine from the Highbinders is just as great."

"I suppose you won't go then?"

"Not alone."

"Are you afraid to go about in Boston the same as you are in New York?"

"Not so much afraid. I am some, though."

"You will go with me?"

"If you say so I will go."

"I do say so. I happen to know that Chap Chung took the woman to Boston, which I did not know when I saw

you last. If we want to find your wife and to find out who killed Fang Dang and Dr. Huber, and I believe Chap Chung did both, we shall have to go over to Boston and begin our work there."

"All right, Brady," said the King, cheerfully. "If you say go to Boston, then that is what we will do. When shall we start?"

"To-night by the Fall River boat. I will call for you in a hack so that you won't have to expose yourself at all."

"Very good, Brady," replied the King of Mott Street, with his usual cheerfulness. "Then to Boston we must go."

CHAPTER X.

TRAPPED BY CHAP CHUNG.

Having determined to transfer the scene of their operations to Boston, the Bradys carried out their plan, and next morning there arrived at the Taunton House, an obscure hotel on Harrison avenue, well up from the Chinese quarter, the two detectives. Jack Trainor and the King of Mott Street grew very nervous over the journey toward the last.

Again and again he expressed fear lest the Highbinders should get him, and he was so timid by the time they had him established in the rooms they engaged that the Bradys determined not to use him at all in the matter.

"I know a Chink whom we can probably get if he is in town who will do a great deal better," said Old King Brady, when he discussed the situation privately with Harry. "The best thing we can do is to keep the King under cover or he will get into some scrape and spoil all."

"That's what I think," replied Harry, "but who is the man?"

"One Wor Lee, a capper for a fantan joint. I saved him from prison long ago before you ever took hold with me. I think I can find him. He was here two months ago."

"Do you propose to go right for him?"

"Yes, I do, and in the meantime I wish you and Trainor would go down and have a look at that place. Trainor has been letting his beard grow for the last two weeks, and really I never knew a fellow to grow a beard so fast. He is quite a different looking person from what he was when you first introduced him to me—looks like an old man. He is therefore disguised enough and you can fix yourself up some way. Get a look at the rooms in that house if you can, or anyhow find out what sort of tenants there are in the place, and if there is anyone among them who answers the description of Chap Chung."

"You have given me a rather tough job, Governor," replied Harry, "but I am willing to try it. Shall I report here?"

"Yes, and lose no time. Whatever we do has got to be

done in a hurry. Look sharp, now, for really I think there may be something in these threats Chap Chung made against us."

Old King Brady then returned to the room in which he had left the King of Mott Street, while Harry took Trainor and went up on Washington street to a certain costumer whom the Bradys know very well.

Here Harry fixed himself up like a workingman and then proceeded to instruct Trainor as to his part.

"You come from the house agent and are intending to buy that house," he said. "You have brought me along to have a look at it and tell you what repairs it is going to need. We shall have to see every room."

"That's all right," replied Trainor, "but how are we going to find out who the agent is?"

"That's the easiest part of the business," replied Harry, and so it proved.

When they reached the house, which was an old store on the block on Harrison avenue most thickly populated by Chinese, the agent's name was seen on a "to let" bill which hung from the doorpost.

Harry entered boldly and, followed by Trainor, they walked up to the fourth floor, which was at the top of the house, without meeting anyone on the stairs.

Here Trainor knocked on the first door they came to.

The knock was responded to by a fat Chink.

"I come here from Mr. Meyers, the agent. I have to look at every room in this house with this man," Trainor said.

Chinamen are used to these intrusions.

So long as there is the slightest show of authority for them they rarely make any objection.

In this case the mere mention of the agent's name was enough.

The fat Chink backed away and allowed them to enter.

There were two other Chinamen in the rooms, of which there were three, opening off from each other.

Trainor looked around and Harry opened doors, examined locks and knobs, raised and lowered the windows and sounded the ceiling with a broom handle, talking to Trainor about the house as they moved around.

Meanwhile the Chinks watched them in stolid silence.

Certainly neither of them in any way resembled Chap Chung.

"What's your name?" Trainor asked of the fat man, after pretending to consult his memorandum-book.

