

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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

No. 355.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE WITCH DOCTOR; OR, MYSTERIOUS WORK IN NEW ORLEANS.

BY A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



It looked as if it was all up with Old King Brady. With his legs fast and the big negro holding him, there seemed to be no help. Then the door flew open, and in rushed Harry, waving a sword.

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, March 1, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1905, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 355.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

CHAPTER I.

TAKING A CASE BY LOT.

"How many did you make it, Harry?" asked Old King Brady, the famous New York detective, as he gathered up a bunch of letters which had come by the morning mail.

"Eight," replied Young King Brady, partner and pupil of the old detective.

"It's a pretty good lot, eight calls in one morning. We have had more, however."

"Yes, several times. What do you propose to do about it, Governor?"

"Let me see; none of these are from old customers, I believe?"

"None. All strangers. Three city calls, rest out of town."

Old King Brady laid the folded letters in a row along the desk.

Taking a blue pencil, he numbered them 1—2—3, etc.

He then took a piece of paper, and, cutting it into eight sections, numbered each piece in the same way.

"You are going to draw lots for our next case?" question Harry.

"Yes."

"But some of these cases promise big money. There are three from poor people, who admit they can pay nothing or next to nothing for our work."

"It makes no difference whatever. This is the way I'm going to work it this trip."

Old King Brady now took the big, broad-brimmed white hat which has become so famous and threw his eight numbers into it.

"Draw for the number, Harry," he said. "Shut your eyes now. We must play fair."

Old King Brady stirred up the slips and Harry drew out No. 7.

"Lucky number!" said the old detective. "Seven Stars—seven sleepers—seven wise men—seventh son of the seventh son, and all the rest of it. Case No. 7 is ours."

"I'm all curiosity to see which it is!" exclaimed Harry.

"Which would you prefer?"

"I don't care for that Oregon badman case. It's rough work hunting down those fellows. Which do you prefer?"

"Impossible to say. I think on the whole that New Orleans case would meet my fancy. We have not had a case down there in a long time."

Old King Brady picked out No. 7 and opened it.

"Well, that's what we have got," he said.

"And not a cent in it."

"It makes no difference. Let me read the letter again." And Old King Brady read as follows:

"New Orleans, Nov. 7, 19—.

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir—I am a poor widow who has fallen into great trouble and I ask your help.

"But I tell you in advance that I am so poor that I cannot even pay your expenses for coming here, and they are so heavy. I hear that you are rich, and that sometimes you take cases for charity's sake alone. Perhaps you will take mine. If so, may God bless you for your kindness.

"I will now tell you my trouble. My husband died fifteen years ago, leaving me with one daughter, Anna was her name. I loved her as only a mother can love. She was all I had, and we were devoted to each other. She was such a good girl. Never a moment's anxiety did she cause me. We both had to work hard to support ourselves. I did embroidery for rich people and Anna helped. She seldom left the house, and never without me. She had no gentlemen friends and no intimate friends of her own sex. This is the way matters stood a year ago."

"Anna seems to have been a paragon," said Harry; "but after all, I don't see how we can bother with this woman's case, Governor. Chances are the girl has secretly married, and that's all there is to it."

"Let me finish," said Old King Brady. "We settled this by lot. We have already taken the case."

And the old detective resumed.

"Then all in one dreadful night my Anna was snatched from me, Mr. Brady. I was away delivering work to a rich lady. When I returned I found my darling lying unconscious on the bed. She was apparently in a trance. The door of my cottage stood wide open, something unusual, for when I was absent Anna was always most particular to keep it locked. My things were tumbled about. Every drawer and box had been opened and everything was tossed about.

It looked as though someone had been searching for something. Nothing had been stolen. Even a trifle of money which I had in an old stocking lay thrown on the floor, but not a penny taken.

"I called help. A doctor came and worked over Anna for hours. She never revived, and just before daybreak she ceased to breathe and they pronounced her dead.

"Then, Mr. Brady, I went mad, and for three months was confined in a public asylum. When I recovered my

reason I learned that my daughter had been buried in our great cemetery here, where, as perhaps you know, corpses are placed in stone niches, for we cannot put them in our wet ground.

"The expenses of Anna's funeral had been met by some unknown person who sent an undertaker to my home.

"It seemed to me that I could not live without seeing the face of my dear one once more. The undertaker in the meanwhile had died. I looked up his widow and she informed me that Anna's body had been embalmed and placed in a metallic coffin, all paid for by an unknown person who had sent a check to her husband to cover the expenses. As we were absolutely without friends, I was then, and am still, at a loss to imagine who this could be. With this good woman I went to the cemetery and the coffin was opened. You can judge of my horror, Mr. Brady, when I tell you that we found that it contained nothing but bricks.

"What it could mean I was at a loss to determine. It is a wonder that my reason did not again leave me.

"Did my daughter still live?" I asked myself. But I ask the question no longer. I know that she does. I have seen her. Two weeks ago while walking along Canal street an elegant carriage drove past, and in it sat Anna with a quadroon woman beside her. She looked at me, but failed to recognize me. I called to her. I screamed. I chased the carriage. People thought I was mad and I was arrested, but at once set free. The police pretended to try to help me to solve the mystery, but they have done nothing. I want my child. If I can again meet her face to face she cannot refuse to recognize me.

"This is my story, Mr. Brady. Can you help me? Will you? I have nothing but a widow's blessing to give you in return. I know it is bold of me to write you and I expect no answer, but still I live in hope.

"Yours prayerfully,

"MRS. JANE LA RUE.

"118 St. Aloysius St., New Orleans, La."

"And that is our case," said Old King Brady. "On the face of it I admit that it looks as if Anna had tired of the life she was leading and had deserted her mother, but the attendant circumstances are peculiar. The trance, the search, the roundabout way of destroying the woman's identity are all peculiar features. Then there is the singular feature of the death of this undertaker, who, it would seem, must necessarily have been in the deal."

"Of course we can form no opinion, Governor."

"Certainly not until we have talked with Mrs. La Rue. Well, I shall enjoy a water trip to New Orleans, and that is the way we will go. Engage passage by the next steamer, Harry, and we will take up this widow's case."

"Shall you notify her that you are coming?"

"No, I think not. I would rather come in upon her suddenly. I am curious to hear what she has to say on the spur of the moment. Of course it may seem notional

to you, but something seems to tell me that this is going to prove a most peculiar case."

And so it sometimes goes with the Bradys.

They had chosen a case in which apparently there was not a dollar.

Next day, according to schedule, they sailed for the Crescent City, and in due time were registered at the St. Charles Hotel, where they arrived at about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Inquiry for St. Aloysius street revealed the fact that it was in the suburbs.

Old King Brady decided to go there at once.

A cab was called and the detectives drove to the outskirts of the city in due time, bringing up at a neat frame cottage standing back from the street in the midst of a garden of roses.

Telling the cabby to wait, Old King Brady rang the bell.

The call was answered by a tall, elderly woman with snow-white hair.

A joyous smile lit up her care-worn features as she beheld the detectives.

"You are the Bradys!" she exclaimed. "My prayer has then been answered. Heaven be praised for this!"

"You seem to recognize us," said Old King Brady. "You, of course, are Mrs. La Rue."

"I am. Will you walk in?" replied the lady, for, poor as was her attire and humble her surroundings, no one could possibly have mistaken her for anything else.

The detectives were shown into a neat little sitting-room simply furnished.

"And you have come all the way to New Orleans to help me find my daughter?" exclaimed Mrs. La Rue, as soon as they were seated. "I never expected it. I wrote that letter on impulse. I have laughed at myself for doing it ever since; and yet here you are."

"Here we are, Mrs. La Rue, and I want you to understand, my dear woman, that your case shall command our entire attention," replied Old King Brady. "Fail we may, but if you were prepared to pay the highest price for our services failure, in that case, would have come just the same."

"I shall not thank you," said the widow, proudly, "for the obligation is too great. Yet it may not turn out as you think."

"Your case has taken some new turn, Madam?" asked the old detective.

"It has. I begin to understand something of the motive of these plotters now, for I am convinced that it has been a deep-laid plot which has deprived me of my much-loved child."

"Can she be in it?"

"You will think so. You have said to yourselves if the girl is alive, why does she not communicate with her mother. My answer is that Anna is under a spell."

"You, then, like many of your people, believe in witchcraft, Mrs. La Rue?"

"I do, sir; and I believe my daughter has been bewitched. I can account for her actions in no other way."

"Tell us your story in detail, Mrs. La Rue. Your letter, to be sure, was very full, but let us have the story again from your own lips."

Mrs. La Rue complied.

Her story differed from that told in the letter only in details.

She seemed laboring under great excitement.

Old King Brady asked himself if she was not perhaps altogether insane, and if they had not come to New Orleans on a fool's errand.

But the widow soon settled that question.

She produced a photograph of a queenly-looking young woman and announced that it was the picture of the missing girl.

"There you have Anna," she said. "You see what a beauty she is. Any man might well have been proud to marry her. I suppose you think that is the explanation of the whole affair?"

"I do not. If I had thought so I should not have been here."

"You are right. Anna would not have left me for any man living. And now, gentlemen, look here. Read this letter and you will see the latest development in the case. It was received only this morning. You have come in the nick of time."

The letter which the Widow La Rue took from her bosom read as follows:

"Mrs. Jane La Rue:

"Dear Madam—This is to inform you of the death of your late husband's brother, Isaac La Rue, of this city. As you are probably aware, Mr. La Rue was an eccentric, and denied himself to all during many years. He has left an estate amounting roughly to \$9,000,000, all of which, under his will, he bequeaths to your daughter, Anna, naming your husband's nephew, Pierre La Rue, son of his late brother Bernard, as residuary legatee in the event of your daughter's death. I am under the impression that I read of the death of a young woman named Anna La Rue about a year ago. Will you kindly inform me if your daughter still lives, and if so when it will be convenient to have her call at my office. Or, if she has deceased, may I trouble you for proofs of her death. Any expense you may be at in the latter event may be charged to me. Prompt attention will oblige

Yours truly,

"BENJ. BARLOW, Executor.

"98 Poydras St."

"Come!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "Nine million dollars! Indeed, my dear madam, you are quite right. Here is motive enough for putting your daughter out of the way."

CHAPTER II.

OLD KING BRADY FINDS A CLEW.

"I knew you would say so, Mr. Brady!" declared the Widow La Rue; "but I want you to understand this is alto-

gether a surprise to me. Now, my dear sir, there is some hope that you may be repaid for your great kindness in coming to me without the prospect of even getting your expenses paid."

"And I can assure you, Mrs. La Rue, we shall work no harder with a reward in view than we should have done without it," replied the old detective. "It is indeed a splendid prospect for your daughter in case we discover her. Of course, we shall see this Mr. Barlow. As executor of your brother-in-law's will, he will necessarily have to advertise for your daughter. If she lives and is unrestrained she will undoubtedly come forward."

"She lives, Mr. Brady. I know it. I could not have been mistaken. I saw Anna in that carriage just as I tell you. She must be restrained."

"Tell me about this Isaac La Rue."

"I know nothing. He quarreled with my husband before our marriage. I never even saw the man, nor did Anna."

"He was a bachelor?"

"Yes. He lived all alone in a big house on Beauclaire street. Of late years I understand he never left home even for an instant, being very much of an invalid. I never made the least effort to form his acquaintance, and it is hardly necessary to add that I never dreamed of his leaving Anna a cent."

"How did he make his money?"

"In real estate. He was a professional money-lender."

"Of good reputation?"

"Of the very worst. He is said to have been a perfect Shylock. He robbed my husband years ago of a large sum. They never spoke from that hour. Isaac ought to have been in the penitentiary."

"And this nephew, do you know him?"

"No. He is the son of my husband's brother, Bernard, long since deceased. I know nothing whatever about him."

"What is his age?"

"Twenty-five or thirty. I can't tell you exactly."

"Does he live here?"

"He is a cotton broker, I believe. I do not know whether he lives in town or not, but he does business here."

"Married or single?"

"Don't know, Mr. Brady. I know nothing whatever about the man."

"To return to the case. What is the address of this undertaker's widow?"

"She is a Mrs. Ballard. She still carries on her husband's business. Her shop is No. 268 Duprez street. She is a good woman and has been a kind friend to me."

"You knew her husband?"

"No. I never saw him. I have no recollection whatever of anything which happened during the time I was insane."

"And now, Mrs. La Rue, is there anything else you think of which may have a bearing on this case?"

"Nothing."

"What was done with the coffin when it was discovered that it contained only bricks?"

"I don't know. I came right away. I was very much overcome."

"Did the affair get into the papers?"

"That I cannot tell you. I seldom read the papers. My whole time is taken up with my embroidery. I know very little of what is going on in the world."

"Well, Mrs. La Rue," said Old King Brady, rising, "we shall take right hold. All I can say is, we shall do our best."

"But you must advise me about this letter, Mr. Brady. Shall I answer it?"

"Not yet. Do nothing about it until you hear from us. In the meantime we shall probably see this man Barlow. We may call again to-morrow, or it may be longer. In the meantime do nothing at all."

And with this the Bradys left Mrs. La Rue and returned to their hotel.

"What do you think of our chances, Governor?" Harry asked.

"I consider them poor," replied Old King Brady. "The lapse of time is all against us; so is this will business, perhaps. Yet it may bring the case to a speedy end."

"And what is your plan?"

"There can be but one plan. For us to attempt to work in the dark would be the merest folly. We should accomplish nothing. We must let all interested in the matter know that we have taken up the case."

"And where shall you begin?"

"I think we will begin separately. You shall take Pierre La Rue in hand. I will tackle the undertaker's widow."

"And Mr. Barlow?"

"We will cut him out for a day. Time enough to see him later on."

And this ended the first day in New Orleans.

That evening the Bradys went to the theater and were in bed before midnight.

Next morning Harry, having looked up Pierre La Rue's address in the telephone book, started to find him, while Old King Brady went in a cab to Duprez street to interview the undertaker's widow.

Mrs. Ballard proved to be a person between fifty and sixty years of age, and from her surroundings the old detective assumed that she did a profitable business.

"So you have taken up Mrs. La Rue's case," she said, when Old King Brady introduced himself. "It is about time that somebody did. The police have only been fooling her."

"So it would seem. I suppose I can count on your help?" was the reply.

"You can, even if it reflects upon my husband's memory. I shall like nothing better than to see this mystery solved."

"You put it plainly, Mrs. Ballard. May I ask you a leading question?"

"Ask anything you wish?"

"Do you think your husband capable of playing false in this matter?"

"Mr. Brady, my husband was capable of anything that was false, mean and treacherous."

"Ah ha! Then you think he put the bricks in that coffin?"

"I believe it."

"Was the matter made public?"

"No; I could see no use in it. I have some interest with the cemetery authorities. I requested them not to speak of it, and they did not."

"You have no clew to the mystery yourself?"

"None whatever. I did not live with my husband, although I took up his business after his death."

"You think he knew who paid for this young woman's funeral?"

"He declared that he did not. He probably lied."

"Have you looked over his letters to see if there is any correspondence relating to the matter?"

"No; I never thought of doing that."

"You have them all, however?"

"I have all that were here when I took hold of the business."

"Any objection to me overhauling them?"

"Not the least. Everything is open and above board here now, whatever it may have been in the past."

"What was the date of this supposed burial, Mr. Ballard?"

"October 10th, a year ago. It is so entered on the books."

"Who was the doctor?"

"A Dr. Julius Meander, on Jefferson street."

"Do you know him?"

"Not at all. He still lives, though."

"Did Mrs. La Rue know him?"

"No; he was a stranger to her."

"Let me see the entry in your husband's book."

Mrs. Ballard produced the book.

Here Old King Brady found that the death certificate had been in duplicate and the duplicate was pasted in.

It gave the age of the deceased as nineteen and the cause of death as heart failure.

Everything appeared to be regular.

"Now let us look at the letters," said Old King Brady.

"My husband was a very methodical man," replied Mrs. Ballard. "He had a habit of keeping every letter he received. If he got any relating to this matter we shall surely find them."

She went into another room and returned with a letter-file.

