

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. 369.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE CHINESE "COME:ONS"; OR, DARK DOINGS IN DOYERS STREET.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



The mystery of the little shutter was explained when it suddenly flew open, revealing a hideous horned head—a typical Chinese mask. "No 'lest dlat man!" the figure cried, throwing out its arms. "Me makee you plenty trouble so you do!"

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CHAPTER I.

THE BRADYS AND THE WARRING "TONGS."

"Not a letter this morning," remarked Young King Brady, as in company with his great chief he entered the shabby little office on Park Row in the city of New York.

Shabby though it was, this self-same office is a place which has seen some strange doings in its day.

It is the headquarters of the Bradys, the best-known detectives in America, and when we have said that we have said a great deal.

Old King Brady was close behind his pupil and partner.

"It is some time since this has occurred," he said. "Nevertheless, we can dispense with letters for one morning."

"Of course," replied the younger detective, "but for all that we may get a case before the day is out."

"Indeed we may, Harry, and even if we don't I shall be pleased to have a day to myself for once."

Thus saying, Old King Brady seated himself at his desk, and began looking over some papers relating to a case which he had just completed.

The old detective was attired in his usual peculiar costume, which has become with him a sort of business trademark, so to speak.

He wore the famous white hat with its broad brim, and the old-fashioned long blue coat with its double row of flat brass buttons down the front.

Around his throat, as usual, was the ancient black silk "stock" and the stand-up collar.

In short, Old King Brady would have stood for a model of a fashion-plate for the year 1840 or thereabouts.

"I see there was more shooting in Doyers street last night," remarked Harry, who was looking over the morning paper.

"So?" replied Old King Brady. "Highbinders and On-Leongs?"

"The police don't seem to know."

"Anybody killed?"

"That's what they can't find out."

"They are a bright bunch up there."

"That's what."

"Oh, but I mean it, Harry! They know which side their bread is buttered. It don't pay them to interfere in these Chinese quarrels, and they don't—that's all."

"Well, according to the newspaper account here it certainly looks as though it was some such case as that."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the shots were heard in front of the Chinese theater at about half-past twelve. When the cops came two Chinks were found bleeding on the sidewalk. Just then there was a big hullabaloo down at the corner of Chatham Square. The cops chased down there in time to see a bunch of Chinamen scatter. When they went back up Doyers street the two wounded Chinks had disappeared."

"Yes, yes! Just as I say, Harry. They saw nothing because they did not want to see anything. They are a queer bunch up there."

"Hold on! Don't I hear the padded hoof of a Chink on the stairs now?" cried Young King Brady.

Muffled footsteps were certainly to be heard outside.

In a moment they were at the door.

First a knock and then a Chinese face peering in.

"Dlose dem Bladys by dlis place?" was asked in a half-scared voice.

"Yes, yes, John; come in," said Harry.

The door went wider open, and not only one Chinaman, but three came gliding in.

A particularly fat Chinaman acted as spokesman.

"Me Mlister Old Kling Blady see!" he muttered.

"Are you, indeed!" laughed the old detective. "That's news. No, I don't see."

"Mlust see! Mlust see!" cried the Chink, looking alarmed.

"There, there! You see him. I am Old King Brady."

"Detective?"

"Yes, the detective."

"Me velly bad speakee. Me wantee you belly much."

"You had better get someone to talk for you, then. I can't understand you at all," said the old detective.

Old King Brady gets along pretty well with Chinamen who can speak fair English. With those who cannot he has but little patience, it must be owned.

"I think I can manage him, Governor," said Harry.

"Come, John!" he exclaimed. "Speak up! Tell us what you want?"

At the same instant the sound of other "padded hoofs" was heard outside.

The three Chinamen immediately began chattering wildly.

The air was filled with "hongs," "monges," "tongs," and all the rest of it.

Harry threw open the door, and as he did so four more Chinks came sliding in.

No sooner did they catch sight of the party already there than they set up a wild shout.

Now the little office was suddenly transformed into the scene of a tong war.

Both parties drew knives, and made a rush for each other.

If the Bradys had not got down to business in a hurry there would have been bloodshed.

But both the detectives are as quick as lightning when it comes to an emergency.

Before the warring Chinks had time to strike they found Old King Brady on one side, and Harry on the other, both covering them with cocked revolvers.

This called a halt.

"Get out of my office, you yellow rats!" roared Old King Brady, for once in a rage.

"Go chase yourselves!" shouted Harry.

"Out! Out!" cried Old King Brady. "Out, or I'll do damage to some of you!"

Perhaps the words were not all understood, but the old detective's meaning was too plain to be mistaken.

The latest comers fled to the hall and ran down the stairs.

The three were about to follow when Old King Brady held them back by placing himself in the doorway.

"Hold on, you!" he cried. "I won't have you killing each other on my stairs! Give the others time to get away first!"

"You takee case? You takee case? Me pay huddled dollar!" the fat Chinaman cried.

"I take no case from you. Shoo! Get out!" returned Old King Brady, and clearing the way he motioned the Chinamen to the door.

They went out, chattering volubly.

Old King Brady slammed the door and locked it.

"Was there ever such a botheration?" he cried. "Those wretched rat-eaters would actually have started one of their infernal tong wars right in my office. The impudence of them!"

Harry burst out in peals of laughter.

"Come, now; I don't see anything to laugh at!" growled Old King Brady. "Do we want to have half a dozen dead Chinks lying around here on the office floor?"

"Well, no, we don't, Governor, and that's a fact," replied Harry, calming down now as he saw his chief was getting a little miffed.

"I should say not."

"But what do you suppose they wanted?"

"How should I know?"

"But a Chinese case goes good once in a while. There is always lots of spice in it."

"That's enough, Harry. If any of those fellows come here again chase 'em out—that's all," said Old King Brady, with an emphasis which told Harry that he might now consider the incident closed.

But it was written that the incident was not to be closed quite so easy.

Among the richer denizens of Chinatown the Bradys have not a few customers, and some of this strange people they count as friends.

Among these is one Quong Lee, who keeps an opium joint on Chatham Square.

This man has been of the greatest service to the keen detectives, not only once, but many times.

In return, Old King Brady has shown the divekeeper many favors, and he would not think of refusing any reasonable request which might come from that quarter.

Thus when an hour later the door opened and old Quong, accompanied by the fat Chinaman, came shuffling in, it was quite a different affair.

By this time Old King Brady had worked himself into better humor.

"Hello, Quong!" he exclaimed, "and how are you? So you have brought that fellow back here. I told him to get out and stay out. How is this?"

"He flender mine, Blady," replied Quong, dropping into a chair. "He muchee lich man. He Duke of Doyers stleet, but he no speakee good English—see?"

The "Duke" was grinning from ear to ear.

"Sit down," said Old King Brady, motioning to his old cane chairs. "What do you want, Quong? Out with it, now."

"He comee here ddis morning no to makee trouble. Dlat no him fault, Blady. Dlose fellers Highbinders, belly bad Chinamen—yes."

"Dley try killee me," said the Duke, grinning as though it was a good joke.

"Yes, yes! I know. What is it you want? Let Quong do the talking," was the reply.

"Well, it was likee dliss," said Quong, whose own English was none too good. "Wing Duck he have whole lot to do with joss-house—see?"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"He bling god flom China. Comee Flisco, den flom Flisco comee here in box by spress. He losee plaper—leceipt. No can get. You helpee him?"

"You mean to say that there is a statue of some of your heathen gods in the express office and you cannot get it without the receipt—is that it?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Dlat it! Dlat it!"

"And they won't give it up?"

"No."

"How came you to lose the receipt or whatever it is? You don't need any receipt for an express package. I don't understand."

Nor could Quong Lee explain intelligibly.

The nearest Old King Brady could come to it was that there was some Chinese statue at the Wells Fargo express office on Broadway that the company refused to deliver.

Harry suggested that there might be a question of identification involved.

Old King Brady then suggested that Wing Duck accompany him to the express office.

This started a long argument in Chinese between the two men.

At last Quong Lee said that his friend the Duke preferred not to go, but that he would go in his place.

The easiest way out of it seemed to be to get down to the express office and find out what these Chinamen were driving at.

"Will you wait here while we go?" Old King Brady asked of the Duke.

But the Duke thought not.

He concluded that he had better go home.

Quong Lee informed the Bradys that he could be found at any time on Doyers street.

And thus it was arranged that a report should be made to him there.

And so the Bradys locked up their office—the old detective never will keep a clerk—and went with Quong Lee down to lower Broadway.

Here they called at the Wells Fargo express office and inquired for the box, which was according to Quong addressed to Wing Duck.

"Why, that box was claimed an hour ago," said the clerk. "A couple of Chinamen came here in a wagon and took it away."

A tall gentleman, evidently connected with the office, happened to be passing outside the counter at the time.

He turned on the clerk and in an excited manner exclaimed:

"Do you mean that long case which was billed as containing a statue and had the Chinese address on it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Who gave it up?"

"Mr. Manning. Two Chinamen called for it. They had the order."

"And it is gone?"

"Yes, sir! They took it away in a wagon."

"This is a pretty piece of business!"

Then, turning upon the detectives he said:

"You are Old King Brady, I believe?"

"That is my name," replied the old detective.

"Who are you acting for in this matter?"

"For this Chinaman," was the reply.

Old King Brady turned to look for Quong Lee, who he supposed to be standing right behind him, but nearer the door.

To his surprise and disgust the wily divekeeper, for reasons best known to himself, had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

UP AGAINST A WELLS FARGO MYSTERY.

"Where did that fellow go?" exclaimed Old King Brady, looking around.

"I didn't see," replied Harry, much chagrined.

He made a bolt for the door when the clerk said that he had seen the Chinaman go out.

"Remain here, please, Mr. Brady," said the gentleman earnestly. "I am afraid this is likely to prove a very serious affair, and quite in your line."

"Just so," replied the old detective, on the alert at once. "May I ask your name?"

"It's Doolittle. I am assistant superintendent of this office. Who is that Chinaman?"

"He represents one Wing Duck, who is known as the Duke of Doyers street."

"So? We have had packages for that duck before. But this one—what is his name?"

"Really, I didn't ask him."

Old King Brady had no intention of giving his old friend Quong Lee away unless forced into it.

That he had stumbled on a mystery was evident.

Old King Brady had dealt with Chinese mysteries before this, and he knew that as a rule they are complicated affairs.

Why had the wily Quong suddenly sloped when he heard the clerk say that the statue had been delivered.

He must have foreseen trouble—that was clear.

"Will you come with me, Mr. Brady?" Mr. Doolittle now asked.

"Just wait a minute. My partner won't be gone long," was the reply.

While it cannot be said that Old King Brady is detective-in-chief of the Wells Fargo Express Co., he has still handled many important cases for that powerful corporation, particularly in the Far West, and they know him well.

But with Mr. Doolittle, as it so happened, he had never come into direct contact before.

The superintendent waited with manifest impatience.

In a moment Harry came back.

As he entered the door Old King Brady by means of a secret sign, one of a regular code of signals which these detectives use between themselves, said:

"Name no names."

"Did you find him?" he asked aloud.

"No," replied Harry. "He has given us the slip."

"So much for fooling with a Chinaman. I might have known it would get us into trouble," said Old King Brady, adding:

"Now, Mr. Doolittle, I am at your service. Let me begin by explaining my position. This man Wing Duck came to me and asked my help to get this statue, which he stated the Wells Fargo Company would not give up. As I could not make out why, I came here with his companion, who could speak English while he could not, for the purpose of finding out the reason. That is all."

"You have done considerable work for our company," replied the assistant, "and as the superintendent is away I shall take the responsibility of putting this case in your

hands if you will attend to it. I am told that you know Chinatown better than any detective in New York."

"We certainly know it pretty well," was the reply. "Of course, I shall not refuse the Wells Fargo Express."

"Follow me to my office, gentlemen," said Mr. Doolittle. "I have a strange story to relate."

They passed to the rear and entered a private office.

Here Mr. Doolittle, seating himself at his desk, called through one of several speaking tubes:

"Send Mr. Manning to me."

Of course, the Bradys could not hear the answers, but the other side of the conversation reached their ears plainly enough.

"What! Sick?"

"Asleep?"

"Wake him at once and send him here!"

"What do you say—you can't wake him?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Doolittle. Don't let the man be disturbed," broke in Old King Brady. "There may be a valuable clew here."

Mr. Doolittle gave the order.

"Why, this is a strange piece of business?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing is strange when you are dealing with Chinamen," said Old King Brady. "Who is this man Manning, may I ask?"

"He has general charge of our deliveries downstairs."

"And he has fallen into a mysterious sleep?"

"So it seems. I can't understand it. The man must be sick. He never drinks a drop."

"Let him alone. I will look him over presently. Now about this dead body, which instead of a Chinese statue was found in that case."

"Now, whoever told you that? Your Chinese friends?" cried Mr. Doolittle, leaning back in his chair.

"Nothing of the sort," replied Old King Brady. "I read it in your face."

"You must be a pretty slick mind reader, then. However, what you say is quite correct."

"Let us have the story."

"The story is simple enough. We received this case from San Francisco yesterday. With it came advices stating that it was to be delivered only to the person who presented an order the duplicate of which was enclosed in the letter of advice."

"Well?"

"Well, there were two sets of Chinamen who turned up here after the case, and they kicked up a big row about it, but as neither set had the order, it was refused them. That was late yesterday afternoon."

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, sir, this noon, noticing that the case, which was said to contain a bronze statue, was in pretty bad condition, Manning ventured to open it to see if the statue had been injured. This was partly his reason, but his suspicion that all was not as it should be was excited from the fact that several holes had been bored in the cover."

"And the body was found inside?"

"Yes."

"Man or woman?"

"It was the body of a red-headed woman as ugly as sin."

"Did you see her?"

