

# 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. 375.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE HIGHBINDERS LEAGUE; OR, THE PLOT TO BURN CHINATOWN.

*By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



"Take that, you yellow firebug!" shouted Harry, giving High Jack a stunner on the head. The stairs door opened and down came more Chinks, the leader swinging an axe. Old King Brady entered just in time to see it all.





# SECRET SERVICE

## OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, March 1, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1906, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 375.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

### CHAPTER I.

#### YOUNG KING BRADY HAS A STRANGE CALL.

In the detective business one meets with all kinds of adventures.

Some come through the very nature of the work, for when a man goes prying into other people's business he is pretty sure to run up against some strange adventures.

At other times a detective will stumble into trouble which proves a leader to a case—once in a while the very case he is working on.

The business naturally calls a man here, there, and everywhere.

Adventures do not come to those who never wander from their own firesides.

The Bradys, the most noted detectives in America, have their share of adventures, of course.

The incidents which we are now about to relate, so far as Young King Brady, partner and pupil of the famous Old King Brady, is concerned, began with an adventure which at the time seemed nothing particularly extraordinary, but which proved to have all to do with a case about to come in the way of this noted firm.

It was one snowy night in the month of March, when Young King Brady, or Harry, as his partner always calls him, was walking down the Bowery alone.

Young King Brady had just come over from Boston, where he had been attending to certain routine work—namely, going from pawnshop to pawnshop to locate a piece of stolen jewelry, if possible, and in which task he had failed.

He had intended to go straight to the old house on Washington Square, where he and his chief have for some years kept bachelor's hall together, but after leaving the elevated railroad at 9th street Harry suddenly remembered that certain papers which he wanted to use first thing next day were in the Bradys' shabby little office on Park Row.

It was nearly eleven o'clock on a cold, snowy night.

Another would have taken the elevated train again, but Harry loves to walk about New York on a stormy night.

The notion to do so on this occasion seized him.

He yielded to the impulse, and the result was the adventure which we are now about to relate.

Young King Brady had just crossed Canal street, and with his coat collar turned up about his ears was walking rapidly down on the right hand side of the Bowery when,

just as he was passing the old Atlantic Garden, a shabby looking boy coming in the opposite direction suddenly stopped, and in an undertone and with an air of unutterable relief muttered:

"Oh, gee! Young King Brady!"

And then, as though ashamed of his boldness, he stepped aside and raised his tattered cap.

Harry now perceived that the boy was a mulatto, of bright, intelligent countenance.

"Did you want to speak to me, boy?" he asked.

"Yair! If I could," was the reply. "I knowed you as soon as ever I seed you. Don't you remember me?"

"Seems to me I've seen you before?"

"Time you arrested Joe Sing on Pell street, Chinatown, you know."

"Yes, yes! That was a year ago."

"A year next munt."

"Right. I remember you now, but I can't call your name."

"Gus Johnson."

"Surely. I remember you now, Gus. Well, what do you want?"

"To speak to you if I can."

"You are speaking to me now."

"But I can't talk here. Dis is Highbinder biz, Mr. Harry. If I am seen I'm as good as dead. Yer know Mock Duck's place is right here on de Bowery, and he's de king of de Tongs now."

"I am in something of a hurry, Gus, but at the same time I don't like to refuse you. Will you step inside the Atlantic Garden?"

"I'd like it best if you would meet me on Pell street, and den folly me, Mr. Harry."

"You would, eh? I don't do business that way."

"Honest I hain't putting up a job on you, Mr. Harry."

"Chinatown is a dangerous place in these days of the Tong war, Gus. I can't do it. You can follow me down to the office if you wish, and talk there."

"You going to de office?"

"Yes."

"All right. I won't be five minutes behind yer."

"Very well. I will wait ten minutes for you, but no more."

Thus saying, Young King Brady pushed on down the Bowery.

As he passed No. 12, the holdout of the notorious Highbinder, Mock Duck, Harry looked the place over.

There was a Chinaman with his hands thrust into his capacious sleeves standing just inside the doorway.

He did not even look at Harry as he passed.

Still, it was easy to believe that he had been watching during the brief interview with Gus Johnson.

"I wonder what the deuce is in the wind now?" thought Harry. "It don't make much difference. I don't believe that Old King Brady would touch a Chinese case unless it was something very special."