"This covers three months, Mr. Brady," she said, "August, September and October."

"We shall have to look at them all," was the reply, "for we have no means of knowing under what letter we may strike what we want."

So Old King Brady began with the A's and worked down to the T's before making any discovery.

Then it came.

Under this heading was a slip of paper upon which was scrawled:

"Trottoir letters in secret drawer."

The old detective held it up to Mrs. Ballard.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the woman. "I was not aware there was any secret drawer."

"So? Then we may strike something of interest to you as well as to me."

Mrs. Ballard grew excited.

"It is known that my husband drew sixty thousand dollars from the bank on the day of his death!" she exclaimed. "It has never been accounted for."

"Ha! Indeed. And how did your husband die?"

"He was shot in a drunken quarrel at the racetrack."

"If he had the money with him it was probably stolen."

"And more with it. He won twenty thousand that day."

"Did he die at once?"

"No. He was not supposed to be badly hurt. He came home with one of his cronies. Next morning he was found dead in his bed."

"The doctor removed the bullet?"

"That was done at a hospital. He made light of the matter and refused to stay there."

"Where was he hit?"

"In the left side just below the heart. It was a glancing wound, and they tell me it did not appear serious."

"And what was supposed to be the immediate cause of his death?"

"The rupture of some blood vessel near the heart which had been partially penetrated by the bullet."

"This is all very interesting. Now let us see if we can find this secret drawer. We will look first in the safe."

"I am certain there is none there."

"One can't be sure. Open the safe, please."

Mrs. Ballard did so.

Old King Brady studied the interior for a minute and then suddenly thrusting his hand into one of the pigeon-holes, touched a secret spring.

Immediately the little iron door in the center swung out, carrying some of the woodwork with it.

Behind was a compartment of considerable size, in which lay a great pile of bills, a diamond ring, a packet of letters and other things.

"For heaven sake!" cried Mrs. Ballard. "I wondered what became of his ring!"

"Here's your money!" said the old detective. "There are thousands of dollars here."

Old King Brady had made a big discovery.

There was \$83,000 in the pile.

The undertaker's widow went wild with joy.

"Well, this lets me out of all my troubles!" she cried.

"Mr. Brady, you must have some of this."

"Not a cent, madam; not a cent. But what have you here? As I live, it is a clew. Listen to this!"

"Will call for the girl at midnight in close carriage. Be on the alert."

"TROTTOIR."

"Villainy!" cried Mrs. Ballard. "Well, Dick was equal to it. Still, it might not be the same girl."

"It is the same. Listen to this."

"Now that the mother is safe in the asylum there is nothing to fear. Joe will hold his tongue for his own sake. Cassie says the girl is all right, and she stands to make good money out of her. Of course, I don't care what she makes, my pay comes from another source. Old Isaac can't live long, and when he kicks the bucket the reward is sure. The only thing is, I hope they don't kill the girl with their infernal drugs. She's an innocent thing, and it is enough to deprive her of her inheritance without taking her life. Will send check as soon as I get it."

"TROTTOIR."

But these two samples were only a part of Old King Brady's precious find.

There were eight of the letters altogether.

All manifestly referred to the case of the La Rue girl. The most important of all was this:

"It is settled. Joe will watch his opportunity to get into the house and administer the dose to the girl, or if that can't be worked then Cassie will try her hand, whichever way seems best. I have charged them to steal nothing, and I think they will obey me. You insist upon Job's address in case of trouble. His hut is at the edge of the woods on the lane which turns off by the old tavern on the Ponchartrain road. Everybody knows old Job the Witch Doctor. If somebody don't take a notion to lynch him before we can bring things to a finish, you will find him there when the time comes."

"TROTTOIR."

The remaining letters discussed the proposed abduction, but were unimportant.

None were addressed and none had envelopes.

The name "Trottoir," Old King Brady took to be assumed.

CHAPTER III.

TURNED DOWN AT THE WITCH DOCTOR'S.

With his valuable clew in his pocket, Old King Brady hurried back to the St. Charles Hotel.

Here he found Harry waiting for him in the office.

"Nothing doing, Governor," said Young King Brady.

"Our man is out of town and is not expected back until to-morrow, if then."

"Then I have been more fortunate," replied the old de-

tective. "I stumbled right upon a clew of the most important kind. I now hold proof that this girl was purposely thrown into a trance and was subsequently taken to the hut of a witch doctor far out on the Ponchartrain road. I've got the man's name and the first name of a female confederate. The motive I know to be to prevent this girl from inheriting her uncle's estate."

"A pretty good morning's work, I should say."

"Well, it will do. It's only the beginning, though. Let me see the directory a minute. Meanwhile you read these letters."

Old King Brady looked for Trottoir, of course.

What he found did not give him very much satisfaction.

There were many of that common French name in New Orleans, and they seemed to be in all walks of life.

Returning now to Harry, the old detective told him the whole story.

"We may as well get a team and drive out to this witch doctor's," he said.

"All right," assented Harry. "By jove, it was a lucky hour for Mrs. Undertaker when you came her way."

"It made her nearly a hundred thousand richer. I should say it was. But we have plenty of time on our hands before lunch, suppose we start at once?"

The team was soon at the door, and Old King Brady drove far out on the lake road.

He soon discovered that this part of his clew was rather indefinite.

There were many taverns along the roadside and he could not seem to learn at any of them that such a person as Job the Witch Doctor was known, although he succeeded in getting rid of several dollars in fifty-cent pieces bestowed upon colored hostlers.

At last he came to a lonely roadhouse standing at the edge of the woods, beyond which there seemed to be no house for a considerable distance.

"We'll try it here," said the old detective. "I think we will put the horse up and rest awhile."

A colored boy came running out to take the horse.

Old King Brady let him lead the animal under a shed while he and Harry went into the bar-room and ordered orange sangaree served on the veranda.

They appeared to be the only guests, and a little later, seeing the boy passing, Old King Brady gave him the call.

"Sam," he said, tipping the boy a half, "that's yours, and there is another coming if you can earn it by telling me where I can find an old colored man who they call Job the Witch Doctor."

"You mean Uncle Job Dinkly?" demanded the darky. "Him lib down in de swamp, but I nevah heah him called a witch doctah, no suh. I dunno what dat ar' am."

"I guess Uncle Dinkly is the man we want, and I think you know what a witch doctor is all right."

"Dat's what I don't, suh; but I knows Uncle Job. What yo' want along ob him?"

"Here's your half, and show us the way," said the old

detective. "Now will be a good time, for we are in a hurry to get back to town."

The boy led them down a lane at the end of which stood a rude cabin right at the edge of a cypress swamp.

It did not differ from hundreds of its kind which the Bradys have seen in their travels except that there was nothing in the way of flowers or trained vines about the place, as there usually is around negro huts.

A fierce dog came bounding out at them barking furiously, and at the same moment an aged negro with a shiny bald head appeared at the door.

"Hi, Uncle Job, call off yo' dawg!" shouted the boy. "Dese gemin want to see yo'!"

"Brandy! Heah!" shouted the old man. "Yo' go lie down, suh! Come on, gemin. He no hurt you now."

The Bradys, who had halted, now advanced.

An old woman appeared behind the negro.

She was smoking a short clay pipe and, staring at the detectives, she whispered something and disappeared inside.

The boy meanwhile had taken to his heels and had already vanished among the trees.

"You are Job Dinkly?" asked Old King Brady, coming up to the gate, which he did not attempt to pass.

"Dat's me. Who you?"

"My name cuts no figure, Uncle Job," said Old King Brady. "There are times when names are best left unspoken. They tell me that you are a famous hand at telling fortunes. I want you to try it on this young man."

"Dat all a lie," said the old man. "Whoebber tell you dot?"

"One who is now dead. Dick Ballard, the undertaker."

"Huh!"

"You know him?"

"Mebbe I did."

"I'm here to pay good money, Uncle. I'd give as much as five dollars. There is something we want to find out very much."

"How can I tell yer, boss? Yo' tink I read de future?"

"I believe you to be the best witch doctor ever. That's what I think of you. Perhaps there might be more than five dollars coming your way if I could get you interested in helping me out."

Thus saying, Old King Brady produced a ten-dollar bill and held it up so that the old darky could see it. Uncle Job eyed the bill wistfully.

"Waal," he said, "when yo' come to talk about witch doctah, I hain't dot ar—no. Mebbe I does a lilly fortune tellin' fo' de culled folks wunst in awhile, but nevah tried it on white folks. Dunno as I could do nuffin wid dem."

"You'll try it for us then, Uncle Job? We can come in?"

"Waal, spose I mought try. Dunno, dough. I allus like to 'commodate. Ise nuffin but only po' ole nigger wid one foot in de grave. I doan guarantee nuffin' at all."

"Oh, I won't ask for my money back," laughed Old

King Brady. "We have heard a lot about you, Uncle Job. We just want to try our luck, that's all."

It looked then as if Uncle Job was going to yield, when all at once the tables were turned by the old woman.

She was a tall, spare person of great age and not very black.

Appearing now at the door she said with scarce a trace of negro dialect, which proved that she must have been reared as a slave under far different surroundings:

"Job, you don't do it. You go away, gem'n. You don't make nothing here."

Job looked disgusted.

"Did Pichotee say no?" he grunted.

"Yes," replied the woman. Pichotee says no. Remember to-night."

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the witch doctor, and, turning on his heel, he shuffled into the hut.

The Bradys held their ground, however, and so did the old woman.

"Come, come, missus," said Old King Brady, "ten dollars good money is not to be tossed over one's shoulder. That's yours or your husband's if you can earn it. As for Pichotee, there will be five more coming for him or her, whichever it is."

The trace of an amused smile appeared upon the old woman's face.

"Pichotee don't want money," she replied. "What would he do with it? As for me, I'll tell your fortune right now, and no charge, either. You are not what you pretend to be."

"How, missus! What do you mean by that?"

"You are a detective."

"Tut! Tut!"

"You are here to get us into trouble."

"Not at all. If you will listen I——"

"You must go away instantly. If you don't go away I will set the dog on you. He will tear one of you to pieces before you can shoot him. Go, now!"

It seemed a good time for disappearing.

Old King Brady has had much to do with the Southern negroes.

He saw the folly of persisting. Other means would have to be tried to get next to the witch doctor.

"Come, Harry," he whispered. "Nothing doing here. Let's light out."

They turned and walked away.

Looking back several times before they passed out of the lane, they saw the old woman standing in the doorway watching them.

She was still there when they turned into the road.

"Bowled out," growled Young King Brady.

"That's the time we did not get there," laughed the old detective. "Never mind. This is only the beginning."

"You will tackle our witch doctor again?"

"Of course. This morning I told you that I considered our chances poor. Now I consider them excellent. We

have obtained a most valuable clew and are surely on the right track."

"The track is all right, but we have been most beautifully switched off."

"Pshaw, Harry! Do you imagine I'm going to let that pair get the best of me? Well, hardly. Wait and see."

"You have got something up your sleeve, Governor?"

"I've got a pointer, that is all. Did you notice that the old woman said 'remember to-night'?"

"Yes; now you speak of it, I did."

"Well, there is to be something doing in that hut to-night in the witchcraft line, surest thing you know."

"And you propose to be on hand?"

"I propose to try."

"How on earth do you suppose she knew we were detectives? She could hardly have heard of the Bradys."

"That is certainly very unlikely. I believe the woman is a clairvoyant."

"Yes, you believe in such things. Who do you imagine Pichotee was?"

"I believe that she—the old woman—imagines she has a controlling spirit of that name."

Harry gave a grunt.

"All right, wait and see," said the old detective. "I'm not forcing my views on you at all events."

The Bradys now returned to the roadhouse.

Seeking out the landlord, the old detective engaged rooms for the night.

There was no trouble about this, but the landlord seemed rather indifferent.

Perhaps the peculiar appearance of Old King Brady had something to do with it.

As is well known, the old detective affects rather a striking dress.

At all times when not in disguise he wears a long blue coat of antique cut with a double row of flat brass buttons down the front.

About his neck he wears an old-fashioned "stock" in connection with a high, pointed stand-up collar.

His broad-brimmed white felt hat goes to finish this striking costume.

This roadhouse was a notorious place, and there is little wonder that the landlord was rather suspicious.

The detectives now called for dinner and got it.

Quite a number of people called at the house during the afternoon, some in carriages, some in automobiles.

The place seemed well patronized and a good deal of money was taken in over the bar.

Twice Old King Brady made an effort to draw the landlord into conversation, but the man would not have it, and the old detective finally gave it up.

Toward evening he and Harry walked out and took a general survey of the surrounding country.

It appeared to be all swamp on the west.

A man whom they met informed them that the swamp extended about two miles beyond Uncle Job's cabin!

A little way beyond the lane there was a well-worn path leading directly into the swamp.

The Bradys started to explore and had followed this path along a low ridge of sand with swamp on both sides for about half a mile when the loud barking of dogs in the distance brought them to a halt.

"More nigger huts," said Harry.

"Very likely," replied Old King Brady. "We'll turn back anyhow. We must not anger these people if we expect to do any business with them. Just the same I have an idea that to-night will find us again on this trail."

They turned back and had almost reached the road when they saw coming toward them two women whose appearance was striking enough to attract their attention at once.

One was a stout, good-looking quadroon of some forty years.

She was plainly dressed and wore a flashy turban, negro style.

Her companion was clothed in shabby black, and wore a heavy black veil, which completely concealed her features.

Whether she was young or old, handsome or homely, black or white, it was impossible to tell.

As the Bradys approached the quadroon woman eyed them suspiciously.

Old King Brady stopped as they came up with them.

"Can you tell me if this path leads through the swamp?" he asked.

The quadroon replied in French.

"I do not speak English," was Harry's translation of her words afterwards.

But Young King Brady speaks French, and he put the question to her in that language.

"It leads to my brother's hut," replied the quadroon. "You cannot get through the swamp this way."

There was no excuse for detaining them, and the detectives passed on.

"There is something mysterious about those women," said Old King Brady. "I suppose it's all right, but just the same I should have liked to have seen the face behind that veil."

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOODOO SEANCE IN THE SWAMP.

Evening had come and supper was over.

With others, but apart, the Bradys sat on the long veranda of the road-house.

"This is certainly the hardest place to pick up information in ever," remarked Harry. "After all our attempts we have been utterly unable to learn anything about that old darky in the swamp."

The explanation may be that there is nothing to learn," said Old King Brady. "But just the same I think otherwise. Have you been counting the darkies who have shuffled past this place in the last half hour?"

"Can't say I have, Governor."

"That man makes the ninth. Watch him, Harry. There! As I thought, he has turned in on that path."

"You can't be sure, Governor. It is too dark."

"Somewhere very near it, then, and we saw no other path except the one which leads to Uncle Job's."

"We are slated to follow suit, I suppose?"

"Remember to-night."

"Thus spake the old woman. You are bound to have something doing, Governor."

"The remark was too significant to be passed over, Harry. Something is on the slate in the swamp for the colored folks to-night. This is an out-of-the-way spot. Why do they come here in numbers? Ha! Here come two more, and two of them women this time."

"Shall I ask the landlord what it means? If I put the question right up to him we may get our answer."

"It would be useless. If he knows he won't tell. He no doubt has troubles of his own, and don't care to stir up his neighbors. Yes, there they go into the swamp."

"It was now about nine o'clock, a stifling hot evening, with lowering clouds off in the direction of Lake Ponchartrain, which seemed to foretell a storm.

The Bradys sat on the veranda until ten, by which time they had counted eighteen colored men and women who had passed the road-house and turned into the swamp.

This count did not include the two women, nor several others who had come from the opposite direction, also turning into the swamp.

Long before this the Bradys' plans had been formed.

The old detective, feeling certain that some mysterious work was underfoot in the swamp, had made up his mind to try to solve the mystery.

"The procession seems to have stopped now, Harry," he said. "It is ten minutes since the last swamp trailer showed up. I move we get on the move."

"It's dangerous work, Governor, but I am with you, of course."