"Yes. She lay there in a mass of padding. She looked for all the world as if she was asleep."

"Ha! There were no signs of death?"

"Oh, yes. The body was quite cold."

"Did you call a doctor?"

"No. Manning and I were the only ones who saw the corpse. I didn't want to get into trouble, so I determined to turn the matter over to the police captain of this precinct. I telephoned for him, but he was not in, so I told Manning to box the thing up and wait till the captain came. He had positive orders to deliver it to nobody. I can't comprehend how he ever came to give the thing up."

"When did this happen?"

"It was about two hours ago that we made the discovery."

"And that is all you know?"

"That is all."

"Let us get downstairs and see Manning."

"Hold on, Mr. Brady. What do you think?"

"Why were the holes bored in the cover, Mr. Doolittle?"

"My dear man, the same horrible suspicion has just occurred to me. Perhaps the woman was hypnotized or drugged!"

Old King Brady made no reply.

"Would it be possible for a person to be sent across the continent in a hypnotic trance?" continued Mr. Doolittle.

"Such things have been done," replied Old King Brady, gravely. "The French hypnotists keep their subjects in the trance state for weeks at a time. But let us see Manning. Perhaps he has been hypnotized, too."

Mr. Doolittle led them to the basement.

Here they found several employees gathered about a stout red-faced man who was sitting in an old arm-chair with his head hanging down upon his breast.

"What's the matter with Manning, Hanley," demanded Mr. Doolittle, sternly. "Is he drunk?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," was the reply of one of the bystanders. "I seen him sitting here awhile ago. I thought he was asleep, so I didn't disturb him. When I tried to wake him up later he would not answer me or rouse at all. That's all I know."

"Manning! Manning! Wake up here!" cried Mr. Doolittle, shaking the fellow.

There was no response—no movement of any sort.

"Wait a bit," said Old King Brady. "Hanley!"

"Yes, sir."

"Were there Chinamen down here?"

"No, sir."

"No one is allowed here," said Mr. Doolittle.

"Who ordered the case which contained the statue given up?" demanded the detective.

"Mr. Manning," was the reply.

"It was hoisted up to the sidewalk?"

"No, sir. It was delivered to the wagon on the Church street side."

"Oh, I see. Who had this wagon?"

"Three Chinamen."

"Any name on it?"

"I didn't notice, sir. There might have been."

"Stay," said Mr. Doolittle. "We might as well get to the bottom of this business. Call Billy Jones."

In a few moments the clerk whom the Bradys had first interviewed appeared.

"Jones, you got the original of that order on the Chinese statue?" the superintendent sternly demanded.

"No, sir. Mr. Manning had it."

"How did he get it?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you, sir."

"But as you well know, it should have been stamped by you before the case was delivered. Why was this not done?"

"Mr. Manning told me that he had left the order downstairs and that he would bring it up later," said Jones, looking from the sleeping man to the superintendent, and evidently very much disturbed.

"That is all," said Mr. Doolittle. "Go!"

"This is a pretty mess," he whispered to Old King Brady. "You see there is a case for you, all right. I leave everything in your hands."

"Send these people away, and go with them," replied the old detective, adding:

"Harry, you go, too."

This order was obeyed, and Old King Brady was left alone with the sleeper, who was breathing regularly.

Now, Old King Brady claims no hypnotic powers.

But in the course of his long and varied career he has more than once had to do with people in Manning's condition.

The belief is general, but erroneous, that a person hypnotized can only be restored to consciousness by the hypnotizer.

As concerns persons of ordinary mental make-up this is true enough.

But there are those who have wills strong enough to break the trance brought upon people by others.

Old King Brady is one of these.

He has several times succeeded in awakening hypnotized subjects.

He proposed to try it on the heavy, lumpish fellow who sat before him now, for hypnotized and nothing else he firmly believed him to be.

For many minutes the old detective stood there gazing at the man.

He was concentrating his whole mind upon him, and upon the desire to arouse him from this strange sleep.

Suddenly snapping his fingers, Old King Brady exclaimed in a loud, commanding voice:

"Manning, wake up! Stand on your feet!"

Instantly the head was raised, and the eyes opening,

fixed themselves upon Old King Brady—there was no other response.

But the old detective knew that he had got his man. Twice again he tried it, and the last time with success.

Manning staggered to his feet, exclaiming:

"Who are you? What's the matter with me?"

"Mr. Doolittle!" called Old King Brady, stepping aside.

Harry and the superintendent now came forward.

"There's your man," said Old King Brady. "He is in shape to talk to you now."

But Mr. Doolittle did not seem to know what to say.

"What's the matter with you, Manning?" he asked

"I—I am sure I don't know, sir. What is the matter?" demanded the man in a frightened way.

"You have been asleep in that chair for the last hour."

"Asleep, sir!"

"Yes."

"I—I——"

"Have you been drinking?"

"No, no, sir! I never touch a drop in business hours—not even a glass of beer. I must be sick, I suppose."

"I should say so. Give me the order for that case."

"What case, sir?"

"The case from San Francisco which contained the corpse—the case you gave to those Chinamen."

"Mr. Doolittle!"

"Well, well! Don't you hear?"

"But I never gave up the case. You told me not to."

"The case is gone. You delivered it to three Chinamen. You told Billy Jones you had the order."

"I, sir! I did that?"

"Yes, yes. Let me see the order."

"But I haven't got it, sir. I never had it. I never saw the Chinamen. I never gave up the case."

"But you did."

"Good heavens, Mr. Doolittle, I must be going dippy, then! I don't remember a thing about all that."

"Leave him alone," said Old King Brady. "Come with me, Mr. Doolittle."

The old detective led the way to the open doors at the Church street end of the long building.

"There is only one thing about it," he said, "that man has been hypnotized into doing what he did."

"But by a Chinaman?"

"Why not? You don't know the Chinese as I do," said Old King Brady, quietly. "If you did you would know what I know, that there are among them the most powerful hypnotizers on earth."

CHAPTER III.

THE BRADYS BALKED.

It is not necessary to go into further details as to the manner in which Old King Brady came to get hold of this mysterious case.

It is enough to state that he accepted a commission from the Wells Fargo Co. to look into the affair.

Before leaving the building Old King Brady assured himself of all the facts.

That the case supposed to contain a bronze statue had actually contained a hypnotized woman Old King Brady had no doubt.

With the express company the main point was to keep the matter out of the newspapers and to protect themselves against a damage claim.

As for the shippers of the case, the name was given as Ching Ling, No. 80 Dupont street, San Francisco.

The consignee was Wing Duck, the notorious Duke of Doyers street, a leader of the famous Chinese clan of the On-Leong.

Now, in dealing with Chinamen where they have reason to fear arrest on criminal process, the greatest secrecy must be observed if one wants success.

For the Bradys to have tumbled into Doyers street demanding Wing Duck right and left would have been the very worst way to go about it.

That the matter was a very serious one for the Duke was evident.

Had not supposed Highbinders actually had the audacity to follow him to Old King Brady's office and try to stab him in the presence of the famous detectives?

Surely nothing more was required to prove how much care was needed in dealing with the case.

"We will go back to the office, Harry," said Old King Brady, "and you shall go and tell Quong Lee that I must see him there at once."

"Perhaps he won't come," suggested Harry.

"Oh, yes, he will," replied Old King Brady, dryly. "Quong is no fool."

This was evidenced when they reached the office.

There stood the old divekeeper at the door.

Very probably the Chinese can read each other's thoughts by their faces to a certain extent, but for a white man to read the thoughts of a Chinaman is next to impossible.

Quong Lee's face as Old King Brady saw it was as expressionless as a block of wood.

But the old detective knows this particular Chink as well as any white man can ever know a Chinaman.

Two things he knew for certain.

Quong Lee would do nothing to interfere with the business of the opium joint on Chatham Square, nor anything likely to get him into the hands of the police.

"Come upstairs, Quong," he said, nodding to the divekeeper.

But Quong thought differently.

"No upstairs," he said, emphatically. "You come my place, Blady. Come now!"

"Don't think I've got time, Quong."

"Must have time, Blady—must!"

"What made you run away, you old rascal?"

Quong shut one eye and lit a cigarette, after offering his cigarette case to the detectives.

"Must lun away," he said. "Say, dlis no my business. Me mind my own business. Me pullee out now all samee sneak—see?"

"I see. You're not in it?"

"Yair, Blady. Not in it. Me tellee Wing Duck me helpee you, so me no lun against cops. So me lun against cops me lun away—see?"

"I see. Just like you, Quong."

"So me say come me place soon, Blady. No with me. No with Mr. Harry. Come lonee, come quick—see?"

And with this Quong shuffled off up Park Row.

"Well!" exclaimed Harry. "What about that?"

"Oh, I shall have to go," said the old detective. "That's all there is to it."

"I don't like the idea of you going alone, Governor."

"I know Quong Lee. I am not a bit afraid."

"None of us know the Chinese race. Never did, never will. I have heard you say so a hundred times yourself."

"Just so. Let's go upstairs."

When they got in the office Harry began to talk about hypnotism.

"Don't you think that man was shamming, Governor?" he asked.

"No, I don't; still, he might have been."

"I can't quite go it. He had delivered that case when he had no business to; he knew he was going to get into trouble for doing it. You see, it was so easy for him to pretend to be asleep."

"Theory is all right, my boy; only trouble is he is not the sort of man to play any such game. You could tell that by looking in his face."

"Of course, there are powerful hypnotists among the Chinese."

"Indeed, yes. Unlike the Hindoo fakirs, they never let white people see their operations, but I have seen enough to know of what I speak, and you have seen some of it yourself."

"That's right. Well, I suppose we shall have to wait until you have been to Quong Lee before we make any more headway."

"It would be best."

"Suppose I go up to Doyers street and just report to the Duke that we found the box had been delivered?"

"Do we have to?"

"Well, of course we don't."

"It can do us no good, and it might do a great deal of harm."

"All right. Let us cut it out then."

"Leave it to me, Harry. We know Quong. It seems to me that it would be altogether better to hear what he has to say before we make any kind of move."

"I guess you are right. Then I suppose I had better go on with the Brower case, and see you later in the day."

"I think you had, Harry. I have a few letters to write,

and then I shall run up to Chatham Square and interview Quong."

Half the secret of the Bradys' success is the ease with which they pull together.

There never has been one serious difference between them since the day their partnership was formed.

In about an hour Old King Brady went up on Chatham Square.

Descending into a cellar where an aged Celestial keeps a few trifles of bric-a-brac on sale, as a blind, the old detective, merely nodding to the man, opened a door and passed into a narrow corridor.

Here a young Chinaman stepped in front of him.

"Oh, Mister Brady!" he exclaimed, and moved aside.

"Is Quong in, John?" demanded the old detective.

"Him in ofis," was the reply.

Passing the door down the dimly lighted corridor which led to the opium joint, Old King Brady pushed on to the end, and opening another door, entered a little cupboard of a room.

Here sat old Quong working his counting machine.

"Hello, Brady!" he said, without looking around. "Sit down."

Old King Brady took a seat and waited.

When Quong had completed his calculations he pushed the abacus aside and said:

"Now, Brady, me tellee you all me know; but, say, me speakee bad English. Me gettee boy. He talkee you."

"No, no, Quong. I am always able to understand you," replied the old detective. "Just talk ahead."

But the divekeeper was stubborn.

Opening a door which communicated with a narrow staircase, he called out some unintelligible words.

In a few minutes a Chinese boy of about fifteen years of age came downstairs into the little room.

"Dis Tom Gow. He talkee," said Quong. "Me talkee him in Chinee."

"All right. Go ahead," replied Old King Brady.

In the conversation which followed Tom did the talking in perfect English, the old divekeeper speaking rapidly to him in Chinese.

"Who got the box?" was the first that was said.

"It was delivered to three Chinamen who came to the express office with a wagon," Old King Brady replied.

"Do you know their names?"

"No."

"Did they have the paper by which they could claim the box?"

"That is not certain, but I don't think they did."

"Did they put some man to sleep and so get the box?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what was in the box?"

"Yes. There was a woman in it who seemed to be dead."

"Do the express people know this?"

"Yes, they do."

"Do they think she was dead?"

"Yes, they do."

"What are they going to do about it?"

"They want me to find the woman."

"They have given you the case?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell them Quong Lee's name?"

"No."

"Did you say Wing Duck's name?"

"Yes."

So far it had been very different from what Old King Brady had expected.

He had not come prepared to be questioned in this way, but he was determined to let Quong Lee have his way through to the end.

The boy was now silent, but Quong talked for some little time.

Then Tom took up the ball again.

"That woman is not dead," he said. "She is what we call a wise woman. She has been used in the joss-house in San Francisco for a long time. Wing Duck he bought her. The Highbinders knew she was coming that way asleep—you understand?"

"I understand," replied Old King Brady. "Go on."

"So they get her," continued Tom. "Why they do this Quong don't know, and Wing don't know. Wing he what you call priest at the joss house. He feels very bad that he lose that woman. He will pay you a thousand dollars if you get her back, but Quong don't care whether you do or not. He don't care what you do, only don't bring him into it. That's all."

"See here," said Old King Brady. "I don't believe in Chinamen buying white women, and holding them as slaves. I shall have to try and rescue that woman, and I tell you that right now."

"We understand that," said Tom. "Quong don't want anything to do with it. Shall he tell Wing Duck that you cannot help him?"

"What then?"

"Then Quong will help you to get the woman if he can?"

"But can he?"

"He says he cannot promise, but he will take you to-night where you can see the woman, and see what the Highbinders mean to do with her, only you must promise him that to-night you will do nothing, but will wait till to-morrow, when he has a chance to talk to you again."

"Well, I agree to that."

"You come here then at ten o'clock, and come alone."

"That I will not do. Harry must go with me."

