

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

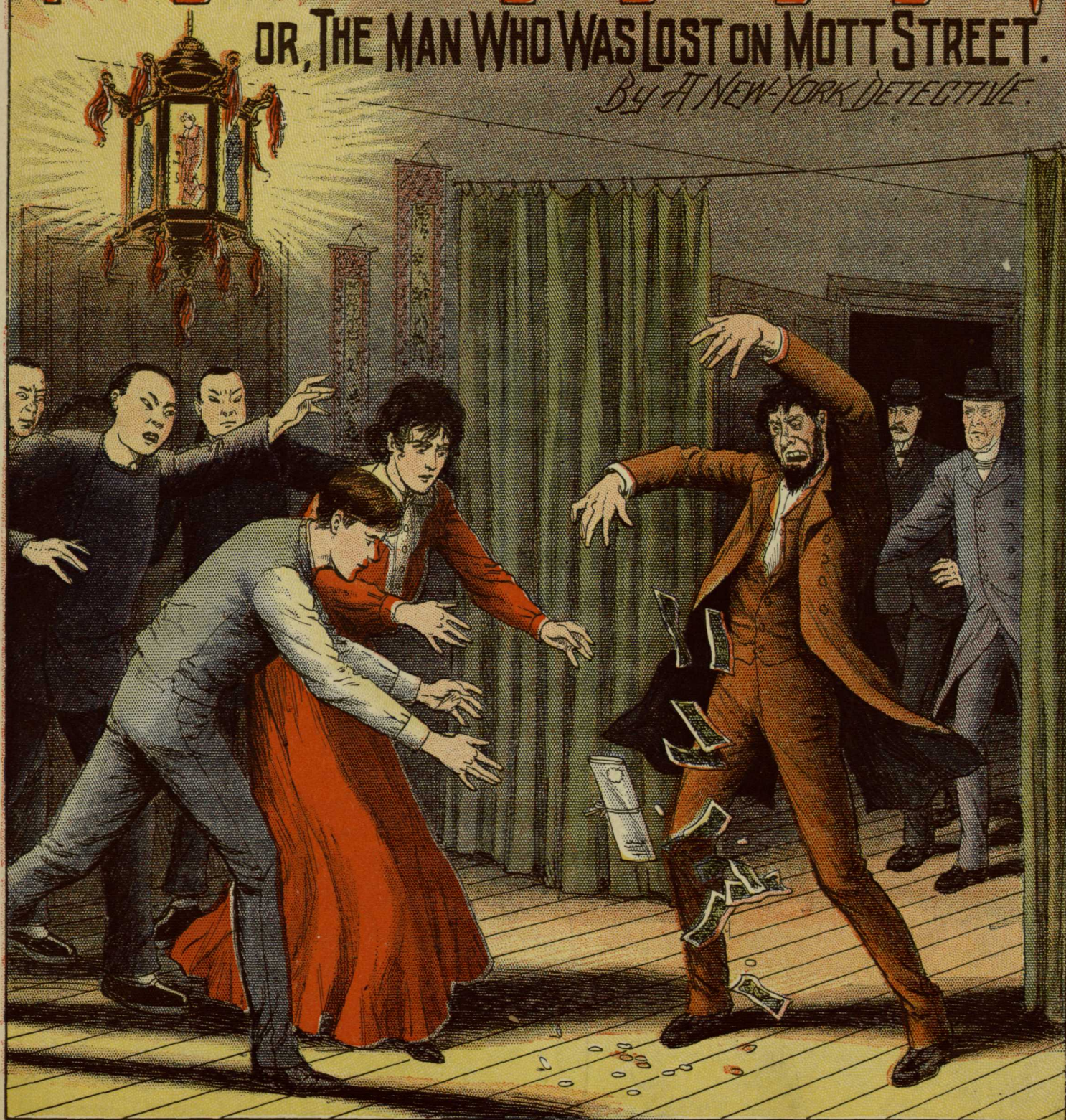
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No. 353.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND "DR-DOO-DA-DAY"; OR, THE MAN WHO WAS LOST ON MOTT STREET. *BY A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



"Take it! Take all I've got in me!" shouted the opium-crazed man. "I'm rich! Hooray!" Mag made for the money. Harry saw the paper dropping. At the same instant Old King Brady appeared at the door.

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CHAPTER I.

YOUNG KING BRADY RECEIVES A SENATORIAL CALL.

"Harry, wake up!"

It was Old King Brady, the world-famous detective, who spoke.

Entering the room where Young King Brady, his partner and pupil, slept, he shook him by the shoulder, calling until he awoke.

"Hello! That you, Governor?" cried Harry, sitting up in bed. "It seems to me as if I had only been asleep two or three minutes."

"You have been asleep just two hours," replied Old King Brady. "I am very sorry to disturb you, but I have had a call and must go uptown."

"All right, Governor. I'll get up."

"You don't have to. I merely want to tell you that someone called over the 'phone from the Waldorf-Astoria about an hour ago, saying that Senator Somebody, of Colorado, wanted to know if I could be seen to-night if he should call. I replied that I could, and now I am expecting this senator at any minute. Be ready for him in case he turns up."

"I may as well get up, Governor."

"It isn't necessary, Harry. Julius will call you. The man may change his mind and fail to come."

"All right. Who gave you the call?"

"It will rather surprise you, but it was H. Podgers."

"The Wall street banker?"

"Sure."

"Why, it is less than a year since he wrote you that insulting letter."

"The most insulting letter I ever received, Harry. Because I would not let this man of several stolen millions own me body, bones and boots, and refused to do his dirty work, he threatened to break me with the Secret Service Bureau, and, indeed, did make the attempt. Now he claims to need my services again. I don't understand exactly what he is drawing at. It may be only a trick to pull me into some snare."

"But you propose to wait on him?"

"Oh, yes. I told him I would."

"It's a wonder you did not tell him to come here."

"It would have been no use. The man lives in constant fear of assassination. He never ventures out at night without half a dozen detectives at his heels. He would not have come here, and so I would have failed to

learn what his latest crooked scheme is. No; I told him I would go."

"What time is it?"

"It was nine o'clock when I came upstairs. I ought to be back by eleven."

"For goodness sake, look out for yourself, Governor."

"Pshaw, Harry! Podgers will hardly assassinate me in his own house. I run no risk whatever."

"If the newspaper stories are true, you would not be the first man he has had put out of the way."

Old King Brady laughed at his partner's fears and hurriedly left the old house on Washington Square, where he and Harry have kept bachelors' hall now for some years.

As for Young King Brady, he turned over and went to sleep again.

Harry had, in fact, but just come home from Boston, where he had been for a week managing a case on his own account.

For three nights he had been without sleep, and now he was trying to make up for it.

It was not written that he should remain undisturbed, however, for at a quarter before ten the bell rang and Julius, the colored man of all work employed by the Bradys, brought up the card of Senator Bowser, of Colorado.

Harry sent down word for the senator to wait, and, having taken his time dressing, descended to the library to meet the distinguished man, so noted for his mines, his money and his political pull.

The great senator proved to be an insignificant, dried-up little man, with a high-pitched, squeaky voice.

He was dressed in a shabby business suit and wore all the diamonds he could crowd upon his person; a little one in his collar button, a larger one in a locket, a big one as a shirt stud and a perfect "buster" in a big Belcher ring.

In fact, Senator Bowser offered an excellent example of the vulgar Mr. "Newlyrich."

"How is this?" he demanded in a tone of insolent superiority; "I wished to see Old King Brady, the detective. You are not the man."

"I am Young King Brady, his partner," replied Harry. "Old King Brady is not in."

"Not in! Not in! I had my man talk with him over the telephone. I instructed him to wait."

"Old King Brady is not in the habit of taking instructions from anyone, Senator Bowser. He has gone out."

"Where has he gone?"

"That I can't tell you."

"Can't or won't?"

"Won't, if you like it better."

"You are insolent, young man."

"So are you, if you will allow me to say so. If you expect to do business with the Bradys, you will have to modulate your tone."

Senator Bowser frowned and paced the floor for a few minutes in silence.

Harry now sat down and waited.

The Bradys make it an invariable rule never to knuckle under to such people.

To this is probably due the fact that their services are constantly being solicited by men of this class.

They do not always get the Bradys, by any means.

Many and many times Old King Brady has turned down some multi-millionaire to take up the case of a man or a woman from whom he could not expect to receive a cent.

Harry had no feeling in the matter, nor the least desire to be insolent.

It was necessary, however, to put the man in his place.

And the senator got there.

"I need the help of your firm, young man," he said at length, dropping into a chair. "Can I get it or not?"

"That all depends. You may state your case. I shall submit the matter to Old King Brady. First thing tomorrow morning we will let you know."

"Very well. I want you to help me find a missing man."

"We are often called upon for that sort of work."

"So I understand. This man arrived in New York from Colorado about two weeks ago. His coming created quite a sensation. I presume you read of him in the newspapers. I refer to Dr. Thomas James McDoodle, an itinerant chiropodist, or corn doctor, who is better known as Dr. Doo-da-day."

"Oh, yes; the man who struck the rich gold mine in Deadman's Valley, Utah. Came across the country in a special train, threw twenty-dollar gold pieces from the car windows at every station he stopped at; is supposed to bathe in champagne every morning, and has been making an idiot of himself generally."

"That's the man."

"He has disappeared?"

"He has not been seen in two weeks. I have important business with him, and am willing to go to any expense to find him and have him sobered up and put in a state to attend to business. Do you think you can turn the trick?"

"If anybody can—yes."

"So I have been told."

"Where did he stop?"

"At the Holland House nominally. That is, he holds a suite of rooms there, but he has not been in them but twice since he struck town."

"Any clew to his whereabouts?"

"None whatever. He is a fierce gambler, and ever since fortune smiled on him he has drank to excess."

"Did he have much money with him?"

"Can't say. I suppose so. He sold a million dollars worth of gold ore before he left Deadman's Valley. I am informed that he sent this money ahead of him to New York."

"Is he a shrewd fellow?"

The senator laughed.

"About as shrewd as a yellow dog—hardly that," he said.

"Well, we will find him if he is to be found."

"You don't propose to consult your partner, then?"

"It won't be necessary. I will agree to work up the case. This sort of thing is old business with us, senator. If we haven't time ourselves we will hire somebody."

"It makes no difference to me, of course. The man made an agreement to dispose of this mine to me, and I want him to carry it out, but I tell you frankly, Mr. Brady, I fear foul play."

"On whose part?"

"You have heard of H. Podgers, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that's the man."

"What interest would he have in making way with Dr. Doo-da-day?"

"There's the mine, my young friend. It's the richest on earth. The papers stated that this corn doctor was seen several times entering Podgers' offices on Wall street. If rumor is correct, the banker is a pretty dangerous sort of fellow to have dealings with."

"He is."

"I did not know that he was after this mine, but I am quite willing to believe it. If he has got his clutches on Dr. Doo-da-day, we—that is myself and associates—may wake up some fine morning to read the doctor's obituary and in the next column learn that Podgers owns his mine."

"I see. Would it not be well for you to call on Podgers and sound him? You know him, of course."

"No, no! I have met the man; but that would be the last thing to do. Not for the world would I have him know that I am after the property, and if he was he would never tell me. No; it can't be done."

"Very well. I merely put the question. If the doctor is alive we can find him; but stop a moment and reflect if there is not some peculiarity about the man which may give us the clew to just what forms his dissipation may run to?"

"I have already told you that he drinks and gambles."

"Is he married?"

"Separated from his wife, I believe."

"Does he smoke opium?"

"I couldn't say. He has a Chinese valet, or had while he was painting Denver red."

"So? Then the chances are he hits the pipe. Chinatown will be a good place to begin work. Who is his banker?"

"Don't know."

"May it not be Podgers himself?"

"It may be so."

"Then that would account for his visits to the banker's office."

"That should be easily ascertained."

"There will be no trouble whatever in ascertaining."

"Good! I will leave the matter in your hands for a day or two, young man."

"And you? Shall you remain in town?"

"No; I return to Washington by the midnight train. You can talk to me over the long-distance telephone. If you get your man, could you not bring him here to this house and hold him till I can come over?"

"We sometimes do business that way."

Harry thought so, too.

"Very good. That is all, I think."

The senator took his departure a minute later.

And this was the beginning of the case of the Bradys and Dr. Doo-da-day.

CHAPTER II.

OLD KING BRADY PICKS UP POINTS AT MR. PODGERS' DOOR.

Harry's conversation with Senator Bowser, if stormy in the beginning, wound up as mild as milk.

Nothing was said about compensation, except that the senator remarked upon leaving the house that the bill would be promptly paid.

There was nothing about the case to suggest mystery, except for the one mystery of the man's disappearance, so far as Harry's end of it was concerned.

Old King Brady proceeded to upper Fifth avenue in a cab.

It was ten o'clock when he touched the electric bell of Mr. Podgers' palatial mansion.

This house, in some respects the most elegant private establishment in New York, had been frequently described by the journals under such names as "High Finance Hall," "Clearing House for millionaire bunco men," "Birthplace of the biggest swindlers of the age," etc.

For Podgers at this period was being much talked of by the papers, and to style him thief, swindler or grafter were matters of every-day occurrence.

On Wall street he was known as the "Emporor of High Finance." A man worth hundreds of millions, whose bond was good for any mentionable amount, but whose word was not worth two cents.

As for the man's history, it ran the usual way. He had risen from nothing and had made his money by keeping his mouth shut, doing rich men's dirty work until he became able to hire others to do his, and standing ever ready to fleece his best friends.

Money was still his mania, in spite of his millions.

Rumor had it that Mr. Podgers was so penurious that he carried his lunch in his coat pocket when he started for Wall street each morning.

This might have been true, but his family made up for

it by scattering money right and left at Tuxedo, Newport and other swagger society resorts.

Old King Brady knew something of the man and his methods, therefore he was not surprised when the door was opened by Mr. Podgers himself.

Here was the old detective face to face with the man who had threatened to ruin him.

If he expected any display of haughtiness, he was doomed to disappointment.

With that genial manner, for which the multi-millionaire was noted, and which had lured so many men to destruction, Mr. Podgers advanced with outstretched hand.

"Brady, how do you do?" he exclaimed. "Glad to see you. My folks are all at Tuxedo just now, and I am keeping bachelors' hall. Walk right in, my dear sir. This is really kind of you to come out so late. I would have come down to your house, but for certain reasons I could not leave here very well to-night."

Old King Brady shook hands and bowed silently in response to this effusive welcome.

"This way," said Mr. Podgers, and he led the old detective to an elegantly furnished library.

"We shall be undisturbed here," he said. "Shall I order up a light lunch? Will you try a glass of wine, or smoke a cigar?"