"You are right it is dangerous work," replied Old King Brady. "As a matter of fact, there could be nothing more so. It's some sort of voodoo meeting they are holding in there, of course. The most dangerous possible time for whites to come up against the blacks. But as that is what we are here for, we may as well go along."

They strolled down the road, stopping to look in both directions when they reached the entrance to the swamp trail.

There was no one in sight except the guests of the road-house, now dimly seen on the veranda.

The Bradys slipped into the bushes and there Harry produced his little electric dark lantern.

Of course, they would have much preferred to dispense with this, but it was impossible.

One misstep was liable to send them into the slimy ooze.

"Pshaw!" muttered Harry, "did you hear that splash?"

"Indeed I did. I presume you know what it means?"

"Alligators?"

"Exactly."

"Oh, this is a lovely hole. Hark! Didn't I hear footsteps?"

"I don't think you did, but we must make ours heard. It won't do for us to be caught here, and we have no guarantee that the last of the bunch has gone in.

They pushed on to the place where they had turned back.

The path, which was about three feet wide, was firm and level, but on either side conditions were the very worst. Again and again the splash of alligators was heard.

Dank, noisome odors arose on all sides of them.

There were strange sounds, for which even Old King Brady, with all his experience, was unable to account.

"I suppose we go on," said Harry. "This seems to be the place where we turned back. I remember this big cypress tree all hung with Spanish moss."

"Of course we go on," replied Old King Brady. "It's disagreeable enough, but that must not drive us back."

"I don't hear the dogs."

"No; they seem to have subsided. I suppose the darkies don't care to be torn to pieces. Hark!"

"Banjo playing."

"That's it. I fancy we haven't far to go."

"Voices behind us, Governor."

"Are they ahead or behind? Listen! Yes, they are behind. Don't speak a loud word, but hurry on. If we can hear that music so plainly we can't have far to go."

"They must see our light."

"Some of them may carry lights. It does not follow that ours will arouse suspicion. Let's run."

They dashed ahead.

In a moment the path took a turn, and they saw that they were coming to the open.

The moon now came out from behind a cloud, and by its light they could perceive a wide clearing upon rising ground.

Here stood a circular hut built of tree trunks, and carrying a thatched roof, which rose to a point in the center.

Through the crevices lights could be seen, and the sound of several banjos twanging was very distinct.

"It is the hut of some alligator hunters," said Old King Brady, "but what it is being used for to-night is another thing. Draw aside here, Harry. We must let those people pass."

They skirted along the edge of the clearing and slipped in among the trees, turning off their light now, of course.

In a moment three negroes of the blackest kind appeared from the end of the trail.

They were talking loudly.

"S'pecs we'se on time," said one. "I doan' got no ticker now sence I lost my job an' went broke."

"It hain't 'leven o'clock yet," replied another. "Doan' believ Cassie would begin without me, nohow."

They passed on.

Not a word was said about the Bradys' light. Evidently it had attracted no attention.

"Voodoo business, 'sure," said Harry.

"It can be nothing else," replied Old King Brady. "What we overheard settles it. I don't doubt that we are going to put in an interesting hour."

"Question now is how are we going to get near enough to that spook factory, if that's what it is, to see the show."

"We'll wait a bit. From what those fellows said I judge it must be pretty near beginning time. Likely they will prove to be the last in."

No one came for the next ten minutes.

Up at the big hut all was silent save for the playing of the banjos.

All at once the music ceased, and a loud, prolonged cry rang out from the hut.

It seemed to the Bradys as if it would never end.

When at last it ceased there was a great clapping of hands.

"Come, Pichotee! Come! Come, Pichotee! Come!"

These words, shrieked by a dozen voices and more, now reached the detectives' ears.

Again and again they were shouted.

It was a weird thing to listen to those night cries in that lonely swamp.

"They are at it," said Old King Brady. "Now is our time to make a move."

They stole up the gentle rise and crept to the hut.

No guard appeared to have been placed outside. There were no barking dogs to interfere with them. The Bradys seemed to be having it all their own way.

They avoided the door, of course, and got around on the opposite side, where they found plenty of crevices between the palings through which they could see all that was going on inside.

And how to describe it?

Few white men have been witness to a voodoo seance.

No black man lived or ever will live willing to describe one of these strange affairs.

There in the empty interior of the hut some thirty negroes were gathered, men and women, but none were under twenty years.

They had formed a circle around an ugly little idol rudely carved out of wood, which stood in the midst of a circle formed of whitewash smeared upon the hard beaten ground.

Beside the idol stood the old witch doctor, apparently in a trance.

His eyes were closed, and the lids kept blinking, his limbs also twitched horribly, particularly his fingers.

As Harry whispered he seemed on the verge of throwing a fit.

Opposite to him, also inside the ring, stood the stout, good-looking quadroon woman whom the Bradys had passed on the swamp trail.

Between her and the idol an iron pot stood, suspended between three forked stakes, with a fire of smoldering coals burning beneath it.

Into this pot, which contained some bubbling mixture,

the woman was in the act of throwing liquid out of a bottle when the Bradys first appeared.

It caused the contents of the pot to boil up furiously, and a strange, spicy odor filled the air.

Behind this woman outside the circle was the only person seated among all the assemblage.

This was the veiled woman in black, and there she still sat, as motionless as a statue.

The colored folks seemed inclined to keep clear of her, for the circle fell away on that side.

Behind the witch doctor, and also outside the circle, were five darkies with banjos, but not playing now.

This was all except for some hideous ornaments which hung above the door.

These were a pair of huge horns, a human skeleton, another of a dog or some other small animal, and a few ugly painted wooden masks.

Silence seemed now to have fallen upon the assemblage. The calls for "Pichotee" had ceased.

Suddenly the old woman whom the Bradys had encountered in the witch doctor's hut stepped forward and addressed the quadron at the boiling pot.

"Hi, Missy Cassie!" she exclaimed, using the negro dialect now all right, "I tells yo' dat Pichotee am angry. He no come to-night, caze why you got white witch hyar! See my fool ole man a-twitchin' an' a-blinkin'! Pichotee no can get him. Yo' see dat ar' fo' yo'self."

"I'll make him come, Mammy," replied the quadron. "I don't want to run tings heah. I'se brung my witch 'case she's losin' her power. I want Pichotee to gib her mo' power, like he done afore."

"Ho!" cried the old woman, sneeringly. "Yo' tink caze yo' de great Madame Foncier, de Poydras street clairvoyant, dat yo' can run eberyting? I tell yo' what, if I was bossin' dis voodoo meetin' I'd trow yo' out, so I would. It's a shame yo' try to work mah ole man an' him spirit fo' yo' money-makin' schemes."

"Right!"

"Good fo' yo', Mammy!"

"Doan' disturb de meetin'!"

"Cassie am all right!"

"She shall hab her way!"

These and other exclamations went up from the crowd. Evidently there were two opposing elements in this voodoo gathering.

It was no wonder there was nothing doing, Old King Brady thought.

But business was about to begin, and the witch doctor started it.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he suddenly called out in a voice which certainly was not like the one the Bradys had heard him use.

"Yo' quarrel an' fight among yerselves, yo' niggahs! Jes' wait! Yo' get de real ting in a minute. Dat's what yo' will."

"Hello, Pichotee!"

"Good-eb'nin', Pichotee!"

Thus the darkies called out all over the crowd.

"Yes, I'se come," said the witch doctor. "But I cawn't talk good. Cassie, pitch more stuff into dat ar pot. Quick, now! I'se losin' mah hold on Uncle Job. Golly, I is!"

The quadron opened a little bag and took out three dried mice, which she threw into the bubbling pot.

"Dat good!" cried the witch doctor. "Now I'se stronger. Lemme tell yo' someting. Dey'se trouble in de wind. Youse has been betrayed. Yo' Cassie, once I gib yo' power fo' yo' witch. Yo' no right to ask it again. Yo' man yo' made he sell yo' out. He kill yo' witch. He kill yo' too. Ho! Yo' fool! Yo' tink yo' hold him fast. Yo' hold him by a rope ob straw! So long you gib him money all right. Now he see big money nodder place. Den he make short work ob yo'. He hire bad niggahs to break up dis meetin'. Listen! Get out yo' razors, boys! Listen! Dey'se eavesdroppers outside now. Ha, ha, ha! Good-night. I'se gwiner way. Good-night, boys!"

Intense excitement followed this speech.

Uncle Job fell in the circle, apparently in a fit.

Cassie shrieked and ran to the veiled woman as if to protect her, while a couple of dozen razors flashed and all hands of the made contingent of this interesting assemblage made for the door.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRANGE MEETING IN THE SWAMP.

The last announcement of the witch doctor sent the Bradys on the move.

Harry could not understand all that was said, for he was not up on the darky dialect, but Old King Brady understood every word.

"Fly! Take to the woods or they will annihilate us!" he whispered, pulling away from the palings of the hut.

"But that white woman—do we leave her here?"

Old King Brady did not attempt to answer.

Never was there such sprinting.

In an instant they were in the shadows. The next and they had gained the cover of the swamp.

Nor were they an instant too soon.

The darkies came swarming around the big hut from both sides.

But that the woods were closer in the rear than in front the Bradys would have surely met their fate.

And even now it seemed they were up against it.

They could hear men moving all around them, fling through the swamp on both sides.

It seemed as if there must be two trails, one on each side of the wooded projection, upon which the detectives stood, and yet neither was the trail by which they had come.

Neither dared to utter a sound, yet they could hear whispering voices all about them.

Up on the rise there was no whispering.

There the darkies were howling and yelling, running this way and that, looking for the eavesdroppers and the enemy told of by the witch doctor.

They could discover neither one nor the other, and from the remarks made it was plain that they thought they had been fooled.

They knew differently in a moment.

All at once a fiendish yell went up from the swamp, and the slope in front was full of flying forms.

Fully thirty negroes armed with razors flashing in the moonlight were on the run.

The voodoo people saw them coming and returned the cry.

The next instant and they were at it.

Such another mix-up the Bradys never saw, such fiendish yells they never heard.

There was cutting and slashing right and left.

Meanwhile the women ran screaming down the hill and vanished on the trail by which the Bradys had come in.

Whether the woman Cassie and her veiled charge was with them or not the Bradys could not make out, but the witch doctor led them.

Evidently the old voodoo man, even if he could prophesy, did not care to get mixed up in a razor fight.

"By thunder, Governor, the man's words came true," breathed Harry.

"That's right. He may have known that these people were hiding here, however."

"Do we stay to see the end?"

"We must. We daren't show ourselves. It would be madness to attempt to get out of the swamp by any other trail."

So they waited.

It was all over in a few minutes.

The voodoo people soon seemed to get the worst of the fight, and took to their heels.

They evidently knew more than one way out of the swamp, for they vanished on the other side of the witch hut, closely followed by the other gang.

"Now is our time," said Old King Brady.

They hurriedly returned to the open, and ran along the edge of the woods, turning in at what they supposed to be the same trail they had followed.

They were wrong.

There were many trails leading through this dismal morass.

The one the Bradys struck now led to the lake road, to be sure, and would not take them much out of their way, but it tapped it at a considerable distance beyond the tavern where they had left their horses.

And the detectives soon found out their mistake.

Here the solid ground was much broader and the path less worn.

"We are going wrong," said Old King Brady, suddenly halting. We shall have to return."

"We are on a different trail," replied Harry, "but it is taking us in the direction of the road."

"You can't tell at night."

"I can tell by my compass, all right. As it happens, I have just consulted it. We can't miss the road so long as we hold to this direction."

"That's right. Go ahead."

They had covered perhaps a hundred yards when Old King Brady stopped again.

"You see it?" he exclaimed, in a whisper.

"The light? Yes!" replied Harry. "I just caught a glimpse of it as you spoke."

"We must reconnoiter."

"We are coming to some other nigger hut, I suppose."

"If it was that we should have already heard their dogs. They've all got 'em."

They crept forward, soon discovering that they had nothing to fear.

A small, well-dressed white man sat in front of a tent beside a dying fire.

His head hung down between his knees, and his hands had fallen listlessly at his sides.

He looked like a man sleeping off a drunk.

"Some camper," said Old King Brady.

"He's got a beautiful bun on, whoever he is," replied Harry. "Shall we wake him up?"

"We might as well. He'll dislocate his neck that way. Oh, friend, hello! Wake up!"

The result was rather startling.

The young man leaped to his feet.

Such a fiendish expression the Bradys had never seen on any man's face.

"You fiends! You meddling villains!" he shouted. "What do you come to New Orleans to interfere with my plans for? I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry, you Brady detectives!"

He whipped out a revolver, and had just started to raise it when it dropped from his hand, and to the astonishment of the Bradys, who drew their own revolvers in a hurry, he fell to the ground flat on his face.

Here he lay, twitching a little, for all the world like the witch doctor, but made no attempt to rise.

"What on earth ails him? He seems to have thrown a fit?" breathed Harry. "Hadn't we better tie him up while we have a chance?"

"Leave him as he is," said Old King Brady. "This is more of this mysterious business."

"We are getting witchcraft wholesale to-night."

"Wait! He is coming to!"

The young man turned over and stared at the detectives.

"In heaven's name where am I this time?" he murmured. "Who are you?"

"You called our names just now, young man," said Old King Brady, picking up the revolver and pocketing it. "Do you forget?"

The young man sat up, but made no attempt to rise.

"I called your names?" he said. "Why, I never saw either of you before in all my life."

"Just the same you seemed to know us. You said we were the Brady detectives, and as it happens, that is who we are."

"The Brady detectives!" repeated the young man slowly. "Well?"

"Do you remember now?"

"No. I don't expect to remember."

"Why do you say that?"

The young man got up and put on his hat, which had fallen off.

"Don't ask me," he replied. "I shan't tell you; and yet there is a good reason.

"Gentlemen," he added. "You will have to take me as you find me—a mystery. Let it go at that."

"We are not quite satisfied to let it go at that," said Old King Brady. "One minute you call us fiends and villains, and try to shoot us; the next and we find you talking this way. It would be just as well if you would explain."

"I can't, and it is no use to ask me."

"You have been under the influence of some drug or something of that sort?"

"Let it go at that."

"We will drop it for the moment. You have heard of us?"

"If you are the famous New York detectives, why, of course."

"You claimed that we had interfered in your business."

"That is nonsense. Let it pass. I have no affairs in which you could interfere. I wish somebody would interfere, though, and if it isn't done pretty quick it will be too late."

Old King Brady was silent.

He felt that he had done talking enough for the present, and that it was time to let this mysterious person take his turn.

"Will you be good enough to tell me where I am?" asked the young man, after an embarrassing silence.

"Do you mean to say that you don't know where you are?" demanded Old King Brady.

"I mean just that."

"And yet you pitched your tent here and we found you asleep in front of it."

"I do not know. Tell me."

"You are in the swamp which lies along the Ponchar-train road."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"What day is this?"

Old King Brady told him.

"This time a week," the young man muttered. "This is getting serious. It must never be again.

"Is it very late?" he now asked.

"About midnight, something after."

"I must go. I'm afraid I can't get out of this swamp unless you show me the way. It is a dangerous place. Some of the very worst of our colored people live in here."

"We are aware of that. You can come with us. We

are lost ourselves, but I think we shall soon strike the lake road."

"Don't you want to take down your tent?" asked Harry. "It looks about new."

"I have no use for it, nor for anything in it," was the hasty reply, and the young man shuddered as he spoke.

"Well, let us take a look inside," said Old King Brady. "Here's a good rifle which I will take charge of for the present, a camp bed, an alligator grip too good to lose, and other things."

"I want none of them," replied the young man in a strained voice. "Come, let us go."

"One minute," said Old King Brady. "Of course, you must see that you have acted very strangely, and are doing so still. We have told you who we are. Please return the compliment so we may know with whom we have to deal."

"It is only fair," was the reply. "My name is Pierre La Rue!"

And here was another surprise for the Bradys.

The very person of all others they most wanted to meet just then they had met here in this dismal swamp.

CHAPTER • VI.

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. LA RUE.

The Bradys have a sort of secret signal code which they use among themselves.

Harry got the signal then to hold his tongue, which indeed he was doing.

And the old detective did the same thing himself.