"Oh, allee light, Brady!" broke in Quong. "You lunderstand. Me not in it. Me tell Wing Duck you not in it. Den me helpee you gettee dlat girl away from Highbinders—see?"

"Good!" said Old King Brady. "I shall not go near Wing Duck. I shall put myself in your hands, Quong, and shall do just as you say."

There is always so much mystery in dealing with the Chinese race.

Old King Brady knew this, and he was not at all surprised at what happened that night.

Returning to the office, he told Harry of his experience at Quong Lee's.

"If you propose to follow the case up on these lines it is just as well I did not go to see his highness the Duke of Doyers street," laughed Harry.

"We may see him back here again just the same," said Old King Brady. "I am strongly impressed with the idea that there is some deep mystery about this whole business which even Quong himself does not understand."

But matters took altogether a different turn from what was expected.

At precisely ten o'clock the Bradys turned up at the cellar on Chatham Square.

To their surprise the place was closed.

Not for years had Old King Brady known this to be the case before.

He pounded on the door but received no response.

Again and again he knocked, but it was all the same.

That there was another way of getting into this opium joint, as is the case with all these Chinese dives, Old King Brady well knew.

The ground floor of the building was occupied as a cheap clothing store.

Overhead were lodging rooms for tramps.

Old King Brady led Harry through a dark hall and out into a narrow courtyard.

Here there was a rear house occupied by Chinamen.

This house was generally supposed by the initiated to have a secret passage leading through to Doyers street, which is a narrow crooked alley connecting Chatham Square with Pell street.

There were four doors opening from the main hall of this rear building.

Those on the left communicated with Quong Lee's private apartments.

That from these rooms there was a secret way leading to the opium joint in the cellar Old King Brady knew.

Here he knocked and knocked, but it was just the same.

Balked completely, the Bradys were at length obliged to give it up and go home.

"I wouldn't have believed that Quong Lee would go back on us!" exclaimed Harry, as they walked up the Bowery.

"I don't believe he has done it," replied the old detective. "For some mysterious reason he has been unable to do as he promised. Wait; it will come around right in the end."

CHAPTER IV.

QUONG LEE MAKES GOOD.

Next morning Old King Brady went down to the Wells Fargo office and told Mr. Doolittle that he had reason to

believe that he was on the track of the people who had got the case.

"I must ask for time," he added. "It is slow work dealing with these Chinese."

"I am sure I don't care how much time you take to it," replied the superintendent. "The only thing is not to let our company become involved in any scandal."

"You have taken the very best course to prevent that," said Old King Brady. "If you were to leave the matter precisely as it stands you would never hear of it again."

"But that unfortunate woman!"

"Ah, there you are!"

"Did you learn anything at all about her, Mr. Brady?"

"If I was to tell you what I have learned, and that I believe it to be true, you might think me a little off."

"I wish you would tell it just the same. You believe the woman to have been hypnotized, and in that condition shipped from San Francisco as a statue; of course, anyone can see that is what you mean."

"It is. I believe the woman to be an unfortunate used by the Chinese for her hypnotic powers, and that for some unexplained reason she has been sent across the continent in the hypnotic trance."

"But the idea seems so far-fetched, Brady."

"I know. Still, the thing has been done in France. There are records of it. Why not here?"

"But I don't believe in such things."

"The day has passed when any man can deny hypnotism, Mr. Doolittle. It is now conceded to be true by the greatest scientists of the world. But to change the subject—how is Mr. Manning this morning?"

"He feels pretty sore over the matter. He is a most faithful man. I can't understand how he came to act as he did."

"What does he say about it himself?"

"He claims that the last he remembers one of the Chinamen was looking at him strangely. From that moment until you aroused him all was a blank."

"There you are. You can see for yourself how the matter stands."

"I'll leave the matter entirely in your hands, Mr. Brady," said the superintendent. "You need not even go to the trouble of reporting again until you are through. But for heaven sake don't let us get mixed up with the police."

"I promise to do my very best about that," replied Old King Brady, as he left the office.

Harry was for striking in on Quong Lee at once, but Old King Brady said "wait."

They waited two days and heard nothing.

Passing the joint the detectives saw that the bric-a-brac shop was open, but they made no attempt to inquire into the mystery.

"Quong will surely look us up, and it is better to let him," said Old King Brady.

And so it proved.

Late on the afternoon of the third day the wicked old rascal came shuffling into the Bradys' office.

"Hello, Blady," he exclaimed, smiling in his usual bland fashion. "You get down on me?"

"You fooled us," replied the old detective coolly.

"Belly well—yair. So I did; but I no can help."

"Well?"

"Belly well, we go dlat night we get killed—see?"

"I don't want to get killed, Quong."

"Course not. Neder do me. Wing Duck he get mad. I run over by Williamsburg. I stop with me bludder. Now I come back allee lite."

"You are not afraid any more, then."

"Yair; me more afraid Wing Duck as ever. He say I sold him out—see?"

"Which you didn't?"

"Sure not. He bigee fool. Mebbe he know better now."

"Has he gone away?"

"Yair."

Quong gave a hideous laugh.

"He's dead," said Harry, quick to catch on.

"Yair—what you callee dead," said Quong. "Chinaman know better. Nobody nebber die."

"If Wing Duck is dead then his ghost will be after you, Quong," laughed Harry.

"Yair," said the divekeeper cheerfully. "Me 'spect so. Me burn plenty joss-stick. Dlat scare him away mebbe, mebbe not. Oh, me belly much afraid."

"What new turn is this?" thought the old detective. "Has the old wretch murdered Wing Duck, then?"

He did not like to ask. In fact, he hardly knew what to do.

Quong Lee settled the business for him by pulling out the morning paper and pointing to an item.

It was something Old King Brady had overlooked, and it read as follows:

"ANOTHER KILLING IN CHINATOWN.

"Early this morning the body of an exceedingly fat Chinaman was found lying in front of No. 8 Doyers street by Policeman Gilligan, shot through the heart.

"The body was still warm, and the shooting must have occurred but a few minutes before, although the policeman declares that he heard no shots.

"The remains were removed to Murphy's Morgue, where the dead man was subsequently identified as Wing Duck, a Chinese gambler who lives at No. 12 Doyers street.

"Duck has been a well-known figure in Chinatown for some years. He was a man of considerable means, and was known as the Duke of Doyers street. He was also a prominent member of the On-Leong society.

"There is no clew to the murderer, but there can be but little doubt that this is but another chapter in the tong war. That Duck met his death at the hands of the Hip-

Sing-Tong, or Highbinders, society is the theory of the police."

Old King Brady tossed the paper over to Harry.

"So Wing Duck is out of the way," he said. "What do you know about his death?"

"Nloting," replied Quong. "Me no Highbinder, Blady. You know dlat."

"There seems to be dark doings in Doyers street these days."

"Yair. Belly bad. How you say? Dark? Yair. Belly dark. Now, Blady, me free to act. Me know whole lot. You comee to-night—see?"

"We'll be there, Quong. But tell me, is this woman alive?"

"Yair. So dey tellee me."

"Shall we come at ten o'clock?"

"Yair. Say, Blady, you no tink now me go back on you?"

"No, Quong. I did not believe it at any time. You and I have been friends too long for that."

"Yair. Good flends, Blady. Good flends," said the old divekeeper. "So-long!"

With this Quong Lee went his way.

"Well," exclaimed Harry, "this is certainly a queer turn of affairs."

"Don't let anything which may happen in Chinatown surprise you," replied Old King Brady. "They are having lively times up there these days."

"They certainly are."

"We can only take these matters as we find them," continued the old detective. "Let us see what to-night is destined to reveal."

Again at the appointed time the Bradys waited on Quong Lee.

This time they found the bric-a-brac store open and the way clear into the dive.

The detectives, avoiding the door leading into the opium joint, passed directly into Quong Lee's little office, if the wretched room where they had previously interviewed the old divekeeper can be so called.

Quong was there, and with him was a wretched-looking Chinaman.

The Bradys at once recognized him as an opium smoker who was far gone on the road to death through his vice.

His emaciated form and yellow face told the story.

The creature looked for all the world like a walking corpse.

Quong arose to receive them, shaking hands with both detectives.

"You waitee here," he said. "Little while. Me see."

He spoke in his own language to the hop-fiend.

The man, opening the door leading to the stairs, disappeared.

"Now, Blady," said Quong, "you hear me. You must go blind—see?"

"What do you mean—that we must let you blindfold us?"

"Yair."

"Must that be, Quong?"

"Yair. No odder way."

"But I don't like that very well."

"No can help."

"What do you say, Harry?" asked the old detective, turning to his partner.

"If it was anybody else but Quong I should certainly say no," replied Harry.

"You can trust me," said Quong. "Blady, you know dlat."

"You promise that no trouble shall come out of it?"

"No trouble! No trouble so you do what dlat man tellee you."

"Oh, you mean that fellow who was here just now?"

"Yair."

"Is he to be our guide?"

"Yair."

"Well, all right. We'll risk it. But don't you go back on us now."

"Nebor go back on you, Blady," said the divekeeper, and he brought out cigars.

They waited half an hour, smoking and talking, before the lean Chink returned.

He seemed to be greatly excited as he came down the stairs.

"You hully up now," said Quong. "Lemember ddis man no speakee English. No say noting—saw wood!"

Quong then produced a couple of red handkerchiefs, which he proceeded to bind firmly over the eyes of the detectives.

"Me no tellee you nloting so you pullee dem off, Blady," he said, "only dlat you gettee me into bad troubles—see?"

"That's enough, Quong. We shall do as we are told," replied the old detective.

Quong then put Old King Brady's hand against the Chinaman's blouse, and directed him to hold on to it.

Harry was told to hold on to the old detective's coat tails in the same way.

They then ascended the stairs and were led through several passages.

Corners were sharply turned.

The detectives were led up steps and down steps.

But through it all Old King Brady was able to keep the run of the general direction which they were following.

In this Old King Brady is something of an expert.

He knew that they were close upon Doyers street when at last the Chinaman came to a halt.

Of course, it was easy to assume that they had been following the secret passage from that rear house, the existence of which Old King Brady had always kept in mind.

But the New York police had never been able to find this passage.

The secret had been told Old King Brady by a Chinaman now dead.

As the halt was made Old King Brady heard a door close behind them.

Then the guide pulled away, and at the same instant the bandage was removed from Old King Brady's eyes.

The guide pressed a finger to his lips and shook his head.

He then took the handkerchief from Harry's eyes, and opening a door, motioned to the detectives to ascend a dark, dirty staircase thus revealed.

The Bradys climbed upstairs on tip-toe, for the Chinaman had again cautioned them to keep silence.

At the head of the flight their guide passed them, and unlocking a door, ushered them into a dark, unfurnished room.

Up to now the man had lighted his way with an ordinary stable lantern.

This he extinguished, and as he did so the Bradys saw a stream of light coming up through a hole in the dusty floor.

To this opening the man pointed, at the same time placing a piece of paper in Old King Brady's hands.

This done, he retreated to the door.

Old King Brady knelt beside the light and peered down through the opening.

He saw at a glance that he was looking into a Chinese joss-house.

But it was not the one which everybody who investigates the mysteries of Chinatown sees.

That one Old King Brady is perfectly familiar with.

This place he had never seen before.

He turned to look for the guide then, but the man had vanished.

The Bradys were in the room alone.

Quong Lee had then made good. Through the divekeeper the Bradys were to learn something, after all.

CHAPTER V.

DARK DOINGS IN THE JOSS-HOUSE.

The first thing Old King Brady did when he got into the light was to read the paper which the Chinaman had put in his hands.

Upon it was the following:

"Whatever you hear, whatever you see, I trust you to do nothing but to return to me without butting in.

"Quong Lee."

Old King Brady knew that Quong Lee himself could never have written this.

He assumed that it must be the work of the boy Tom.

"What on earth have we got down there, Governor?" breathed Harry, as the detectives peered through the hole, which had probably accommodated a stove-pipe at one time.

"Hush!" whispered Old King Brady. "Don't say a word. Let us use our eyes and ears, but not our tongues."

Below them was a room which was apparently a perfect circle.

The walls were hung with the usual colored scrolls carrying rows of Chinese letters such as are generally seen in joss houses.

On one side was an altar, upon which rested a hideous idol.

Tiny lamps of gold or gilt of peculiar pattern burned before the image.

There was no other furniture in the room except a big bronze bell which hung from a tripod.

Never before had Old King Brady seen a bell in a joss-house.

There gongs are always employed.

Kneeling upon the floor were three Chinamen dressed in gorgeous silk costumes such as are sometimes seen in San Francisco, but very seldom in New York.

This costume is quite different from the ordinary Chinese dress.

It consists of silk trousers, the legs not always being of the same color.

One of these men wore red trousers, another yellow, another green, the legs being of the same color in each case.

Over the body each wore a snow white blouse, with gold buttons down the front.

Each also wore an elaborately embroidered red silk cap with a big crystal button on top.

One of these buttons glittered so that Old King Brady thought it might be a diamond.

This, however, he could not certainly decide.

These three men were kneeling before the idol, shaking joss-sticks in the usual way.

Again and again the sticks were thrown out of the box, and the letters upon the ones falling nearest the idol were eagerly consulted.

This is a Chinaman's way of getting information from the spirits of his ancestors.

That there are others the Bradys were soon to learn.

At last something happened which brought this tiresome business to a close.

One of the sticks thrown by the Chinaman with the glittering button seemed to take to itself wings.

It fairly flew across the open space, and landed at the very foot of the altar.

Upon this the three Chinks gave a wild shout, and sprang to their feet.

The owner of the joss-stick hastily grabbed it, and read aloud what was written upon it.

Then all three shouted again, and the owner of the stick made a rush for the bell, upon which he banged away furiously with a padded stick.

Old King Brady counted the blows.

Forty-nine times the bell rang out.

This was seven times seven.