"Joe Chang," was the reply.

"Do you pay rent for these rooms?"

"Yair."

"Who is Wang Dock? Where are his rooms?"

"No sabe Wang Dock."

Then another of the Chinks butted in and he and the fat man talked volubly for a few minutes.

At last the fat one pointed across the hall.

"Dere Wang Dock," he said.

"All right," replied Trainor, and they knocked on one of the opposite doors.

This instantly brought a discovery, for the door was opened by a dwarfish Chink.

Instantly Young King Brady recognized Wee Woo.

Trainor now proceeded to act his part over again.

Wee Woo listened and then slammed the door in their faces without a word.

"Balked!" whispered Trainor.

"But we must not be," replied Harry. "We are getting hot on the trail. I know that Chink."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"Can't explain now. Pound on the door again. Knock for all you are worth. Kick it in if he won't open any other way."

But before there was time to attack the door it was opened again.

This time it was not Wee Woo, but Chap Chung.

Of course this took Harry and Jack Trainor rather aback.

But Trainor played his part well.

In a mumbling voice, which certainly in no way resembled his own, he told what he wanted.

The big joint-keeper eyed him with stolid face.

What he was thinking about no man could have told.

"Allee light. You lookee ebyting," he said, when Trainor finished speaking.

Then he walked away and went into the other room.

"Don't say one word," whispered Harry. "This leaving us alone is only a trick to make us talk."

Then Harry went on talking about the building, the condition of the rooms and all that sort of thing.

Trainor tried to chime in with him, but it was easy to see that he was growing nervous.

Young King Brady resolved to cut it short.

But it was necessary to see who was with Chap Chung in the next room, where voices could be heard talking.

Harry motioned to Trainor and they entered there.

Four Chinks sat around a table playing cards. Chap Chung was one.

Not the slightest attention was paid to the intruders.

Trainor went his rounds, Harry following, and again they talked about the condition of the house.

Harry did most of the talking, however.

Trainor scarcely spoke a word.

Beyond this room was another, a very small one, little bigger than a closet, in fact.

Here stood a little altar, if it may be so styled.

Actually it was only a packing-case turned up on end with a red cloth thrown over it.

Upon this stood an ugly little idol.

There was a window to this room, but the shutters were closed and the place rather dark.

Hanging from the ceiling was a rope which came down through a hole.

What this meant Harry did not for the instant guess.

It would have saved some trouble if he had given it more attention.

Following Trainor, he stepped into the room and stood before the idol.

And this was the time the wily Chinks proved too much for the detective.

Bang went the door all in an instant.

"Great Scott! We are trapped!" gasped Trainor.

Harry, with a muttered imprecation upon his own carelessness, flung himself against the door.

There was no budging it.

His hands came against painted iron instead of wood.

Outside the Chinks could be heard laughing and jabbering.

Then all in an instant the floor began sinking.

Now the meaning of the rope was plain enough.

This supposed room was simply an old freight elevator shaft, constructed when this building had been used as a store.

Young King Brady clutched at the rope and tried to stop the downward movement.

Useless effort!

If the rope had ever controlled the elevator, it did not now.

"Heavens, Brady, we are trapped!" cried Trainor. "Can nothing be done?"

"What can we do? I can't stop the thing!"

"Chap Chung knew me sure! This is some Highbinders' den!"

"I'm afraid it is. Brace up. Don't abandon hope. I have worked out of worse snaps than this many a time."

"But you don't know the man! He's a desperate case."

"Hush! Take it easy! Leave it all to me!" persisted Young King Brady, displaying a confidence which he was far from feeling.

And all this time the floor was still descending.

They passed doors, but in each case they were boarded up.

This could be seen as, be it understood, the walls of their prison had been left behind—it was only the floor which was descending.

It stopped at last.

Now on two sides of them were stone walls.

On the third was another door covered with sheetiron and not painted this time.

"We have struck bottom!" said Trainor.

"That's what," replied Harry, kicking on the door.

"Firm as a rock," he added.

He seized the rope and pulled.

"Nothing doing. We have just got to wait results," he growled. "Trainor, this is one on me."