"Neither one nor the other," replied Old King Brady. "It seems to me that, seeing it is so late, we had better get down to business at once."

"As you will. Are you willing to take a case for me?"

"Why not?"

"You refused the last one I offered you."

"I did not want it."

"You may have been made aware that I did not feel very friendly over your refusal."

"I have forgotten that."

"Good! Then the decks are clear. I will proceed to state my case. It is simple enough, dear knows."

"Let us have it."

"I want to find a missing man."

"Who is the man?"

"You have read in the papers of Dr. Doo-da-day? Assumed name. I forget the real one."

"Yes."

"You knew he was missing?"

"Can't say I did."

"He was last seen on Mott street, doing Chinatown, crazed with Bowery whisky or opium or something of the sort. This was about a week ago, although the papers have had him missing these two weeks."

"Your private detectives traced him up to that point?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you let them finish the job?"

"For the best of reasons. They are not capable of it."

"In other words, they have failed to find him."

"Yes."

"Very good."

"You think you can find him?"

"I can try."

"It is all I ask."

"I have several things to ask before I start in on the case."

"Ask them."

"Why do you want to find this man?"

"Really, Mr. Brady, I am not accustomed to being catechised in that manner!"

"Here we are again, Mr. Podgers. You know very well that I will not stand for it. Either you and I deal in the open or not at all."

"Oh, if you take it so seriously——"

"I do."

"Then let me explain. This man has recently struck an exceedingly rich gold mine in Deadman's Valley, Utah. He agreed to sell me a controlling interest. The papers were all drawn up. He insisted upon taking them with him for examination. He has not been seen since."

"And you want the papers signed?"

"Or returned. I don't want the public to know of my intention to finance that mine."

"I see. You care nothing about the man?"

"Nothing."

"Suppose he dies, who inherits the mine?"

"He owns it outright. It will go to his heirs, of course."

"Who are they?"

"How should I know?"

"I can't say how you would know. I asked you if you did know?"

"No."

"What clew have your detectives discovered?"

Mr. Podgers' answers covered much the same grounds which Senator Bowser had discussed with Harry.

The only point of difference was that Podgers' private detectives had obtained evidence that Dr. Doo-da-day had been seen on Mott street a week after his disappearance.

Another point now developed.

It appeared that Harry was right in his conjecture and Mr. Podgers' bank was the depository of the funds of this sporty corn doctor.

The banker informed Old King Brady that he held nearly a million of the man's money.

He did not pretend that this fact made him any more anxious to find the missing man.

He frankly stated that all he wanted was to go ahead with the mining deal.

"And in case I find the man, what am I to do with him?" asked the old detective.

"Take him back to the Holland House, where he holds rooms, and keep him there until I can get at him."

"All right."

"Now about your fee. I'll pay \$10,000 to get an interview with Dr. Doo-da-day, sober. Will that suit?"

"It is liberal. It will do very well."

"We may consider the matter settled then? You will undertake the case?"

"Yes."

"When may I expect to hear from you?"

"I shall begin work as soon as possible. In a day or two."

"Very good. Oh, by the way; Dr. Doo-da-day has a Chinese valet, or at least a young Chinaman traveled with him."

"That is important."

"I forgot to mention it. Another thing; have you had a call from Senator Bowser, of Colorado, within the last few days?"

"No. I have never met the senator."

"I merely asked. I saw him in Washington last week. He said he was going to send for you. I recommended him to do so."

"Thanks. Did he state what for?"

"No, he didn't."

"It is a chance if I would care to undertake his case. You know I am rather particular."

"I know. Well, are you off?"

"There is nothing further?"

"No."

"Then good night."

Again Old King Brady shook hands with Banker Podgers.

It was a painful process.

To Old King Brady the man's hands felt like a dead fish.

A curious smile overspread his face as he shut the door upon the old detective.

"Why did he look at me that way?" Old King Brady asked himself. "One would suppose that he had attained a triumph. That man secretly hates me. Why did he send for me in this emergency and promise that exorbitant fee when everybody knows how close he is about money matters?"

Old King Brady could not explain these matters to his satisfaction.

Perhaps he would have been able to conjure up an answer if he had known of Harry's interview with Senator Bowser.

As it was, he turned toward his cab which stood at the curb.

As he did so a woman emerged from the shadow of the tree along the wall of Central Park on the opposite side of the street, calling as she crossed:

"Mister! Mister! One minute, please!"

Old King Brady paused and looked toward the woman.

It was easy to see that she was a poor person.

She was about twenty-five years old.

"Say," she demanded, as she came up, "is youse the gentl'man what lives in dat house?"

The girl fixed a pair of keen black eyes upon the old detective, and, chewing gum furiously, stood awaiting his reply.

And this Old King Brady held back for a few seconds.

He wished to satisfy himself whether this was just an ordinary "brace."

"And if I was, what then?" he asked.

"I want to say something to Mr. Podgers if youse him," she said, "but I guess you hain't. I tink I know you."

"And who do you think I am?"

The girl laughed.

"Ah, say, everybody knows you," she replied.

"You haven't mentioned my name yet."

"But I can. Youse is Old King Brady, de detective."

"How do you know?"

"Just as dough I couldn't tell? If a man will go around dressed like an old guy the way you do, how can dere be any mistake?"

"You are right. I am Old King Brady, the detective," was the reply.

He knew perfectly well that it would be useless to attempt to deny his identity.

It pleases Old King Brady to affect a peculiar dress.

Winter and summer, when not in disguise, he presents but one appearance.

A long blue coat with brass buttons, a big white felt hat with an unusually broad brim, and a high, pointed, stand-up collar with an old-fashioned stock, all go to help make up Old King Brady's peculiar appearance.

Once seen, always remembered, and he intends that it shall be so.

Many have criticised him for this.

But nothing succeeds like success, and Old King Brady's career has been success itself.

Having answered the girl, Old King Brady started to get into the cab.

He did not intend to complete the process without questioning the woman further. He wanted to see what she would do.

He soon found out.

The girl caught him by the coat-tail.

"Say, hold up, will yer?" she exclaimed. "I'll tell you something what mebbe you'd like to know."

"Get in here," said Old King Brady. "We will talk as we go along."

He knew it was coming.

But just what it meant he did not know.

The girl lost no time in obeying.

"Dere's a good place down on 59th street near Third avner," she said. "Madigan's. Tell him to drive dere."

"I take you to no place to talk," replied Old King Brady. "You get the price, that's enough."

"Just as you like. We can talk in de cab, I suppose."

"What have you got to say?"

"Are you workin' for Podgers?"

"Look here, now, what's your name?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Me name is Mag—dat's enough," replied the girl. "I am married to a Chink, and names don't go, anyhow."

"Mag will do. Now look here, Mag, if you have anything to say, say it. No use to question me."

"Brady, dat don't go. Wot I want is de mun. I've caught on to something what concerns dat man Podgers. For tree days I've been trying to get at him, but can't. To-night I seen de cab, an' I tought I would wait an' mebbe he'd come out. You came out, but you'll have to cough up before I'll tell a ting."

"Don't you be so sure of that! First, you know I'll run you in and then you'll tell your secret for nothing at all. I don't want to do anything like that. It will pay you best to speak out, Mag."

The girl laughed lightly.

"Well, I've heard all about you, Brady," she said. "I know you are a square man and always do what you say. But I don't want to get into no trouble over this business. Dat's de last ting. What will you give for my secret? Come now!"

"You'll get the third degree if you don't tell me soon. You seem to forget that I've got you!"

"Dat's a nice way to talk."

"Does your secret concern a doctor who has been throwing away his money down around Chinatown lately?"

"Yes, it does."

"Enough! What's his name?"

"Do you read de papas? Den if yer do yer know his name, an' it's Dr. Doo-da-day!"

CHAPTER III.

THE INCIDENT OF THE REVOLVING FLOOR.

Naturally the reader is thinking about this time that Old King Brady had struck luck.

As for the old detective himself, he was not quite so sure of that.

He knew Mag's kind too well.

Nevertheless, he felt in duty bound to work the girl for all she was worth.

"There is a reward up for Dr. Doo-da-day," he said, quietly, "and I am working for it."

"Dat's what I tought," replied Mag. "Where do I come in?"

"You come in on a hundred dollars when I get my reward."

"Huh! I'll bet you get as much as five hundred. You might give me half."

"Well, I'll be liberal with you, Mag. Put me next to Dr. Doo-da-day and call it half."

"Dat's better. Well, he's alive."

"Yes."

"I seen him only to-night."

"So? Where is he?"

"Down in Chinatown."

"What is he doing there?"

"Hittin' de dope."

"Is he very far gone?"

"Kinder. He's no good."
 "So? Has he got rid of all his money yet?"
 "Yair. All gone. De Chinks is trustin' him. Dey'll t'row him out pretty soon."
 "And your chance of making a stake goes with him."
 "Sure. I want to turn him over to you ter-night."
 "What sent you to Mr. Podgers' house?"
 "He did."
 "The doctor himself?"
 "Yair. He tole me tree days ago to go dere and let him know how de case was. De servants tole me to go chase meself when I axed for de boss. You know how it is in dem big houses. You can't never get next."
 "It is very hard, I know."
 "So when I seen you I tought I might as well do bizness wid you—see?"
 "I see. Did this Dr. What's-his-name want Mr. Podgers to take him away?"
 "Yair. He hain't left de joint in a week."
 "Whose joint is he in?"
 "Now dat's what I kain't tell you, Brady. It's a place what hain't known to de police, an' I swore I wouldn't give it away."
 "Then how am I to get my man? Are you going to bring him out to me?"
 "Nope! I'll take you in all right, but it must be done on de quiet."
 "I'm not giving the place away. All Chinatown knows me. They know I never interfere with business down there."
 "Oh, I know all dat. Of course, I'll have to show you de house. Dat's understood. Dere's a secret way in, dough, an' dat I hain't showin'. Dat's understood, too."
 "All right," said Old King Brady. "Have it your own way. I think we understand each other, Mag."
 "Of course we do. I tink I struck luck when I struck you, Brady. But, say, here we are most down to Madigan's."
 Mag grew more talkative.
 She told Old King Brady all kinds of yarns about life in Chinatown.
 Some of these had the true ring, but some did not.
 Old King Brady did not fail to observe that she omitted all mention of Dr. Doo-da-day.
 He did not feel quite satisfied with the girl.
 It seemed to him that she was holding something back.
 Yet the opportunity to bring his case to a quick close seemed too good a one to be neglected.
 "I must be very careful," he said to himself. "She may be up to some trick, and yet I can hardly see how it could come about. Only in one way could she have known that I was to appear at Mr. Podgers' house to-night, and that is from Podgers himself."
 But this might be.
 Old King Brady recalled the banker's black reputation.
 He did not overlook the fact that the man had been his avowed enemy up to a recent date.

"It might be," he said to himself. "And yet I can't fathom his motive."
 As they rattled on down Third avenue Old King Brady resolved to be very careful indeed.
 At last they struck the Bowery, and soon they were in Mott street.
 "Here we are," said Mag, looking out of the window. "Hadn't we better leave the cab?"
 "Why? I shall need it to take the doctor away in."
 "Tell him to wait in de Square. It will get me into all kinds of trouble to have it stop in front of de joint."
 "Is the joint on Mott street?"
 "No, on Pell."
 "All right. Have it your own way."
 Old King Brady eyed the girl closely as he stopped the cab.
 Her face, however, offered no clew to her thoughts.
 They alighted then and the old detective, ordering the cab to wait in Chatham Square, followed Mag around into Pell street.
 The house which they entered was an ancient tenement, a perfect hive of Chinese.
 Old King Brady had known it for a number of years.
 There had once been a fan-tan game in the back room behind the store, but he had never heard of an opium joint being run in the place.
 "Where's your joint, upstairs or down, Mag?" he asked.
 "We go in on de second floor," said Mag. "I can't take you into de joint, but me husband will."
 "And Dr. Doo-da-day is in the joint?"
 "He is, sure ting, Brady. Say, you don't tink I'm foolin' yer, do yer? 'Cause I'm straight as a string in dis."
 "Lead on!" said the old detective. "It won't pay you to fool with me."
 Mag gave a harsh laugh and led the way upstairs.
 At the first landing she opened the door of a small room.
 Here a lamp burned upon a table.
 The room was rudely furnished in Chinese style, but no one was to be seen.
 "Just wait here a minute, Brady," said Mag. "I'll go call me husband. He speaks good English. You kin talk right out to him. He knows why you are here."
 She slammed the door and was gone.
 Old King Brady sprang forward and seized the knob.
 There was something about the girl's haste which he did not like.
 And now his suspicions were confirmed.
 The door would not open.
 Yet he had not heard Mag lock it on the outside.
 He examined the lock.
 "A dummy!" he muttered. "This door is fastened by a secret spring."
 He looked at the window—there was only one in the room—and a new shade was drawn down full length.
 Old King Brady pulled up the shade.

If the door was a dummy then so was the window, in one sense of the word.

It was entirely covered over with sheet iron.

"I'm up against it," thought the old detective. "I must be quick as lightning or I'm lost!"

Hastily he ran his hand up and down the window-frame outside the joining of the iron.

No man living is more expert in the matter of hidden springs than Old King Brady.

He found this one in a few seconds.

It was a common contrivance used by all burglars and crooks.

The window had been reset in a false frame.

When Old King Brady touched the spring the whole window, frame and all, opened outward like a door.

"Safe!" thought the old detective.

Outside was a low, graveled roof.

Savory odors came out of the chimney, and Old King Brady knew that the roof covered a pig oven.

Beneath it some Chinaman was roasting a pig whole.

Old King Brady lay down on the roof, and, pushing the window almost back into place, peered through the crack.

In a moment he knew how wise he had been.

Now the floor of the room began to slowly revolve.

Old King Brady saw that the boards had been cut around in a circle.

Outside of this circle there was nowhere room enough for a man to stand.

Faster and faster went the floor until it fairly spun.

Nobody could have stood upon it without being made so dizzy that they would fall down unconscious.

For ten minutes this kept up and then the revolving floor slowed down.

"Heavens! I should be in a nice fix if I had stopped there!" thought the old detective. "I believe it would have brought on a fit of apoplexy and I should now be dead."

He pushed the window closer still.

Now it was all he could do to see into the room.

Slower and slower went the revolving floor until at last it stopped altogether.

Anxiously Old King Brady waited.

"The brains of this gang ought to show up now," he thought.

It was but a moment before there was something doing.

The door opened and Mag peered into the room.

"He hain't here!" she cried.

The door was thrown wide open then and a Chinaman with a long knife sprang in.

He was a scarred-faced man.

Old King Brady recognized him as a notorious High-binder, well known to the police.