Old King Brady did not entertain the least doubt that Pierre La Rue had in some way come under the influence of the witch doctor's crowd.

That in due course of time he would find out what it meant he felt certain.

Meanwhile the thing was to wait for the young man to declare himself further if he would.

It came soon.

They pushed on through the swamp, Harry flashing the light before him.

"Well, here we are at the road!" he suddenly exclaimed, and they passed out of the swamp.

La Rue halted and looked up and down in a puzzled way.

"Yes, I know where we are," he said. "It is a long walk back to town. I don't think I am good for it to-night."

"Why take it?" questioned Old King Brady. "We propose to stay at De Bellier's road house all night. Why not remain with us? In the morning we can all go back to town."

"I consent. I should like to talk with you."

"Very happy to have you. You look all used up. What

do you say to a little midnight lunch in our room if De Belliers will serve one at this hour?"

"He will serve meals at any hour day or night. It will suit me exactly. I feel all used up."

They walked on in silence again.

Quite a number of negroes went slouching past them.

The Bradys felt no doubt that they had been at the voodoo meeting.

They soon reached the tavern, where they found business as active as ever.

Ordering a lunch sent to their room, the detectives retired, having been fortunate enough to secure a room adjoining Harry's for young La Rue.

"I'll wash up and be ready in a few minutes," said the young man, starting to enter his own room.

"Don't take any more of that stuff if you are wise," said Old King Brady quietly.

"What stuff?" demanded La Rue, his pale face flushing up.

"Don't ask me. You know. I've got something to tell you, and when you have heard it you will see the need you have for a clear head."

La Rue hesitated.

"Better come right in with us, and stick to us closely," added Old King Brady. "Remember what you said in the swamp. 'It has been a week this time'."

"By jove, you are right! I'll come."

He entered Old King Brady's room and the detective locked the door.

"Give it to me," he said. "Come!"

"What do you mean?"

"Give me the pills, powder, potion, or whatever it is you take to bring these spells of unconsciousness upon yourself."

"Oh, I can't do that!"

"Please yourself. The pitcher which goes too often to the well is broken at last, however."

"I'll think of it. Let me hear what you have to say."

"Harry," said Old King Brady, turning to his partner, "I think I shall tell this gentleman all."

"I would, Governor. Perhaps we had better wait till after lunch, though."

"I wish you would wait," said La Rue. "I'm very nervous. After I drink a glass of wine I shall feel better."

"As you will," replied the old detective, and the subject was not resumed until after the meal.

"And now, Mr. La Rue, one preliminary question," began Old King Brady. "After that I am going to tell you why we are in New Orleans to-day."

"Ask it. I won't promise to answer, though."

"Tell me, is there any reason that you know of why you should hate us? Have we in any way interfered in your affairs?"

"Absolutely no."

"You know nothing about us except what you have read of our doings in the newspapers?"

"That is all."

"You see I am stringing my question out. Now for my statement. We are in this town by the request of your aunt, Mrs. Thomas La Rue, to help her find her daughter Jane."

"What! My cousin Jane La Rue has been dead over a year."

"You knew her?"

"Never saw her in my life, nor my aunt, either. My father and his brother Thomas were not on good terms."

"You had another uncle on your father's side, had you not?"

"I have. I am not aware that he is dead. His name is Isaac La Rue."

"How long since you have been at your place of business?"

"It's over a week, as you know."

"Then let me tell you that your Uncle Isaac has died in the meantime."

"What?"

Young La Rue sprang out of his chair, trembling with excitement.

"It is just as I tell you," said Old King Brady. "He is dead."

"Do you know who he left his money to?"

"To your cousin Jane La Rue, or in the event of her death to you."

La Rue dropped back nerveless.

"If that is the case then I'm coming in for eight or nine millions!" he gasped, "for my cousin is surely dead."

"She is surely alive. Hear our story through to the end, and you will see that I am right."

Old King Brady then told all.

He went into every detail, even to his interview with the witch doctor, and the account of the Voodoo business in the swamp.

La Rue grew paler and more troubled looking every instant.

"This is terrible," he said. "What can it mean?"

"Can you offer no explanation, young man?" asked Old King Brady quietly. "Stop and think."

"I! How should I be able to explain?"

"You have been leading a double life."

"I——"

"You dare not contradict me. You had better tell the truth."

"I cannot."

"Very well. I cannot force you to."

"Perhaps I will later."

"Better do it now."

"No, no! I cannot."

"Very well, then. Let it be as you will, but you have a suspicion of the truth at the present moment. You will not deny that?"

"No, Mr. Brady, I do not deny it. I do suspect, and if my suspicions are correct, then I will surely help you. Let it rest so."

"When can you satisfy yourself on this point?"

"To-morrow morning. You say that your partner called at my office. Let him call again at noon, or better still, you come, too. You—you may not find me there. If you do I will tell all that I am now holding back."

"Very well."

"I shall now retire," said La Rue, rising.

"One question. Were you acquainted with your Uncle Isaac?"

"Not at all. I never saw him. He was an eccentric old miser, and denied himself to everyone."

"Very well. Now let matters rest."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

La Rue retired then, and they heard him lock the connecting door.

"Heavens, but I'm glad he is gone!" breathed Harry. "That fellow gives me the cold shivers! There is something uncanny about him."

"He's an unfortunate man," said Old King Brady. "That he is under the spell of these voodoo people there can be no doubt."

"It takes you to believe that sort of business, Governor. They are all a lot of rascals together, I think."

"Wait and see."

"I suppose we have got to take him to town in our buggy in the morning. I can't bear the thought of his squeezing in next to me."

"Don't you worry. Take my word for it, we won't find him in the morning."

"Ha! You think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Ought we not try to hold him?"

"I think not. We must give these people free rein if we expect to accomplish anything."

"Governor?"

"Well, Harry?"

"Don't you think that veiled woman may be the missing girl?"

"Harry, I do."

"And the woman Cassie the same quadroon in whose company her mother saw her."

"Yes."

"We have the woman's name and the best part of her address, thanks to our voodoo experiences."

"Yes."

"Do you propose to call on her?"

"To-morrow, directly after noon, providing we don't meet our friend La Rue again, and I have no idea we shall. But now, Harry, if we want to get any sleep at all, let us go to bed."

It turned out just as Old King Brady had predicted.

When they knocked on Pierre La Rue's door next morning there came no answer.

This door was locked on the inside, but the one connecting with the hall was unfastened.

Entering the room, they found that the bed had not been occupied. La Rue had disappeared.

"Let him go," said Old King Brady. "If he can only keep his head he will help us. Still, I haven't much hope."

And again Old King Brady was right.

When they reached the cotton broker's office at noon they were informed that he had not yet returned.

The office was a large one, where many brokers had desk-room.

It was evident enough that La Rue only did business in a small way.

"May I speak privately with you a moment, sir?" Old King Brady asked of the elderly man who gave him the information.

The man stepped out into the hall with the detectives.

"Our business with Mr. La Rue is of the highest importance," said Old King Brady. "I am told he is very much away from business. Can't you give us some idea where we might find him?"

"Couldn't do it," replied the gentleman. "It isn't the slightest use to ask me. Pierre has been missing for over a week. He is going to the bad altogether, I think."

"With drink?"

"I don't know. I never saw him drunk, but I have seen him when he was anything but himself, whatever it is he takes. His business has all gone to the dogs, yet he always seems to have plenty of cash."

"Where does he live?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He merely hires desk-room here. He is not an easy person to get acquainted with, and I don't know him very well."

"Is he a married man?"

"I understand not. Really, I can't tell you any more about him. I suppose I ought not to have told you this much. Still, I am under no obligations to keep La Rue's secrets."

It was a hopeless case, and the Bradys left the place.

"You see it is just as I said, Harry," remarked the old detective. "Should we find La Rue now we would not find the quiet fellow we had on our hands last night, but the murdering fiend we first tackled. So there you are."

"And Madame Cassie Foncier is the next thing on the programme?"

"She is. I've been doing some prophesying in this business, let me make one more. When we hit Madame Cassie we touch the key-note to this whole business, as you will see."

The Bradys had already looked up the quadroon's number on Poydras street, and they now sauntered toward the place.

They found that the clairvoyant occupied rooms upstairs over a ladies' hair-dressing establishment.

A silver plate on the side door indicated her business, with the additional information that Madame Foncier's hours were from ten to two.

The Bradys ascended to a shabby parlor, where there were several women sitting.

All were heavily veiled, but they were white, and looked to be persons of means.

A young mulatto woman came from another room to the detectives.

"We only receive gentlemen on Mondays and Fridays," she said coldly. "Madame cannot see you to-day."

"That's bad," replied the old detective, in a low voice. "Tell Madame that there will be a double fee coming if she can get around her rule."

The woman retired and the detectives stood waiting.

In a moment a little sliding panel in the door was opened, and an eye peered out.

"She's taking us in," said Harry.

"Hush! She'll take us in all right if she gets the chance."

"Madame says that if you can call at three o'clock she will see you," said the mulatto woman, returning.

"All right, we shall be here," replied Old King Brady.

They left the place, and went to lunch at a Canal street restaurant.

Promptly at three they pulled Madame Foncier's bell. For the place was now closed.

It was the mulatto woman who opened the door, but when she ushered them into the reception room upstairs, there sat the good-looking quadroon whom they had met in the swamp.

"How do you do, Mr. Brady?" she said, rising and extending her hand.

"This woman surely possesses some strange power," thought Harry, when he shook hands with the clairvoyant in turn.

It was remarkable, but as soon as her hand closed upon his a strange thrill seemed to run through him from head to foot.

CHAPTER VII.

A SEANCE AT MADAME FANCIER'S.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said Madame Foncier. "We have met before, I think."

"We have, in the swamp, yesterday at evening," replied Old King Brady. "I will not ask you how you knew my name. I suppose your power tells you that."

"I have no clairvoyant power personally, gentlemen. I make no such pretence. My work in that line is all done by assistants, who are changed from time to time."

"And one of your assistants informed you that we are the Bradys?"

"Yes. I was aware of your coming before you arrived in New Orleans. I could have prevented it if I had chosen, but I did not do it. This I suppose you will find it hard to believe."

"And why should you have prevented it? What possible interest can you have in us?"

"None, except in so far as it affects a certain gentleman

whom you know, and in whose business affairs I feel an interest. I refer to Mr. Pierre La Rue, whom you met in the swamp last night."

"You are well informed as to our movements, Madame."

"As you see; but let me inform you that you are on the wrong track altogether. Jane La Rue is dead. The estate of Isaac La Rue goes to his nephew Pierre. Stop! Don't ask me how I know this, for I am going to tell you. The information comes to me through my clairvoyants. Personally I know nothing of this girl, who was supposed to have been buried and was not, but what comes through my people always turns out true. The girl is dead."

"I am glad to know it," said Old King Brady. "Frankly, Madame Foncier, you have told us all we wished to know. We heard that you were a famous clairvoyant, and so——"

"Don't lie to me, old man!" the woman broke in. "It is useless. It is my business to enlighten others. I know why you came here. It would be strange if I kept in the dark myself."

"And why did we come here?"

"Following up your work brought you here. I shall not go into details."

"As you will. Shall we go?"

"Do you want a sitting?"

"What do you say?"

"I say yes."

"All right."

"But you don't know why."

"Kindly put us wise."

"You don't believe in the powers of my clairvoyants."

"Is it necessary?"

"Not at all. I say yes because your case has already been discussed among us. We knew you would come. I expect to use you for a purpose of my own."

"Oh, indeed! Those who use the services of the Bradys are supposed to pay for them either in cash or in kind."

"I'll pay both ways if I succeed in what I wish to undertake, and believe I shall undertake with your help."

"You will have to explain fully, Mrs. Foncier, before I enter into any deal with you."

"I supposed you would say so. Then here it is: That young man whom you saw to-night is a great friend of mine. I speculate on the cotton market through him."

"Yes."

"Yes; naturally I am interested in his welfare. I knew his uncle, who has just died. People say he was worth eight or nine millions and so he was, but that is only his real estate. He had no confidence in banks, and as I happen to know kept large amounts of cash in the house. That has never been found, and I want Pierre La Rue to get it."

"Ha! I follow you."

"Is it necessary to take the executor, Barlow, in on this deal? I say no. My clairvoyant tells me that this money will be discovered by the Brady detectives. I believe him. If you will stand in with us and help us to find it you

will get your share, gentlemen. I am a woman of my word."

"I see! This is important. You have been in that house?"

"Never."

"But how can we get in?"

"Do I have to instruct the foremost detectives in America in such work?"

"No. Is the place guarded?"

"I am told not. It has been simply locked up."

"I see. Well, I don't know that I object. I have found hidden money before in my time."

"You will not have to work in the dark. My clairvoyant will tell you what to do."

"All right."

"It is a bargain?"

"Yes. This means a sitting with your clairvoyant, I suppose?"

"Right now."

"Where is Mr. La Rue, may I ask?"

"I don't know. You ought to."

"We do not."

"He was with you last night."

"He left us last night, and we have not seen him since."

"Is that honestly a fact?"

"It is."

Madame Foncier looked troubled.

"We will find out all," she said. "Remain here for a few minutes, please."

She swept from the room and closed the door.

"We are getting into deep water, Governor," Harry breathed.

"That's what we are," replied Old King Brady. "We have got to keep all our wits about us, Harry. A most dangerous woman that."

"Hush! She is coming back."

The door opened and Madame Foncier entered.

"Step this way, gentlemen," she said.

The Bradys passed into another room.

It was darkened, but not so much but what they could see the interior.

The room was gorgeously furnished.

The ceiling was artistically frescoed, representing the moon, planets, and stars.

The walls were hung with expensive pictures, costly figured matting covered the floor—in New Orleans carpets are seldom used.

Across one end of the room a red curtain was drawn, and behind it a music box was playing.

"Sit here and do no talking," said Madame Foncier.

"If you want to know anything address me."

"Don't we see your clairvoyant?" asked Old King Brady.

"No. I never allow my patrons to see the clairvoyant," was the reply.

She dropped into a chair, and the seance began.

"Pichotee, are you there?" Madame Foncier called.

"Yes, honey! I'se heah!" came the answer from behind the curtain.

This was not the swamp nor Uncle Job's hut, but now the Bradys knew that it was with the witch doctor they had to deal.

"Pichotee, your words have come true; here are these men."

"Yes, honey. I knows it. How are you, Mr. Ole King Brady? How are you, Mr. Young King Brady? You heah me talk before when you listen outside de voodoo hut last night."

Madame Foncier turned upon the detectives with a sneering smile.

"You see now how useless it is for you to try to conceal your doings from me," it seemed to say.

But the Bradys said nothing. It was no time for talk.

"You no speak," called the voice. "Dat's right. Yo' do lak Missy Cassie tell yo'. No, Missy Cassie, dey doan' know where Trottoir am."

"Look here, Pichotee, don't be so free with your names!" snapped Cassie, as we shall continue to call the woman.

"La, la, la! Yo' kin scold me if yo' lak ter, but it doan' do no good. I says what I please. I'se not lak yo' udder —"

"Stop!" shouted Cassie. "I won't have it. If you want Uncle Job to benefit by this you had best have a care, Pichotee!"

"La, la, la! I'll be good, Missy Cassie. Well, I see dese tectives in de big house lak I tole yo'. I see dem open some secret place. I see gold. Heaps an' heaps. Youse dar, he's dar—what I shall call him when yo' won't let me speak him name?"

"Call him Pierre."

"Oh, Pierre! Pierre! How high-toned. Well, Pierre is dar, an' oh, golly, I'se dar, too!"

"That's right, Pichotee. Come and show us where to find the gold, but don't you bring Uncle Job along."

The voice broke out with a wild peal of laughter:

"Hi, Missy Cassie! How ole nigger look in fine house lak dat ar?"

"Anything more, Pichotee?"

"Waal, no, nuffin much. Lessee? I sees you gettin' in troo window by de garden."

"Good! Is it dark?"

"Yair. Dark night."

"How about policemen?"

"Doan' see none. I sees yo' goin' out agin, dough. No, dar's no p'licemen. Dat's all right."