Seven is a sacred number with the Chinese.

The last stroke had scarcely sounded when a door opposite the altar flew open and a woman dressed in a flowing white robe was pushed into the room by a pair of yellow hands, which were immediately withdrawn.

Interest was now increasing for the watching detectives. This woman was no Chinese, but probably Irish.

She was small and slender, with a homely, freckled face and fiery red hair.

That she was the mysterious woman of the box the Bradys could hardly doubt.

Her eyes were closed, and to all appearance she was in a trance.

Walking directly up to the diamond man, as we shall designate he of the glittering hat button, she would have run directly into him if he had not raised his hand and waved her away.

Instantly she halted and stood there motionless.

The diamond man now extended the flying joss stick, which the girl took.

This she held against her forehead for a moment, and as she did so the diamond man made hypnotic passes before her face.

A moment later the girl walked to the altar and ascending two steps stood upon it.

Pressing some hidden spring half the idol swung outward upon hinges.

The big image was hollow, and there was a wooden seat inside.

Upon this the girl now placed herself, and the door was shut.

Needless to say that all this was intensely interesting to the detectives.

Once before they had witnessed a similar performance in Chinatown.

Thus they were quite prepared for what followed.

All at once the idol began to talk.

They could see the eyes wink and the lips move.

The voice was deep and sonorous, and anything but the voice of a woman.

Doubtless there was some mechanism inside the idol which the Bradys did not see.

Half an hour of dull business for the Bradys followed.

The three Chinamen were now engaged in holding a regular conversation with the idol.

First one would say something, and then another.

In each case the idol apparently answered them.

"How can they so humbug themselves when they know the girl is inside?" Harry asked himself.

But the ways of the Chinese are past finding out.

At last, just as the detectives began to think that this was all there was to be of the show, there came a loud knocking.

Instantly the talking ceased, and the diamond man, crossing the room, pressed some hidden spring and the same panel flew back.

Without stood two Chinamen with their eyes securely blindfolded.

The diamond man called out something, and the two advanced to be halted in front of the altar.

Here the cloths were removed from their eyes.

They were both young fellows, and as they stood there they stared at the idol with the usual stolidity of their race, their faces expressing no surprise.

The diamond man then addressing them, a long conversation ensued.

The other two Chinamen remained standing, each at one end of the altar, and never said a word.

At last this weary business came to an end, and the two visitors went back to the other end of the room.

The diamond man next opened a sort of cupboard under the altar, and brought out a sheet of plate glass about two feet long and as many wide.

This glass was singularly clear and white, and to it were attached two brass rings to which hung a long brass chain.

One of the three now went out through the panel, and returning with a step-ladder, the diamond man ascended and hung this sheet of glass to a hook in the ceiling.

Supported by its chain it hung down directly in front of the idol, being opposite the face.

All five now ranged themselves in front of this glass.

This had been a ticklish moment for the Bradys, for when the diamond man came up the ladder his head was almost under the hole.

The detectives pulled back and waited.

It was not until the ladder had been removed that they ventured to look again.

The five Chinamen were standing behind the hanging glass facing the idol.

They had joined hands, and the two newcomers were in the middle.

Now followed another tedious wait of about twenty minutes.

Not a word was uttered nor a move made.

At last the doleful strains of a Chinese moon banjo were heard.

The Bradys could not see the player.

Certainly none of the Chinamen had anything to do with the music.

They still held hands, and their eyes remained fixed upon the sheet of glass.

For fully ten minutes the music continued, and then suddenly ceasing the voice from the idol spoke a few words in Chinese.

The diamond man briefly responded.

Only a few words were said, and then the mysterious music began again.

"Keep your eyes fixed upon the glass," Old King Brady breathed in his partner's ear.

The old detective had heard of the mysterious ceremony of the Chinese called crystal gazing, although he had never witnessed it.

Naturally, he suspected that something of that sort was on foot now.

And so it proved.

In a moment a picture was flashed upon the glass, covering its whole surface.

The Bradys could see the light which seemed to form around the glass.

They could also see the colors and the dim outline of figures and faces, trees and buildings upon the polished surface, but they were in a bad position to make out what it was all about.

The Chinamen seemed to eagerly scan the glass, but they did not move from their places by so much as an inch.

In a few seconds the picture vanished.

Another instantly took its place.

Others followed.

One represented but a single figure, and that the Bradys caught.

It was a Chinaman digging with a long-handled spade. Seven pictures altogether showed themselves.

Then suddenly the bronze bell boomed out a single note. No hand which the Bradys saw had touched it.

This seemed to be the signal for the end of this strange seance.

The music ceased and the idol on the altar flew open.

There sat the red-headed girl on the bench, sound asleep, to all appearance.

The diamond man called to her, and she arose and came down off the altar, the idol shutting up after she left it.

The two strangers looked the girl over with a good deal of curiosity as she stood in their midst with her eyes closed.

There was a great jabbering then.

The girl did not speak.

She stood like a statue, and to all appearance sound asleep.

Presently the diamond man opened the panel and the girl passed out.

More talk followed.

The diamond man then drew a small canvas bag from under his blouse and taking out a big roll of bills threw it on the altar.

The two newcomers each produced rolls, and having counted the bills in plain sight of the others, they placed the money on the altar with the other roll.

All five then shook hands as though sealing some compact.

After that the diamond man and his two companions passed out by the panel.

The other two remained talking in front of the glass. They gesticulated and pointed, and were seemingly greatly excited over something.

Then all at once this strange business came to an end in a most unexpected fashion.

Without a warning sound a big square of the flooring upon which these two men stood suddenly dropped.

Uttering wild cries of terror, the two Chinks vanished.

Back came the floor with a bang.

Instantly the panel opened and the diamond man came rushing into the joss-house.

He swept the money from the altar and darted out again.

At the same instant the gas was turned out, and the Bradys found themselves in utter darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

WORKING WITH A LOW GOW GUI.

"By jove!" exclaimed Harry, "that was quick work!"

"It's a big bunco game—that's what it is!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "Those fellows were a pair of Chinese come-ons, as sure as fate!"

"Looks mighty like it. What are we to do?"

"Get out of here as quick as we can. I won't let this matter rest so. I am going to have those two Chinks out of that if it is a possible thing."

"And the red-headed girl?"

"We want her, too. It won't be the first raid we have made in Chinatown single-handed, Harry. These people won't stand up against us. You know what the Chinese are when it comes to dealing with detectives and the police. They are as cowardly as a lot of sheep."

"Right! Shall I light up?"

"Yes. We don't want to go blundering about."

Harry produced his little electric dark lantern, and Old King Brady threw open the door.

Instead of the emaciated opium fiend there stood the boy Tom outside.

"You are all though?" he asked, as Old King Brady closed the door.

"Yes. Take us back to Quong at once."

"That's what I am here for. I must blindfold you again."

Now, Old King Brady had no notion of going back on Quong Lee.

The old divekeeper had been far too useful to him in the past and might again be in the future.

Therefore he and Harry allowed the boy to blindfold them and lead them back by the way they came.

Quong was sitting at the table writing in a book when they entered.

Motioning for the boy to withdraw, he said:

"Well, Blady, you see dlat red-head gal?"

"Yes, and we want her."

"So? You see whole lot funny business?"

"Yes. That's a joss-house I never heard of, Quong."

The old Chink chuckled.

"See, Blady, you tink you know hull lot about Chinatown, but dere hull lot you no know," he said.

"Very likely, Quong. I want that girl."

"Me no care."

"I'm bound to get her."

"Me no care. How you do it?"

"Where is that joss-house—on Doyers street?"

"Yair. Me no tell you more as dlat—see."

"You won't interfere with us?"

"No; me no do nloting. Only say, you no tellee on me."

"Bank on it!" cried Old King Brady. "Now give me the number of that house."

But here Quong balked.

No persuasion would induce him to say another word. And thus the Bradys left him.

It was now after midnight.

The detectives went around on Doyers street and walked through to Pell.

"I tell you, Harry, those shabby old buildings hide many a dark secret," remarked the old detective as they rounded Doyers street bend.

"What can we do?" questioned Harry. "For us to attempt to go up against the Highbinders openly would be madness."

"Not only that, but it would accomplish nothing. These Chinamen must be met by their own methods. But we will get there. Wait and see."

Old King Brady pushed on to the Elizabeth street station.

Here they were received by the sergeant, a genial Irishman, with considerable enthusiasm.

"And what brings you down to Chinatown to-night?" he demanded. "Got a case here?"

"That's what we have, Mac," replied Old King Brady. "Who knows Doyers street best of all your men here?"

"Old King Brady."

"I decline the honor. Every day the place changes. As it happens, I have had no occasion to cultivate the denizens of Doyers street for the past two years."

"Then mebbe you don't know it, so. What is it you want to find?"

"A secret joss-house."

"Sure, there's only the one joss-house. Everybody knows where that is."

"That is not the one. This is the one everybody don't know."

"Can't help you, Mr. Brady."

"Yes, you can."

"Do you want men?"

"Oh, no; at least not now. I probably shall later. I want to locate that place first."

"Unless you search every house I don't know how you will do it."

"That would be no sort of use. I'll tell you what I want. Send out a man to arrest the first Low Gow Gui he can find on Doyers street, and bring him in here so that we may question him."

"I can do that."

"Do it. Harry will go with him. He can pick out the boy."

A policeman was summoned and Harry left the station with him.

For the benefit of the uninitiated let it be stated that a

Low Gow Gui freely translated means a Chinawoman's dog.

Chinese women in New York are never seen on the streets for some unexplained reason.

In San Francisco it is quite different.

Why this is so in New York we were never able to learn.

The Low Gow Gui are degraded boys, mostly white or colored, who hang about Chinatown and wait on the women.

If a Chinese woman wants to buy something she calls from the window, and the Gow goes to her aid. She gives him the money and he makes the purchase and delivers it.

These boys have their regular customers, and any interference between each other promptly leads to a fight.

Needless to say that these degraded lads know many of the secrets of Chinatown, and they often act as guides to slummers, conducting them in a manner which the detectives would find it hard to imitate.

Harry and his policeman stood for some time at the corner of Pell and Doyers street before they saw a specimen of the Low Gow Gui.

At last a little mulatto boy came darting out of a doorway on the south side of the street.

The house was an old frame structure where a number of Chinese mechanics carry on various trades in small rooms.

"Anything crooked about that place?" Harry asked the policeman.

"Not that I know of," was the reply.

"Catch that boy. He'll do."

The house was on the right side of the street to fill the bill for the Bradys.

As the boy was hurrying past them the policeman grabbed him.

Immediately there was a terrible outcry.

"Lemme go! Lemme go! I hain't done nothing. Oh, gee! What you want to arrest me fer?"

"You are wanted at the station-house," said the policeman. "Come along. No row now, if you want to be let go easy."

The boy was a true child of the Chinese slums.

He immediately ceased his cries, and ran alongside of the policeman.

"Say, what's de charge, boss?" he demanded. "I hain't done nuffin. Honest and true, I hain't."

"Hold your noise," said Harry. "There is no charge against you. There's someone at the station who wants to talk to you—that's all."

"Who? De captin?"

"No, no! No questions. If you do as you are told it will be money in your pocket. Now be good."

"Oh, chee! Ole King Brady!" cried the boy when he saw the old detective standing by the sergeant's desk.

"That's who I am," replied the detective. "Officer, bring the boy here. What's your name?"

"George," said the Gow, looking at Old King Brady with a great deal of awe.

"Now, George," continued the detective, "it is up to you. Either you can make a stake out of this interview, or you can get yourself into trouble—see?"

"Whatcher want?"

"Some time last Wednesday afternoon a wagon with three Chinamen in it came up Doyers street and stopped. Out of the wagon a long packing-case which contained a valuable Chinese statue was taken. What I want to know is into what house they took this case. Can you tell?"

"I dunno nothing about it, boss. Honest I don't."

"This statue," continued Old King Brady, "was a Chinese idol, and was intended for the secret joss-house of the Highbinders. You know where that is, of course?"

"Never heard of it, boss."

"Did I say Highbinders?" continued Old King Brady. "Well, that is a mistake. I meant the On-Leong. The place Wing Duck ran. Come, you know Wing Duck, of course?"

"You mean de fat Chink what was stabbed de odder night?"

"Yes."

"I knew him by sight. He lived at No. 12. Dere's no joss-house in dere. I've been in every room many a time."

"Well, he ran one all right. Now, George, somebody must have seen that packing-case taken in. You hike down on Doyers street and find out where it went. When you tell me you get ten dollars, but don't be gone over an hour or you don't get a cent."

"All right, boss. I guess I can find out; some of the fellers must have seen de wagon. If not, I know a Chinese lady who might."

"Don't ask the Chinese lady. Find out from the boys. And say, George."

"Well?"

"Don't forget to come back, unless you want to be put out of business in Chinatown—see?"

"I ketch on!"

"Go," said Old King Brady, and the boy was off like a shot.

"Will he ever return?" laughed the sergeant.

"He will," replied Old King Brady. "Wait and see."

"They're a bad lot, them boys."

"He'll return, and I think he will keep faith with me, too."

"What's up, Mr. Brady? This statue business don't ring right, somehow."

"Well, how would you have it ring?"

"If you had said a gal now instead of a statue."

"Sergeant, what do you mean by that?"

The sergeant merely laughed.

Turning to the officer, he requested him to leave.

"Explain yourself," said Old King Brady, vexed to find his secret suspected, though he could not imagine what had given the sergeant the hint.

But there is a reason for everything, and this was simple enough.

"Sure, Bill Manning is me brother-in-law," said the sergeant. "He works for the Wells Fargo Express."

"And he has been talking?" demanded the old detective.

"He told me about the corpse in the box."

"I am very sorry he has found it necessary to talk about that matter. He'll get himself into serious trouble if he don't take care."