The opium fiend had grown calmer now.

"You don't realize the full meaning of it," he said. "This will be our finish, surest thing."

"Perhaps not. I have had lots to do with the Chinks. They may get the best of me for the moment, but if they do it in the long run it will be the first time."

"This is an old elevator."

"Certainly it is. Look up!"

Far above them could be seen the ceiling of the supposed room.

They were in a shaft reaching from cellar to roof.

"Why don't they come?" muttered Trainor. "I want to know the worst."

"They will come soon enough," replied Harry. "You have that revolver I gave you handy, I suppose?"

"Yes, but to be honest with you I don't think I should have the courage to use it, my hand shakes so."

"It won't pay you to use it at the start. These Chinks when they come will come well armed. If we show fight then they will simply blow us all to pieces. Our best chance is to keep cool and pull the wool over their eyes if we can."

"We shall never get out of it alive."

"Hush! Hush! Don't despair. There! Someone is coming now."

The shuffling of feet and the confused jumble of several voices talking in Chinese was heard outside the door.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BRADYS BALKED ALL AROUND.

After Harry and Jack Trainor left the hotel Old King Brady had some further conversation with the King of Mott Street.

This only settled him in his opinion that the King was entirely too nervous over the Highbinders to be of the slightest use to him.

So instructing him to remain under cover and not under any circumstances to show himself on the street, Old King Brady left the hotel and started down Harrison avenue to look for his former Chinese friend, Woo Lee.

It is one of the hardest things in life to put one's finger on a Chinaman.

"No sabe! No sabe!" was the answer Old King Brady received on all sides.

The old detective had slightly disguised himself, using another hat and slipping on a false gray beard.

Meeting with no success was discouraging, and Old King Brady was on the point of giving up and going in somewhere so as to change to his usual appearance, thinking that some Chink might recognize him and be willing to help, when he saw coming down Essex street a Boston detective named Bagley, whom he knew very well.

Old King Brady tapped him on the shoulder.

"How are you, Bill?" he said. "I suppose you don't recognize me?"

"Don't know you from a crow," growled Bagley. "Don't try to fool with me or you may find yourself up against the wrong man, my friend. I—oh, say, is it you, Mr. Brady?"

"Why, of course. I'm a little fixed up, but you ought to know my old coat by this time, Bill."

"That's what I just caught on to," replied Bagley, shaking hands vigorously. "Glad to see you. When did you come over from New York?"

"Last night. Things look natural here."

"They are all right. Driving at anything special?"

"Yes, and you are just the fellow to give me a pointer. Are you in a hurry?"

"I am, but I can spare a few minutes to you, Mr. Brady. Many's the time you have helped me out in New York."

"Thanks. Can we slide in somewhere?"

"Yes. Come into this Chink restaurant."

"We may be overheard. I am working on a Chink case."

"So I supposed, finding you down here. There is no danger. We will get down at the last table where no one will disturb us. I'm in full charge of the plain-clothes men in Chinatown now. The Chinks all know me."

They entered the restaurant, and, having seated themselves at the table, Old King Brady began to talk in a guarded way.

He had no intention of giving away his business to Bill Bagley.

It was enough to pay him for any little service he might render without making it necessary to divide up the reward money which might be coming from the King of Mott Street in case of success.

"It's a case of a missing Chinese woman," the old detective said, as a starter. "She is one of the small-footed kind, and has recently been brought over here from New York by one Chap Chung, who for several years kept an opium joint on Pell street. Do you know the man?"

"I think I do. Let me look at my book. Oh, yes, I remember him. I have been in his place several times. Big man for a Chink."

"That's him. Is he in Boston now?"

"I can easy find out. But about this woman?"

Old King Brady told of the murder of Fang Dang and the sale of the woman to the King of Mott Street.

Then Bill Bagley woke up.

"Say, wasn't Chap Chung the Chink who is supposed to be mixed up with the Huber murder in New York?" he asked.

"The same Chink."

"I read all about that in the papers. Any reward up on that?"

"None that I have heard of. I'm not working on that case."

"You simply want to get the woman?"