"Anything else?"

"No. I'se gwine now."

"Hold on! Hold on, Pichotee. How are we to find Pierre?"

"Dunno. S'pecs de Bradys will have to find him. Dat ar's dere bizness."

"But s'pose they fail?"

"Dunno. He'll be dar, caze I see him dar. Doan' you worry, Missy Cassie. He'll be dar fer suah!"

"All right. You can't help us to find him, then?"

"S'pecs I could ef you could gimme suthin to go by."

"Wait. I'll get one of his gloves. I have one somewhere."

She arose and swept out of the room.

"Look behind the curtain, Harry—quick!" breathed Old King Brady.

Harry sprang for the curtain and pulled it aside.

What he saw rather surprised him.

It was the witch doctor, as expected.

But instead of sitting there waiting, he was tip-toeing to a door behind.

This he opened, and passing out upon a balcony, disappeared.

"Governor! It's Uncle Job, and he has run away!" whispered Harry, dropping back in his seat.

"The deuce!" muttered Old King Brady. "There seems to be double dealing all around here."

Cassie came in with the glove.

"Here you are, Pichotee!" she cried, and pushed behind the curtain.

Then came a scream and the sound of an opening door.

"I'll fix Job for that," Harry heard her mutter.

But she showed no signs of disturbance when she came out from behind the curtain.

"It's all over, gentlemen," she said. "Do you agree to go on with this undertaking?"

"Yes," replied Old King Brady.

"Very well. When shall it be?"

"I leave that to you to say."

"Suppose we say midnight?"

"Very well. Better give us the address so we may have a chance to look over the place beforehand."

Cassie named the number and the street.

"Will you come here?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You will not play me false?"

"No, no!"

"Beware if you do. I have powers you know nothing of. It will be the sorriest day of your life."

"You may trust us. Do we pay for this?"

"For the sitting? Certainly not. My pay will come later."

"Then we will go."

"Be here at eleven. If you see Pierre tell him what happened here. I warn you that you will perhaps find his manner different from what it was last night. Be careful not to anger him. Tell him what happened here to-day and he will understand."

And with this Madame opened the door leading into the passage, and the Bradys faded away.

CHAPTER VIII.

MYSTERIES AT THE MAGNOLIA VILLA.

Magnolia Villa, on Havre street, had in its day been one of the finest mansions in New Orleans.

This for many years was the home of the money-lending miser, Isaac La Rue.

The location was on a street which had once been fashionable, but whose day had passed.

Business had crept in on one end of Havre street, and tenement houses at the other.

Thus Magnolia Villa, standing alone in the midst of a neglected garden which took up half a block and over, looked singularly out of place, for there were great storage warehouses on either side of it, and others still on the opposite side of the way.

Here for many years the old miser lived in solitary state.

During the earlier part of his residence at Magnolia Villa the old man had maintained some degree of style, keeping several colored servants, but of late he had lived an absolutely solitary existence, even going so far as to cook for himself.

It was toward this house that the Bradys now bent their steps.

They paused in front of the high iron fence and looked in at the grand old mansion with its high wooden columns, which stood well back among the trees.

The gate was locked and they could get no nearer.

"We shall have to try it at the rear, I suspect," said Old King Brady. "To get in this way will scarcely be feasible."

"It's a risky piece of business, I think," said Harry. "We stand a good chance of being arrested as burglars."

"Which would be unpleasant, certainly, but easily arranged. The real danger lies in shutting ourselves up there with that desperate woman and young La Rue, who under the influence of his drug or spell, or whatever it is that gets hold of him, can be counted as little better than a lunatic."

"That's so, too."

"And suppose we find this hidden gold," continued Old King Brady. "Do you imagine for one instant that the woman Cassie has any intention of letting us get away with it? I tell you no."

"What do you think she means to do?"

"Of course I cannot fathom her plans, but I have no doubt she means to kill us."

"So bad as that?"

"Harry, whoever is at the bottom of this business is playing for high stakes. Nine or ten millions! Just think of it."

"I'm thinking of all kinds of things just now, Governor. The use of the name Trottoir which was signed to those letters you found by the witch doctor puzzles me."

"It don't me a bit."

"Well, perhaps when I say that it puzzles me I am putting it a little too strong. It seems to me as if Pierre La Rue must use that name at times."

"I don't think there can be the least doubt about it. The man is leading a double life. We had a sample of

both phases of it. He is probably known as Trottoir when he is under the influence of his spell."

"From the way he talked it looks as though when in the Pierre La Rue phase he could not remember the other existence."

"My theory is that he remembers it in part, but not wholly."

"As we first saw him he certainly seemed a very dangerous man."

"We must go prepared for anything. After all, there will be only two of them, and one a woman. Then again, La Rue may not show up at all."

"What do you think the witch doctor's sudden escape meant?"

"That he is fooling Cassie. I look to see him appear in the plot in some unexpected fashion. We were seen in the various places he described, and he was posted about it, that's all. The clairvoyance business was all a fake."

"This is all very interesting, but it don't seem to bring us around to the missing girl at all."

"No, it don't. I am pretty well convinced that our missing girl and the veiled woman are one and the same. We shall get around to it all by and by. But now let us take a look at this place from the rear."

The Bradys now went around on the other street.

Here there was a high board fence cutting off the garden of Magnolia Villa.

The lock of the gate was an ordinary affair, and Old King Brady saw that he should have no difficulty in opening it with his skeleton keys.

It was not feasible to make the attempt then, however, for directly opposite was a large storage warehouse, where men were loading trucks.

The detectives therefore gave it up, and went away.

Another call at the office of Pierre La Rue completed the work of the day.

Nothing had been seen of the young cotton broker.

The detectives now went back to the hotel and remained there until eleven o'clock, when they sallied forth to keep their appointment with Madame Foncier.

The lower door of the clairvoyant's apartments was locked, but upon ringing the bell the young mulatto woman quickly opened it.

"You will walk upstairs, gentlemen," she said. "Madame is expecting you."

They found Cassie attired for the street.

"You are in good time," she said. "We may as well start at once. Tell me, have you seen anything of Mr. La Rue?"

"We have not," replied Old King Brady. "How is it with you?"

"I have not seen him either. I have expected all day that he would call on me."

"Do you still expect to see him at the house?"

"You heard what my clairvoyant said."

"You have absolute faith in Pichotee, then?"

"Not so much as I have in—but no matter. No, not

absolute faith, but I have faith in you, gentlemen. Everybody knows how successful the Bradys have been in this sort of work."

"We are going with you prepared to do our best, Madame," replied Old King Brady. "You have no plan for getting into the house?"

"No, I am leaving that to you."

"I think we shall be able to manage it. Shall we start now?"

"Yes, I am ready."

They left the house then and walked rapidly to Havre street, attracting little attention, for Cassie kept her veil down.

The Bradys led the way to the back street, letting their fortune teller know that on that side they intended to make their entrance.

And now began a series of surprises.

Old King Brady had his skeleton keys all ready, but there was no call for them.

When he tried the gate he found it open.

"Someone has been ahead of us here!" he exclaimed.

"This certainly was not so this afternoon."

"It is Pierre," said Cassie. "I told you we would find him here. When we meet leave me to deal with him."

They passed in through the gate.

It was a moonlight night, and the detectives had a fairly good view of the old house and its surroundings.

The garden was just a tangled mass of trees and shrubbery, a floral wilderness so to speak; the air was heavy with the perfume of many flowers.

The old mansion was a long, two-story affair, built in the old southern style, with wide veranda and overhanging balconies in the rear, while in front high wooden pillars supported the roof.

The detective first ascended the steps and tackled the door.

This was fast locked, but looking along they saw that the blinds of one of the windows, all of which opened on the level of the veranda, had been thrown back, while all the others were closed.

Examination here brought the second surprise.

One of the large panes of glass had been neatly cut out with a glazier's diamond, and the window fastening slipped.

"It is certainly Pierre," said Cassie. "Now listen. We shall probably find him inside now. If not he will surely come while we are here. We may find him in a peculiar state of mind, different altogether from the way you saw him last night, gentlemen. Take my advice and say as little as possible to him. If he asks you questions answer them briefly. Don't try to get into conversation with him, and don't be surprised if I call him out of his name."

"Enough," said Old King Brady. "We understand. Let us get on and see what has been doing here."

The old detective threw up the window and entering the room flashed his dark lantern about.

"Be careful of that light, Mr. Brady," said Cassie. "If

it is seen from the street we shall all be arrested as burglars."

"Don't worry about that; leave it to me."

"But we don't want the police in here."

"If they come I will take care of them. Now our search begins."

The place which they had entered appeared to be a sort of general sitting room.

It was scantily furnished, and in the plainest style.

Everything had a worn look.

They passed on from room to room, taking in the whole lower floor, and other rooms in a basement beneath.

Everywhere it was much the same.

Many of the rooms were not furnished at all, but were deep with cobwebs and dust.

Evidences of the miserly character of the dead money lender were to be seen on all sides.

But they could find no one, and nothing appeared to be disturbed.

"We will take it in upstairs," said Old King Brady, and they proceeded to the upper floor.

Here they found several rooms furnished and in a little better shape.

The largest appeared to have been Isaac La Rue's room.

There was a big safe here, and a desk, as well as a bed.

There was also a set of shelves, which carried a few old account books. In a waste-basket was a great heap of scrap paper, mostly old letters and bills, which somebody had destroyed.

Old King Brady tried the safe and found the door unfastened and the interior empty.

"Can Pierre have cleaned this place out?" cried Madame Foncier. "I was once in this room. Those shelves were filled with account books."

"It is more likely that the executor, Mr. Barlow, has taken everything of value away and destroyed the rest," replied Old King Brady. "We don't seem to be making much headway here."

"If old La Rue really did hide money you won't find it lying around in plain sight," snapped Cassie. "I brought you here to have you look for secret panels, hidden springs, and all that sort of thing. Why don't you get at it? That's your work."

"We will take in the other rooms first," replied the old detective.

"But this was La Rue's room. Here's where he transacted all his business, and here is where we ought to find them."

"We will take in the other rooms first," repeated Old King Brady. "After we have been over the whole house we shall know better where to begin."

They made the rounds, but nothing came of it.

In a few minutes they were back in the miser's room again.

"Well, now will you get down to business?" demanded Cassie.

"At once," replied the old detective. "Every inch of this room shall be examined, and——"

All stood listening.

Stealthy footsteps could be distinctly heard ascending.

As they stood they could not see the stairs.

The footsteps reached the landing, and Old King Brady, lantern in hand, suddenly jumped out into the hall.

And now again came the surprise.

There was no one to be seen.

"No one here!" called Old King Brady.

Harry and Cassie at once joined him.

The quadroom was apparently terribly startled.

"Great heavens! It's the old man's ghost, sure!" she exclaimed.

"And do you fear that sort of thing, you who spend most of your time talking to ghosts?" Old King Brady asked.

"Ah, but that is different."

"I see no difference in it."

"There is a big difference. If he shows himself I shall die sure."

"Nonsense!" said Old King Brady. "Someone came up the stairs, and whoever it was he entered one of the rooms. We must have him out."

"I won't stir a step," said Cassie.

"Stay here then."

"I can't in the dark."

"Take my lantern," said Harry.

He handed the woman his little electric dark lantern, and joined his partner.

They entered room after room again.

There was no trace of anyone, however.

There were seven rooms all told on that floor.

From the shape of the roof Old King Brady judged that there must be a large garret overhead, but they could find no entrance to it.

As the detectives stood talking this matter over they were suddenly startled by a revolver shot, instantly followed by a piercing cry and a heavy fall.

Quick as a flash the Bradys darted into the hall.

They were not quick enough, however.

Harry's lantern lay upon the floor, but the woman Cassie had vanished.

"Come. This is a bad beginning," muttered Old King Brady. "Where has that woman gone?"

CHAPTER IX.

MORE MYSTERY AT THE OLD LA RUE HOUSE.

For fully five minutes the Bradys stood there with revolvers and lanterns, waiting for what was to happen next. Neither spoke, for they expected a shot at any instant. None came.

Nothing whatever happened.

"Governor, we are up against a tough gang," breathed

Harry. "Don't you think the risk is a shade too great? Hadn't we better call in the police?"

"Not on your life!" retorted Old King Brady. "I want nothing to do with the New Orleans police, and unless I am forced into it I shall not call on them. A pretty story if we can't manage our own affairs at this stage of the game."

"Hark! It seems to me that I can hear somebody moving about downstairs."

"There certainly are footsteps, Harry. I hear them distinctly."

"Do we investigate?"

"Wait! Let them tackle us. We have solved one end of the mystery, though."

"Solved nothing! What do you mean?"

"Our secret panel is here in the hall."

"Do you see it?"

"I do."

"Where?"

"Wait! This person is coming up the stairs, whoever he is."

They waited breathlessly.

Heavy, uncertain footsteps were heard upon the stairs. In a few seconds Pierre La Rue appeared.

He was holding on to the banisters, and moved like a man who was very drunk.

"Don't speak," breathed Old King Brady. "First innings is his."

La Rue's eyes were fixed upon the detectives as they turned their lanterns full upon him.

"So! You two are here!" he said, in a strained voice, as he paused at the head of the stairs. "I thought I should find you. It's all right."

"We are here, Mr. La Rue," replied Old King Brady, "and so are you. Perhaps you will tell us what this means."

"It means death to me unless I get help from you," was the reply.

"Death?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"You see me now just coming out of the influence of the infernal poison which is slowly killing me."

"Ha! You have been taking more of that stuff."

"I have. I cannot help it. I have wrecked my life with it. It has made me what I am. Tell me, do you see two of me?"

"Let us come into this room and talk matters over," said Old King Brady, very quietly. "There is nothing to get excited about, and don't you excite yourself."

"I will do as you say. Where is she? Have you found her?"

"Who are you talking of?"

"Bright Star, my angel?"

"Perhaps we can help you to find her."

"Stand aside, old man, or I'll dig this knife into your back!" cried La Rue, suddenly changing his tone.

He whipped out a bowie knife and made a rush at Old King Brady, who jumped aside, instantly covering the fellow with his revolver, as did Harry.

"Put up that knife or you're a dead one!" the latter cried.

La Rue flung the knife far from him, and uttering a gasping cry fell to the floor in just such a fit as the Bradys had seen him in before in the swamp.

It was painful to see him lie there writhing at their feet.

Harry picked up the bowie-knife and pocketed it, while Old King Brady hastily ran through the fellow's clothes for other weapons, finding none.

"What about that panel?" asked Harry. "Aren't you going for Cassie?"

"Let her look out for herself. It was her own doings. I stick to La Rue."

It was longer than it had been before that the young broker came to himself.

At last he opened his eyes, and staggering to his feet, began all over again.

"Oh, Mr. Brady, are you with me again?" he gasped. "Where am I now?"

"Do you honestly mean to tell me that you don't know where you are?" was Old King Brady's reply.

"I don't know! Truly I don't. Believe me, I can remember very little of what happens to me when—when—"

"When you have been taking that infernal drug which is killing you as you said just now."

"Indeed it is killing me. That's no dream."

"I should say not. Come in here. Sit down. I am going to question you now, and if you are wise you will answer my questions."

They passed into old La Rue's room.

"This is the house of your late Uncle Isaac La Rue," said Old King Brady.

"It is?"

"Yes. You have been here before?"

"Never in my life! I know the house, though."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know how you came to be here now?"

"I tell you that, and it is the truth."

"What is this stuff that you take?"

"I don't know."

"Have you some of it with you?"

"Not a drop. I swallowed the last at De Bellier's hotel."

"Ha! Before you ran away from us?"

"Did I run away? I have no recollection what happened."

"Tell me more about this stuff and its effect on you."

"I dare not."

"Why?"

"It will kill me."

"How will it kill you?"

"I don't know. That is what I was told."

"This has something to do with negro witchcraft?"

"Yes."

"Throw away your fears. Tell me all."

"Oh, I dare not."

"You are acquainted with the woman who calls herself Madame Foncier?"

La Rue started.

"You know her?" he gasped.