"You fool me, Mag!" he roared. "You fool me! You nebber bling him here at all."

Mag screamed and ducked.

Dextrously she passed under his arm as he struck at her with the knife.

"I tell you straight, Fang Dang!" she shrieked. "Don't stick me! You'll be sorry if you do!"

The Chinaman darted after her.

Old King Brady could hear the woman's screams in the hall.

Then the door slammed and all was still.

"A good time for disappearing," thought Old King Brady.

He ran along the extension roof and, hanging from the cornice, dropped down into a back yard.

Out from under the roof darted a Chinaman, wearing a greasy apron and carrying in his hand something which looked like a pitchfork with three tines.

"Tief! Tief! You Tief!" he cried, making a jab at Old King Brady with the pitchfork.

This was the pig-roaster.

His oven was in full view under the shed.

Old King Brady stepped back, covering the man with his revolver.

At the same time he displayed his detective's shield.

"Stand back, John! I am a detective," he said, sternly. "I'm not after you. All I want is to get out of this. Which way?"

Dull as they like to make themselves appear when it suits their purpose, as a matter of fact, none are shrewder or quicker to grasp the situation than the Chinese.

"Dere's de door!" said the pig-roaster, pointing. "You go on!"

And Old King Brady went on.

He passed through a room filled with Chinamen.

Several were lying stretched on mats smoking opium, others were smoking long-stemmed bamboo tobacco pipes.

Old King Brady had his shield displayed as he passed among them.

Not one of them uttered a word.

Opening another door, the detective passed into a Chinese grocery store.

In a moment he was out on Pell street.

"A narrow escape," he muttered, as he noted the house. "Who's job is this? They clearly intended to put me out of the way."

He walked over to the Bowery, pondering.

But whichever way he twisted his thoughts, they came back each time to the same starting point.

H. Podgers!

Old King Brady was dealing with a desperate, unscrupulous multi-millionaire, a man who had robbed the widow and the orphan; a man who had siphoned millions and millions out of insurance companies and saving banks into his own pocket.

H. Podgers!

And this man had openly declared himself as his enemy. There was but one conclusion to draw, and that was that it had suited Mr. Podgers' purpose to put him out of the way.

"Very well," thought Old King Brady. "It's war to the knife between us now! Perhaps I can bring this double-dyed villain to justice at last. He wants me out of the way. I'll get out of the way. Let's see then what his next move will be."

Old King Brady then walked on to the Summit Hotel. He immediately sought out the proprietor, a man well known to the old detective.

The result of their conference was that Old King Brady did not sign the register, but was shown to the best room in the house.

Here he wrote a telegram to Harry which the landlord promised to send at once.

This done, Old King Brady went to bed.

And if the old detective congratulated himself, who can blame him?

He had been up against H. Podgers and he had escaped.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CALL FROM DR. DOO-DA-DAY.

Old King Brady's telegram to Harry merely contained an order for his partner to call upon him at six o'clock next morning.

Harry was up by half-past four, as he had some matters to attend to.

At five o'clock he heard a cab come rattling up to the door.

"Can it be the Governor back, after all?" he asked himself.

He hurried through the big, gloomy front parlor, which is never opened up, and which, filled up with all kinds of curiosities picked up by the Bradys in their wanderings, looks more like a museum than a living room, and peered out between the slats of the blinds.

A couple had stopped in front of the house, and a young Chinaman was coming up the steps.

"A delegation from Chinkville," thought Harry. "More business in the Doo-da-day case, I suppose."

He hurried to open the door.

"Me want Mlister Ole King Blady," said the Chinaman. "He lib here?"

"He lives here, but he has gone away," immediately replied Harry.

"When he come black?"

"I don't know. It may be some time. I don't know where he is."

The Chinaman looked very much disappointed.

"Den me no can see?" he said.

"You can't see him when he isn't here—no. What did you want? I am his partner."

"Ho! You Young Kling Blady?"

"Yes."

The Chinaman, who did not wear the native dress, fumbled in his pocket and produced a letter.

"Read him," he said. "You no take money, dough. You gimme dlat back."

Harry tore open the letter and out dropped a thousand-dollar bill.

This alone was enough to make Young King Brady open his eyes.

He picked up the bill and turned it over.

It was good money.

The Chinamna seemed very anxious to get it.

"You gimme dlat!" he cried, suddenly, holding out his hand.

"You hold on, John," said the detective. "Take your time. Let me read the letter first."

"Dlat for Ole Kling Blady, not for you."

"It's all the same."

"No all de samee! You just wait."

Harry read the letter then.

It ran as follows:

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir—I want to consult you professionally. It is impossible for me to come to you, so I must ask you to come to me. The matter is of the highest importance and I am willing to pay you a liberal fee. As I cannot give my address for fear this may fall into other hands, I ask you to trust me and accompany the bearer. Have no fears that any attempt will be made on your life or anything of that sort. This is straight goods, and I am a straight man up against rich crooks of the worst kind. I enclose \$1,000 as a retaining fee if you will accompany my man at once. You will not be detained over two hours. I sign my true name and the name the papers have tacked onto me.

Yours truly,

"JAMES McDOODLE,

"Otherwise known as Dr. Doo-da-day."

"Great Scott!" thought Harry. "Here's a call from the missing man himself."

"John, I will write an answer to this," he said. "You take it back to the doctor—see?"

"Gimme de money," persisted the Chink. "Dlat no for you. You no can go wid me. I no take."

"And I'll no go," laughed Harry.

To the great relief of the Chinaman he handed him the thousand-dollar bill.

Harry then took the fellow into the library, where he wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir—Old King Brady is not in. I am his partner. I expect to see him during the morning, and it is possible that he may be willing to see you, but I cannot tell. If you will let your man meet me at the corner of Mott street and Chatham Square at eight o'clock, I will then inform him. Instruct him, please, if I will answer

in case Old King Brady cannot come. We always work together, and it will be just the same.

"Yours truly,

"H. BRADY.

"P. S. I have given the retainer to the Chinaman.

"H. B."

The letter delivered to the Chinaman, he lost no time in returning to his cab and was driven away.

Promptly at six o'clock Harry knocked at the door of Old King Brady's room, having inquired for "Mr. Brown."

The old detective, still in bed, got up to let him in.

"So you are here," he said, "but you are lucky to find me here, or even alive."

"What did I tell you?" replied Harry. "I warned you not to go near that man, Governor, but you would not listen to me."

"That will do. It is not necessary for you to call me down."

"I don't mean it that way, Governor; but when a man of Podger's reputation——"

"Enough, Harry! I would not have missed this for a thousand dollars. It is the chance of a lifetime. Hear my story and you will understand."

Harry heard, and was duly indignant, of course.

"There can be no doubt that he set that woman on you!" he exclaimed.

"I firmly believe it," replied the old detective. "There is absolutely no limit to that man's villainy. Of course, Mag was hired by one of his detectives, of whom he is said to have half a dozen at least. And now, Harry, hear my plan. You must——"

"Just a moment, Governor. I have something to tell, too, which may modify your plans."

"Ha! Well, did Senator What's-his-name call?"

"He did, and I took his case."

"To find Dr. Doo-da-day?"

"Yes."

"Did he mention Podgers?"

"No."

"Did he say anything about a mine in the Deadman's Valley, Utah?"

"Yes. He is trying to buy the property. That's why he wants to find the man. But this isn't what I want to tell you, Governor. Read this letter, please."

"Well, well!" cried the old detective, when he had read the McDoodle epistle. "A call from the missing man himself!"

"That's what."

"How did you get it?"

"A Chinaman brought it to the house at five o'clock this morning."

"Five o'clock!"

"Yes. Dr. Doo-da-day is said to have a Chinese valet, by the way."

"So Podgers said."

"The senator said the same thing.

"I see the letter speaks of a \$1,000 retaining fee. Where is the cash?"

"Gave it back to the Chink. He insisted upon it."

"What did you do?"

"Wrote him to meet me in Chatham Square at eight o'clock and I would then tell him whether you would wait on him or not."

"Did you offer to go with the Chinaman?"

"No; he said he would not take me, and I would not have gone anyway."

"Right. Harry, this is very interesting."

"Very."

"Well, let me think—no, I cannot go; not now, at least. You go if he will see you."

"All right."

"You will report to me as soon as you come back, of course."

"You don't think it's a trick of Podger's to catch me, too?"

"Honestly I don't. I'm not impressed that way. Still, it might be. You will, of course, exercise the greatest care."

"Trust me. What was the number of your revolving floor house?"

Old King Brady gave it.

"You will not enter there on any account," he said.

"To hear is to obey," replied Harry, "but why don't you go for that woman Mag? It ought not to be difficult to find her."

"I have other plans. I want you to call up police headquarters as soon as you are through with this business and notify them that I answered a call at H. Podger's house last night and have not been seen since. I was seen on Pell street later with a woman, and that you are greatly worried about me. Follow this up to-morrow with the request that a general alarm be sent out."

"You intend to lie low, then?"

"I intend to let Podgers think that I have been made way with, and that his detectives are lying to him when they claim that I escaped."

"I see. And what do you propose to do in the meantime?"

"I had plans, but as you say this matter of yours may modify them. As the case stands now I shall wait quietly here until you return."

The Bradys talked for some time.

Breakfast was served to them in their rooms, and at eight o'clock Harry was at the corner of Chatham Square and Mott street.

Here he found the same coupe standing.

The Chinaman opened the door and, leaning out, beckoned to him.

"Hello," said Harry. "You are here, are you?"

"Yair. I see doctor."

"Well?"

"He say you prove me you Young Kling Blady, so you come."

"Here's my detective's shield. Is that proof enough?"

"No."

"What do you want?"

"You know Tom Lee?"

"The mayor of Chinatown?"

"Yair."

"Of course I know him."

"You go him house with me so he say you Young Kling Blady, dlat enough."

"All right, I'll go."

This request was to Harry an absolute evidence of good faith on the part of the Chinaman.

Tom Lee, who of late has lost prestige among his people owing to the quarrels of two rival factions, was at that time by long odds the most important man in the Chinese colony.

Harry at once led the way to his house on Mott street.

"Sure he is Young King Brady," replied the mayor in English, although the Chinaman spoke in his own language; "but who are you?"

"Moy Ding," was the answer.

"You don't live in New York?"

"No. I come by Salt Lake Clity."

"I don't know anything about the man, Brady. Look out for him," said the mayor.

Harry thanked him, and with Moy Ding returned to the coupe.

"Where do we go?" he asked.

"Me no can tell."

"You must tell or I don't go."

"Uptown."

"Street and number? You must tell."

"Me no know," said Moy Ding, disgustedly. "Me florget."

"Then the driver knows."

"Sure, it's upon West Fortieth street, boss," said the driver, adding the number.

Harry got into the cab then and they were driven to one of a row of old-fashioned brownstone houses on West Forty-eighth street.

Harry saw that it was just an ordinary lodging-house in a neighborhood where many theatrical people reside.

A colored man opened the door for them and they ascended the stairs to the top floor.

As he came up the last steps, Harry heard a voice in one of the rooms singing the refrain in New York forty years ago.

It ran as follows, and as Harry listened he knew how his would-be client came to get his singular nickname.

Oh, I'm bound to run all night,

Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

I'm bound to run all day!

Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

I'll bet my money on a bob-tailed nag!

Doo-dah, doo-dah-day!

"Dlat de doctah," grinned the Chinaman. "He happy! He sing!"

He knocked on the door, which was immediately opened by a tall man with a long face and straggly whiskers.

He wore a richly embroidered Chinese dressing-robe and a pair of fancy slippers.

He had no collar on, and in spite of his finery his whole appearance was to the last degree slovenly; yet in his dirty shirt-front blazed a diamond which Harry knew must be worth ten thousand dollars if it was worth a cent.

"Hello!" he cried, thrusting out a dirty, hairy hand, "and are you Young King Brady?"

"Dlat him!" put in Moy Ding. "I prove it. Yair."

"I'm the man," added Harry.

"Shake, pard!" cried the owner of the diamond. "You are up against the real thing. I'm the man the newspapers are all talking about. I am Dr. Doo-da-day!"

Then as Moy Ding closed the door the doctor began to sing his song again, waltzing about the room alone.

It was easy to see what ailed him. The whole room was filled with the odor of whisky.

Early as it was, Dr. Doo-da-day was already beginning to fill up.

Yet he was not drunk.

Probably he would have found it difficult to get that way.

CHAPTER V.

TAKING THE DOO-DA-DAY CASE FOR THE THIRD TIME.

The doctor only danced for a minute.

"Clear away the dirty dishes off this here breakfast-table!" he roared. "Trot out the whisky, the rum, the gin, the champagne water. Look alive, you yaller rascal! Here, ketch yer breakfast, you slit-eyed Chink!"

Thus exclaiming, Dr. Doo-da-day pulled out a handful of twenty-dollar goldpieces and began tossing them at the Chinaman, who dextrously caught three of them in his mouth.

The fourth was missed, and as he recovered it from the floor the doctor roared with laughter.

"Here, the rest are for you, young feller," he cried, thrusting the gold at Harry. "Take 'em! Put 'em in your pocket. They'll come in handy by and by."

"Put up your money," replied Harry, gravely. "I'm here for business, not for horse-play."

It was necessary to bring the doctor down a peg or two, and Young King Brady felt that it might as well be done at the start.

He did not get angry—merrily laughed and pocketed the gold.

"I see you're one of the stiff kind," he said. "Waal, so be it. I brung you here for business, I want yer to understand. What'll you have to drink?"

"Not a thing."

"So? That's not very sociable."

"Business, Doctor, business," persisted Young King Brady, dropping into a chair.

"All right. Moy, get out. You can finish clearing away later on. Now, then, whar's Old King Brady? Why couldn't he come?"

"He went away last night and I haven't heard of him since. I am his partner. You can talk to me just as freely as you could to him."

"You look sharp enough, young feller, but probably you haven't had his experience in the detective line."

"Whatever you say to me will be submitted to him when he returns."

"O. K. I've heard a lot about you out West. I know more about you than you imagine."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And now to come to it. I'm up against a tough game. I need advice and I need help. I'm willing to pay big money for it. I'll begin by giving you that \$1,000 retainer."

"It is not necessary. You can pay after we have done your work. We haven't even heard your case yet."

"I'd just as soon pay now."

"I tell you it isn't necessary. We don't do business that way."

"All right. Your money is good."

"I haven't the least doubt of it. Go on with your story, Doctor, we are losing time."

"Well, then, here it is. I've struck an all-fired rich mine—three of 'em, in fact—out in Deadman's Valley, Utah."

"I understand that."

"It's the greatest thing ever, Brady. I done some work on all three just to show up what the leads were like. Soon as I got to that point I was surrounded by land sharks to beat the band. They came about me like a swarm of bees."