"That's as far as I'll go, unless I can prove that Chap Chung shot Fang Dang. I might arrest him on that charge."

"Will you let up on that charge and let me have him for the Huber murder for whatever I can make out of it if I'll help you find this woman?"

(Continued on page 26.)

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"Willingly."
 "Good enough. I'm with you."
 "It's a bargain. Now hear the rest."
 Then Old King Brady began with the story of his bogus Chinese advertisement and wound up by stating the errand upon which Harry had been sent.
 "Why, that place is a notorious joint!" cried Bagley. "The Highbinders are supposed to meet in that house, although we have never been able to catch them in session. I'll take you all through the house if you wish."
 "We had better go back to the hotel first and see if Harry has returned with his report."
 "You go. I'll go to the station and get my uniform. The Chinks have a lot of respect for uniform, and when it comes to a dead run-in with them I always make it a point to rig up."
 "You know the house well?"
 "Oh, yes."
 "I think I'm in luck to have met you," said Old King Brady. "I did not know that you had become such a power in Boston's Chinese colony. I guess it is on the card that we shall work out this case to a finish, Bill."
 "It looks that way. I'm with you, anyhow. When will you meet me here?"
 "In half an hour's time."
 "Make it three-quarters and I am your man."
 To this Old King Brady agreed and then returned to the hotel.
 "It rather nettled him to think that he had been obliged to call in outside help, but the case had become so complicated that he foresaw considerable delay if he attempted to push it to a finish in his usual style.
 For this reason he made up his mind to accept the situation as it was by the time he had reached the hotel.
 Here there were no tidings of Harry.
 It was now nearly noon, and as Young King Brady had been ordered to return at once after going through the house the old detective began to feel a little uneasy.
 He said nothing to Ching Wing, however, for the King was about used up with nervousness as it was.
 Adopting his usual quaint dress now, Old King Brady returned to the restaurant, where he met Detective Bagley.
 "I have been doing a little on my own account," said Bagley. "I find that on the top floor of that house some new Chinks have recently taken up their quarters. One of them is a big fellow all right, and, although he passes under the name of Wang Dock, he may easily be Chap Chung."
 "Why, man, Wang Dock is the very name signed to the letter!" cried Old King Brady. "This discovery of yours is great."
 "I thought it was, but I couldn't be quite sure," replied Bagley. "Well, that's what I hear. The best thing we can do is to arrest him on sight, I should say."
 "We will go there anyhow and see how the land lies," replied Old King Brady, and, leaving the restaurant, they entered the house in question, ascending to the top floor.

Bagley started to bang on the door, but it instantly flew open, not even being latched.

A bland, mild-spoken Chink came forward to meet them, whom Bagley evidently knew.

He was the only occupant of the rooms.

He assured Bagley that he had never heard of Wang Dock, and that he had lived there alone for the past three months.

Again Old King Brady was balked.

Nor were matters cleared up any after they had searched the whole house.

Nobody had ever heard of Wang Dock. There was no big Chinaman known on the premises, every one declared.

By one o'clock the detectives were willing to give it up. It was disappointment all around.

* * * * *

The iron door opened and there stood five Chinamen, every one of them armed with a revolver.

Chap Chung, the tall one, stood at the head of the line, and Wee Woo, the short one, at the foot.

There they stood in solemn silence covering Jack Trainor and Young King Brady.

"What do you mean by this, you wretched rat eaters! Let us out of here!" blurted Trainor, moved to try bluff, when nothing of that sort could possibly help one bit.

Chap Chung took up the talk.

"No go! No scaree me, Jack Trainor!" he sneered. "Me know you."

"And I know you, you old fraud!" roared Trainor. "You killed Doc, that's what you did."

"Hush! Hush!" breathed Harry, but he might as well have held his tongue.

Chap Chung and Trainor went at each other hot and heavy.

"You lie you say me killee Doc!" said Chung.

"You stuck him and you know it. You broke open the safe and stole his money."

"Allee lies, allee lies! You steal diamonds. You sabe Doc's diamonds? You know you stealee dem."