"Yes. She was with us to-night. She was here only a moment ago."

"Then I must go. I'm resolved never to see her again. I am going to leave New Orleans. It is the only way I can ever get out from under her influence. I——"

"Wait! If you won't talk I must. I have already told you part of my business, and now I am going to tell you all. There are large interests involved in this matter, and in the end those interests may prove to be yours."

Old King Brady then went ahead and told every detail of what had occurred to himself and Harry since they arrived in New Orleans.

La Rue listened with an interest painfully intense.

When the old detective dwelt upon the name of Trottoir he shuddered.

After all had been told he asked to see the Trottoir letters.

"These are certainly in my handwriting," he said in a low voice.

"You mean that?"

"I do, Mr. Brady. I will tell you all. Trottoir is my double."

"Ha! Well?"

"Let me explain. A little over a year ago I saw a very beautiful girl on the street. I saw her several times, and I fell desperately in love with her. Who she was I could not learn, nor could I find out where she lived, so I went to a certain fortune teller, Madame Foncier. I had seen her advertisements, in which she claimed to be able to unite absent lovers. Of course, I was a fool."

"Go on," said the old detective. "We are getting at it now."

"This woman asked me my name and a great many questions. Then she gave me some stuff in a bottle and told me to take so many drops of the liquid and call again. I took it, and from that hour I knew nothing for nearly a week. When I came to my senses I was in the fortune-teller's rooms, and the empty bottle was in my pocket. She asked me if I had not been with the girl, and I was forced to admit that I had. It was all like a dream. It seemed as if I had lived for weeks in Paradise with my idol. I had dim recollections of beautiful scenes through which we had passed. I cannot dwell upon it, but to me it was all real. It seemed as if I had been in another existence entirely, and that in this condition I had another name—Arthur Trottoir."

"Ha! Is it so? And no unpleasant recollections marred this dream?"

"None at that time."

"Later."

"Oh, yes, yes! But listen. I asked Cassie for more of the stuff, but she refused me. She told me to come that night and I should hear my loved one talk. I went and I did hear a voice behind a curtain. It professed to be her spirit, but this did not satisfy me. I broke away, resolved to cut it all out and never go near the woman again.

"For six weeks, Mr. Brady, I kept my resolution, and then I fell. I went to Madame Foncier, and paid her for another love potion.

"Then followed the rapturous dreams again. Over and over again I have done this. I have neglected my business and allowed everything to go to the dogs. At last, about two weeks ago, although I took the stuff still, it seemed to lose its effect. I could not find Bright Star, as I call my love. When I come out of my trances, for they are nothing more, it seems to me as if I have been searching for her everywhere, and through the most horrible scenes. Sometimes I find myself in one place and sometimes in another when I come back to my senses, but I never remember to have seen Bright Star now. Mr. Brady, I think I am going mad."

"And I have not the least doubt that you will go mad if you keep up this sort of business. You speak of Trottoir as being your double. Do you mean that you see him separated from yourself?"

"Just that. I seem forced to follow him everywhere, but it is all dim and misty. I believe from what you tell me that this woman caused my cousin to be drugged, and that I in my trance bribed that undertaker to pretend to bury her, and then take her from her coffin. It is dreadful! Do you think the veiled woman you saw in the swamp can be she?"

"I am positive of it."

"And this hidden gold! Can it be real? Mr. Brady, my head is all in a whirl. Where is Cassie? Has somebody killed her? I have no more idea how I got into this house than you have. Do let us do something. I believe if I can only see my cousin in the flesh, without that drug all can be explained. Oh, I shall go mad! I shall go mad! Oh, Mr. Brady, tell me what to do."

"Hush! Hush!" said the old detective. "Calm yourself. You have been under the influence of some powerful vegetable poison like hasheesh, and to a certain extent are still. Fight your feelings for all you are worth. Since we are here together we must work together, and now is the time to begin. My belief is that Madame Foncier has been humbugging us, though just what her game is I can't imagine. Come, now, and we shall see what can be done."

Old King Brady arose and passed out into the hall.

"Here's where she stood when we last saw her," he said. "And now look at this."

The walls of the passage were papered, representing deep niches.

One of these fake niches occupied the space between the door of Mr. La Rue's room and the next.

Old King Brady raised his hand and touched the secret spring which his sharp eyes had already discerned.

Instantly the whole panel or niche flew inward, revealing a dark hole in which was a ladder leading down to still darker regions below.

"Governor, you're great!" exclaimed Harry.

"I begin to think I have been dead slow," replied Old King Brady. "We ought to have acted more promptly here, but still—come on!"

"Hold on! Let me go first. You don't go down that ladder backward," said Harry. "Remember that shot."

But Old King Brady paid not the least attention to him.

Down he hurried, flashing his lantern about him as he went and using only one hand on the ladder.

In a few moments they had reached the ground level.

Here another discovery was promptly made.

The woman Cassie lay dead upon the floor.

She had not been shot, however—that Old King Brady soon proved.

A blow on the back of the head with a heavy iron bar had fixed her.

She was stretched out face downward in a pool of blood.

The enclosure was a mere vault bricked up on all sides.

Here stood a huge wooden chest secured with iron bands.

The lid had been all chopped away and the contents of the chest lay scattered about the floor.

It was mostly articles of clothing of antique cut.

There were some papers and a great stack of letters.

As Harry kicked these things about he picked up a twenty-dollar goldpiece.

A second later Pierre found another.

Old King Brady took two out of the dust which had accumulated at the bottom of the chest.

This seemed to prove that the hidden gold had been a reality.

Beyond the chest was an open door.

This led into the coal cellar behind the kitchen.

This also was closed by a secret spring.

Looking at it from the cellar side no one would ever have guessed that there was a door there.

The outer door of the basement stood wide open.

Beyond were stone steps leading up to the back yard, and there stood the gate in the high fence open to the street.

"Balked again!" cried Old King Brady, taking all this in at one sweeping glance.

CHAPTER X.

STARTING ON THE MAN HUNT.

Pierre La Rue, with the goldpiece in his hand, stood white and motionless looking at the dead woman on the floor.

"And so she is dead! She is actually dead!" he gasped. "Now I shall never see that loved face again!"

"Come back to earth and stop all that nonsense!" cried Old King Brady. "That woman was a fiend and she has been slain by her own people. What her scheme was against us we shall probably never know now, but nothing will ever make me believe that she intended that we should leave this place alive."

He stooped down, turned the body over and listened at the quadron's heart.

"She is dead?" questioned Harry.

"She certainly is."

"Has she been shot?"

"Not she! Could they have carried her down that ladder? Think of her weight. No, no! The shot and her disappearance were all part of a prearranged programme, but it was not carried out to the end as Cassie planned it. Her confederates turned the tables on her."

"Do you think they found the money before we came here?"

"No, I don't. I think this is the witch doctor's work. I think the old wretch deceived Cassie and killed her, having previously discovered the gold. But we must not hang around here. This money must be recovered. Moreover, there is that unfortunate young woman to be thought of. I have no doubt she is concealed in the swamp."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Follow on. I haven't thought it out yet. Come!"

"May I go with you?" demanded Pierre.

"Are you able?"

"If I could get a good drink of brandy inside of me I shall be. It is the only thing which straightens me up after one of my spells—that and sleep."

"Come to the St. Charles. I will fix that."

They hurriedly left the premises; when they reached the corner they ran into a private watchman.

He seemed to be overseeing the warehouses on the opposite side of the way.

"Good-evening," said Old King Brady, displaying his shield. "Have you seen two men and a woman hurrying this way?"

"No, I haven't," replied the man. "The only persons I've seen for an hour were two niggers, an old fellow who used to work for old man La Rue and another."

"We are interested in them; was he a short old man with a bald head?"

"Yes; they call him Uncle Job. He lived with the old miser La Rue for years."

"Did he have a bundle with him?"

"No; they carried nothing that I saw."

Thanking the watchman, the detectives hurried on.

"They took away that gold days ago," said Old King Brady. "This whole business is a put-up job on Cassie. That's clear enough."

"Why didn't they go for us?" questioned Harry.

"Well, they knew that we were armed, for one thing. There are other ways of reasoning it out. The swamp is to be the scene of our work now."

"You surely don't intend to undertake that alone, Governor?"

"No; we can't risk it, although I would like to. We must have help. I shall have to apply to the police."

"For heaven sake, don't drag me into it," pleaded Pierre.

"Not yet. Stick to us; prove that you have really made a straight confession if you can and the police need not know of your connection with the affair."

"I don't know how I am going to prove my words."

"Don't worry. Let it drop for the present. Here we are."

They turned in at the hotel.

Here Pierre got his brandy and went to bed.

The Bradys did not leave him alone, however.

One of them watched him while he slept.

And sleep came to the young cotton broker almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

At seven o'clock he was still in a deep slumber.

Old King Brady now aroused Harry and, leaving him on the watch, hurried to the headquarters of the New Orleans police.

Here he met a Mr. Campbell, a deputy to the chief, to whom he introduced himself.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Brady," said the deputy. "Is this your first visit to New Orleans?"

"My hundred and first, perhaps," was the reply. "I need help on a case I am working on. I also wish to report the death of a woman named Madame Cassie Foncier."

"The quadroon fortune teller?"

"The same."

"Ha! Has that fraud met her fate at last?"

"She has. I am going to tell you the whole story. We have reached a point in our case where we are obliged to ask for your assistance, Mr. Campbell, although we do not usually trouble the police."

Old King Brady then told all that had occurred.

The only thing he omitted was any mention of Pierre La Rue's connection with the case.

Of course the deputy was up in the air at once.

"This is a great piece of business!" he exclaimed. "I know nothing of your witch doctor, but everybody in New Orleans knows Madame Foncier.

"And this veiled woman?"

"Is a most beautiful young white girl. It is known to this department that she has been living with Madame Foncier for the past year. The woman used her as a medium, or something of the sort. She ought to have been suppressed long ago, but the truth is, she was consulted by some of our best people, so there you are."

"Will you take charge of her remains and report what I have told you to Mr. Barlow, the executor of Isaac Le Rue?"

"I certainly will. You propose to beat up the swamp for the witch doctor, I suppose?"

"Yes; at once. Can I have six men?"

"At any time you want them."

"Let them meet me at the roadhouse at the edge of the swamp at ten o'clock."

"They shall. Do you want dogs?"

"Not at the start, certainly. My idea is to come on these people suddenly. It seems to me the only hope we have of finding the girl and the gold with any promptness. If they get wind of our coming they are liable to fool us for weeks."

"That is so. I think you are quite right."

"By the way, a young man goes with us who is a relative of Miss La Rue. Pierre La Rue by name."

"Where did you pick him up?"

"Oh, in the course of our inquiries we met him."

"I advise you to go very slow with him. He is known to be a morphine fiend of the worst kind. He has neglected his business until he has nothing left. He has been arrested for drunkenness many times."

"It's a bad character you are giving him?"

"Not a bit worse than he deserves, however. Still, I believe he comes in for his uncle's estate in case that girl's death is proved. We have been looking for him everywhere for over two weeks. Of course, it was believed that the girl was dead."

Old King Brady now left Mr. Campbell and was driven to the Widow La Rue's.

Here he remained but a few minutes, informing the unfortunate woman that he was making headway in the case.

He also prepared her to find that her daughter's mind had been somewhat unbalanced.

He left the widow hopeful of being soon reunited with her child.

Back to the St. Charles was the next thing on the programme.

La Rue was up and dressed.

He was very nervous, but otherwise showed no sign of being anything but a sensible young fellow.

At breakfast Old King Brady bluntly asked him if he had ever used morphine and was told that he had never touched the drug.

Directly after breakfast the Bradys and Pierre drove out to the roadhouse.

The plain-clothes men had not yet arrived, and as there was still half an hour to wait, Old King Brady started with his companions for the witch doctor's hut.

What he found there could scarcely be termed a surprise, for the old detective had expected it.

The place was completely deserted.

More than that, almost every article of any value was missing.

Not only had Uncle Job taken himself off, but it was very evident that he had no intention of returning.

"We have been slow about this business, Harry," said Old King Brady. "There is no denying that we might have saved Cassie's life if we had jumped in after her through the secret panel instead of waiting to talk to La Rue."

"It's a question whether her life was worth saving,"

replied Harry. "Still, we might have got some information out of her, I suppose."

They returned to the roadhouse to meet Messrs. Brown, Gallagher, Bacon, Smith, Wexley and Hunter.

Hunter was perhaps the most intelligent of the bunch.

"I know the swamp pretty well," he said. "This won't be the first nigger I've trailed there, but all the same I think we need dogs to do the job."

"I don't want dogs," replied the old detective, "and that is all there is to it. We'll go to the voodoo house first and from there we will strike about for one day at least."

"This voodoo house will be the hut them alligator hunters built four or five years back?" Hunter remarked to Gallagher.

Gallagher thought yes, and he was sure of it when they reached the spot.

The place was entirely deserted.

All trace of the voodoo symbols had disappeared.

But outside a ghastly discovery was made.

Here lay the dead bodies of five negroes.

Three had been shot and two hacked to death with razors.

If Hunter and his companions had been doubtful about the Bradys' voodoo story—and they certainly were—they could no longer doubt.

Now came a long and heated discussion as to which was the proper trail to follow. There were several leading back into the swamp, it appeared.

This was just what Old King Brady dreaded.

It is always so where a number of men are called in on a case.

The old detective stood quietly by until they had almost come to blows and then interfered.

"Now, my men," he said, "you have all had your say, let me have mine. Which of you knows this swamp best?"

All united on Hunter in this regard.

"Very well," replied Old King Brady, "then one point is settled. Hunter is to be the head of this hunt and is to guide me where I wish him to, for I want it distinctly understood that I propose to be the boss of my own business. Now, Hunter, where lies the next bunch of negro huts?"

"There are three bunches," replied Hunter, and he proceeded to explain how they lay.

None were nearer than four miles, it appeared; so as this meant a pretty stiff walk, Old King Brady fixed upon the nearest and they started on through the swamp.

CHAPTER XI.

OLD KING BRADY KNOCKED OUT.

The work of that morning may be briefly summed up as amounting to just nothing at all.

More than a dozen negro huts were visited, but no trace of the witch doctor was discovered.

Of course, it was quite useless to inquire openly for the old man, and they made no such attempt.

Posing as hunters at each house they came to Old King Brady did the talking and used such means as he could to draw the darkies out.

Some time after noon they came out upon a lake with rising ground behind on the opposite shore.

There at the top of the knoll a house could be seen standing by itself at the edge of a dense growth of cypress trees.

It was a long, low frame structure with an unfinished piazza running part way across the front.

The sashless windows and open doors gave it a dreary appearance as seen from the distance.

It was a striking object, and Old King Brady at once inquired what it was.

"Why, they call that La Rue's folly," said Hunter. "It's a summer hotel, if you please."

"A summer hotel here in the swamp?"

"It was so intended. It was built by old Isaac La Rue some ten years ago. There is the best of fishing here in this lake, and he got the idea there was money to be made here by entertaining fishing parties, so he started a young fellow to building that house, but before he got it half finished his man ran away with the money given him to pay the workmen, and the house has remained as you see it ever since."

"Is nobody in charge of the place?" Old King Brady asked.

"There used to be an old nigger in charge a year or so ago, when I was here last."

"Could that have been the witch doctor?"

"Oh, no. I know Uncle Job well enough. It was another man altogether—a big, powerful fellow, I disremember his name."

"Is there a path leading around the lake to the place?"

"There should be a road here somewhere," declared Hunter. "I've driven to that house. The road strikes in further up the lake road than where we started."

"We will go there," said Old King Brady; "see if you can't find your road."

Hunter pushed about among the bushes, and in the end did find the road.

It proved to be a mere trail, but the ground was firm, and in due time they reached the unfinished hotel.

They made a hasty tour of the many rooms, but nothing came of it until they reached a little room away up under the eaves.

Here they found a collection of trash, which the Bradys saw at once must belong to the voodoo people.

There were three ugly wooden idols, two pairs of cow-horns and one complete cow's skull with horns attached.

There were also three old army swords and other things.