"Yes."

"Yes, everybody wanted to buy me out. As I didn't have anything in the way of ready money, I sold one small claim to the agent of one of your Wall street thieves for two millions and the other I sold to a Colorado senator—another thief—for one million, but the big claim I held onto myself."

"And these men were Senator Bowser and H. Podgers."

"Yes, that's right. Well, sir, I took a million from Podgers and left another in his bank. The Bowser million I sent to Frisco and clapped it into three banks. Then I started with my million to have some fun."

"I see."

"The papers have told you about it."

"Of course."

"Yes. Now, Brady, neither one of them claims can be worked to advantage without mine, which I want ten million for—see?"

"I understand."

"Well, Brady, to shorten up a long story, the agents

of Podgers was after me night and day and the agents of Bowser was after me day and night trying to get me drunk and make me sell out to them. You see, I'd been playin' one against the other, and it got to be so blamed lively that at last I got scared."

"How?"

"I'm going to tell you. You see, I had to stop on the water wagon for near two months for fear one of them would get the best of me. I was just dying for a good old-fashioned drunk, so I give out that I was coming to New York to paint the town red."

"Well?"

"Of course I got telegrams right away. Podgers he wired me to come straight to his house and the senator's wire said he'd meet me at my hotel. I hadn't seen neither one of them yet, and I didn't know how dangerous they was then. I started for Chicago with my mind made up to sell to Podgers, as I wanted to locate in New York and marry some rich young gal, and I thought that he'd be the best to introduce me round among the women folks of this burg, don't you see?"

"Yes; well?"

"Well, sir, when I hit Chicago and began painting things red, that was the time I got my scare."

"I am waiting to hear about that."

"And I'm going to tell you. Well, sir, I fell in there with an old side partner of mine, an actor whose name is Bill Dolan. He was well known in the far West, but now he's on the bum. He was known to be my friend and a man what could get next to me any time he wanted to; so he says to me one day when he met me in the Auditorium cafe, that he wanted to see me alone that night, and that I must sober up—see?"

"And you met him?"

"I did. That was the time I got my scare."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, Bill told me that he had been approached by two detectives, one representing Podgers and the other Senator Bowser. The first offered him twenty thousand dollars if he would put prussic acid in my whisky and gave him the pizen. The other—that's Bowser's man, understand—offered him fifteen thousand to do me up in any old way. You see, Brady, I'm an unmarried man and my only heir is my nephew, a young feller named Jim Kenney, son of my sister, whom I've never seen. He works in Podgers' office, and it was through him that the man learned about by mine. Spose Podgers thought he could make better terms with the boy and the senator thought the same thing. But there they were, both ready to assassinate me. Pleasant prospect now, wasn't it—say?"

"But are you sure that Dolan did not lie to you?" questioned Harry.

"Cock sure. The man never had a cent to his name. He showed me two thousand in cash what he had just got from Podgers' agent and the bottle of pizen. Bowser's man hadn't paid, but he was to get his money that night."

"And he did?"

"He said he did."

"This is serious."

"I thought so."

"What did you do?"

"Now that's what I'm coming to. I believed in Bill, and I made a bargain with him. He allus looked something like me and he was a blamed good actor, so what do I do but give him ten thousand dollars cash, I always meant to, and he goes and makes up like me, hires a special train and comes on to New York, while I went comfortably ahead with my drunk. Why, I even got him a Chink for a vallet cause I had Moy Ding go round with me."

"And so the Dr. Doo-da-day who has lost himself on Mott street is this Bill Dolan, and not you?"

"Exactly so. Am I lost? Why, I only got here from Chicago night before last. But say, you haven't heard the pint of the bizness yet."

"Get to it then. I am anxious to hear it."

"Well, it's this way. Bill and me bunked together that night. Both of us got most beautifully loaded and I hain't been on the water wagon since. I kept mighty shady in Chicago, though, and didn't hear nothing from Bill. When I reached this burg I came to this here house recommended by Bill. He was to meet me here and most of my things had been sent ahead to this place. Well, sir, the things was here, but when I come to look at my trunks what do you spose I discovered?"

"Give it up."

"That Bill had opened 'em and swiped all my valuables, among other things a blank deed of the big claim what I had drawed up in Chicago, so that all I had to do was to clap my name to it to turn the mine over to whichever one I pleased."

"You are sure he did it?"

"Oh, yes. He stopped in these rooms one night. I'm satisfied it was his work. Now, Brady, he may have took the things to pawn and the deed for safety, but he's somewhere around the Chinks full of hop surest thing you know, and just as sure as we are here it will end up in Podgers getting that deed with my name tacked onto the end in Bill's handwriting. Who's to prove that I'm not the fraud then and Bill the real thing? We look alike. He was at the Holland House under my name. Podgers is all powerful; so's the senator, although I don't fear him so much. I'm up against it, Brady. Nobody will believe my story. I shall be arrested as a fraud and Podgers has pull enough to railroad me to Sing Sing. I'm up against it in the worst kind of way."

"And is that all?" asked Harry, who had listened with intense interest to this long story which we have had to give in full in order to make our own understood.

"That's all," replied Dr. Doo-da-day. "You see my fix? I've got to find Bill Dolan and get back that deed. Like enough it is too late."

Harry had been thinking hard during the talk.

Under the circumstances it was not difficult to decide on the first move.

"Old King Brady must see this man instantly," he said to himself, "but first I must let him know the danger he is really in:

"Have you communicated with anyone since you hit New York?" he asked.

"Not a soul."

"Not even your nephew?"

"No. I never saw the boy."

"Have you given your real name here?"

The doctor laughed.

"This house is in new hands," he said. "They think I am Bill Dolan."

"Ha! Good! Now let me tell you something. Podgers is Old King Brady's bitter enemy."

"So. He's a bad enemy to have."

"That's what he is. Last night he sent for my partner who waited on him and the call was to look you up in Chinatown."

"Meaning Bill?"

"Of course."

"That don't look as though Podgers had Bill corraled."

"Wait. At the same time Senator Bowser called at our house and hired me to do the same thing."

"Good enough! They are all at sea."

"Wait. I tell you my partner had no sooner left Podgers' house than he was accosted by a girl who claimed to know where you were in Chinatown. He went with her and the attempt was made to kill him there. He escaped by the skin of his teeth."

"So? How do you read it?"

"Old King Brady reads it this way: That Podgers knew Senator Bowser was after us and that to prevent us from working for the senator, he was ready to have my partner assassinated."

"He's equal to it. But why?"

"Because he has really got hold of Bill Dolan—we thought it was you—and did not want the senator to get next."

"And you think Bill is being held a prisoner down in Chinatown by Podgers' orders?"

"That's it."

"Then he must have refused to sign the deed?"

"It looks so."

"By thunder! then there is still time?"

"I think so."

"But would Podgers dare to have your partner assassinated?"

"The crime never could be traced up to him. Besides, he owed Old King Brady a grudge."

"And where is Old King Brady now? Why can't I see him?"

"You can. He is in hiding. He intends to have it given out that he has disappeared."

"By time, he has got a long head on his shoulders. That will throw Podgers off the scent."

"Such is our intention."

"And will you take up my case?"

"Certainly. Old King Brady will be only too glad to do it, Doctor."

"When can I see him?"

"As soon as we can get to where he is."

"Good! Now, boy, you help me; if we can down Podgers—I don't fear the senator—I'll not only pay you a thumping big fee, but you shall have a share in the Dead-man's Valley mine."

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOO-DA-DAY COMBINATION HITS THE BOWERY.

Old King Brady kept his room at the Summit Hotel all that day, but he was not idle by any means.

One of the first things he did after Harry left him was to send for a messenger boy, who delivered a note for him at the Elizabeth street station.

Old King Brady had now carefully disguised himself.

He looked to the messenger boy like a seedy old "has-been," with just enough to keep him a peg above the lodging-houses.

The note brought a well-known wardman to the old detective.

"Joe," said Old King Brady, "I think I can trust you. I'm lying low here. There is hardly another man on the police force to-day whom I would have called in now."

This was a little bit of blarney.

As it happened "Joe"—we shall not give the wardman's real name—was the one person in New York most likely to help Old King Brady, who knew him to be a grafting rascal.

At the same time some New York wardmen find it very much to their interest to keep in with Old King Brady, whose political pull, independent of party, is very great.

"Sure you make no error in trusting me, Mr. Brady," said the wardman. "If there is anything in the world I can do for you give it a name."

"There are several things you can do for me and one which I don't want you to do," answered the old detective. "To-day I am to be reported missing to the police. To-morrow the newspapers will be out with it that Old King Brady has disappeared. I don't want you to contradict that report, Joe."

"Bank on me, Mr. B."

"Right. I'm going to confide in you, Joe. I'm working on this Dr. Doo-da-day case."

"So?"

"Yes. Have you any idea where that man is?"

"The Chinks have got him put away somewhere, that's my opinion."

"You don't believe he is dead?"

"No."

"Why are they hiding him, do you suppose?"

"They say he has got a bag of money. They are bleeding him, I suppose."

"You have heard no other reason rumored?"

"No."

"Is this the general opinion about Chinatown?"

"Yes, it is."

"See if you can't locate him."

"I'll try; it can be done."

"How do you mean?"

"Don't know as you believe in them things, Mr. B., but there are wizards, or clairvoyants, or whatever you have a mind to call them, among the Chinks who can tell you where missing people and missing things are every time."

"Do you happen to know one, Joe?"

"Not just now. There was one, but he went to Frisco a couple of weeks ago. There must be others if you could only get at them, but the Chinks keep mighty dark about all that sort of business."

"Try and find one. See what you can do."

"All right."

"One thing more. I had quite an adventure in Pell street last night. It came mighty near being my finish."

Old King Brady then told the revolving floor incident, carefully omitting all mention of Mr. Podgers' name.

"By jove, you have put me next to something I've been trying to get at this long time," said Joe. "There have been several mysterious disappearances in Chinatown lately."

"Has Fang Dang ever been suspected?"

"He is known as a Highbinder and a bad Chink, of course, but he has so far escaped arrest."

"You know him?"

"Sure."

"And the girl?"

"No. Dang isn't a New York steady. He's traveling all the time. May not Dr. Doo-da-day have been caught in that same trap, Brady?"

"It is very possible. Do you know the woman, Joe?"

"Can't say I do; but then Mag may have been an assumed name."

"It probably was. Look it all up, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. B. You can count on me."

The wardman then departed.

Old King Brady had planted seed which might bring him returns later on.

The next to arrive was Harry, and Dr. Doo-da-day was with him.

The Westerner had dropped all his nonsense now and had drank nothing since Harry refused to join him.

He had evidently started in with the idea that his peculiar way of doing business was going to impress Young King Brady, but when he found it did not he gave it up.

The old detective received him cordially and the doctor went over his story again.

Old King Brady questioned him very carefully as to details.

"There is one thing certain," he said then. "Podgers

hired me for a double purpose. First, to prevent Senator Bowser from getting me; second, because he had long owed me a grudge, and considered that this was a good opportunity to put me out of the way. What happened to me does not prove a thing about Bill Dolan. He may be in Podgers' clutches and he may not. The first thing for us to do is to settle this problem. Then we shall know how to act."

"That's all right, boss," replied the doctor; "but it seems to me it is easier said than done. You yourself have tried your hand at it and failed."

"You can do it yourself."

"How? I dunno nothing about the detective business."

"Listen. I'm going to make a suggestion to you, Doctor."

"Waal?"

"Why do you sell your mine in Deadman's Valley if it really is as valuable as you claim?"

"Oh, I'm not fit to run a business, not even a mine."

"There you are wrong. You have already got your hands on a good bit of money; you can buy talent cheap in this city. You have had lots of free advertising. No trouble at all to organize a company for yourself and get down to real work."

"I'd like to. After what has happened I'm blamed if I'll sell out either to Podgers or the senator. They have simply tried to crowd me off the earth."

"Exactly so. You stick to me and I will show you just how to do it."

"If you will it will be the luckiest move you ever made."

"Then let the matter rest for the present. We have first got to find Bill Dolan and recover that blank deed which you were foolish enough to have drawn up. Now here is my plan for our next move."

Old King Brady then proceeded to give his plan in detail.

They talked for an hour and more.

When Dr. Doo-da-day finally left the Summit Hotel he had agreed to everything Old King Brady proposed.

The day wore on.

Harry telephoned police headquarters, as arranged.

He did it early enough to bring accounts of Old King Brady's disappearance into the evening papers.

The yellow journals published Old King Brady's picture and also that of Podgers.

They openly intimated that they believed the old detective had been assassinated, and Podgers was called upon to explain what the business was which took Old King Brady to Chinatown.

The sensation had been sprung just as the Bradys intended it should be.

So far all was working well.

Early in the evening Harry went home.

Here he learned from Julius that Mr. Podgers had twice called him on the telephone, requesting that he call on him before nine o'clock, but not later.

Harry had anticipated this, and the answer communi-

cated by Julius had been that Young King Brady had left the house early in the morning and had not been seen since.

"And I don't come back until you get the word," were Harry's orders.

Just then the call came again.

Mr. Podgers was very anxious to see Young King Brady, it seemed.

"And what does it all mean?" thought Harry. "Does he imagine that he has done up the Governor and does he now want to do up me?"

Harry then returned to the Summit Hotel.

Eleven o'clock came and it brought a mild sensation to the Bowery.

It began at the Atlantic Garden.

A cab suddenly came whirling up in front of that music hall and out stepped Dr. Doo-da-day dressed in a long-tailed black coat of ancient cut, a big white hat and all ablaze with diamonds.

The headlight in his shirt-front was alone enough to attract all eyes to him, and he had the other diamond in a ring just as big.

With him was a young Chinaman dressed in black, with a high silk hat and a light overcoat thrown over his arm.

Following him out of the cab came a young man rigged out in complete cowboy costume.

These following the doctor, all three marched into the Garden and placed themselves prominently in front of the music-stand, where the lady orchestra was holding forth to the usual crowd which throngs this place.

Many followed them in off the street.

"Who is he?" the Bowery crooks, confidence men and bunco steerers asked themselves.

Some of these had seen the fake doctor during his peregrinations up and down the Bowery two weeks before.

These thought that they had no trouble in identifying the "outfit," although it was a little different from what they had previously seen.

Thus the word was passed around on all sides.

"It's Dr. Doo-da-day come to life again."

And the rumor soon spread that the man who was lost on Mott street had found himself again.

Among those who trailed in behind this interesting procession was a shabby old man with battered hat, well-worn shoes and a wretched old overcoat buttoned close, although the night was anything but cool.

This was Old King Brady.