"Hello," thought Harry. "Then there were diamonds in the case. No wonder Chap Chung snapped at the Governor's bait."

The conversation ran further in the same vein.

Then suddenly Chap Chung assumed a wheedling tone and, producing a little box, extended it to Trainor.

"Lookie here, hop pills. You takee," he said. "Do you good."

Mechanically Trainor extended his hand for them.

There came a glitter in his eye which showed Harry how strong the temptation was.

"Don't touch the box," Young King Brady cried, and he struck it from Chap Chung's hand.

If this had been the signal for the five Chinks to jump on them they could not have acted more quickly than they did.

Resistance was quite useless.

Both were quickly overpowered.

Harry was dragged one way and Jack Trainor another. "Save me, Brady! Save me! This is my finish!" shouted Trainor, as the Chinks pulled him away.

Harry ground his teeth in rage.

Chap Chung had him by the throat and was forcing him ahead.

Another Chink had him by the arm and little Wee Woo kept kicking him from behind.

"So you young Blady!" hissed Chap Chung. "Me guessee dlat. So I kill you if you no do what I say. I hate Old Kling Blady. I hate you!"

Harry was dragged across the cellar and thrust into a small room partitioned off in one corner.

Here he was thrown down, searched and securely tied.

"You stoppee here, me comee back again," said Chap Chung, as he went out and locked the door.

Young King Brady was in despair.

"Another mess," he muttered. "Why on earth did I have to make this break?"

He glanced around his prison.

The stone walls were not high and there were rough beams overhead.

Up close to the beams in one corner was a little swinging window.

It would be no trick at all to get up there. Harry saw the road to freedom if he could only free himself from his bonds.

And this Young King Brady felt that there was a chance of doing.

Harry is blest with very small hands, and he has a way of his own of compressing them into a very small compass.

Many is the time when his enemies have regarded him as securely tied that Young King Brady has been able to slip the cords which held him.

He felt as he tried the pressure of the cords that he would be able to do it now.

But his hands were tied behind him, which made matters worse, and all his efforts failed.

An hour passed. Still he had not succeeded.

"Perhaps there will be some easier way," he thought then.

Just at that moment his eyes lit upon a nail driven into the partition at just the height best adapted for his purpose.

With a tremendous effort he managed to spring to his feet, for his legs were not tied.

Now it looked easy.

Young King Brady backed up against that nail and began to rub the cords against it.

He scratched his wrists well in the process, but that was nothing.

In a minute he would have succeeded, but just then he heard footsteps outside.

"Confound the luck," thought Young King Brady.

"Now I'm balked!"

He dropped to his knees and fell over on his back just in time.

For now the door opened and in walked Chap Chung.

The yellow face of the joint-keeper wore an evil smile.

"Now den, Young Blady," he said, sneeringly. "Me come to settle with you."

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

"Chap Chung," said Harry, speaking with studied calmness, "you have been long enough around New York to know what Old King Brady is. You let me go free or, as sure as you stand there before me, he will down you in the end."

"Dlat's what I say," replied the joint-keeper, closing the door. "So I comee here to tellee you dlat I lettee you go flee so you tell me what I askee you."

"And what do you want to know?" demanded Harry, altogether surprised at this answer.

"Me 'splain," said Chap Chung. "Looker here, Blady, me good lawyer. Me been 'lested lots of times. Me know what lawyer tellee me when I get 'lested. You tellee me true, he say. So when you talkee me an' no one else hear den you talkee without witness. So you talkee without witness, den dey can't do noting to you even so odder feller say you talkee so and so, see?"

"I see. Talk away. If I ever had you arrested it would do me no good to say that you told me so and so, you can say I lie and that's all right, too."

"Yair. Dlat's it. So me tellee you, see? Belly well. Me makee out me b'long On Leong. Dlat so, but allee same b'long Hip Sing Tong, too. Me big Highbinder, yair."

And Chap Chung smacked his lips with satisfaction. He seemed to be very proud of what he had said.

"Go on," said Harry. "You killed Fang Dang?"

"Yair, me shootee him. Belly bad man. He sell him slister to de Kling of Mott Street, see? Den when he meet Doc Huber in Tlonto he sellee her again to Doc and send her to him house in box. Belly bad man. Him ought to die."