"That is what he is afraid of, and why he came to me about it. But you can trust me, Mr. Brady. I'll never say a word to get Bill into trouble, you can bet. But what's it all about?"

"Mac, I can't tell you yet," was the reply. "But you shall be the first person I will tell after my work is done."

"Bill was hard hit, Mr. Brady. He thinks them Chinks put a charm onto him."

"Yes?"

"What do you think?"

"He ought to know best."

"He expects to lose his job."

"I don't think he will."

"Do you know that the girl was brought to Doyers street?"

"That much I know—yes. But it is the last question I can answer."

"Just one more, Mr. Brady."

"Ah, Mac, you're a bad rascal!"

"Do you think the gal could have been charmed or drugged, and that she is alive?"

"I know she is alive."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"How can you?"

"We have seen her."

"Well, say! Bill will be glad!"

"No more now, Mac! You have got to the end of your rope."

Old King Brady had by no means "slopped over" in making these admissions.

He had intended to take the sergeant into his confidence in the end, for he had no intention of breaking into the Highbinders' den without the help of the police.

The Chinese Highbinders are very dangerous propositions whichever way one takes them.

No one knows this better than the Bradys themselves.

The sergeant pressed Old King Brady further, but the detective would tell him nothing more.

The hour had almost elapsed when the Low Gow Gui came into the station.

"Say, you can cough up dat ten-spot," he exclaimed.

"You have found out?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Yair. Dat box went into No. —. Dat's sure."

"Why, that's the very house you came out of!" exclaimed Harry.

"Dat's what!" said the Gow. "I dunno nuffin more about it, an' I wouldn't take de contract to find out. Dere's Highbinders workin' in dere, an' dey'll kill me sure ting if I butt in, but what I'm tellin' yer is straight."

"Enough," said Old King Brady. "Here's your ten, George. Now, Mac, hold this boy till we get through our work."

And so it came about that the Gow Gui stopped in the station, which was something he did not expect.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRADYS RAID THE DOYERS STREET DEN.

"Now, Mac," said Old King Brady, "if you wish to help your brother-in-law, this is your time."

"Ready!" cried the sergeant. "What's the programme?"

"Harry and I will go through that house alone, but we want the patrol wagon at the door, and half a dozen men to keep guard outside and on the landings. If it is a nest of Highbinders we must take no chances."

"You are right. You shall have them. Will you go in the wagon yourselves?"

"No. We will get down there and wait. How long is it likely to be?"

"Fifteen minutes."

"All right. We are off."

The Bradys returned to Doyers street.

It was now one o'clock, but Chinatown never sleeps at night, and there were still many people moving about.

Posting themselves at the corner of Chatham Square, the Bradys watched the suspected house.

There was a light in one of the windows on the third floor, but with that exception the place was dark.

"We ought to be able to find that room where we were without much trouble," said Harry.

"It won't be so easy," was the reply. "But as I happen to know, that house comes up against the rear house behind Quong's. The house next door also touches it. I was pretty well satisfied even before the boy made his report that it was one of the two. What floor should you say we were on?"

"I wouldn't want to say. We went up steps and down steps, but my idea is that we didn't go very high."

"I agree with you. Let us confine ourselves to the first and second floors at the start."

Just then the patrol wagon came rattling around Doyers street bend.

The Bradys pushed forward and stood at the door of the suspected house.

The whole neighborhood was up in arms on the instant.

It has been well said that Chinatown never sleeps.

More than a dozen Chinamen came shuffling after the wagon, chattering and calling to each other.

There were several white boys—Low Gow Gui.

A party of slummers fresh from some opium joint, and in tow of a detective, mingled with the crowd.

Windows went up and heads came out.

Three windows were raised in the house itself.

The Bradys did not fail to take in the faces of the Chinamen who looked down upon them, but they could not recognize them as those they had seen in the joss-house.

Placing his policemen at the door and on the stairs, Old King Brady started his raid.

He pushed through the hall to the rear. Here he found that the house did not quite touch the rear house behind Quong Lee's place, as he had supposed.

"We must have gone underground," he whispered to Harry. "We want the secret stairs."

He banged furiously on the door of the back room.

The hall was at the side. This was the only room in the rear.

There was a shuffling inside, and light streamed through the key-hole.

"What want? Whatler matter?" a voice called.

"Open that door or we break in!" roared Old King Brady.

The door came open in a hurry.

A Chinaman half dressed stood behind.

The place was a workshop of some sort.

There were lathes and tools and a cot bed in the corner.

"Who are you? What's your business?" the detective demanded.

The man explained that he was a jeweler—there are several such in Chinatown, but they never display their jewelry to the eyes of the outside barbarian.

Old King Brady struck upon a door which appeared to divide the jeweler's work-shop from the room beyond.

The Chink said that there was an "office" behind the door.

What kind of an office he either could not or would not explain, but he declared that no one stayed there at night, and that he had no key to the door.

"It goes open then," said the old detective, and giving the door a sharp kick, he burst it in.

Here there was a narrow passage about ten feet long, with another door at the end.

"This is my place," thought Old King Brady.

Calling one of the policemen, he charged him to keep an eye on the jeweler.

Out came the dark lantern then, and a most careful examination of the walls and floor of the passage was made.

It resulted in nothing, however.

Finding himself mistaken in his supposition, Old King Brady kicked in the second door.

And now he felt sure that the scent was growing warm.

The room was a large one, and it extended through to the front of the house, its windows being concealed behind heavy wooden shutters, as the detectives knew.

The floor was covered with matting, and there were as many as twenty chairs ranged along the walls, which were hung with Chinese motto-scrolls.

Besides this there was a table, and that was all.

That the room was used as a meeting-place for High-binders there could be little doubt.

Again the detectives started in to find secret doors.

They made the round of the walls and ripped up the matting.

The jeweler watched them with a stolid face.

If he suspected what they were after he betrayed it by no sign.

Outside a pretty good-sized crowd had collected.

All were wondering what was going on inside—nobody knew.

At last, just as Old King Brady was beginning to despair, Harry gave a cry of triumph.

He had touched a secret spring, and a narrow panel in the wall shot to one side.

This was up against the passage-way.

Passing through the Bradys found a staircase barely wide enough to admit one man, leading up, while another led down.

"Keep a sharp watch here, officer!" called Old King Brady. "We have struck a secret panel, and are going to investigate further. If you hear a call or a shot let the men outside follow us up."

"All right, 'sir," replied the policeman, and the Bradys proceeded to ascend the stairs.

They found what they were searching for then.

The stairs led them to a panel on the floor above.

The mechanism of the secret spring was easily seen on that side.

Opening the panel, they found themselves looking into the secret joss-house.

Here everything was as they had last seen it.

The place was deserted, but in spite of this the detectives were beginning to have hopes of success.

"They never can have taken the girl out of this house except through some secret passage!" declared Old King Brady. "Let's see if we can't find how that floor was dumped."

This proved to be easy.

A handle outside did the trick.

Harry pulled it out and the floor dropped.

Holding it so while Old King Brady looked down the trap, Harry heard him exclaim:

"It's only a ten-foot drop, and there is a mattress below. Those men were not killed. Shut her up. We'll try the lower stairs."

They hurried down to the ground floor then, and descended the stairs.

When they reached the level of the cellar floor they found a trap-door.

The place was partitioned off from the cellar, and there appeared to be no opening communicating with it.

Old King Brady started to raise the trap, but found it immovable.

A moment's examination revealed a hidden bolt, however, and once this was drawn the trap-door came up readily enough.

Here a flight of wooden steps led down into a sub-cellar walled up with stone.

The place was littered with old barrels and rubbish of various sorts.

Set in the wall on one side was a little wooden shutter which Harry tried in vain to open.

Flashing his dark lantern ahead of him, Old King Brady passed along this cellar, which extended under the building next door.

At the end was a partition with two doors, and here the Bradys were at length rewarded for their patient search.

As they tackled the first door a voice called out appealingly in Chinese.

"Who are you?" cried Old King Brady, shaking the knob.

"Me Chop High. Me comee on ffrom Flisco!" called the voice. "Hellup me! Hellup!"

From behind the other door came no sound.

Harry pulled out his skeleton keys, and the first door was easily opened.

There lay one of the two Chinamen who had gone down through the trap with his hands tied behind him.

Old King Brady seized him by the collar and dragged him to his feet.

"Who you? Deflective?" demanded the prisoner.

"Yes. We are here to help you," replied Old King Brady, displaying his shield.

"Cut dlat lope?"

"Not yet. Where is your partner?"

"No sabe plartner."

"The other fellow who was in the joss-house with you."

"He me bludder. He Chop Low."

"Chop High—Chop Low!" muttered Harry, who has a keen sense of humor.

"Where is your brother?" demanded the old detective.

"Me no know."

"We will soon find out then. Harry, tackle the other door."

Harry had it open in an instant.

Here, lying stretched upon a cot-bed, fully clothed, lay the red-headed girl, with an old blanket thrown over her.

She was in a deep sleep, from which no effort on the part of the Bradys could arouse her.

The moment Chop High's eyes rested upon the girl he shut up like a clam.

Old King Brady tried his best to question him, but he would not utter a word.

One thing, however, was certain; the discovery of the red-headed girl had come to him as a surprise.

Satisfied at having so easily accomplished this much, the Bradys now started to ascend to the upper world.

"Do you think you can manage that girl alone, Harry?" asked Old King Brady, "or shall I call the officer?"

"She looks to be a lightweight," replied Harry. "Anyhow, I can try."

He raised the girl in his arms.

They started for the stairs, Old King Brady leading Chop High, Harry carrying the girl.

The mystery of the little shutter was explained when it

suddenly flew open, revealing a hideous, horned head—a typical Chinese mask.

"No 'lest dlat man!" the figure cried, throwing out its arms. "Me makee you plenty touble so you do!"

Then the shutter banged back into place, and the Chinese monster disappeared.

"Go on!" cried Old King Brady. "We have no time to muss with him, whoever he may be."

Harry led the way upstairs and on to the street.

The patience of the crowd was at last rewarded when the red-headed girl was laid on the floor of the patrol wagon and the Chinaman helped in.

"That's all!" cried Old King Brady. "Back to Elizabeth street."

"Those are the Bradys!"

"That's Old King Brady!"

"Don't you see his big white hat?"

These and similar remarks were heard as the detectives pushed their way through the crowd.

"You don't intend to push the matter any further, then?" whispered Harry.

"Not to-night," was the reply. "We have got one of our Chinese come-ons. Let the other rest till we hear what this one and the girl have to say."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRADYS TAKE THEIR MYSTERY HOME WITH THEM.

Sergeant MacMahon was on hand to open the door in person when the patrol wagon reached the Elizabeth street station.

The Bradys found the good man bending over the red-headed girl, who had been placed upon a settee when they came in.

Chop High was not in evidence.

The sergeant had locked him in a cell, he said.

"Did you untie his hands?" was Old King Brady's first question.

"No, I didn't," was the reply.

"Do it, then. There is no charge against that man, but I want him held till I can find out what this business is all about."

George the Gow was with those who gathered about the settee.

"You can go," said Old King Brady. "I advise you for your own sake not to talk about this business, but of course you will do as you please."

George vanished in a hurry.

"What about it?" asked the sergeant in a whisper. "Is she the wan what Bill Manning had in the box?"

"I believe it."

"Sure, she's not dead at all. He said she was cold, but I find her warm."

"She looks to be only asleep."

"Her condition was different when Manning saw her."

"Wake her up if you can."

"I've tried it. I can't."

"Go away, all of you, and let me try it."

All hands, even Harry, now retired.

Once more Old King Brady did his mind concentrating act, and used his utmost efforts to arouse the hypnotized girl.

But this was the time Old King Brady found himself balked.

His efforts proved entirely unsuccessful.

Calling Harry, he stated as much.

"We shall have to take her to a hospital, I suppose," he said, "but I wish we didn't have to. This thing is going to get into the papers, as sure as fate."

"Then we shall be in the soup with the Wells Fargo people."

"Yes, and that won't do. Let me see what I can do with the sergeant.

"Mac!" he called. "Come here a minute, will you."

The sergeant came forward.

"Have you mentioned this business of your brother-in-law to anyone?" the old detective asked.

"I have not. I haven't said a word about it to anyone but you."

"Then see that you don't speak of it, or it will be sure to cost Manning his job, besides getting us into trouble."

"I've got nothing to say about it, so."

"Must this case go on the blotter if we take this woman away right now?"

"Sure, there's no need, Mr. Brady. I can make a private report to the captain and tell him it's you."

"Do so, then."

The detectives now stepped aside and consulted together.

"I shall take this girl to the house," said Old King Brady. "I propose to send for Mrs. Borell. If she can't get her out of the trance the case is hopeless unless we can get hold of our diamond Chink."

"What about Chop High?"

"You stay here and tackle him, Harry. If he is willing to talk bring him up to the house. If not leave him where he is for the present—see?"

Harry was then shown into Chop High's cell, while Old King Brady, having sent to Chatham Square for a cab, put the hypnotized girl into it and took her to his own house.

Chop High sat upon the bench looking the picture of despair when Harry entered the cell.

Young King Brady gave him a cigar and tried his best to draw him out.

It was next to useless.

Harry soon found out what the trouble was.

The fellow was half-frightened to death.

Harry went for the sergeant.

"Come and tell this Chink that I am his friend, and that if he will talk freely to me he will be let go any time I say the word," he requested.

The sergeant readily complied.

Chop High listened in sullen silence.

After the sergeant was gone Harry tackled him again.

"I know all about your case," he said. "I saw you in the joss-house, while you were looking at those pictures on the glass. I saw you put that money on the altar, and the trap-door fall under you and your brother. I saw who got the money, too."

At this the Chinaman brightened up a bit.

"Who get?" he asked eagerly.

"The fellow with the white stone in his hat."