"The trail is certainly getting warm," declared the old

detective. "Let us get dinner now. We are all tired and it will do us no harm to rest for an hour."

"That's all right," said Hunter, "but I know of no huts beyond this place, and I don't believe there are any. It seems to me that we have about reached the end of our rope."

Preparations for dinner were now made.

Harry seemed to be more exhausted than the old detective.

He flung himself down upon the piazza and in a few moments fell asleep.

Meanwhile La Rue, who had scarcely spoken during all their travels through the swamp, called Old King Brady aside.

"Mr. Brady," he said, "I want to tell you something. There are huts beyond this place, and very close to us, too."

"Ha!" exclaimed the old detective, "and how do you know that?"

"Because I was here several weeks ago. You know I told you that when I came out of my spells since the time I lost that dear girl, whose image is ever before me, I have found myself sometimes in one place and sometimes in another. On this occasion I found myself here. I was dreadfully used up, and when I started to find my way out I ran right upon these huts. There was a big black nigger in one of them—a fierce-looking fellow—but he treated me kindly enough, and after I had pulled myself together a bit he showed me the road over which we have just come. There were three other huts in the group, but all were deserted but the one at which I called. If you will come with me I will show you just where they lie."

Old King Brady turned to look for Harry, but, seeing that he had fallen asleep, he decided not to disturb him.

The plain-clothes men were busy with their dinner preparations, so without saying anything to them the old detective slipped away and, following Pierre's guidance, passed in among the cypress trees back of the house.

"How far do you call it to your huts?" he asked, as they walked along.

"Oh, perhaps half a mile," replied La Rue; "certainly no more. It is about as lonely a place as you could find. Perhaps it would be better to take some of those fellows with us."

"No, let them rest. We will take no chances. If there seems to be anyone in the huts we will go directly back."

They pushed on and soon came in sight of a group of negro cabins standing in a little clearing.

"There they are, just as I told you," said La Rue. "I don't think we had better go any further, do you?"

"We'll stand as we are for a few minutes and watch," replied Old King Brady.

They did so, but no one appeared in or about the huts.

The place seems to be completely deserted," remarked Old King Brady, "and yet this path is well defined. It cannot be long since people lived there."

"We had better go back, don't you think so?"

"I've more of a mind to go forward and see if we can't make some discovery."

"No, no! It is too risky. We had better keep together. These swamp niggers are desperate people as a rule."

As he spoke, La Rue stooped and pulled up a weed which bore a small blue flower.

"This is a pretty little thing," he remarked. "Do you know the name of it?"

"No, I don't," replied Old King Brady.

La Rue smelled of it and his face flushed.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "it smells just like Cassie's love potion, the stuff I have been taking, I mean."

"Throw it away, for heaven sake" cried the detective, whose eyes were still fixed upon the huts.

He dismissed the matter from his mind; indeed, he had paid very little attention to what La Rue was saying, regarding the young man as weak-minded at the best.

But instead of throwing the herb away, La Rue slyly slipped it into his mouth and began chewing it.

An expression of intense satisfaction came over his face; his eyes sparkled and a shudder went over his whole frame.

In a moment he had swallowed the herb and, stooping down, he plucked more and began chewing that.

It was ten minutes before Old King Brady looked around again. In the meanwhile the infatuated young man had swallowed several mouthfuls of the herb.

"I am satisfied that there is no one over there," said Old King Brady. "I think it will be safe to risk it, La Rue."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"What are you laughing at?"

"At you. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

La Rue laughed till his sides shook; he slapped his thigh and began jumping about.

"Look here!" cried Old King Brady, growing concerned. "have you been eating that stuff?"

"Eating it, yes!" cried La Rue, plucking more of the herb and thrusting it into his mouth, "why, of course I have. It's splendid. It is stronger even than Cassie's love potion, and it makes me feel just the same. Whoop! Hurrah! Have some, old man. Now I shall find my love, my Bright Star! This is the talk! Oh, I'm glad I came here. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Oh, I see her! Coming, dearest! Coming!"

Laughing and shouting wildly, La Rue broke away and ran across the open toward the huts.

"Heavens! what have I got on my hands now!" gasped Old King Brady. "What a fool I was not to look more closely after that crazy fellow. As it is, I must go after him—that's all."

In the meantime La Rue had covered the clearing and went dashing through the open door of the nearest of the huts.

All at once Old King Brady heard him give a yell which might have been heard at the old hotel.

At the same instant a gigantic negro appeared at the door.

"Hi, boss! Who yo? Whatter mattah wiv dat boy?" he cried.

"I'm in for it," thought Old King Brady. "This will be the fellow who is supposed to watch over the hotel."

"He's been eating some of this stuff!" he exclaimed, plucking a handful of the weed and advancing.

The negro was apparently unarmed, and Old King Brady hesitated about drawing his revolver.

"Where is he?" he called. "Look out for him. It will pay you. I'm afraid he has poisoned himself."

"It no kill him, massa," said the black giant, mildly. "Heah he am and heah he stop fer one while."

He pointed in at the door.

Old King Brady had now drawn near enough to see the interior of the hut.

It was rudely furnished darky style.

In one corner stood an old lounge, and upon this La Rue had flung himself flat on his back.

His eyes were closed and he appeared to be in a profound sleep.

"Dat's it," said the darky. "Dat's de witch grass. So yo' eat it it make you dream, yo' eat too much yo' keep on a dreamin' till you die."

"Is there no cure for it?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Hi, masse! How I know. I'se no doctah."

Old King Brady was puzzled what to do.

"The only way is to speak this fellow fair," he said to himself.

But he saw a chance to put in a word of inquiry now.

"By the way," he said, speaking of witch grass and doctors reminds me that I once heard you had a famous witch doctor here in this swamp. Uncle Job I believe he is called. Perhaps he lives around here. Perhaps he could do something for the boy. If so he shall be well paid."

"I don't know him," replied the man. "I never heah tell of any sich a pusson, and I've lived in dis hyar swamp goin' on three years."

"It's a bad business. I suppose we shall have to let him sleep it out."

"I specs yo' will, massa. Doan see no odder way. He's right welcome to stop in mah house till he comes to."

"What is your name?"

"I'se Caesar, massa. I'se tooken car' of de hotel fo' Massa La Rue."

"Oh, the old gentleman who died in New Orleans the other day."

"Yes, massa. He am dead. He never pay me much fo' lookin' after him property. Spects I doan yet nuffin at all now; but whose you, mought I ask?"

"Oh, I came here to take a look at the hotel," said Old King Brady, more puzzled than ever to know what to do.

Should he tell Caesar of those with him?

He did not like to leave La Rue to go back after his friends.

It was difficult to decide what to do.

"Youse tinkin' of buying de property and fixin' it up, boss?"

"Perhaps I shall. If I do there will be work for you."

"Dat be good. Bully fishin' in dat ar' pond, massa."

"What do you catch?"

"Wha' you ketch?"

"That's what I said."

"Golly! Yo' ketch dat ar'!" roared Caesar.

At the same instant a heavy club descended upon Old King Brady's head from behind.

The blow was stunning.

It was a wonder that the old detective's skull was not crushed in.

As it was, he lost consciousness on the instant and measured his length upon the floor.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

If Old King Brady had not been taken so unexpectedly, if he had been given time to look behind him, he would have seen that it was Uncle Job the Witch Doctor who wielded the club which laid him low.

And his was the first face he saw when consciousness returned to him, which happened a few moments later on.

But Old King Brady opened his eyes only to close them again, and to keep them closed.

There were three persons in the hut, the man Caesar, the witch doctor and the tall colored woman whom the old detective had seen with the witch doctor at the other hut at the entrance to the swamp.

It was the latter who was talking, and the detective was her theme.

"Thar' yo' be, Job," she said, using the negro dialect. "What I tell yer? I knowed he'd come. We got to hustle now an' kill him or suah we get ourselves into trouble, ole man."

"He's detective, all right," replied the witch doctor. "Spec's he's dead now."

"No he hain't," said Caesar. "We're fools we didn't kill him long ob Cassie. We had good chanst."

"No chanst 'tall," mumbled Uncle Job. "Hi! Wha' yo' talk, niggah. We fool Cassie. She want us to kill dese yere Bradys, kase why, she tink Pichotee gwinter tell he whar ole Marse La Rue hid him gold. Course I know whar. I ketch on to dat secret room long ago when I lib dar a slabe to Marse La Rue. Spec's I gib up my chanst to Cassie. Golly! I hain't no sich a fool."

"But now you've got the gold, what kin we do with it?" demanded the woman.

"Yo' know."

"Course she knows," added Caesar. "She gotter come to it, Uncle Job."

"And that's what I haven't," cried the woman, dropping her dialect. "You think I will go North with you two? I will never do it. As for that unfortunate girl, she must be brought out from under the influence of the witch weed which has held her enchained now for a year and set free."

"Huh!" snarled Job. "Yo' tink yo'self mighty fine. Yo' talk white folks' talk. Yo' tink yourself hull lot bettah dan yo' po' ole'husban'. Say, woman, yo' look out. Pichotee done kill you."

"You old fraud!" shrieked the woman, angered now. "Don't you dare to talk Pichotee to me. You may fool Cassie, but you can't fool me with your witch work. You never went into a trance in your life. There is no Pichotee. You knew where the gold lay hidden all the time, you old thief. Hi, Job! You think you can use Miss Jane for clairvoyant same as Cassie used her. You old fool you don't know how. As for yourself, you have got no more clairvoyant power than a dead cat."

Job jumped for her then and there might have been another murder done then and there if Caesar had not interfered.

"Come now! Come now! Fo' why you two keep a-squabblin'!" he cried, pulling the witch doctor away. "Dis yere won't do. We'se got bizness on our hands."

"In course we has," Job snarled. "Dat ar' what I tells Liza. We'se worth heap of money, most a million, I spec's, an' it's all in good gold, and stowed away up garret in dis yere hut. Under dem sarcumstances hain't it all blame fool bizness fo' to quarrel? Hi, dar! Course it is. Jes' wait till we get Norf! Den we libs in a palace an' wid dat gal to do de witch work fo' me I kin make a million more."

"But in de meantime we'se got dis yere ole man on our hands," growled Caesar. "What's to be done with him an' what's to be done with Marse Pierre?"

"So fur as Marse Pierre is concerned, I say we shall have to let him go loose," said the witch doctor.

"What about Young Mr. Brady? Whar yo' spose he am?" demanded Caesar. "Doan yo' spec's he'll be lookin' round for him ole man?"

Evidently these black wretches had no suspicion of the presence of Harry and the plain-clothes men at the hotel.

The case looked singularly hopeless for the old detective. It was just about this time that Harry woke up.

He had been awake all the night before, so it was no wonder he felt drowsy.

"Hain't you coming to dinner, young feller?" one of the men shouted, and Harry sprang to his feet.

"Why, sure I am," he replied. "I must have dropped off asleep."

He had brought one of the old swords down from the loft, and, picking it up now, he walked over to the fire the men had built.

"This must be a regular old-timer," he remarked.

"It's an old Confederate army sword," replied Hunter; "how ever the niggers came to get hold of it I don't know."

He poured out a cup of coffee and handed it to Harry.

"Where's Mr. Brady?" Harry asked, after he had drank the stuff.

"Can't tell you. He walked off somewhere with young La Rue," was the reply.

"Strange. How long ago was that?"

"More than half an hour."

"And he has not returned yet? This must be looked into."

Harry hurried through the meal and started to look about for the old detective.

The path leading to the huts was obscure, the entrance being much overgrown.

As it happened, Harry passed it and his search was consequently in vain.

Whichever way he went brought him up against the boggy land where no one could walk.

In a few minutes he came back to the men about the fire looking very much alarmed.

"I can't find anything of them!" he exclaimed. "Where in the world do you suppose they can have gone to?"

"We shall have to look them up," said Hunter, rising. "Come, boys, time to break camp. We'll all take hold."

They packed up in a hurry.

"I heard you hollering to him," said Hunter. "Did you get no answer at all?"

"Couldn't hear a sound. Are you familiar with the swamp beyond this point?"

"To tell the honest truth, boy, this is as far as I ever went, and while I don't want to scare you, I believe it is about as far as anyone can go with safety. I never heard of a trail beyond here."

They pushed about among the cypresses behind the hotel.

But each step brought them to water.

Suddenly there came a splash and a huge alligator dropping off a large hummock swam away.

"I'm almighty afraid the 'gators have got him," remarked Gallagher. "If it hain't so I don't see what else can have happened."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Harry. "Old King Brady is not the sort to drop into an alligator's hungry maw; besides, would one alligator get two men?"

"Thar mought have been two 'gators, boy."

"It is not to be thought of. There is some path leading in here if we can only find it, and that's where we want to look."

Harry had brought the sword along and he began hacking down the undergrowth here and there as they walked along the edge of the swamp.

And, as luck would have it, after a moment he cut down the very bush which obscured the entrance to the path.

"Here you are!" he cried. "This is the way they went, surest thing!"

"B'gosh it looks as though it muster been," said Hunter. "They could have gone this way and any other way they couldn't. I guess you are right."

But Harry did not wait for them to assent to his proposition.

Sword in hand, he went hurrying along the path, and in a few moments came in sight of the huts.

And it was high time.

Old King Brady's situation had not improved during the delay.

The witch doctor and his companions continued their seemingly endless talk.

At last it was decided that the only way was to kill the old detective, and then came the question as to how the murder was to be done.

It was time to make an appeal, if ever.

Old King Brady opened his eyes.

"I want to warn you against killing me," he said, quietly. "It won't pay you—that's all."

"Hi! Youse awake, den?" cried the witch doctor. "I was jest beginning to tink yo' dead, anyhow. Say, ole man, what fo' yo' come about a-pryin' an a-spyin'? I let yo' off las' night. Why couldn't you rest satisfied an' leab me alone?"

"I want to repeat what I have said," replied Old King Brady. "It won't pay you to kill me. The police know very well that I have come into this swamp, and they know why. If I don't come out on time there will be a pack of bloodhounds in here before night. You know what that means."

"I tole yo' so!" cried Liza. "Job, you want to make terms with that man. Yo' were a fool to tackle him in the first place. As it is now, the best thing you can possibly do is to let him go."

"Won't nuther," growled Job. "I swore I'd kill him, an' dat ar's what I'se gwinter do."

"As for pay," continued Old King Brady, "I am willing to give you all the money I have about me, and that is not such a small amount."

"Yes 'tis, it's blame small," sneered Job; "kase why, I'se taken it all away from you. It hain't no use talkin', ole man, yo' gotter die."

But Old King Brady doubted the darky having taken all the money.

In the old blue coat there are many secret pockets, and Old King Brady never carries all his money in one place.

He remained silent, however, reserving any further offer for a last throw.

And now the witch doctor got busy.

He brought out an old iron pot full of pine tar, which he set on the stove.

"I'll fix yo'!" he cried. "You meddlin' old fraud! I'll burn yo' eyes out fust an' kill yo' afterward."

"Good!" cried Caesar. "Dat's de talk. Dat am de very ting."

Now the woman Liza fell on her knees and began to pray.

Job tried to stop her, but she paid no heed.

She prayed that something would happen to balk her husband's evil purpose.

Meanwhile the tar was heated and the witch doctor, taking the pot from the stove, called upon Caesar to lift up Old King Brady, which he did.

"Now I fix yer!" he cried. "Ole woman, yo' prayers won't come true."

He thrust a pine knot into the hot tar and it immediately ignited.

"Hold!" cried Old King Brady. "There's more money! I'll tell you a secret! Wait!"

"Nebber," retorted Job. "Whatebber money you have got I'se bound to get anyhow. Good-by to yer eyes, ole man!"

It looked as if it was all up with Old King Brady.

With his legs fast and the big negro holding him there seemed to be no help.

Then the door flew open and in rushed Harry waving a sword.

Directly behind him came half a dozen men, and as many rifles covered the negroes in the hut.

Liza's prayer was answered.

Old King Brady was saved!

* * * * *

Perhaps never in his life had the old detective had a closer call.

But it was all over now.