He had arranged the little show for the Bowery, and now he was on hand to see how the act was received.

He pushed on to a table which overlooked the one where Dr. Doo-da-day, Moy Ding and the cowboy, who was Harry, of course, had seated themselves, and quietly called for a glass of seltzer.

Meanwhile the doctor was bawling for beer and talking to his "cowboy" in loud, boisterous tones, much to the annoyance of those who had come into the Garden for

the purpose of hearing the music, which is always good there.

The beer was brought, and the boy who served it got a silver dollar as a tip for serving a five-cent drink.

He was so overcome that he almost dropped his beer basket.

"What's the matter with you?" roared the doctor. "That's yours. Can't you understand? I spose nobody don't never give you nothing here!"

"This isn't the West, sir," remarked a sleek, well-dressed man who had slipped into the vacant chair.

"Such liberality as you display is very common in your section of the country, I am told. Great place this? Yes? I daresay you have much better ones out West."

Dr. Doo-da-day fixed his eyes on the stranger and took a pull at his beer.

"Sonny, what do you think of that bunch?" he asked Harry, in a voice loud enough to be heard a dozen tables away.

Young King Brady, who instantly recognized the man as a well-known bunco steerer, must have rather surprised him by his answer.

"What do I think of him?" he replied. "I think he's on the bum. He looks to me like the picture of Curly George, the bunco man what I seen in the Police Recorder the other day."

The bunco man actually blushed.

"Do you mean to insult me?" he cried.

"You git!" roared the doctor, reaching behind him. "No buttin' in!"

Curly George—for the man was no one else—instantly faded away.

"Nothing doin'," Old King Brady heard him whisper to a green goods man at the next table to where he sat. "I believe that young cowpuncher is nothing but a city detective in disguise."

The long overture which the orchestra had very creditably rendered was finished now and Dr. Doo-da-day started a fresh sensation on his own account.

"Hold on, thar, you fiddlers and horn-blowers!" he yelled, springing to his feet. "Yer a blame good bunch! Ketch the yaller birds! Here they go! Whoop! I'm Dr. Doo-da-day!"

The doctor had thrust his hand into his pocket while speaking and now he began throwing five-dollar gold-pieces upon the raised platform which the musicians were just leaving.

All over the big hall shouts and laughter were heard.

Some of the musicians kept on their way, others stopped to pick up the coins until there came to be quite a scramble, for the doctor kept right on scattering his gold.

"A fool and his money are soon parted, friend," remarked an old man whose dress was quite as shabby as that of the old detective and who now sank wearily into a vacant chair on Old King Brady's left.

"That's so," replied the detective, without looking around.

"If that eccentric individual would kindly throw a few coins this way they would be quite acceptable, I fancy," continued the old man. "So he is the notorious Dr. Doo-da-day, is he? I understand the man was lost on Mott street some two weeks ago. Evidently he has since been found."

There was something familiar about the voice and Old King Brady now turned to look at the speaker.

To his utter amazement he instantly recognized Podgers!

Beyond the shabby clothes which he wore, the man of many millions had made no particular attempt at disguise.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PODGERS TAKES A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.

Under no such circumstances as these is Old King Brady the man to betray his surprise.

The man was certainly Podgers. Of that there could be no doubt.

To suppose that he had ventured on the Bowery without detectives at his heels was to suppose the impossible, and yet he appeared to be quite alone.

"Has he recognized me?" the old detective asked himself.

This was the all-important question, but of course there was no means of answering it yet.

"I don't know that I quite understand what you are talking about, friend," said the old detective, carefully disguising his voice. "I am a little deaf. Were you speaking of that crazy man over there?"

"Yes," replied Podgers. "You heard him say that he was Dr. Doo-da-day?"

"And who may Dr. Doo-da-day be?"

"Oh, he's a crazy fellow from out West who has suddenly grown rich in the gold mines. He was supposed to have lost himself in Chinatown a couple of weeks ago."

"Ah, indeed. Probably it would have been better if he had remained lost. He seems to be bent on throwing his money about. But I see he is through now. Let us hope that he has reached the bottom of his pocket. Such vulgar display makes me sick."

"The same with me," replied Podgers. "Will you join me in a drink?"

"Thank you. One glass of seltzer is all I ever take of an evening. I have had that."

"Excuse me. I see you do not care to talk."

"I have been working hard all day. I am an old man and not as bright as I used to be."

"No older than I am, sir. No older than I am, and yet I have all my wits about me. As you say, such vulgar display is disgusting. Ah! they are on the move!"

"Sonny, I'll shoot you for twenty dollars a shot!" Dr. Doo-da-day was roaring. "Come, let's get out of this."

"You'll find a shooting gallery right this way, sir," said one of the bunco men butting in.

"Go on about your business!" roared the doctor. "When I want your advice I'll ask it."

The bunco man drew back.

"He's another fakir!" cried Harry.

"Git!" shouted the doctor, making a pass at the fellow. Just then someone knocked off Moy Ding's plug hat.

It was just a young tough who was passing between the tables.

"Luk at de Chink wid de dicer!" he growled.

The doctor made a dive for him, and got him, too.

The fellow started to put up a fight, but the doctor was as strong as an ox.

He caught the fellow by the coat collar and the slack of his trousers and actually stood him on his head on one of the tables and spanked him, setting him on the floor again.

The whole garden was now in an uproar.

The big bouncer came charging down the aisle.

"You must get out of here! You must get out of here, all three of you, right away!" he cried.

No doubt he was surprised to find that Dr. Doo-da-day took the order so easily.

"That's all right, old son. I'm agoing," he replied.

"Come on, Sammy! Come on, Moy Ding, you yaller rascal. Why didn't you punch the guy in the snoot when he hit your hat? What did you leave me your work to do for? Whoop! Let the procession move! I'm Dr. Doo-da-day!"

As he thus yelled the doctor flung a handful of five-dollar goldpieces over the tables and then started for the door.

Such a scrambling match the Atlantic Garden had probably never witnessed before.

Two of the gold coins landed on Old King Brady's table.

Podgers made a dive for both, and got them, too.

He was just putting them in his pocket when some sense of shame seemed to seize him.

"Have one?" he asked, offering a five to Old King Brady.

The old detective shook his head and, rising, walked away.

"The man must be shadowed!" he thought. "Whatever has brought him down here to-night I must know it. I must know if he has a detective with him, too."

Meanwhile the Doo-da-day combination was steering up the Bowery headed for the nearest shooting gallery with a great mob at their heels.

It was with considerable regret that Old King Brady found himself prevented from giving his whole attention to their movement.

Podgers, however, was of more importance, and so Old King Brady placed himself near the door that he could watch the movements of the man.

He had scarcely gone when a young man fashionably

dressed stepped up to the banker and a few hurried words were exchanged.

"Ha! As I thought," muttered the old detective. "One of his shadows. But he is coming this way."

If the young man was a detective Old King Brady was unable to locate him.

The fellow passed close by him, but without even glancing at him.

"Heavens! If I could only divide myself into two to-night!" thought the old detective, for Podgers had not moved.

And now Old King Brady was beginning to wonder if, after all, he might not have been mistaken, and it was only a case of strong resemblance.

Podgers seemed disposed to hold the fort, if Podgers the man was.

He produced a newspaper, called for a glass of beer and, putting on a pair of steel-bowed spectacles, began to read.

"I'm anchored here," thought Old King Brady. "If I only had proof. He must be Podgers. I remember now the banker wears just such spectacles."

The bouncer was coming toward him.

Old King Brady got in his way and displayed a shield.

"Know me, Max?" he asked, for the fellow did know him well.

"No!"

"Look again. Imagine me with my whiskers off and a big white hat on my head."

"Mr. Brady!"

"Yes."

"I see now. Say, did you see Dr. Doo-da-day?"

"Of course. Has he ever been in here before?"

"About two weeks ago. First time I ever see him throw his money about like that, though. He's crazy, I guess."

"Likely. Say, Max, who is that old guy reading the paper there at that table? Is he a regular here?"

"No. I never see him before. Is he your man?"

"Don't know whether he is or not. You are sure you don't know him?"

"Oh, yes, positive. Hello! He's got a date, all right."

A woman dropped into the seat which Old King Brady had left.

It was Mag!

She was differently dressed, but Old King Brady knew her at a glance.

"Yes, he's my man, Max," he said. "Do you know the girl?"

"I've seen her. Dunno her name."

"Lives round here?"

"Chinatown, I believe."

Max strolled away in blissful ignorance of what Old King Brady was thinking of then.

And now came a tedious wait.

Mag and Podgers entered into a long whispered conversation.

If there was any detective watching the pair beside himself, Old King Brady was unable to locate him.

At length Mag arose and led the way out of the garden, Podgers shuffling after her.

The old detective let them pass him; he was watching for followers still.

None appeared.

Podgers did not look back as he passed through the doors which separate the garden proper from the bar-room beyond.

"Can it be that he has ventured on the Bowery alone?" Old King Brady asked himself. "It seems incredible; this man who is shadowed night and day."

There was no time to investigate the question further.

Old King Brady shuffled after the pair.

He had scarcely emerged upon the street when he saw a man step out from behind one of the pillars of the Thalia Theater and follow after Mag and the old millionaire.

Instantly Old King Brady recognized him as an unscrupulous fellow who had been dismissed from the police force for grafting about two years before, and who since had become connected with a private detective agency.

"There he is," thought Old King Brady. "Then who could the other fellow have been? A detective, too?"

He pushed on to Pell street.

Chinatown was evidently their destination, for Mag turned in here.

Podgers kept on beside her and Old King Brady saw them enter the house which had been the scene of his own adventures the night before.

The detective followed as far as the door, just inside of which he stationed himself.

"There's some trickery afoot here," thought Old King Brady; "it can't be straight goods!"

He passed the door, and the private detective eyed him keenly as he went by.

"By thunder, I don't like this," he thought. "I believe I'll get back on that roof. There's mischief afoot, surest thing. Even if Podgers did plot against my life, I don't propose to see him murdered in that whirling room. But they'll hardly attempt that. If it's anything it's a case of blackmail. He may know where he is going, all right, though."

But Old King Brady was determined to have his look.

He had carefully examined the window through which he had escaped the night before and knew that it could be opened as easily on the outside as within.

Old King Brady entered the Chinese grocery with his shield displayed.

Not a word was said to him.

The denizens of the Chinese houses never interfere with detectives—they are far too shrewd for that.

Old King Brady passed through the dark room.

Here there were two Chinks smoking opium pipes.

They merely glanced at the old detective and he went out by the back door into the pig roaster's yard.

There was no roasting going on now. The shed-door was closed.

Standing on an empty box, Old King Brady pulled himself up upon the roof.

He looked back to see if he had been followed, but there was no one in sight.

Crawling up to the window, Old King Brady listened.

He could distinctly hear a grinding sound.

The rotary floor was evidently getting in its work.

"Podgers is caught in his own trap, surest thing!" thought Old King Brady.

He fumbled for the secret spring, found it, and in an instant the window-frame moved outward.

Once more Old King Brady was looking in upon the scene of his former adventure.

The floor was whirling about in lively style.

Upon it, all in a heap, lay Banker Podgers gasping for breath.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARRY'S ADVENTURE.

Harry had his hands full with his wild west combination show.

Several times he begged Dr. Doo-da-day not to be quite so strenuous, but the doctor only laughed at him.

"It's enough for me to keep close to the water wagon as I am doing," he said. "You can't expect any more."

Now, the object of all this should be plain to the reader.

Old King Brady's idea was that if the real Dr. Doo-da-day appeared on the Bowery those in charge of the false one would be sure to learn of that fact and very likely make some show of themselves.

Very possibly the whole matter was in charge of private detectives, he thought, and the effort would be made to lure the doctor to the same place in which his double was concealed.

It had been Old King Brady's idea to watch the result of his plan on the outside; but as has been shown, everything went differently from his anticipations, and now the old detective had gone off on another tack altogether, leaving Harry, unwarned of the change, to fight it out alone.

Dr. Doo-da-day was not long in picking out his shooting gallery.

The place was deserted when the show piled in and an assistant immediately rushed to the front to drive away such of the crowd as he recognized as regular hangers-on along the Bowery.

"We want to shoot!" roared the doctor. "Trot out yer guns! Start that old wheel of yours going! I'm a bulls-eye man every time. Get your prizes ready. I mean to swipe 'em all!"

"No Chinks allowed in here," snapped the shooting gallery man, pointing to Moy Ding. "You get out."

"Look here! Hold on, Mister! He's my valet, and he stays—see? Mebbe you don't know who I am? I'm Dr. Doo-da-day."

"Put up your money," growled the man, who did not relish this and had never heard of Dr. Doo-da-day.

"Put up my money! You bet I will. Put up your target! Be blamed quick about it, too!"

The doctor seized a rifle and examined it.

"Don't point that at me!" cried the gallery man. "Put up your money, I say!"

The doctor tossed him a five-dollar goldpiece.

"Keep the change," he said. "I'm painting your slow old burg bright red to-night."

The gallery man started his images and pipes on the move.

The doctor fired and the bell rang.

It was so again and again.

"Try it, Sammy!" he cried. "Best three out of five."

Harry made two bulls-eyes and a miss.

The doctor's first shots had only been preliminary.

He now made five bulls-eyes in succession and the gallery man's respect increased.

"You're all right," he said. "You're from the West, I guess."

"You guess right, then. I'm from the wild and woolly West and from the wildest and wooliest part. Say, young feller, I hope you'll know me again when you see me. B'gosh I hain't your long lost brother, though you may think I am."

Among those who had come crowding into the shooting gallery was the same young man who had spoken to Mr. Podgers when the doctor left the Atlantic Garden.

This person had pushed his way to the front and was certainly staring at Dr. Doo-da-day for all he was worth.

He fell back now without answering, but Harry did not fail to observe that he was greatly excited over something.

The crowd behind was a quiet one.

Good shooting commands respect even on the Bowery.

Outside the bunco men were hovering around, but even they seemed to think that it was a poor time to butt in while the doctor had a rifle in his hand.

"Put up a plain target!" shouted the doctor now. "I'll show you what good shooting is!"

The gallery man shut off his moving figures and placed the target.

The doctor then strode in behind the counter and, calling for hammer and nails, tacked a twenty-dollar gold-piece on the board.

"Everyone have a try now!" he shouted. "Whoever busts in the eye on the head of Liberty gets the coin!"

There was a murmur of appreciation from the crowd.

"That there five hain't used up yet, I reckon, boss," said the doctor. "When it is you just let me know."

The Bowery boys had a great old time trying their luck.

Before the gun had gone the rounds one did plug the eye and a great cheering followed.

"Give him the coin," said the doctor. "I'll put up another. Everybody must have a chance."