"He big fraud! He fool me! He fool me bludder! Oh, we two big fools! Oh, oh, oh! Me lose muchee money. Allee same two thousan' dollar. Me bludder he lose de samee! Oh, me big fool!"

"If you will tell me the whole story we can help you get the money back."

"You and dlat old man?"

"Yes."

"Who he?"

"He is Old King Brady, the detective."

Chop High appeared to reflect.

"Me hear 'bout Old Kling Blady," he said. "He comee Frisco some time."

"Yes; he is very often in Frisco. He will help you get your money back if you will tell me what all this means."

"And help me find me bludder?"

"Yes."

"Well, me see."

"Better decide now. Who is this Chinaman who robbed you?"

"He Highbinder. He name Ming Mow. Me talkee bad English. Me no can tell so you lunderstan'."

"If I get a Chinaboy who can speak good English will you tell him and let him tell me?"

"Yair, so you no 'lest me."

"You will not be arrested. I will talk to you at Old King Brady's house if you want to go there."

"Well, me go."

"You want your money?"

"Oh, yair."

"Then trust us and that will be the quickest way to get it."

"Me do dlat."

This seemed to be about as far as Harry was likely to get at present.

He concluded to go around to Quong Lee's despite the late hour, for he knew that the old divekeeper was often up all night, looking after his opium joint.

Harry found the door of the bric-a-brac store shut, but after knocking a few times it was opened by Quong Lee himself.

"Comee in," he said in a low voice. "No talkee here."

The old divekeeper led Young King Brady to the office.

"Vell, you an' de ole man gettee dlose fellers?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, we got one of them."

"An' de gal?"

"Yes, we got her."

"Belly good. Too bad Wing Duck he dead."

"I want that boy to help Old King Brady. The man can't speak good English."

"You mean Tom?"

"Yes."

"You can habee him. Me get. Say, Hally, what dat feller's name you catchee so?"

"Chop High."

"No sabee Chop High."

"He says he came from Frisco."

"Mebbe. Sometimes Chinaman muchee big liar."

"Quong, have you any idea what this business is all about?"

"No, Hally. Me tellee you true."

"But why did Wing bring that girl on in a box?"

Quong looked puzzled.

"See, Hally," he said. "Me try to tellee you, but it was so hard. Wing Duck he what you call fortune teller—see?"

"Yes."

"Same do Highbinders; dlat place you see."

"I follow you."

"Wing Duck he buy dlat gal. She muchee good fortune teller. Dem Highbinder dley gettee wise. Dey steal gal: why me no know. Dlat all. Dley killee Wing Duck. Who do de job me no know. Dlat all me can tell."

Quong Lee then went up the private stairway and soon returned with the boy Tom, half-dressed and very sleepy.

"Fix yourself up and come with me," said Harry.

"Gee," growled Tom, "a feller never can get no sleep this time."

But he got over his cross fit when Harry gave him five dollars on the street.

"You want to make this man Chop High understand that we are his best friends here in New York," said Harry, and Tom promised.

Young King Brady put him in the cell and left him with the "come-on" for half an hour.

The two talked a steady stream during that time.

Then Tom called to Harry to come.

"He will go with you up to the house now," he said. "You won't have any more trouble with him after this."

The sergeant then ordered Chop High released, and Young King Brady took his two Chinks to the old house on Washington Square, where the Bradys have kept bachelors' hall now for some years.

It was three o'clock when they reached there.

Old King Brady came out of the library when he heard Harry opening the door.

"Well, so you have come!" he exclaimed. "Tom, how are you? Chop High, I hope you understand now that the Bradys are your friends?"

The Chinaman grinned and said he did.

"Oh, he understands all about it," said Tom. "You won't have any more trouble with him. He wants to get a

smoke and go to sleep. After that he will tell you everything, so he says."

"Yair," grinned the come-on. "You lemme smokee one pipe. You lemme get little lest, den me talkee—see?"

Old King Brady saw.

So Harry took Chop High upstairs to a comfortable bedroom, and providing him with an opium layout, left him to his own devices.

Tom was put to bed in another room, and the business postponed until morning.

The Bradys went down to the dining-room and Harry made coffee.

"We are catching up on this case," said the old detective. "I expect we will be able to solve the whole mystery before this day ends."

"Where's the red-headed girl?" asked Harry. "You haven't mentioned her since I came in."

"She's upstairs asleep. I can do nothing with her."

"Did you try to get Mrs. Borell?"

"Why, I couldn't to-night, Harry. It is too late. I'll telephone her about eight o'clock. If she can't help us we shall have to send the girl to the hospital—that's all."

Having finished their coffee, the detectives separated.

Old King Brady went to bed, but Harry dragged a lounge out into the front hall and went to sleep there, in case Mr. Chop High should take it into his head to escape.

Nothing of the sort happened, however, and when Julius, Old King Brady's colored man of all work, came down that morning he found Harry asleep at the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER IX.

CHOP HIGH'S STRANGE STORY.

Julius woke Harry up, and the latter went upstairs to see how the Chinamen were getting on.

Both were sound asleep, and the villainous smell in Chop High's room proved that he had indulged in more than one pipe of hop.

Harry did not make any attempt to ascertain the condition of the red-headed girl.

Old King Brady had locked the door of the room in which he had placed her bed before retiring. He had given Harry the key in case any disturbance came.

At seven o'clock Old King Brady came downstairs.

"You had better come with me and see how it stands with that woman," he said. "We are running a big risk in holding her here. If she should happen to die on our hands there might be all kinds of trouble."

They went upstairs, and the old detective knocked on the door.

No answer was returned, however.

Then Old King Brady unlocked the door.

The girl was lying precisely as he had last seen her.

Her color was natural and her breathing regular.

Once more the old detective tried to arouse her, but it was all no use.

"We shall have to send for Mrs. Borell," he said. "I will telephone for her now, I think."

Now, this Mrs. Borell was the president of a noted occult club.

She was a lady of superior attainments, and well known to Old King Brady.

Once before he had used her hypnotic powers in the manner in which he proposed to employ them now.

Old King Brady went down to the library and called up Mrs. Borell's number.

When he joined Harry at the breakfast table he informed him that the lady would come to them at once.

At eight o'clock a private carriage drove up to the door, and Madame Borell was announced.

Old King Brady received her in the library alone, and in a few moments later Harry heard the lady ascend the stairs.

"She is going to try her hand," said Old King Brady, coming down into the dining-room.

"You are going to let her work it alone?" questioned Harry.

"Yes; she requested that it should be so."

They waited for half an hour, and then Mrs. Borell joined them in the library.

She was a stately, white-haired old lady, who carried herself with much dignity.

"Well, Mr. Brady, I shall have to disappoint you," she remarked, as she entered the room.

"What is the trouble? Were you unable to arouse the unfortunate creature?" demanded the old detective.

"Oh, no! Not that. I have her awake, but she can tell you nothing."

"Ah!"

"Yes," continued Madame Borell, sinking into an easy chair, "she is evidently a person of no education and of weak mind. She was perfectly amazed when I told her she was in New York."

"What did she have to say for herself?" asked the old detective, curiously.

"Well, she has told me her history. She is the wife of a Chinese priest in San Francisco. She has been used as a hypnotic subject for several years; in fact, to such an extent that she has almost no mind of her own left."

"Did you question her about her remarkable journey and the other matters which I suggested?"

"Yes. She remembers nothing of the journey. She claims that she was hypnotized by her husband over two weeks ago. As for the occurrences in the joss-house last night, she claims to be entirely ignorant of them."

"It has turned out as I expected," said Old King Brady. "And now, Mrs. Borell, what do you think we ought to do with the poor creature?"

"If you will place her in my hands I will see that she is properly cared for," said Mrs. Borell. "My society would

be only too glad to test her powers, and she will certainly be a great deal better off than she would be in the hands of those dreadful Chinamen."

"I have no objection to the plan," was the reply. "Indeed, I highly approve of it; but do you think it possible, Mrs. Borell, that you could hypnotize the girl now and find out why she was brought to New York?"

"I don't think it would be the least use. She has been so long under the influence of the Chinese that I might work on her for days before I could find out anything of any value."

"Well, let it be as you say," replied Old King Brady. "By the way, did you learn her name?"

"She said that her maiden name was Katie Dunn, and that her parents are both dead," was the reply. "I did not ask her what her Chinese name is."

And so, yielding to Mrs. Borell's wishes, Old King Brady turned over the unhappy creature to her care, and they went away together in the carriage.

It was now nine o'clock, and Old King Brady called up the Wells Fargo superintendent.

He informed Mr. Doolittle that he had rescued the girl and that she was in good hands, advising him to let the matter rest so, which the superintendent consented to do.

This had scarcely been accomplished when the boy Tom came downstairs.

Old King Brady sent him to get his breakfast, and Harry then went up to High's room and succeeded in arousing him after some effort.

The Chinaman came down a little later, and after he had eaten breakfast the Bradys shut themselves in the library with the pair.

Chop High seemed to have entirely recovered from his excited condition.

He was quiet and bland in his manner, and he assured the old detective that he was ready to tell all.

Tom did the talking, translating for Chop High, and this is the story he told.

It appeared that the Chop brothers were restaurant keepers on Dupont street, San Francisco.

In addition to Chop High and Chop Low there had been a third brother, Chop Chin, who went to Mexico and accumulated quite a fortune.

This he turned into diamonds, and a short time before the occurrences which we have been narrating, he had himself smuggled into the United States via Texas, and turned up in New York, where he was taken sick and died.

Shortly after his death the Chop brothers received a letter from one Wee Wo, which stated that Chop Chin had, just before his death, requested that the diamonds be placed in his coffin and buried with him.

He further requested that the burial be secret, for he feared the Highbinders. Wee Wo was instructed to notify the living brothers, and they were to come East, dig up the remains, get the diamonds, and forward the body to China.

All this Wee Wo faithfully performed, as he wrote Chop

High, but he failed to tell where the body had been buried. He stated, however, that it was not in a regular cemetery, and that he alone knew the spot.

The Chop brothers were about to start for New York when they received a letter from the head of the guild or company to which Wee Wo belonged to the effect that the man had been murdered by the Highbinders, and was found dead on Doyers street.

Two weeks later came a letter from Wing Duck, whom they did not know, stating that the spirit of Wee Wo had appeared to him in the joss-house, and had told him where Chop Chin was buried.

The letter went on to state that the buried diamonds amounted in value to as much as \$100,000, and that if the brothers would come to New York with \$4,000 cash Wing Duck would reveal the secret.

Believing this, the two Chops scraped together the money and came to New York.

They were met at the Grand Central station by Ming Mow, whom the Bradys, from Tom's description, at once recognized as their "diamond man."

He informed them that Wing Duck was dead, and that he, Mow, had taken up his secret joss-house, and was conducting the "fortune-telling" business formerly carried on in Doyers street by the deceased.

Ming Mow professed to know all about the business, and stated that if the brothers would call at the Doyers street den that night with the money he would consult the idol and would thus learn where Chop Chin was buried, providing they would place their money on the altar before the god.

As a guarantee of good faith Ming Mow agreed to place an equal amount of money on the altar, and there all was to remain until the diamonds were recovered.

As for the rest, the Bradys had been witnesses to the outcome of this singular business.

They had seen the arrival of the two Chinese "come-ons" at the secret joss-house, and what happened the reader knows.

The Chops had lost their money, and had been separated from each other.

Now, all this was slow in being told, for the boy Tom did not understand Chinese nearly as well as he did English.

When the conversation reached this stage Old King Brady dismissed him and tackled Chop High himself.

"You believe in those pictures you saw in the glass?" he asked.

The replies to the questions now put we shall give in good English, although they were spoken in Chop High's broken way.

"Oh, yes. I believe in them," was said.

"Did they tell you where your brother was buried?"

"That was what they tried to tell us."

"When you say they who do you mean? Spirits?"

"Yes."

"Your brother's spirit?"

"No; Wee Wo."

"Why not your brother?"

"I can't tell."

"Did you find out from the pictures where your brother was buried?"

"I do not know New York. Ming Mow said that he had found out."

"Did he tell you the name of the place?"

"No; he said he would take us there."

"When?"

"To-night."

"Did he give you any idea how far away from New York it was?"

"He said it was about ten miles away."

"In the country?"

"Yes."

"Did the pictures show you a field with Chinamen raising vegetables?"

"Yes, they did."

"Now about that girl who was shut up in the idol. Did you know her?"

"No."

"Did you not know that she came from San Francisco?"

"No."

"Do you believe that the spirits had control of her?"

"Yes. That was the way the pictures were made on the glass."

"Tell us how this was done. We want to understand all about it."

But Chop High could not explain.

All it amounted to was that Chop High made Old King Brady understand that according to his belief Ming Mow could not have found out where the body of Chop Chin was buried, even through his "spirits," if the two brothers had not been present.

And this was as far as the detectives were able to get with their mystery.

One thing was certain, Chop High and Chop Low had been enticed to New York by Wing Duck, and captured on their arrival by Ming Mow.

By the latter they had been buncoed out of \$4,000, and made prisoners.

What Wing Duck would have done for them had he lived was a problem which would probably never be solved.

The Bradys now left their Chinese guest to himself and withdrew for consultation.

"The further we follow up this case the more peculiar it seems to get," Harry remarked.

"It is so," was the reply; "but I think I see daylight ahead."

"Surely you don't believe in all this trash."

"The trash, Harry, is pure hypnotism. From the idol the girl spoke, all the rest was mere jugglery, of course. What she may have conveyed to an expert hypnotist, such as this Ming Mow undoubtedly is, of course I cannot say."

"Then where does your light ahead come?"

"You heard me ask about the vegetable gardens?"

"Ah! I catch on! Steinway!"

"Exactly."

Out at Steinway, a part of Astoria, and within the limits of New York city, we must explain, there are extensive vegetable gardens conducted by Chinamen.