Caesar and the witch doctor were quickly secured.

Then Old King Brady being released, they hurried to the other huts.

In one the girl Jane La Rue was found concealed.

The poor creature was in as much of a trance as was Pierre La Rue, who was found where he fell.

Up in the loft over the witch doctor's hut was Isaac La Rue's gold.

When counted up later it amounted to over half a million.

It must have taken the darkies days to bring it all to the swamp.

And so it all ended.

Jane La Rue was restored to her mother, Pierre to a hospital.

The widow's joy was unbounded.

Within a week her daughter's mind returned.

The Bradys stayed until all was adjusted for the widow's benefit and then returned to New York with a fat fee in their pockets.

Later they learned that Pierre, completely restored to health, had married his cousin.

And so as all is well that ends well, we close our tale of The Bradys and the Witch Doctor.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND ALDERMAN BROWN; OR, AFTER THE GRAFTERS OF GREENVILLE," which will be the next number (356) of "Secret Service."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

32 Pages of Reading Matter

Handsome Colored Covers

PRICE 5 CENTS A COPY

A New One Issued Every Friday

This Weekly contains interesting stories of smart boys, who win fame and fortune by their ability to take advantage of passing opportunities. Some of these stories are founded on true incidents in the lives of our most successful self-made men, and show how a boy of pluck, perseverance and brains can become famous and wealthy. Every one of this series contains a good moral tone, which makes "Fame and Fortune Weekly" a magazine for the home, although each number is replete with exciting adventures. The stories are the very best obtainable, the illustrations are by expert artists, and every effort is constantly being made to make it the best weekly on the news stands. Tell your friends about it.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE FIRST EIGHT TITLES AND DATES OF ISSUE

No. 1.—A Lucky Deal; or, The Cutest Boy in Wall Street	- - - - -	Issued Oct. 6th
" 2.—Born to Good Luck; or, The Boy Who Succeeded	- - - - -	" " 13th
" 3.—A Corner in Corn; or, How a Chicago Boy Did the Trick	- - - - -	" " 20th
" 4.—A Game of Chance; or, The Boy Who Won Out	- - - - -	" " 27th
" 5.—Hard to Beat; or, The Cleverest Boy in Wall Street	- - - - -	" Nov. 3rd
" 6.—Building a Railroad; or, The Young Contractors of Lakeview	- - - - -	" " 10th
" 7.—Winning His Way; or, The Youngest Editor in Green River	- - - - -	" " 17th
" 8.—The Wheel of Fortune; or, The Record of a Self-Made Boy	- - - - -	" " 24th

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher **24 Union Square, New York**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

FRANK, TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- " " YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " TEN-CENT HANDBOOKS, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

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

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

MESMERISM.

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

PALMISTRY.

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

HYPNOTISM.

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

SPORTING.

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

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

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

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

FORTUNE TELLING.

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

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

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

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

ATHLETIC.

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

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

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

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

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

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

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

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

MAGIC.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MECHANICAL.

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER WRITING.

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

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

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

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

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

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos; and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS. PRICE 5 CENTS.

LATEST ISSUES:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>319 Edwin Forrest's Boy Pupil; or, The Struggles and Triumphs of a Boy Actor. By N. S. Wood, the Young American Actor.</p> <p>320 Air Line Will, The Young Engineer of the New Mexico Express. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>321 The Richest Boy in Arizona; or, The Mystery of the Gila. By Howard Austin.</p> <p>322 Twenty Degrees Beyond the Arctic Circle; or, Deserted in the Land of Ice. By Berton Bertrew.</p> <p>323 Young King Kerry, the Irish Rob Roy; or, The Lost Lilly of Killarney. By Allyn Draper.</p> <p>324 Canoe Carl; or, A College Boy's Cruise in the Far North. By Allan Arnold.</p> <p>325 Randy Rollins, the Boy Fireman. A Story of Heroic Deeds. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.</p> <p>326 Green Mountain Joe, the Old Trapper of Malbro Pond. By An Old Scout.</p> <p>327 The Prince of Rockdale School; or, A Fight for a Railroad. By Howard Austin.</p> <p>328 Lost in the City; or, The Lights and Shadows of New York. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> <p>329 Switchback Sam, the Young Pennsylvania Engineer; or, Railroading in the Oil Country. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>330 Trapeze Tom, the Boy Acrobat; or, Daring Work in the Air. By Berton Bertrew.</p> <p>331 Yellowstone Kelly, A Story of Adventures in the Great West. By An Old Scout.</p> <p>332 The Poisoned Wine; or, Foiling a Desperate Game. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> <p>333 Shiloh Sam; or, General Grant's Best Boy Scout. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.</p> <p>334 Alone in New York; or, Ragged Rob, the Newsboy. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).</p> <p>335 The Floating Treasure; or, The Secret of the Pirate's Rock. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.</p> <p>336 Tom Throttle, The Boy Engineer of the Midnight Express; or, Railroading in Central America. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>337 The Diamond Eye; or, The Secret of the Idol. By Richard R. Montgomery.</p> <p>338 Ned North, The Young Arctic Explorer; or, The Phantom Valley of the North Pole. By Berton Bertrew.</p> <p>339 From Cabin to Cabinet; or, The Pluck of a Plowboy. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> <p>340 Kit Carson's Boys; or, With the Great Scout on His Last Trail. By An Old Scout.</p> <p>341 Driven to Sea; or, The Sailor's Secret. A Story of the Algerine Corsairs. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.</p> <p>342 Twenty Boy Spies; or, The Secret Band of Dismal Hollow. A Story of the American Revolution. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.</p> <p>343 Dashing Hal, the Hero of the Ring. A Story of the Circus. By Berton Bertrew.</p> <p>344 The Haunted Hut; or, The Ghosts of Rocky Gulch. By Allyn Draper.</p> <p>345 Dick Dashaway's School Days; or, The Boy Rebels of Kingan College. By Howard Austin.</p> <p>346 Jack Lever, the Young Engineer of "Old Forty"; or, On Time with the Night Express. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>347 Out With Peary; or, In Search of the North Pole. By Berton Bertrew.</p> <p>348 The Boy Prairie Courier; or, General Custer's Youngest Aide. A True Story of the Battle at Little Big Horn. By An Old Scout.</p> <p>349 Led Astray in New York; or, A Country Boy's Career in a Great City. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.</p> <p>350 Sharpshooter Sam, the Yankee Boy Spy; or, Winning His Shoulder Straps. Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.</p> <p>351 Tom Train, the Boy Engineer of the Fast Express; or, Always at His Post. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>352 We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan. By Allan Arnold.</p> <p>353 Jack Izzard, the Yankee Middy. A Story of the War With Tripoli. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.</p> | <p>354 The Senator's Boy; or, The Early Struggles of a Great Statesman. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> <p>355 Kit Carson on a Mysterious Trail; or, Branded a Renegade. By An Old Scout.</p> <p>356 The Lively Eight Social Club; or, From Cider to Rum. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.</p> <p>357 The Dandy of the School; or, The Boys of Bay Cliff. By Howard Austin.</p> <p>358 Out in the Streets; A Story of High and Low Life in New York. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor.)</p> <p>359 Captain Ray; The Young Leader of the Forlorn Hope. A True Story of the Mexican War. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.</p> <p>360 "3"; or, The Ten Treasure Houses of the Tartar King. By Richard R. Montgomery.</p> <p>361 Railroad Rob; or, The Train Wreckers of the West. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>362 A Millionaire at 18; or, The American Boy Croesus. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> <p>363 The Seven White Bears; or, The Band of Fate. A Story of Russia. By Richard R. Montgomery.</p> <p>364 Shamus O'Brien; or, The Bold Boy of Glingall. By Allyn Draper.</p> <p>365 The Skeleton Scout; or, The Dread Rider of the Plains. By An Old Scout.</p> <p>366 "Merry Matt"; or, The Will-o-the-Wisp of Wine. A True Temperance Story. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> <p>367 The Boy With the Steel Mask; or, A Face That Was Never Seen. By Allan Arnold.</p> <p>368 Clear-the-Track Tom; or, The Youngest Engineer on the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>369 Gallant Jack Barry, The Young Father of the American Navy. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.</p> <p>370 Laughing Luke, The Yankee Spy of the Revolution. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.</p> <p>371 From Gutter to Governor; or, The Luck of a Waif. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> <p>372 Davy Crockett, Jr.; or, "Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead." By An Old Scout.</p> <p>373 The Young Diamond Hunters; or, Two Runaway Boys in Treasure Land. A Story of the South African Mines. By Allan Arnold.</p> <p>374 The Phantom Brig; or, The Chase of the Flying Clipper. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.</p> <p>375 Special Bob; or, The Pride of the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>376 Three Chums; or, The Bosses of the School. By Allyn Draper.</p> <p>377 The Drummer Boy's Secret; or, Oath-Bound on the Battlefield. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.</p> <p>378 Jack Bradford; or, The Struggles of a Working Boy. By Howard Austin.</p> <p>379 The Unknown Renegade; or, The Three Great Scouts. By An Old Scout.</p> <p>380 80 Degrees North; or, Two Years On The Arctic Circle. By Berton Bertrew.</p> <p>381 Running Rob; or, Mad Anthony's Rollicking Scout. A Tale of The American Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.</p> <p>382 Down the Shaft; or, The Hidden Fortune of a Boy Miner. By Howard Austin.</p> <p>383 The Boy Telegraph Inspectors; or, Across the Continent on a Hand Car. By Jas. C. Merritt.</p> <p>384 Nazoma; or, Lost Among the Head-Hunters. By Richard R. Montgomery.</p> <p>385 From Newsboy to President; or, Fighting for Fame and Fortune. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> <p>386 Jack Harold, The Cabin Boy; or, Ten Years on an Unlucky Ship. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.</p> <p>387 Gold Gulch; or, Pandey Ellis's Last Trail. By An Old Scout.</p> <p>388 Dick Darlton, the Poor House Boy; or, The Struggles of a Friendless Waif. By H. K. Shackelford.</p> |
|---|---|

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

..... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

LATEST ISSUES:

- 289 The Bradys and the Bandits' Gold; or, Secret Work in the Southwest.
- 290 The Bradys and Captain Thunderbolt; or, Daring Work in Death Valley.
- 291 The Bradys' Trip to Chinatown; or, Trailing an Opium Fiend.
- 292 The Bradys and Diamond Dan; or, The Mystery of the John Street Jewels.
- 293 The Bradys on Badman's Island; or, Trapping the Texas "Terror."
- 294 The Bradys and the Hop Hitters; or, Among the Opium Fiends of Frisco.
- 295 The Bradys and "Boston Ben"; or, Tracking a Trickster to Tennessee.
- 296 The Bradys' Latest "Bad" Man; or, The Case of Idaho Ike.
- 297 The Bradys and the Wall Street "Wonder"; or, The Keen Detectives' Quick Case.
- 298 The Bradys' Call to Kansas; or, The Matter of Marshal Mundy.
- 299 The Bradys and Old Bill Battle; or, After the Colorado Coiners.
- 300 The Bradys and the Man from Wall Street; or, The Strange Disappearance of Captain Carew.
- 301 The Bradys and Big Bart Brown; or, Trapping the "Terror" of Toddleton.
- 302 The Bradys and the 'Frisco Fakirs; or, The Boy Who was Lost in Chinatown.
- 303 The Bradys and "Klondike Kate"; or, The Hurry Call from Dawson.
- 304 The Bradys and "Pullman Pete"; or, The Mystery of the Chicago Special.
- 305 The Bradys and the Wall Street Prince; or, The Boy Who Broke the Brokers.
- 306 The Bradys and the "Belle of Bolton"; or, The Search for the Lost Frisco Liner.
- 307 The Bradys and the Bingo Boys; or, The Trail that Led to Hangtown.
- 308 The Bradys and the Broker's Club; or, Solving a Wall Street Mystery.
- 309 The Bradys and "Bad Buzzard"; or, The Fight for the Five Forks Mine.
- 310 The Bradys and the Chinese Prince; or, The Latest Mott Street Mystery.
- 311 The Bradys and the Man From Tombstone; or, After the "King of Arizona."
- 312 The Bradys and Hop Toy; or, Working for the Mayor of Chinatown.
- 313 The Bradys and the Copper King; or, The Mystery of the Montague Mine.
- 314 The Bradys and "Bullion Bill"; or, The Mystery of Mill No. 13.
- 315 The Bradys in Joliet; or, The Strange Case of Jeweler James.
- 316 The Bradys and "Roaring Rube"; or, Rounding up the "Terror" of Ten Mile Creek.
- 317 The Bradys and the Boss of Broad Street; or, The Case of the "King of the Curb."
- 318 The Bradys Desert Trail; or, Lost on the Deadman's Run.
- 319 The Bradys and the Opium Syndicate; or, After the "Marquis" of Mott Street.
- 320 The Bradys and "General Jinks"; or, After the Card Crooks of the "Katy Flyer."
- 321 The Bradys and the Man With the Barrel; or, Working for the Prince of Wall Street.
- 322 The Bradys and "Bedrock Bill"; or, The "Deadmen" from Deadwood.
- 323 The Bradys and the "King" of Chicago; or, The Man Who Cornered Corn.
- 324 The Bradys and Admiral Brown; or, Working for the United States Navy.
- 325 The Bradys and "Madame Millions"; or, The Case of the Wall Street Queen.
- 326 The Bradys and the "Prince" of Peking; or, Called on a Chinese Clew.
- 327 The Bradys Facing Death; or, Trapped by a Clever Woman.
- 328 The Bradys' Rio Grande Raid; or, Hot Work at Badman's Bend.
- 329 The Bradys' Madhouse Mystery; or, The Search for Madame Montford.
- 330 The Bradys and the Swamp Rats; or, After the Georgia Moonshiners.
- 331 The Bradys and "Handsome Hal"; or, Duping the Duke of Dakota.
- 332 The Bradys and the Mad Financier; or, Trailing the "Terror" of Wall Street.
- 333 The Bradys and the Joplin Jays; or, Three "Badmen" from Missouri.
- 334 The Bradys and Capt. Klondike; or, The Man from the North Pole.
- 335 The Bradys and the Wall Street Club; or, Three Lost "Lambs."
- 336 The Bradys' Lightning Raid; or, Chased Through the Hole in the Wall.
- 337 The Bradys and the Hip Sing Ling; or, After the Chinese Free Masons.
- 338 The Bradys' Diamond Syndicate; or, The Case of the "Marquis" of Wall Street.
- 339 The Bradys and the Seven Masks; or, Strange Doings at the Doctors' Club.
- 340 The Bradys and the President's Special; or, The Plot of the 1-2-3.
- 341 The Bradys and the Russian Duke; or, The Case of the Woman From Wall Street.
- 342 The Bradys and the Money Makers; or, After the "Queen of the Queer."
- 343 The Bradys and the Butte Boys; or, The Trail of the Ten "Terrors."
- 344 The Bradys and the Wall Street "Widow"; or, The Flurry in P. F. V.
- 345 The Bradys' Chinese Mystery; or, Called by the "King" of Mott Street.
- 346 The Bradys and "Brazos Bill"; or, Hot Work on the Texas Border.
- 347 The Bradys and Broker Black; or, Trapping the Tappers of Wall Street.
- 348 The Bradys at Big Boom City; or, Out for the Oregon Land Thieves.
- 349 The Bradys and Corporal Tim; or, The Mystery of the Fort.
- 350 The Bradys' Banner Raid; or, The White Boys of Whirlwind Camp.
- 351 The Bradys and the Safe Blowers; or, Chasing the King of the Yegm...
- 352 The Bradys at Gold Lake; or, Solving a Klondike Mystery.
- 353 The Bradys and "Dr. Doo-Da-Day"; or, The Man Who was Lost on Mott Street.
- 354 The Bradys' Tombstone "Terror"; or, After the Arizona Mine Wreckers.
- 355 The Bradys and the Witch Doctor; or, Mysterious Work in New Orleans.
- 356 The Bradys and Alderman Brown; or, After the Grafters of Greenville.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** 24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR— Enclosed find..... cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.

.... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.

.... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.

Name..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....