The second coin was put up and the doctor selected his men.

He knew just who had fired and who hadn't.

All missed until it came to the staring young man who still hung on.

"Come, young feller, it's your turn now," cried the doctor. "You mustn't mind what I said awhile back. I know blamed well that I'm a holy show."

"I can't shoot," replied the young man, "but I would like to speak to you alone just a minute."

"The deuce you would! What about?"

"I can't tell you here."

"Waal, I don't talk alone with no man. My friend Sammy goes with me everywhere."

"I shall have to talk before him then."

"All right. Just hold on till Sammy gets his shot. Try it, Sam."

Young King Brady took the rifle and fired.

He rather surprised himself by plugging in the eye.

"Good enough!" roared the doctor. "The slug is yours, Sammy. Now, boss, can we step into the back room a minute?"

The gallery man showed them the way, Harry following.

"Now what is it?" demanded the doctor. "Don't you go to trying any funny business on me. We are not quite so new as we look, and Sammy is up to all the tricks of the trade in this yere town."

The young man held out his hand.

"Uncle, you don't know me," he said.

Harry trod on the doctor's toe as a warning.

But it was scarcely needed.

Dr. Doo-da-day was shrewd enough when he was sober.

"Uncle, eh?" he retorted. "What do you mean by that?"

"Aren't you James McDoodle?"

"That hain't the name I'm traveling under now, young feller."

"I know. The papers call you Dr. Doo-da-day, but——"

"Hold on! Before you ax for my pedigree, gimme yours."

"My name is James Kenny. I am your sister's son."

"Hold on! Hold on! Not so fast. What was your ma's name?"

"Jane McDoodle."

"Whar was she born?"

"In St. Louis."

"Is she living or dead?"

"Dead these ten years."

"Mebbe you had brothers and sisters?"

"I never had a sister, but I had a brother Tom, who died young."

"B'gosh it looks like it," said the doctor, turning toward Young King Brady with a puzzled air.

Harry nodded to go ahead.

"Waal, Jim Kenny, I reckon I'm—hold on. Who do you work for?" the doctor blurted out.

"Mr. Podgers, the banker."

"That's right, and let me tell you that you are working for the biggest scoundrel the world ever knew; if this is some trick of his he won't profit by it, nor you, neither—see?"

"It's no trick, Uncle James. I'm really your nephew. I tried to find you before, but I heard you were lost in Chinatown."

"That's all a fake; all newspaper talk. Say, Jim, you don't look one bit like our folks."

"No? That's what mother always said; but we don't want to stay here talking, Uncle James. I've got a whole lot to say to you. Can't you come and take supper with me at my hotel? This gentleman will excuse you——"

"Hold on! I don't go nowhar without Sammy. Let me introduce you, Jim. This is my friend, Sammy Slim. Blame good feller. Straight from the Deadman's Valley. Know each other, boys."

Harry and Mr. James Kenny shook hands.

"We had better get back outside or the crowd will kill Moy Ding," said the former. "Doc, we have had enough of this place anyhow?"

"So we have."

"Uncle, I've got something very important to tell you. Come with me to a saloon up here. We can talk in a private room."

"What do you say, Sammy?" demanded the doctor.

"Let's go," replied Harry.

"O. K. Come on."

They returned to the gallery, and with Harry and Moy Ding in their wake and the crowd trailing behind, Dr. Doo-da-day and nephew started down the Bowery.

Harry was curious to see where Kenny meant to pilot them.

It proved to be the Summit Hotel.

Here they got rid of the crowd, for Kenny got the doctor and his followers into a private room.

He wanted to bar out Moy Ding, but the doctor would not have it.

Before he could say a word or even had time to order the drinks, Dr. Doo-da-day sprang up from the table and, catching Harry by the arm, said:

"Jim, you'll excuse me a minute. I want to talk to Sammy. We'll be right back, so don't move."

Harry could see that the fellow was much annoyed.

As for himself, he was very glad to get the chance to speak to his man alone.

"What do you think of that fellow?" demanded the doctor, drawing Young King Brady over by the lunch counter.

"I'd rather have your own opinion first."

"Well, then, I think he's a fake."

"So do I. Yet he answered your questions correctly."

"I know. He don't look one bit like our family, though. None of our folks ever had red hair. He's a red-head to beat the band."

"Any other reason?"

"No. What's yours?"

"My general impressions of the fellow."

"He's no ordinary Bowery bunco steerer, though?"

"No, no! He's something different from that."

"Shall we kick him out or listen to what he has to say?"

"Listen to him, by all means. We are on the Bowery to-night, out for any Podgers' fishes which may be swimming about. Perhaps one is trying to swallow us. We would be fools to turn him down."

"You're right; but you'll take care of me, Harry?"

"Sure I will, doctor; but don't you drink another thing. Mind what I say."

"I suppose I'll have to. I'm just dying for three fingers of whisky, though."

"Steer clear of it, for heaven sake, or someone will have you hard and fast before you know where you are at. But come, we had better go back now."

They returned to the room to find Kenny trying to pump Moy Ding, who was telling him that he had never been in New York before and did not know Chinatown at all.

This served to increase Harry's suspicions, but he said nothing, leaving Kenny to handle the doctor as he would.

"Uncle James," said the young man, "Mr. Podgers has been very anxious about you."

"I know it, Jim."

"He wants to find you the worst way, and so did I. We understood that you had lost yourself on Mott street. The papers have been full of it, as perhaps you know."

"I know."

"To-night I thought I had found you even before I saw you on the Bowery, where, of course, I recognized you at once, and the reason was that I received this note. Read it. I was on the way to the place when I ran into you."

A dirty sheet of paper was handed out then.

Dr. Doo-da-day read what was written upon it in silence and then passed it over to Harry.

"Does he have to know all your private affairs?" demanded Kenny, looking rather vexed.

"Every blamed thing," said the doctor, shortly.

The note ran as follows:

"Mr. James Kenny:

"Dear Sir—I am told that you are the nephew of the man who calls himself Dr. Doo-da-day, who disappeared some two weeks ago. Naturally I suppose you would like to find your uncle. I don't want to make anything out of you, as you may suppose, neither can I give my name, as I am an opium fiend, and, being pretty well known in New York, don't care to publish the fact. Last night I was smoking in Hop Toy's joint on Pell street and there I met a party who I believe to be this doctor. He has been hitting the hop for the past two weeks and is in pretty bad shape. If you will go there you can find him. I don't think he has left the place since he entered it two weeks

ago, and if something is not done for him very soon he will certainly die. Excuse me if I simply sign myself

"A VICTIM."

"How is this, Doctor?" said Harry, putting the paper into his pocket. "You must have a double."

"Of course," replied the doctor. "You know what I told you. It's Bill Dolan. Do we want him or not?"

"Who is Bill Dolan?" asked Kenny.

"A fellow I know who has been personating me."

"Then you haven't been lost?"

"I never lose myself, Jim. I only hit town a couple of days ago."

"Where are you stopping, at the Holland House?"

"Holland House be blamed. Why should I go to a swell joint like that? Wouldn't know how to handle myself. Shall I tell him, Sammy?"

"Time enough for that later. Doctor, we want to locate this man."

"Sure we do. Can you pilot us to the place, Jim?"

"I don't know anything more about Chinatown than you do. Perhaps your man here——"

"Moy Ding knows nothing about New York."

"No, no!" broke in the Chink. "Me tellee you allee bout Chinatown in Flisco and in Salt Lake; me no know New York."

"Shut up, you yaller rascal!" broke in the doctor. "Sammy, what's the word?"

"The word is," said Harry, "that you take rooms right here in this house for to-night, Doctor, and don't stir out of it. Meanwhile, Mr. Kenny and I will go down to Chinatown and see if we can find this man."

Kenny said nothing.

"Do you agree to that, Nephew Jim?" demanded the doctor.

"I don't know why I should be interested in the man under the circumstances," was the reply. "Now that I have found you, what do I want with him?"

"But I want him!" cried the doctor. "You find him and bring him here and I'll make it well worth your while."

"Oh, in that case——"

"You'll go with me?" demanded Harry.

"Sure, if you wish it."

"I'm working for the doctor's interests."

"And so am I, of course."

"Then we will start at once."

And start they did as soon as Harry had seen Dr. Doo-da-day and Moy Ding safely settled in two of the best rooms of the hotel.

The only thing that Harry regretted was that the proprietor was out and there was no one to whom he could make himself known to ask that an eye could be kept upon the erratic man.

But Dr. Doo-da-day faithfully promised not to leave the hotel on any account.

"And now we are off," said Harry, as he and Kenny

started down the Bowery together. "I reckon if we try we can find this Hop Toy's."

CHAPTER IX.

OLD KING BRADY FINDS HIS CHINESE CLAIRVOYANT.

Old King Brady is a man of wonderful physical strength considering his age, which, by the way, no one knows, or ever will know, for the old detective positively will not tell.

Podgers, on the contrary, either through persistently starving himself or from natural habit, was small and slender and hardly weighed a hundred and twenty pounds.

"I can handle that man," thought Old King Brady, "and I must do it, too. I'll give these fakirs another mystery to chew on. Here goes!"

Throwing the window wide open as possible, Old King Brady leaned far over the sill and when the revolving floor came around to the proper point he succeeded in grabbing Podgers by the coat collar and lifting him off the floor all but his feet.

Then with an effort he managed to get the man out through the window, where he dropped him on the roof quite unconscious.

Carefully closing the window, Old King Brady paused for breath and to think what he should do next.

"I must be quick," he muttered. "They are pretty sure to open the window this time if they failed to do so in my case. Just the same I believe I can do better work in my uniform than in the shape I am in now."

No one would have guessed that the shabby old coat the detective wore was the wonderful blue transformed.

But Old King Brady's blue coat is capable of many transformations, and this was one of them.

Almost in less time than it takes to tell it the old detective had made the change.

Old King Brady was now himself again.

Even the old white hat had turned up out of one of the secret pockets and the other was discarded.

By this time Podgers had begun to groan and a moment later he opened his eyes.

"Merciful heavens, where am I?" he gasped. "Oh, that horrible room! I thought I was lost! You! Can it really be you?"

He had fixed his eyes upon Old King Brady now and, white as his face had been, it grew whiter still.

"I suppose you rescued me!" he panted. "They told me you were dead! Do you mean to kill me? I am helpless in your hands now, but I will pay you big money to let me live."

"Don't talk to me of your dirty money, man!" replied Old King Brady, sternly. "It would have been simple justice if I had abandoned you to your fate. But I rescued you, Podgers. I am not in your class. I don't hire

assassins nor am I one myself. You are not only safe in my hands, but I intend to get you out of this if I can."

"Thank you," panted Podgers. "I suppose you think I have wronged you, but I can explain. We will square accounts some other time. You will lose nothing by standing by me now."

"Talk no more about it. We must act. See, I am going to lower myself off this roof by my hands and drop. Can you do the same?"

"I—I think so; I must. I am very weak, though, and my head is in a terrible whirl."

"Follow me or stay where you are," said the old detective, and in an instant he was on the ground.

Podgers came after him, falling in a heap, but he immediately picked himself up and did not appear to be any the worse for his experience in the room with the revolving floor.

"How do we go?" he asked. "Have we got to go among those horrible Chinese? They'll kill me, I suppose."

"You stick close to me and you are safe enough," replied the old detective. "In a moment we shall be on the street."

And when he said this, Old King Brady believed it, but it did not work that way at all.

Trying the door through which he had previously passed without difficulty, the old detective discovered, to his dismay, that it was not only locked, but barred on the inside.

The windows were dark, and as the door resisted all his efforts, Old King Brady found himself forced to look about for other means of escape.

The yard was but a shallow affair.

At the end was a fence which separated it from a similar yard in the rear of some house on Mott street.

"Can't we get out? What shall we do? They'll get us if we stay here," mumbled Podgers, looking anxiously around.

"Patience," said Old King Brady. He raised his foot and kicked in one of the half-rotten fence boards.

"We will try it this way," he said. "Come on."

They passed into the yard beyond.

It was now after midnight, and most of the lights in the windows of the houses about had vanished.

There was one burning up under the roof of this house and another could be seen behind a grimy door-window in the basement.

There was another door leading to the first floor rooms, but this was fast and the windows on either side were entirely dark.

"We'll try it this way," said Old King Brady, and he hurried down the steps.

"For heaven sake, don't lead me into any of their underground dens, Brady," Podgers called out. "We shall surely be murdered! Be careful, man!"

Old King Brady did not even answer him. The door was locked, but he pounded vigorously upon it.

There was some shuffling about heard inside, and after Old King Brady had knocked three times the door was

opened on the crack and an old Chinaman wearing big-eyed, horn-framed glasses and a straggly beard peered out.

"What want?" he demanded.

Old King Brady displayed his shield.

"I am a detective, John. I want to go through to Mott street with my friend," he said.

"No can, boss."

"Must!" said the old detective, and he forced in the door without ceremony.

It was just a little box of a back basement well furnished in Chinese style.

Instantly a young white man sprang forward.

"Why, Mr. Podgers! What in the world!" he exclaimed, staring up the steps.

"James!" gasped the banker. "Can we get through here?" he hastily added. "It surprises me—it surprises me very much, James, to see you here; but can we get through to Mott street? If so, I—I'll overlook this!"

"Hello," thought Old King Brady, as the banker came shuffling down the steps. "What are we up against now?"

He held his tongue and awaited developments.

The door was instantly closed upon them and securely locked.

"Jim, dlese you flends?" demanded the old Chinaman, sternly. "You bling dem here?"

"No, no, Ming! I did not bring them here," the young man hastily replied. "This gentleman is my boss, Mr. Podgers, the banker on Wall street. The other I take to be Old King Brady, the detective. I am right, sir, I believe."

"You are, young man," replied Old King Brady, "and since you have taken the trouble to introduce me perhaps you will introduce yourself."

"He is one of my clerks," put in Podgers. "James Kenny is his name."

Here would have been a revelation for Harry.

The young man certainly was not the person with whom he had started for Hop Toy's opium joint a little later on.

"Ha! The nephew of Dr. Doo-da-day!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

Podgers looked disgusted.

"Who told you that?" he demanded.

"I'm not working for you now, Mr. Podgers," replied the old detective, "but I am now anxious to find this eccentric doctor, and I think I guess right, young man, when I say that such is the errand which brought you here to-night."

Podgers sank into a chair and left Old King Brady to do the talking.

"I won't deny it," replied Kenny, in a manly way. "I don't know why you and Mr. Podgers are here unless you have been following me up, but I have nothing to conceal."

"Then don't conceal anything," said Old King Brady. "Out with the truth."

He felt that he was on the verge of a discovery, but what came was very different from what he anticipated.