Here are raised the strange vegetables which one sees in the Chinese market.

It had not been altogether guesswork with Old King Brady.

He knew that on more than one occasion dead Chinamen have been secretly buried in these fields, either to save the expense of a cemetery lot, or for some other reason.

That Chop Chin had been buried there the old detective felt little doubt.

But this was only a partial clew.

There are several of these Chinese farms, and without some help it was certain to be very difficult to act upon the clew as it stood.

As Chop High had now resigned himself to leaving his affairs entirely with the detective, Old King Brady instructed him to remain where he was until further notice.

To this the Chinaman consented.

Shortly afterward the Bradys went to the office, leaving instructions with Julius not to interfere with Chop High in any way.

"If he wants to run away, let him," Old King Brady remarked to Harry as they started downtown. "With his help or without it, I propose to see this case through."

CHAPTER X.

PICKING UP THE CLEWS.

After Old King Brady had looked over his morning mail, which contained no letters of importance, he turned to Harry and said:

"I think you had better get out there to Steinway, and see what you can learn. My theory is that if the body of Chop Chin was really buried in one of those fields it was taken out there by water. Prowl about and see what you can learn."

"All right," replied Harry. "And what do you propose to do?"

"To continue my own prowling about Chinatown."

"You have some theory in your head, Governor. You may as well tell me what it is."

"Well, Harry, it is so much of a theory that it is hardly worth telling. The idea is to find out what has become of Chop Low."

"Then that is what your theory is about. Out with it."

"Well, it is this. I believe Chop Low was taken away before we raided the Doyers street den."

"And why?"

"First because if he had not been we should have found him there in the cellar with his brother."

"A first means a second. What is that?"

"Simply that these Chinese fakirs need, or think they need the mind of one of these brothers to aid them in their hypnotic work. They don't need both, so as I reason they locked one up and took the other away."

"Possibly to Steinway."

"Very likely. I am going to find out about that."

"Look out for yourself. Remember the threats made by that masked man."

"Bah! That was all bluff."

"I am not so sure. We ought by rights to have made an attempt to find that fellow. At least we ought to have looked into the cellar behind that shutter where he stood."

"We had our hands full, and could not have done it, then. It is not too late to do it now, and that will be part of my work."

"Then for heaven sake look out for yourself, Governor, and don't go to getting into trouble."

Old King Brady only laughed at this, and shortly afterward Harry started on his mission.

The old detective finished up some writing which he had on hand, and then went to the Elizabeth street station.

Here he met the captain of the precinct, to whom he gave such an account of the doings of the night before as he thought advisable.

He purposely omitted all mention of hypnotism, and what he and Harry had witnessed in the joss-house.

"And now, captain, if you will come with me I will show you that joss-house," said the old detective. "We will at the same time search the cellar of the house next door, where the masked Chink challenged us. We may find more prisoners there."

The captain was nothing loth, and they started at once.

They went directly to the jeweler's little workshop. The Chinaman was busy at his bench.

In true Chinese style he paid absolutely no attention to them.

"Me no sabe," was his answer to every question put.

The locks on the broken doors had not been repaired, and they had no difficulty in making their way to the joss-house.

But when they penetrated to the room they found that they had had their labor for their pains.

The place had been cleaned out completely.

The idol was gone, and so was the altar.

Old King Brady and the police captain found themselves standing in an empty room.

They next descended to the cellar.

Here Old King Brady broke away the shutter and they looked into the cellar of the house next door.

It contained nothing but rubbish.

To have attempted to locate the man with the mask would have been a mere waste of effort, and they gave it up.

Leaving the captain to return to the station, Old King Brady went into one of the houses on the opposite side of Doyers street, and ascended to the top floor.

Here he knocked on the door of one of the front rooms. It was opened by an aged Chinaman, whose long, drooping mustache told of his years.

Until after he is fifty years of age no Chinaman ever wears a mustache.

This is a fact not generally known.

"Ha, Blady!" exclaimed the old man. "Come in."

"How are you, Jin Can?" said the old detective, entering the squalid room.

"Belly bad, Blady," was the reply. "Plenty lumatism."

"That's bad. You can cure others, why not cure yourself?"

"Oh, me no cure nobody now," was the reply. "Me old man, allee samee played out. Chinaman him like Melican doctor now. No comee much to Chinee dloctor. Me allee samee back number—see?"

Jin Can was one of the oldest Chinamen in the colony.

Opium smoking had been his ruin, and the real reason why his countrymen had ceased to feel confidence in him.

Several years before it had come in Old King Brady's way to save the doctor from Blackwell's Island, where he would have been sent for practising medicine without a license.

Chinamen are not ungrateful as a race.

More than once Old King Brady had experienced favors at the hands of Dr. Jin Can.

"I suppose you are wondering what brings me here," said the old detective, after he had produced cigars.

"Me helpee you so I can, Blady," was the reply.

"It's like this, Jin. You saw the raid across the street last night?"

"Yair, me see. Me see you, too."

"I suppose you have been wondering what it was all about?"

"Nope!"

"Then you know?"

"Nope. No me business. Ming Mow over dere. He no dere. He no good. He Highbinder. He no flend of mine."

"Just so," said Old King Brady. "That's why I came here. Tell me, Jin, did you see Ming Mow go away with a man a little while before I came with the police?"

"No, Blady. Me no see, but me know dlat true."

"Oh, he did go away with a man, then?"

"Three men. Dey go. So I hear."

"Somebody saw them and told you?"

"Yair."

"Good! How did they go?"

"In callidge."

"One of the hacks from the square?"

"Yair."

"Did they come back?"

"I see Ming Mow ddis morning—yair."

"Was one of these men a prisoner, Jin?"

"Dlat what dley say. But, Blady, I tellee you so you no tellee on me."

"Never, Jin. You have done me a great service."

A ten-dollar bill changed hands then.

Old King Brady put a few questions further to the Chinaman, but he was not able to draw anything more out of him.

The old detective then withdrew and went out to Chatham Square.

Here all the old hands among the cab drivers are known to the detective.

He had no difficulty whatever in locating the cab.

One Pat Fox was the driver.

"Yes, I druv them Chinks," he said. "I don't know dat you could call one of them a prisoner, but I did notice that one looked frightened like, and de others stuck pretty close to him. I druv them to the Astoria ferry. Thought it was kind of strange that they didn't go on the elevated."

"And you left them at the ferry?" asked the old detective.

"Yes."

"Did they seem to get in any row during the ride?"

"Never heard a sound in the hack, but I'll tell you one thing I did notice."

"What is that?"

"When we got to the ferry one of them seemed dopey; half asleep like. I guess they had been eating the hop or something as they rode along."

Old King Brady gave the driver a liberal tip and returned to the office.

"They have got Chop Low out there at Steinway and they have got him hypnotized," he said to himself. "Well, there is nothing further to do till Harry comes back. He may run against something which will explain all this."

While Old King Brady was thus working up his clews Harry went straight to Steinway.

But he did not wait until he got there to begin his detective work.

This he started at the Astoria ferry-house while waiting for the boat.

Harry tackled the gateman, and put the question whether many Chinamen crossed there.

Being told that such was the case, he proceeded to draw the man out further, and soon learned that a hack containing three Chinamen had crossed the night before.

But as the gateman could give no description of the Celestials this information did not amount to very much.

The only thing was the matter of time.

This Harry calculated must have been about an hour after the capture of the two come-ons in the joss-house.

But it was something to start on, at all events.

Without much difficulty Young King Brady managed to trace the movements of the hack to a point where it was seen to take the Steinway road.

Giving up on that line then, Young King Brady went directly out to the Chinese market gardens, leaving the car at a road-house near Bowery Bay.

Here he entered and bought cigars.

The place was all but deserted.

The day was chilly and threatening, and bad for the business of the fat German who ran the place.

Harry easily drew the man into conversation,

Having got him well started, he displayed his detective's shield, and handed out his card.

Fritz Schneider, the road-house keeper, was interested at once.

"Und you vas von of dose notorious Prady detegtives?" he asked.

"That's what," replied Harry. "I am out here working on a Chinese case. Perhaps you can help me a bit."

"Mebbe. Dose Chinks vas no goot!"

"I don't suppose they bring much trade to your place?"

"Noting at all. Dey don'd trink beer, und I don'd sell rats. Vere can de peezness come in den?"

"That's right, Mr. Schneider. Now let me tell you something. Old King Brady, my boss, has reason to believe that these Chinese farmers sometimes bury their dead in their fields to save expense. Do you believe that is so?"

"I don'd know noting about it."

"I don't mean right along, of course, but once in awhile. There is a certain Chinaman who is missing, and we have reason to believe that he is dead and was buried here about two or three months ago. We believe that the body may have been brought up here in a box or a tug or something, and——"

"Hold on!" cried the German, "dot reminds me. Dere's old Uncle Charlie, he tell me dat he seen some tings brought here in a bag one night about tree months ago. He was sure it was a dead man. He kept talking about it for a long time. You might see him."

"Who is this Uncle Charlie?" demanded Harry, feeling that he was catching hold of something tangible at last.

"He keeps boats down by de foot of Riker's Lane. You better see him. Mebbe he can put you right."

Harry bought another dollar's worth of cigars, and started for Riker's Lane forthwith.

"By gracious, I believe the Governor has hit it!" he said to himself.

And, indeed, it is really remarkable how often Old King Brady does hit it in his conclusions.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BRADYS START ON A NEW TRAIL.

Riker's Lane runs down to the water's edge from one side of the Bowery Bay road, and back among the Chinese vegetable gardens on the other.

When Young King Brady reached it he saw at a glance that, allowing Old King Brady's theory to be correct, there could be no better place for the Chinamen to make a landing with the body of the dead Chop Chin.

At the foot of the lane was a little frame house of ancient build standing close to the water's edge.

Here also was a swimming float, and several boats were tied up to it.

A sign by the roadside told of baths and boats to let, and fishing-tackle and bait for sale, all by Charles Smith.

But there was nothing doing in any of these lines that day, for the season was now far advanced, and the weather anything but adapted to Uncle Charlie's peculiar line.

Knocking at the door, Harry brought out an ancient looking individual, who so far as appearance went might well have been the oldest inhabitant.

"How are you, Uncle Charlie!" exclaimed Harry, in his hearty way, at the same time extending his hand.

The old man's face brightened, and he shook hands.

"Waal, I'm fust-rate, boy," he said, "but I'll be blest if I know you."

"I don't suppose you do," replied Harry. "But I have been here before. Here is my card."

"Yes, yes!" cried Uncle Charlie. "I remember. You are one of the Brady detectives. You arrested a Chinaman here about three years ago."

This was true.

For the moment when the saloon-keeper spoke of Uncle Charlie Harry had forgotten the man, but as soon as he saw the fishing-box the recollection of his former case came back to him, and he knew that it was with no stranger that he had to deal.

It was no trick at all to start the old man talking.

"I'm right glad that somebody is going to take that matter up at last," he said. "I done my best to make people believe me. The police laughed at me, and when I told people that them blame Chinks brung a dead man in a bag here everybody said I was crazy. Well, that's the way it goes."

"You have got the right man to deal with this time," said Harry. "I not only believe your story, Uncle Charlie, but I think I know who the dead man was."

"He might not have been a Chink. For all I know he might have been a white man."

"If he was the person we suspect he was a Chinaman, all right. But tell me all about it. The truth of this matter is just what I want to get at."

"Well, it was one rainy night about three months ago," began Uncle Charlie, lighting one of Young King Brady's cigars. "I was bothered with the toothache, which kept me awake. Long toward morning I heered a tug turn in toward my float."

"What time was it?" asked Harry.

"About three in the morning, as near as I can remember. I got up and looked out the window, and what should I see but two of them blame Chinks a-standing on the float, with the tug steering close in shore. On the beach they had a wheelbarrow, and I says to myself, I wonder what in thunder them yeller rat-eaters is up to now."

"As well you might. But go on," said Harry.

"It rained so hard, and my tooth was a-jumpin' so that I didn't feel like dressing and going out," continued Uncle Charlie, "so I just kept on watching.

"Pretty soon the tug came alongside the float, and when they threw a line one of the Chinks got it and made fast.

"Then three Chinks came off on the float, and the deckhands passed a bag down to them.

"One of the Chinks what was there before had a lantern, and I seen that the bag held something that was sure the shape of a body. They loaded it on the wheelbarrow, and all went up the lane with it. It was a dead man, sur-est thing you know."

"And did you see where they took it?" demanded Harry.

"No, I didn't," was the reply. "But I knowed one of the Chinks what was on the float fust off. He was Hip Toy, one of the Chineese farmers here. He lives in that there hut what you see at the top of the hill."

"And that is all?"

"That's the hull business, boy. As I tell you, I only got laughed at and called an old fool when I told the police about it. They told me I was dreaming, but I wasn't, and every word I say is true."

"I believe you," said Harry, "and by telling me this story you have done me a great service. Here's five dollars for your trouble, Uncle Charlie. Now tell me, did you happen to be awake some time after twelve o'clock last night, and hear or see anything of a carriage which drove up to one of these Chinese farms?"

But here Harry was balked.

Uncle Charlie had gone to bed early the night before.

Young King Brady now left the boat-house keeper and went up the lane to the hut which had been pointed out to him.

It stood at the edge of a piece of woods, and was quite deserted.

This, however, Harry was prepared for, as Uncle Charlie had told him that the man Hip Toy had lost the lease of his farm, and had gone away some six weeks before.

Harry went into the deserted hut and made a careful examination of it.

This, however, resulted in nothing, and feeling that he had about reached the end of his rope, Young King Brady gave it up and returned to New York.

He found Old King Brady at the office, and to him he related what had occurred.

"We are evidently on the right track," said the old detective. "The only thing is to learn when these people propose to make their next move."