"And you meant to kill Old King Brady and me, too, that time."

"Yair, me did. No chance, dough. Me wantee dlat China gal. She comee big high family in Canton, so me killee Doc and get her, yair."

And this confession was made with all possible coolness; but there was more to come.

"Me gettee Doc's money," continued Chap Chung, "but me no gettee dliamonds. Doc have lots of dliamonds, yair. Who gettee dem? You know?"

"No, I don't."

"You lie, you do. Tellee me, did Tlainor gettee dem?"

He mighty tick with Doc. Tellee me, he tellee you, yair he gettee dliamonds? Tellee me and I let you go flee. You nebber findee dlat gal. You nebber ketchee me."

"He didn't tell me anything like that," said Harry. "I don't believe he did get the diamonds, either."

"You lie!" roared Chap Chung, as if seized with a sudden rage.

Then without another word he bounced out of the room and slammed the door.

Harry heard him lock it and listened to his retreating footsteps over the cement floor of the cellar.

"By thunder, here's a curious state of affairs," he thought. "That Chink must have been eating some of his own opium pills. I never heard a Chinaman talk like that before."

But Young King Brady was wasting no time now.

Once more he got on his feet.

The nail had about done its work when he was interrupted and one smart pull did the rest.

Harry now tackled the wall.

There was little difficulty in climbing up to the window, the stones were so rough.

The thing was not fastened and Harry butted it open.

As he thrust his head through the opening he gave an exclamation of surprise.

And no wonder.

There stood Old King Brady and a policeman looking down at him.

"Harry! For heaven sake!" the old detective exclaimed.

Old King Brady is not exactly the sort of man who tamely abandons work on account of disappointment in the working out of his plans.

"It is no use," said Bill Bagley, when, after completing the examination of the house, they came out on Harrison avenue. "We can't find Chap Chung there; my opinion is that your partner and the other fellow you have been telling me about have scared him off by their butting in."

"Wait a moment," broke in Old King Brady.

He had been apparently listening to his companion, although in reality he had not heard a word he was saying.

"What about that closed-up building in the rear there?" he now suddenly asked.

"Oh, that's only a storage warehouse which opens on the other street," replied Bagley. "You see, these buildings belong to the Bird estate, and——"

"Never mind who they belong to," broke in Old King Brady. "I want to have a look inside of that place."

"The door is nailed up on this end, as I happen to know."

"Then we will take the other end. Let us go around on the other street."

"Oh, I'll go with you if you insist," assented Bagley; "but I assure you it won't amount to anything."

Perhaps this would prove true; but just they same they went.

The old brick building presented even a gloomier air in front than in the rear.

Old King Brady found a bell and rang it.

This brought a watchman to the door.

"We want to examine the inside of this building," said Bagley. "Stand aside, please."

"Indeed I won't!" cried the watchman. "This is a private storehouse. What do you think I'm doing here, running a hop joint? I'll not let you in without an order from Mr. Bird."

Old King Brady settled this by roughly pushing the watchman to one side.

The man was pale with fear.

Evidently there was something weighing heavy on his mind.

"What did I tell you," said the old detective, producing his dark-lantern.

"And now look you, watchman," he added. "You come with us, see!"

The watchman, however, did not see.

He pushed past the officers and ran off down the street.

"Something crooked," said Old King Brady. "That man fears arrest."

He pushed about among the packing-cases, coming at last to the rear of the store.

But a partition cut off the back door which they had seen from the yard behind.

Through the cracks of this partition a light shone and voices could be heard.

Old King Brady pressed his eyes to a crack between the boards.

"Well, upon my word!" he muttered, drawing away.

"What is it?" whispered Bagley.

"There are three Chinese women in there keeping house. The watchman has simply been renting rooms on his own account, that's all. We want the patrol wagon. These people must be removed to the station. No doubt one of the women is the very one I want."

They hurried to the office in front.

Here Bagley telephoned the police station, and in less than fifteen minutes the patrol wagon with several officers appeared.

Then matters were speedily brought to a head.