"I'll tell you, if it costs me my place," said Kenny,

flushing up. "I've known this Chinaman ever since I was a boy in St. Louis. He was a friend of my father's there."

"Yair, good man! Good man, you fader!" mumbled Ming.

"Naturally I am interested in finding my uncle," continued Kenny. "He has been missing two weeks now, and as I am not aware that any particular effort is being made to find him it is up to me to do something. My father was a professional fortune teller and clairvoyant, and Ming here was once his assistant. He is a splendid clairvoyant. I don't suppose you believe in that sort of thing, Mr. Podgers, but I do."

"All humbug!" growled Podgers. "All humbug! Brady, I don't see any necessity for us stopping here."

"Just a minute," said Old King Brady. "I am something of a believer in this sort of business. Go on, young man."

"Well, it is like this," continued Kenny. "I came to Ming about a week ago to ask about my uncle. He said if I could get some article of clothing which he had worn that he could trace him through his clairvoyant powers. I managed to do this, for I have a friend who is connected with the Holland House, where uncle stayed and where all his things were left. I got one of his undershirts this evening and brought it here. Just as you knocked, Mr. Brady, Ming was about to begin work. That's all there is to it, Mr. Podgers. If you don't like it I can't help it. I believe in this sort of business, and you haven't made a thing by following me up here."

"I didn't follow you here," growled Podgers. "Brady, perhaps you'll explain."

"Our presence here is purely due to accident," said Old King Brady. "You're on the wrong track, my boy. Just the same if there is anything in this thing we would like to know it. I am searching for your uncle, and I do not regard it as impossible that we may find him in this way. I say let the seance go right on."

"I have no objection, James," said Podgers, in a milder tone. "Will you pardon me if I speak a private word to Mr. Brady? Perhaps your friend the Chinaman can arrange it."

"I don't see what you can have to say to me, Mr. Podgers," said the old detective.

Old King Brady is somewhat of a believer in clairvoyance and similar things.

He was most curious to see what the old Chinaman could do in the matter, having had several remarkable experiences of the kind with Chinamen before.

"Yes, yes," replied Podgers, hastily. "I must speak to you, Mr. Brady. Just a moment, please."

Mr. Podgers fumbled in his pocket and offered one of Dr. Doo-da-day's goldpieces to Ming.

The old Chinaman silently waved the coin away, and, opening the door of a little box of a bedroom, stood back.

The banker shuffled inside and Old King Brady followed, closing the door.

"Brady," whispered the banker, "let us call a truce. I

know that you think I have deeply wronged you, but you are mistaken. It is of the utmost importance for me to find the man who is impersonating this crazy doctor; the man who was lost on Mott street was not the real Dr. Doo-da-day, as I happen to know, and you know, too, I have no doubt."

"Well?" replied Old King Brady, coldly, "and what then?"

"Just this; that man has got certain information which I want. If you can get him and take him in a cab with me to a place which I will designate I—I will give you a large reward and we will forget what has happened—see?"

"I hear what you say. It is my business to get this man, and I propose to do it if I can. As for what I may conclude to do with him afterward, that remains to be seen."

"But you don't mean to turn him over to Senator Bowser?"

"That's my business."

"Don't do it. I—I will double what I had in mind. I will give you twenty thousand dollars to do as I request."

"I'll go him," thought Old King Brady. "I'll see how far he will go."

"All right, Mr. Podgers. It's a bargain," he said, "and now let us get back into the other room."

CHAPTER X.

HARRY LOCATES THE DOCTOR'S DOUBLE AT LAST.

Young King Brady knew all about Hop Toy's.

There was no reason why he should not, as it was one of the most notorious opium joints in New York.

He found himself unable to believe that the bogus Dr. Doo-da-day was concealed there, however, for the police were supposed to have searched for the man, and this was one of the first places they would be likely to visit.

"Is this the way to Chinatown?" he innocently asked the bogus Kenny, as they walked down the Bowery.

"Sure," was the reply. "Haven't you been there before?"

"Your uncle and I were just starting in to-night. We intended to take in Chinatown later, but we hadn't got that far yet."

"This is the road. Say, is his mines really as rich as the papers say they are?"

"I reckon they are. There's no end to the gold in them, as far as I know."

Kenny walked along in silence.

"He's up to something," thought Harry. "I do hope the doctor will stick to his promise and be careful. I ought not to have left him, I'm afraid."

They turned into Pell street.

"Ah, here we are!" exclaimed Harry. "Chinks enough here. This is the real thing."

"This is only Pell street. Wait till you get round to Mott street," Kenny replied.

They walked on, Harry noting the house in which Old King Brady had been tricked.

As they turned into Mott street Harry asked Kenny how he intended to find the place.

"I'm going to ask a feller I know," was the reply. "It will be all right. Come ahead!"

They walked on.

"Just wait here a minute, will you?" said the man. "I am going in here to inquire."

He darted away before Harry could answer, entering a Chinese grocery which, in spite of the late hour, was still open.

"He's trying to shake me, surest thing," thought Harry. "There's a way through to Pell street behind that place, as I happen to know."

He waited an instant and followed on.

The bogus Kenny was not in the store.

"Where did that man go who came in here?" demanded Young King Brady.

There were several Chinamen in the place, but not one of them seemed to understand English. Under such circumstances they never do.

Harry started for the rear room.

A Chink sprang in front of him, barring the way.

"Stand aside!" cried Young King Brady, sternly, and he displayed his shield.

"Oh, allee light," said the Chinaman, with a bland smile.

Harry charged through to the back yard.

Here there was no fence.

The open door of a large tenement fronting on Pell street was right before him.

Harry ran through the hall and was just in time to see his man hurrying down Pell street toward the Bowery.

"That's it. He has given me the shake," thought Young King Brady. "He may be intending to strike back to the doctor, but the man ought to be able to take care of himself. I mean to have one look in at Hop Toy's."

He hesitated for a moment, during which the bogus Kenny turned down the Bowery.

"We have him on the run, that's all," thought Harry. "Just what it all means I'm sure I don't know, but we have nothing to fear from the fellow, I guess."

He turned and started for Hop Toy's.

This noted opium joint, the largest in Chinatown, containing many private rooms, was located almost opposite the house into which Old King Brady had been decoyed.

Once more Harry looked at this house, and as he did so who should he see coming out but the private detective who had followed Mr. Podgers into the house.

Of this, of course, Young King Brady knew nothing, but he knew the man for the rascal he was.

"What is he up to in there?" he asked himself.

Directly behind the detective followed a woman, whom,

from Old King Brady's description, Harry was able to recognize as Mag.

"Heavens! That's the decoy girl! It is sure," thought Young King Brady. "Don't I wish I hadn't got this rig on. I'd shadow them. But no! It's not to be thought of. Hold on! By jove, they are steering for Hop Toy's."

"Say, want to get put next to a hop joint, mister? Do it for fifty cents," spoke a voice in Harry's ear.

Young King Brady's peculiar costume as a cowboy had attracted lots of attention, of course.

He turned to find a sickly-looking mulatto boy alongside of him.

This was one of the tribe of "Low Gow Gui"; in other words, one of the mob of white messenger boys who infest Chinatown.

Their regular business is to run errands for the Chinese women, who in New York are never seen on the streets, and who call to them from the windows.

To this they add the calling of guides to such slummers as cannot afford to hire a detective.

There are many of these boys hanging about Chinatown and most of them make a very good living, it is said.

Harry brushed the fellow aside and followed the detective and Mag into Hop Toy's.

Dressed as he was, he might have found it difficult to pass the watcher at the outside door but for his shield.

It was the same with the inside door.

Harry walked directly in, but could see nothing of Mag and her man.

Hop Toy himself, a dried-up old Chink, came hobbling forward.

"You smokee? No can 'less you show me you tickee," he said.

Chinese opium joints in the United States all issue tickets to their regular patrons.

These tickets, presented at other opium joints in any city, will always secure admission.

"I don't need any tickee here, Hop Toy," replied Harry, and then once more showed the shield.

"Me no know."

"Oh, yes, you do. Young King Brady. I'm fixed up a bit, that is all."

"Oh! Hally! Yair, I see now. You wantee smoke?"

"In a private room, Hop Toy. I want to see you a minute first, though. Can you give me the room next to the one that man and woman have just taken?"

"Now, Hally, what matter with Jim Stein?"

This was the name of the private detective.

"Nothing, and nothing the matter with the Bradys, Toy. You do as I say."

"Allee light. If it make trouble, den you no blame me."

"Sure not. Now, Hop Toy, what about this Dr. Doo-da-day?"

"Me no know Dloctor Dloo-dla-dlay!"

"You have heard all about him, of course."

"Plaps. Me no lember."

"You remember all right. The police have been looking for him these two weeks. Have you got him locked in one of your rooms?"

"Sure no, Hally. Why me do dlat?"

"Look out,,old man. We are onto you."

"No, no, no! Plice look for him, but dey no find. Why dley no find so he here. Come long, Hally; me flix you."

Hop Toy knew perfectly well that Young King Brady did not want to smoke.

These shrewd dive-keepers are perfectly willing to play one detective against another for money so long as no trouble comes to them.

Hop Toy got a five dollar bill from Harry, and that was quite enough.

Two minutes later Harry was hearing things through the thin partition, which was nothing but rough boards papered.

The main joint, with its bunks and opium layout, was well filled with the degraded beings who haunt the place when he passed through it.

Harry had a look at each one, but he saw no man in any way resembling Dr. Doo-da-day.

Harry heard the murmuring voices as he entered the room.

Closing the door, he threw aside his coat and hat, for the place was intensely hot, and pressed his ear against one of the papered cracks of the partition.

Someone was cooking an opium pill; Harry could smell it.

"It's no use talking; we have failed and I've got to get Mag," he heard Stein's voice growl out.

"Told yer how it would be," replied the woman. "You hadn't order brung Podgers down here. It's blamed dangerous fooling with them millionaires."

"It would have been all right if we could have held on to him. There would have been a hundred there into it, surest thing."

"P'raps! Blame me, if I see how he ever got out, an' Old King Brady, too."

"It makes no difference. He got out, and now I've got to light out. I'm liable to be arrested at any minute. I shoot over to Jersey."

"How did you get him to come, Jim?"

"Oh, 'twas dead easy. You know I've been working for him on this Dr. Doo-da-day biz. I discovered that the feller who disappeared was a fake, and that the real Dr. Doo-da-day had come to town and was up in 48th street. Seen him painting things red uptown the other night, so I sees Podgers and tells him, and when I said he'd probably strike the Bowery next night, he would have it that he must come down here in disguise and meet him."

"I guess he has been here before."

"I think likely. Well, we struck the doctor's combination in Atlantic Garden, as you know, and there you were with your story ready that he was to go to the room with you and wait for me an' Jack to bring the doctor to him. I— Hully gee! What's that?"

A wild yell was suddenly heard outside, followed by another, and still another.

"Something's broke loose, surest thing," said Stein. "Go out and see what it is, Mag. I won't stir a peg. Nothing short of an earthquake will induce me to show myself now that I've got H. Podgers on my trail."

Harry heard Mag leave the room and pass into a sort of reception parlor across the passage.

Beyond this were other and more expensive private rooms, as Young King Brady happened to know.

"Let me loose!" a man's voice was roaring. "I won't stay here no longer! No, I won't!"

Harry opened the door.

"I'm not Dr. Doo-da-day! You can't lock me in on nobody's say-so!" came the cry now.

Harry darted across the passage and entered the reception room.

Mag was there, and so were three Chinamen, coming up behind Harry before he could fairly get through the door.

There was no one else in the room, but from behind a curtain the cries still came.

And at that instant the curtain was rudely brushed aside.

A tall man, almost the counterpart of Dr. Doo-da-day, came staggering in.

He was evidently deeply under the influence of opium; so much so as to be quite insane.

As he staggered forward he threw a handful of gold upon the floor, following up with a handful of bills.

As the greenbacks came out of his pocket a legal document fell with them to the floor.

"Take it! Take all I've got on me!" cried the opium-crazed man. "I'm rich! Hooray!"

Mag made for the money.

Harry saw the paper dropping.

At the same instant Old King Brady appeared at the door.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REVELATIONS OF MING.

To explain the sudden appearance of Old King Brady upon the scene described at the end of the last chapter we must now return to Ming's cellar rooms on Mott street.

As Old King Brady and Mr. Podgers entered the main room, young Kenny met them.

"Do we go ahead or not?" he asked. "It's getting late, Mr. Podgers. If you don't care for this sort of thing, I will show you the way through to Mott street."

"Go on with your work," replied the banker. "I never saw anything of this kind. I shall be glad to see it now."

In the meanwhile old Ming sat in the corner, winking and nodding his head.

His little eyes were closed and his face all screwed up.

He wore a straggling beard—about a hair and a half

to the square inch—which kept wagging about in the most comical way.

For six or seven minutes all sat in silence, and the man's whole body began to twitch.

"The spirit has got him," said Kenny. "Now, gentlemen, oblige me by not talking much except to answer the questions put to you. I am very anxious to find my uncle and I may not get this chance again."

Just at this instant the old Chinaman straightened himself up and, without opening his eyes, said in a clear, distinct voice:

"Good evening, friends!"

"Good vening, Father Ming," said Joe.

"I am here, but I cannot stay," replied the supposed spirit, who, by the way, spoke perfect English, unlike his son in the flesh; "another spirit will talk through my son to-night. You, James, will learn what you wish to know; that wicked old man over there will also learn what he wishes to know, and some things may be told him which he will not care to hear; but let me warn him to listen, or trouble will come upon him. I see it! His day is almost over. Soon he will be on my side of life. Then let him beware. He has robbed the widow and the orphan, he has been false to every trust reposed in him. He thinks to square accounts with his maker before death overtakes him, but let me tell him that it is already too late. Good evening."

The voice ceased and the old Chinaman appeared to sleep.

Kenny looked greatly annoyed.

Old King Brady, inwardly chuckling, eyed the millionaire furtively.

Mr. Podgers sat perfectly still, staring at Ming, his face about as expressive as a block of wood.

"You can talk now if you wish," said Kenny. "It will do no harm until the other spirit takes hold."

"I would suggest to the spirit that personalities be avoided," said Old King Brady. "They are unpleasant, to say the least."

Kenny looked troubled.

"Perhaps you gentlemen had better go," he said. "You are not used to this sort of thing, and——"

Right here the Chinaman sprang up, and, throwing his arms about Kenny, kissed him on both cheeks.

"James, I am your father!" he exclaimed in an entirely different voice.

"Oh, father, I am very glad to talk with you!" exclaimed Kenny, shaking hands with Ming.

"And I to have this privilege of speaking with you, my son. Introduce me to your friends and we will proceed."