"To my mind the thing is to be prepared for them when they do make it," replied Harry. "If it was me I should go out there to-night and go on the watch."

"Naturally you think so, and I am not saying that I don't agree with you," replied Old King Brady. "But what if they finished up their work last night?"

"There is that chance, of course."

"Did you go into that piece of woods at the top of the hill, Harry?"

"No, I did not."

"It's a pity you didn't, then."

"And why?"

"There is an old wreck of a house there which once belonged to the Onderdonk family. That is, if it has not been removed."

"And you think Chop Low may have been hidden there by these Chinks?"

"It would be a good hiding place. To be sure, I haven't been out there for several years, and for all I know the house may have been pulled down, but it used to be there. The laying out of a new road left it remote from everywhere. Still, they are cutting through streets and building up so fast out in that region that I can't say what the situation may be now."

"Well, I didn't go beyond the hut at the head of the vegetable fields, so I can't say either."

"I think we will go," said Old King Brady, after some reflection, "and what is more, I think we will take Chop High with us."

"He'll only be a nuisance."

"He can talk Chinese. We may need an interpreter."

"Why not take the boy Tom?"

Old King Brady laughed.

"I suppose you will think me rather fantastical," he said, "but it seems to me if we are going on this resurrection business we may need a ghost of our own."

"What do you mean?"

"Harry, I can't tell you exactly what I do mean. It is just an idea that has popped into my head. Let's go home and get ready. Steinway for ours to-night."

When the Bradys got home they more than half expected to find Chop High gone.

Such was not the case, however.

The Chinaman was in his room, and showed no ill effects from his indulgence in opium the night before.

Julius stated that he had remained quiet all day, and had made no effort to leave the house.

Old King Brady sent for him, and Chop High came down into the library.

"You findee me bludder, boss?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Old King Brady. "We are going to look for him to-night and we want you to come with us."

"Allee light. Me do eblyting you say so you find me bludder and get me money back."

"We promise nothing. We shall do the best we can. Now tell me, did your dead brother look anything like you?"

"Plenty likee me. We double boys."

"You mean that you were twins?"

"No sabe twins."

"Both born the same day."

"Yair. Dlat so. Who tellee you?"

"Oh, I guessed it. All right. We will see what can be done."

Old King Brady ordered an early supper, and at six o'clock a two-seated carriage was at the door.

Traveling with a Chinaman always attracts attention, and Old King Brady did not care for that.

They drove directly to the Astoria ferry, and having crossed, proceeded to the police station.

Here Old King Brady went inside and was gone some little time.

"Did you fix it?" asked Harry, when he returned to the carriage.

"Yes; four," was the reply, and they drove on.

This was a mere matter of precaution.

Dealing with Chinese Highbinders is dangerous work at the best.

The arrangement Old King Brady had made was to have four officers stationed in the woods near the old Onderdonk place, ready to respond to a signal if he should need them.

To have taken these men with them would only have made Chop High nervous.

Moreover, the old detective wanted neither interference with his plans nor unnecessary talk.

The detectives and their Chinese come-on were now driven to Schneider's road house.

Here the driver was instructed to put up his horse and wait, even if it was all night.

To avoid exciting the curiosity of Schneider himself, or anyone who might be in the saloon, the Bradys and their come-on left the hack at some little distance from the road-house, and pushing on to Riker's Lane they made their way to Hip Toy's deserted hut and halted there.

During all this journey Chop High behaved himself in true Chinese style.

Having decided to trust himself to the detectives, he had nothing to say, but did precisely as he was told.

"And now here we are," said Old King Brady, "and here you two must remain until I have a chance to do a little exploiting. On no account leave this place until I return. Should anything occur one shot will bring me back."

Handing Harry a small parcel which he had brought with him, Old King Brady started up the hill alone, and disappeared among the trees.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

It was now about eight o'clock in the evening, and a drizzling rain was beginning to fall.

Consequently it was as dark as pitch, and although they had been able to make their way in the open well enough, Old King Brady, when he entered the strip of woods, found that light was going to be absolutely necessary if he expected to accomplish anything.

And still he hesitated about bringing his dark lantern into play.

But to advance without it was too dangerous to be thought of.

The old detective stood for some minutes hesitating.

He had consulted the police captain at the Astoria station about the locality, and had learned that the old Onderdonk house was still standing where he had last seen it, but that several gravel pits had been dug in the woods.

This meant that caution was absolutely necessary unless Old King Brady wanted to break his neck.

And while the old detective stood there hesitating a light suddenly shot up ahead of him at no great distance away.

"That must be in the house," thought Old King Brady. "Good! It will give me my bearings at all events."

He groped his way forward, keeping in the line of the light.

In a moment he saw the old ruin ahead of him.

The light was streaming from one of the windows on the first floor.

Cautiously Old King Brady crept up to the window and peered in.

There was no one to be seen.

The light came from an ordinary stable lantern, which had been placed on a barrel close to the window.

It could have been put there but for one purpose, and that was to guide someone to the place.

With every caution Old King Brady passed entirely around the house, but discovered nothing.

"It looks like business," he thought, "but after all it may only be tramps. At all events, there is nothing doing yet."

Near the house was an old wreck of a barn.

This Old King Brady also examined, and found it deserted.

"Just the place for us to hide," he thought. "I'll move my force up here."

He was just about to retreat when a man suddenly stepped out from behind the barn and confronted him.

"Halt!" breathed the old detective, drawing his revolver.

"Astoria!" said the man.

"Oh! It is you, is it?" replied the old detective.

"Yes. Step behind here. You may be seen."

Old King Brady stepped behind the barn and found three other policemen.

"So you got here ahead of us?" he said.

"Yes; we came by a shorter way."

"Seen anybody?"

"Yes. There is a Chink inside there. He is evidently expecting others, for he has put a light in the window."

"So I see. I'm going to move my partner and my Chink up here. You will do nothing, no matter what happens, till you get the signal."

"All right, Mr. Brady. We are at your orders."

"If the trail leads away from here you will follow us at a distance."

"O. K."

"Now listen. What I expect will happen is that these Chinamen will open the grave of a Chinaman whom I be-

lieve to have been secretly buried here some months ago. If this proves to be the case I shall let my Chink play ghost, and scare them off after the grave has been opened. It will be your job to nab them all then—see?"

"We understand," was the reply. "It shall all be just as you say."

Old King Brady now went down the hill after Harry and Chop High, and brought them up to the barn.

These movements were made with the utmost caution.

Everything was as the old detective had last seen it.

He peered in at the window as he passed.

The lantern still remained on the barrel, but nothing could be seen of the Chinaman whom the policeman had declared placed it there.

A long and tedious wait now followed.

At eleven o'clock nothing had occurred.

Meanwhile the storm passed, and the moon came out.

At quarter past eleven footsteps were heard approaching, and in a moment the watchers caught the gabble of Chinamen's voices.

"Me bludder here, Mr. Blady!" whispered Chop High, in great excitement. "Dlat Ming Mow comee. I know him voice."

"Hush!" whispered the old detective. "Keep absolutely silent. Harry! Now!"

Young King Brady cut the string which secured the little parcel.

Out came a long white nightgown, which Young King Brady threw over his arm ready for instant use.

Meanwhile the old detective maintained a close watch.

There were only two of the Chinamen.

They entered the old house by the front door, and the light in the window immediately disappeared.

"I'll give them fifteen minutes," determined Old King Brady. "If they don't come out by that time we must strike inside there and see what is going on."

They had not that long to wait.

In less than six minutes four Chinamen appeared.

"Me bludder!" gasped Chop High, but like a flash Harry's hand was clapped upon his mouth.

Ming Mow was now recognized by Old King Brady.

The Highbinder priest carried the lantern, and led the way back among the trees.

Chop Low, also identified by the old detective, came last.

His eyes were fixed and staring. He walked in a peculiar way, which led the detectives to believe that he was in a trance.

"Now!" breathed Old King Brady, as the party passed in among the trees. "Not a sound, on your lives! Chop High, we will get your brother—see? Perhaps we put that white gown on you so you can scare these men and make them think you are Chop Chin's spirit—you understand?"

"Me lunderstan'," replied Chop High, solemnly. "Me do just likee you speakee—yair."

They crept after the Chinamen then.

But they did not have far to go.

Coming to a big white boulder Ming Mow called a halt. Chop Low was placed with his back against the boulder, and the Bradys saw Ming Mow make passes before his face, just as any other hypnotist would have done.

Somewhere here Chop Chin had been buried, and through the hypnotizing of the living brother the Highbinder priest expected to find the dead brother's grave.

Having finished with his passes, Ming Mow now began to question Chop Low, who answered.

The seance was a long one.

All at once Ming Mow ceased his questioning, and extended his hand to Chop Low.

The latter took it and led him to a place some twenty feet distant from the boulder, where he pointed with his right forefinger to the ground.

Two spades were now produced, which had been hidden under the white rock and with these Ming Mow's companions began to dig.

Things were getting warm.

The Bradys and Chop High, who were well concealed among some bushes, watched with intense interest.

The hard, gravelly soil made it tough work digging, but the two Chinamen stuck to their task.

At last, after they had gone down several feet, a great chattering began, and all but Chop Low bent eagerly over the hole.

Ming Mow now jumped into it.

One of his companions lowered a rope, and then another.

After a moment Ming Mow climbed out again, and all three began to pull on the ropes.

It was just as the Bradys had expected.

A rough pine box was drawn up out of the hole and lifted to the ground.

"Now!" breathed Old King Brady, in Harry's ear.

Harry handed Chop High the nightgown.

Without a word the Chinese come-on proceeded to get into his ghostly garb.

Meanwhile a great gabble was going on about the box.

The top appeared to have been screwed down, and Ming Mow went to work with a screw-driver to get it off.

Old King Brady was determined to wait till the last minute before springing his trap, but he did intend to spring it before the lid was raised.

"Now!" he whispered, pushing Chop High forward.

He had waited just a minute too long.

Up came the lid of the box.

Down went Ming Mow's hand into it, and as Chop High advanced into the open, giving a wild cry, the detectives saw the Highbinder take a small canvas bag out of the box.

Such another yell of terror the Bradys never heard.

All three Chinamen joined in it.

Chop Low, however, stood motionless, and never uttered a sound.

Instantly all three took to their heels.

Bang!

Old King Brady jumped into the open and fired a shot.

This was the signal for the policemen.

Promptly they put in an appearance and started in pursuit.

But right here Old King Brady realized his blunder.

The police were chasing two Chinamen only.

Ming Mow dodged off in another direction.

"After him, Harry!" cried Old King Brady. "He has got the diamonds."

Now, all this was the work of an instant.

The next and Harry was in hot pursuit.

Chop High made a rush for his brother, and catching him in his arms, began shaking him and calling out wildly in Chinese.

Meanwhile the policemen were industriously pursuing the wrong men; while Old King Brady, whose sprinting days were nearly over, had nothing to do but to look into the box.

There, as he suspected, was the corpse of a Chinaman.

Of course, it was Chop Chin, but he was past recognition.

Old King Brady was glad to put on the lid.

As he turned away Chop High cried out:

"Me wakee him! Me wakee him! See!"

However Chop High did it, there was Chop Low rubbing his eyes and looking wildly about.

Suddenly spying his brother, he threw his arms about his neck and kissed him.

Then, as they both fell on their knees beside the box and began calling out wildly, Old King Brady turned away.

* * * * *

Backed to win or backed to lose, Young King Brady had a hard contract on his hands.

He soon found that Ming Mow's game was to make a detour and gain the lane.

Having assured himself of this, Harry resolved to take a chance—win or lose.

Turning suddenly, he made a short cut for the lane, running on his tip-toes and with scarce a sound.

Still he could hear the Chinaman's quick footsteps.

Then all at once he lost them.

Still he ran on, and in a minute had gained the lane.

No Ming Mow!

Then all at once he caught the pat-pat of the Chinese feet.

This was Harry's chance.

He waited until the fellow was close upon him, and then darting out covered him with his revolver.

"Halt!" he cried. "Drop it!"

Ming Mow still clutched the little bag.

And he did drop it.

Then like lightning he rushed at Harry with drawn knife.

Bang!

Harry sent a shot through the Chink's left shoulder which brought him down, and as he fell Young King Brady seized the bag.

* * * * *

Harry's shot brought Old King Brady, and the police quickly followed.

They had captured their men, and they made short work of handcuffing Ming Mow, who was but slightly wounded.

The Chop brothers soon joined them.

Back to the road-house the Bradys hurried them, leaving the police to look after the prisoners and the corpse.

In the hack the little bag was opened, and the diamonds were revealed.

Chop Low had little to tell.

He claimed to remember nothing after Ming Mow hypnotized him in the Doyers street den.

The Bradys took the brothers back to their own house on Washington Square.

Three days later they started for San Francisco with the remains of Chop Chin, leaving the Bradys richer by \$4,000.

This they could well afford, but the gift was made without suggestion on the part of the detectives.

Upon Ming Mow a huge roll of bills was found.

At Old King Brady's suggestion the wounded man gave the Chop brothers the four thousand which had been stolen from them.

This arrangement was made next day in the Astoria station.

In return there was no attempt made to prosecute either of the three men, and they were soon discharged.

It is almost impossible to convict a Chinaman on Chinese evidence.

Knowing this, Old King Brady did not care to waste his time.

The Dunn girl was kindly cared for by Mrs. Borell's society.

For a time they used her as a hypnotic subject, paying her well for her services.

Later she gave the business up.

Old King Brady gave old Quong Lee a thousand dollars for his services.

And so the case ended.

Of course, there was still much mystery unexplained when the end came.

We refer to the doings in the secret joss-house.

But the ways of the Chinese race are past finding out.

And who shall explain how Ming Mow really gained the information which led to the strange ending of this case of The Bradys and the Chinese Come-Ons?

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