Old King Brady broke through the partition in the rear of the warehouse and from a little cupboard of a room three screaming Chinese women were dragged out.

One of them was the same small-footed creature Old King Brady had seen in the West Forty-seventh street house in New York.

As none of the women could speak a word of English, it was useless to question them, of course.

They were bundled into the patrol wagon and carried off to the station, followed by something of a crowd, among which there were no Chinese, for there were none on that street.

"And now we must tackle that Harrison avenue house again," declared Old King Brady. "I've got my woman

and I must get my man. I believe Chap Chung is there." He stationed three policemen inside the warehouse at the rear, while he and Bill Bagley opened the back door.

Then as they stepped into the courtyard in the rear of the Harrison avenue house they were treated to the sight of Harry coming through the cellar window, as has been told.

"Come up out of that! What on earth are you doing there?" cried Old King Brady, extending Harry a hand.

By this time the Chinks in the neighborhood had "caught on."

The fire escapes were crowded and in every window there were eager faces looking down upon the courtyard.

"Governor, you're just in time. There is not a moment to be lost if we want to save Trainor's life!" Harry exclaimed.

"Speak out! What do you mean?" demanded Old King Brady.

"We were captured," panted Harry, out of breath with his exertion. "In that cellar! Have you got any men?"

"Two."

"Where are they?"

"Inside this warehouse here."

"Better bring them along. No time for talk."

"But Chap Chung?"

"Is here. He is at the bottom of it all."

Old King Brady called the officers.

There was a flight of steps leading down into the cellar with a locked door at the end.

This the Bradys had no difficulty in forcing.

No one interfered with them, yet Harry could hardly believe that the confusion in the courtyard had not been heard by Chap Chung.

But in this he was mistaken.

The room in which Chap Chung was operating was in another corner of the cellar and the solitary grated window which it contained opened on an alley.

The Bradys spied the door as soon as they entered the cellar.

It was just beyond the iron door of the elevator shaft.

It communicated with an underground room in which a lodge of Highbinders held secret meetings, as the Bradys afterward learned.

"Officers, keep close behind us, but don't press forward till I give the word," said Old King Brady.

"All but you, Bagley," he added. "You will come with us."

They tiptoed across the floor and with every caution Old King Brady tried the door.

"This is not even locked," he breathed. "Here goes!"

Suddenly he threw the door back and a strange scene burst upon them.

There in the middle of a sizeable room stood Chap Chung holding a handkerchief in his hand.

Behind him stood another Chinaman holding a drawn sword above the head of Jack Trainor, who, with his hands tied behind him, knelt under a huge Chinese lantern.

A cloth was tied over his mouth and Jack still wore his beard which made him look like an old man.

In front of him was an open basket; as the detectives entered two other Chinamen, one carrying a small box, went scampering toward another door.

"Hold where you was, Blady!" cried Chap Chung. "So I dlop de handkelchef so dlop him head into dlat blasket! Now will you be good and go away?"

It was a check for the detectives. For the moment the Bradys halted at the door.

Old King Brady and Bill Bagley whipped out revolvers.

The Chink with the sword flung it away and ran, while the Bradys and the officers closed on Chap Chung.

The fellow fought savagely, but was soon overpowered. All the others were captured in an adjoining room after Jack Trainor was set free.

Among them was Charley Chow, who had been the assistant to Dr. Huber.

Trainor's story fitted in with Harry's.

Chap Chung was trying to make him confess that he stole the doctor's diamonds when the Bradys broke into the room.

But he might have spared himself all the trouble he went to, for when, at the station Old King Brady searched Charley Chow, the missing gems were found.

Back to New York was the next move.

Chap Chung was turned over to the police and a few months later died in the electric chair.

Charley Chow turned witness against him and told of the murder of Dr. Huber.

Chow got a life sentence, which he is serving now.

Mina Dang was turned over to the King of Mott Street.

The little Chinawoman appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the arrangement and the Bradys were, for the King paid the promised reward.

Bill Bagley had the honor of turning Chap Chung over to the New York police.

In that Old King Brady did not interfere.

What became of the stolen money was never learned.

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