"This is Mr. Brady, father," said Kenny.

Ming walked over to Old King Brady and shook hands vigorously.

"Glad to know you," he said."

"And this is Mr. Podgers, my employer," continued Kenny.

Ming extended his hand to the banker, who would have taken it, but the Chinaman suddenly drew back.

"No, no! I cannot," he muttered. "Dreadful! Dreadful! James, I bid you beware of that man!"

It was hard for Kenny.

He looked greatly troubled.

"Your father does not seem to like me, James," said the banker, with a sickly smile.

"I hope you don't think that I am in any way responsible for this, Mr. Podgers," said Kenny.

"It is all right. Very interesting, I am sure," said the banker. "Proceed, please."

"We will proceed," said the supposed spirit. "James, I appreciate your position and shall confine myself strictly to business. What is it you wish to know?"

"I am anxious to locate my Uncle James," said Kenny. "I have here a shirt of his. Perhaps you can trace him out by it."

"I will try. Give me the shirt."

Kenny handed over the shirt, and the Chinaman pressed it to his forehead, remaining silent for a long time.

"This shirt does not belong to your Uncle James," he then said. "I get the name William. The last name begins with D. It is Dolan—William Dolan. That is the owner's name."

Kenny said nothing, but his face showed his surprise.

"I also see the owner," continued Ming, after a moment. "He is lying on a couch, smoking an opium pipe. He is a poor, degraded beast. You wish to know the place. I can describe the room and the house."

He then proceeded to give such an accurate description of Hop Toy's opium joint that Old King Brady recognized it on the instant.

"There is a paper in his pocket," continued Ming, "which seems to be in some way connected with your employer. It is the deed of a gold mine, I think. This man stole it from your Uncle James. He intended to take this paper to someone, but the opium pipe overcame him, and the drug has held him a prisoner ever since. He has not been confined in that place by anyone. He has remained there of his own accord, and these Chinese people have kept him supplied with the drug. Ah, it was to you, sir, to whom he meant to take the paper. He thought you would give him money for it. Ah, this is dreadful, but I must speak!"

Ming pointed his finger at Podgers then, and, speaking rapidly, said:

"I can read your mind like an open book now, although before there was a cloud around you. You coveted this gold mine. You hired an assassin to poison my brother-in-law; it was this wretched man. He betrayed you, and now he regrets it. He would betray my brother-in-law to you, but the drug holds him fast."

Podgers' face was a study.

His eyes seemed ready to drop out of his head.

"Now for your Uncle James," continued Ming; "that foolish man, who sees nothing in life but to make money

and throw it recklessly away. He has been in the greatest danger to-night. He is so yet, but it will pass. But he is as ever, his own worst enemy. I see him standing at the bar with a young man, drinking the liquor which has robbed him of the few brains he ever had. With him is a young man who pretends to be his friend. One of your tools, sir," pointing at Podgers. "He is waiting for James to become so drunk that he can lure him to an opium den and finish his evil work. Ah, ha! I can read his mind. I can read yours, too. The plan was to put James out of the way, to kill him and then you would have forged a deed of the gold mines and robbed James of all, providing you could not find this other wretch. If you had been able to do that, you would have passed him off as James and made him commit the forgery. But you fell into your own trap. Another and more desperate tool, whom you hired, would have made you a prisoner and held you for blackmail but for the good man on your left, whom you would have had assassinated the other night."

"It's a lie!" cried Podgers, springing to his feet. "I will not sit and listen to such talk. James, I discharge you. Brady, take me away!"

"It is the truth, and you know it!" said Ming, pointing at the banker. "I go now. Beware! Repent of your crimes before it is too late."

Then Ming fell to twitching again and in a few seconds opened his eyes.

"Well, well, Jim, you find out what you wantee know?" he asked.

"It's all right," replied Kenny, very pale.

"Open the way to the street!" cried the banker. "I leave this place. James, you heard what I said? I discharge you. Don't you dare to show yourself at the bank again."

"Very well, sir. I should have discharged myself if you had not done it. Here is the door. Right through that passage. You will find another door which will take you to the street."

"Brady, come!" said the banker. "I cannot go alone."

"You will have to, then," said Old King Brady, coldly. "You have had some pretty plain talk given you to-night, Mr. Podgers, from whatever source it may have come. Fortunately for you, such things don't stand in our courts, or I certainly would not let you go, as I advise you to do now."

Podgers staggered out through the passage.

Kenny went after him and saw him pass out on to Mott street.

It was the last either he or Old King Brady ever saw of the man, as will soon be shown.

"Can it all be true?" demanded Kenny, when he returned to the room.

"Every word of it is true," said Old King Brady. "That man is one of the worst scoundrels unhung, and he did attempt my life, as was said. But we must get to work. I saw your uncle on the Bowery to-night, and I think we can find him."

"You did!" cried Kenny. "The real man—not the fake?"

"Your uncle, as I have said. I have seen and talked with him within a few hours. Come."

"Wait a minute," said Kenny, and he handed Ming two dollars, which the old Chinaman received with thanks.

"I hope it was allee light, Jim," he said.

"It was right, Ming," replied Kenny. "Good night."

They passed out upon Mott street together, Old King Brady and this young man, who impressed the old detective more favorably than any one he had met in a long time.

"I hope you are not worrying about the loss of your place," said Old King Brady. "I can get you another, as far as that goes, but I doubt if you need it. Your uncle will probably take you under his wing."

Kenny laughed.

"Oh, I'm not worrying a bit," he replied. "I have no one but myself to look after, and I have a good bit of money saved up. As for being under my uncle's wing, I hardly think I should care to stay there very long, if all I have heard about him is true. Just the same, he must be warned of Podgers' intentions against him."

"He knew all about it. There was little said to-night that he does not know, to be sure. But let us get round to Pell street. I want to visit that opium joint first. If the fake Dr. Doo-da-day is really there, I want to know it at once."

"I never was in such a place in my life," said Kenny, "but I suppose it is safe enough to go with you."

"No danger whatever," replied the old detective, and he led the way to Hop Toy's.

As he pushed past the guards and entered the main room of the joint, Hop Toy came forward to meet him in a state of some agitation.

"You come justee light, Blady!" he cried. "Crazy man upstairs. You takee him way. Know what me tink, Blady? Mebbe he Dr. Dloo-dla-day!"

And thus it happened that Old King Brady, accompanied by Kenny, came upon the scene just in the nick of time.

They passed through the door behind the curtain just in time to see Harry seize the deed.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

The Chinamen fled from the room as Old King Brady entered, for he was instantly recognized by them.

Mag would have dusted out, too, but Harry caught her by the arm.

"You are just in time, Governor!" he cried. "Is this woman wanted?"

"Indeed she is," replied Old King Brady.

He sprang forward and snapped a pair of handcuffs upon Mag's wrists in spite of her struggles and outcry.

Jim Stein looked through the door and quietly sneaked, but it was only to be nabbed by two policemen before he got out of the joint.

Old King Brady had passed these officers on Pell street and had given them the signal to follow him, and here they were now.

Meanwhile Bill Dolan had collapsed.

He staggered about for a minute while all this was going on, and then all at once the opium sleep seized him, and he fell to the floor, where he lay unconscious now.

Harry then searched Dolan's pockets, but nothing was found.

What was left of the money Dr. Doo-da-day had given him the degraded wretch had scattered about the floor.

Hop Toy came shuffling in while all this was going on.

Doubtless the wily joint-keeper heard what Old King Brady said outside the door.

"Me no makee dlat man stoppee here," he said. "Me tellee him go way, but he no would. He wantee hide himself."

"It's all right. Don't talk any more, unless you want to get yourself into trouble," replied Old King Brady.

"Officers," he added, "I leave these people in your hands. I'll call around at the Elizabeth street station and make a complaint against them by and by."

Thus saying, with Kenny and Harry, Old King Brady left the joint.

Harry was then introduced to Kenny, and as they started for the Bowery the Bradys compared notes.

Of course, Harry was greatly surprised to learn that Podgers had personally been mixed up with the night's adventures.

Kenny's surprise came when Young King Brady began to talk.

"I would not have believed that Podgers was sharp enough to think of getting someone to personate me!" he exclaimed. "I always regarded him as rather a stupid sort of man."

"There's nothing stupid about him," replied Old King Brady. "You should have seen him in Atlantic Garden. Really it was an elegant piece of acting. The whole amount of the matter is, Harry, that Dr. Doo-da-day lied to you when he claimed not to have been out of the house before you came. He must have shown himself and Podgers was duly informed of it. I can only hope that we find him safe at the Summit, but I have my doubts."

They hurried on to the hotel.

It was now between one and two in the morning and the cafe was closed.

They went directly to the doctor's rooms.

Muh pounding upon the door brought Moy Ding, in a sleepy condition. He had just got out of bed.

"Where's the doctor?" demanded Harry, looking into the adjoining room and perceiving that the bed was unoccupied.

"He go downstairs to get dlink," replied Moy Ding. "He no comee black. Me go sleep."

"You're a nice one to watch him!" cried Harry. "Now you've let him get into trouble!"

"We must start on the hunt at once!" exclaimed the old detective. "Let the Chink go back to bed. He is no use to us. Come!"

They hurried downstairs.

"That man in No. 20," said Harry to the night clerk. "What about him?"

The clerk looked at Old King Brady doubtfully.

"Are you interested in him, Mr. Brady?" he demanded.

"Certainly I am," replied the old detective, "and this young man is my partner in disguise, I want you to understand. Tell what he wants to know."

"Why, Dr. Doo-da-day, as he calls himself, got hitting it up pretty lively after you left," said the clerk.

"Was that other fellow, who was with us, with him?"

"Yes; he came back. They had a good many drinks together and then both went out. I haven't seen them since."

"How long ago was this?"

"Not fifteen minutes."

"Then why in thunder didn't you say so instead of keeping us waiting here?" roared the old detective.

"Come! We must not lose a minute!" he added, and then hastily left the place.

"What was that Ming said?" he asked Kenny, as they started down the Bowery.

"He saw him drinking, you know, Mr. Brady, and then he said the young man with him meant to take him to an opium joint."

"I wish he had been more definite. There are so many opium joints."

"There's the house where you were, Governor," suggested Harry. "If this fellow was working for Stein, might he not have been taken there?"

"That's just what I am thinking and where I'm heading for," replied the old detective. "We must go carefully, though. Of course, what happened at Hop Toy's is known and the balance of the gang may have taken alarm. We will go to the station and get help."

They hurried around into Elizabeth street.

"I never heard anything against that house," said the sergeant. "I know Fang Dang, too; he always seemed to me a very decent sort of Chink."

"He's a notorious highbinder, and you ought to know that if you don't," replied the old detective. "Can I have a man?"

"Certainly. Two of them if you wish. But why not consult Stein? Like enough he is ready to talk by this time."

"That will be the next move. I go to the house first." The policeman was forthcoming, and they hurried back to Pell street.

On the way Old King Brady told the officer about the revolving floor.

"I'll bet you that's Jim Stein's work," said the policeman. "There has been more than one man found lying half dead in Pell street lately, and they have made complaints of being robbed in just such a place as you describe."

Reaching the house, they broke into the rooms on the second floor without ceremony.

Fang Dang was found in bed, and there was no one else in the place.

By all the gods of the Celestial empire, Fang Dang swore that he knew nothing of Dr. Doo-da-day.

He was arrested, however, and Old King Brady led the way into the room with the revolving floor.

"Where do you work this thing from?" he demanded of the now thoroughly frightened Chink.

Fang Dang swore that he had no idea what Old King Brady meant.

"We will soon know!" exclaimed the old detective.

From one of his secret pockets he drew out a sectional tool, something like a burglar's jimmy, which he hastily put together.

With this he had no difficulty in prying up one of the floor boards.

Beneath, by the aid of a dark lantern, he could see a horizontal shaft running toward the partition on the left.

Old King Brady banged upon the partition.

A hollow sound was returned.

He hurried into the next room, made a few measurements and was back again in an instant.

"There is space between this room and the next," he said. "This is the old story, and—Fang Dang, you scoundrel, open that door!"

He held a cocked revolver pressed against the forehead of the Chink.

Thoroughly frightened now, Fang Dang touched some hidden spring and the partition flew back, rolling up like the door of a Chinese cabinet.

A narrow room was revealed, with a trap-door leading down to regions below.

Here there was also a sort of motor which controlled the revolving floor.

Strange sounds were coming to their ears from the foot of the ladder.

"Hi-yah! Take another! Whoop! That's a sockdollar! Over you go, you treacherous snoozer! Hold on till I wipe the floor with you!"

"It's the doctor!" cried Harry.

The Bradys and Kenny climbed down the ladder, then leaving the officer to look after Fang Dang.

"Look out! B'gosh, I'll bore ye full of holes if you touch me!" bawled the doctor. "Oh, gee! Is it you, Harry? Say, I've laid out that red-headed rooster who claimed to be my nephew. He got me to tank up and—Gosh! Jim! Thar you be! Your mother over again! Hooray! The long lost is found!"

And Dr. Doo-da-day made a rush for the real Kenny,

tumbling over the false one who lay unconscious on the floor.

* * * * *

The Bradys' case ended there in that little opium joint run by Fang Dang.

Kenny's double was entirely unconscious.

Capsizing as soon as he had lured his victim into the secret room, the doctor amused himself by kicking the fellow about the floor.

The night ended in the Summit Hotel, leaving Jim Kenny in possession of a rich uncle and said uncle with the katzenjammer of the worst kind.

But next day brought strange news.

An old man had been found lying in a Bowery hallway, with his pockets inside out and his skull crushed in.

At first he was supposed to be merely some Bowery bum, but investigation proved that he was none other than Banker Podgers.

How he met his end no one ever knew.

His death created an immense sensation, of course.

Dr. Doo-da-day did organize his own company, and the Deadman's Valley mine is still running.

The doctor is dead—whisky proved his finish. To-day James Kenny is a millionaire many times over.

Senator Bowser received a letter from Old King Brady which he will probably never forget.

"We don't take cases from men who hire assassins," was the way it read.

Attached to the letter was the affidavit of Bill Dolan, telling how he had been hired to do up Dr. Doo-da-day.

Shortly after this the senator's term expired, and he went to Europe. He has not been in the United States since.

The cases against Mag and Stein was dropped.

We need only add that the Bradys' reward from the doctor was most liberal. It is not necessary say that the detective, "Joe," did nothing to aid Old King Brady.

The reward came partly in cash and partly in stock in the Deadman's Valley mine.

To-day this stock is among their most valuable possessions.

Wealth has come to the detectives in various ways.

Perhaps the most profitable case on record is that of The Bradys and Dr. Doo-da-day.

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