The Bradys have had much to do with the Chinese in America.

Work among this singular race is both difficult and dangerous.

Of late Old King Brady has been making an effort to pull out of it.

This, however, he finds it very difficult to do.

Reaching the old brick building on Park Row, near Chambers street, so well known to New York criminals, Harry hurried up the dark stairway, having let himself in with his latchkey, and entered the shabby little office which the Bradys make their headquarters when in New York.

Here he lighted the gas, and opening the safe, had scarcely time to obtain his papers when there came a low knock on the door.

"Come in," called Young King Brady, and into the office the boy Gus Johnson came gliding.

Now, Harry had good reasons for not trusting this lad too far.

Gus was what is known as a Low Gow Gui, or in English the Chinawoman's dog.

In New York, for some mysterious reason, the Chinese women seldom venture on the streets.

If they wish to buy anything they call or signal from their windows, and there is always a boy in readiness to run their errands.

There is quite a little army of these boys hanging about Chinatown, some white, more mulattos, and a few Chinese half-breeds.

These are the Low Gow Gui.

They are a degraded lot, but if one wants to explore the mysteries of Chinatown and succeed as he never can in company with a ward detective, let him get into the good graces of a member of the Low Gow Gui.

"So you are here," said Young King Brady.

"Yair," replied Gus, keeping close to the door. "Say, Mr. Harry, would you mind puttin' out de gas?"

"You think you have been followed?"

"Can't tell! Shouldn't wonder. If I have, and de Tongs see a light in your winder, I'm a goner sure. But den mebber dey don't know nuffin about what I'm on to; I can't say."

Harry turned out the gas and bolted the door.

"Now bust ahead, Gus, and be quick about it," he said, "for I want to go home."

"Den mebber you won't go wid me?"

"Tell what you have to tell. Don't keep me waiting."

"Well, den, it's like dis: I've got a white boy dressed like a Chink in my room. He's de best-looking little chap

you ever see, an' I believe he's some rich man's son from de way he talks; but he's half looney, doped, or suthin'; he's so skeered dat he's sick from it all, and I tink he'll die on me hands afore morning. I dunno what to do wit him, but I hate to chase de poor feller. If I go to de station dey'll lock me in, an' dere's no knowin' what may come of it. De Tengers is after him, surest ting. I can tell dat by de way he talks, an' I've been follered since I left him. I was just a-goin' to try to find out where youse lived in de d'rectory when I met yer. He's sich a nice boy—something ought to be done. But what kin I do, being only a Gow. If de Tengers want de little feller it hain't fer no good."

Gus's "Tengers," we must explain, are the Highbinders, who in New York's Chinese colony are organized into a secret society called the Hip Sing Tong.

That these men are simply professional murderers and thieves should be generally known, for they have been written up often enough in the newspapers, yet for all that many seem incapable of understanding their true character.

That this society is directly responsible for the numerous murders which occur in Chinatown Harry well knew.

"Where did you pick this boy up?" he asked.

"On Pell street, about an hour ago, Mr. Harry," was the prompt reply.

"Do you think he is an American?"

"I guess so. Dunno. He hain't Irish, and he hain't Dutch, no more is he a dago; yet he don't talk United States."

"Do you mean that he speaks a foreign language?"

"Not exactly. I kin understand some tings he says, but not all. If you could only get him out of dere, Mr. Harry, I dassent keep him. I dunno what to do."

Young King Brady is ever quick to decide.

Gus was evidently sincere, and after a moment's thought Harry determined to do as he wished.

A year previous this boy had served these keen detectives a good turn.

Thus it was not just as though Harry did not know with whom he had to deal.

"Come along, Gus, and I will see what I can do for you," he said.

"No," replied Gus. "I go first—see? You follow and see if the Tengers are after me—see?"

"All right. Where do we go?"

"I'm living in Oliver street now, right off de Square."

"Go on."

Gus unbolted the door and shot downstairs.

Young King Brady, following at a little distance, made his way back through the snow toward Chatham Square, keeping the boy in view.

He could see no Chinamen.

If the Highbinders really were after Gus they were certainly excellent hands at keeping out of sight.

Oliver street strikes out of Chatham Square on the east, and runs to the river.

Thus it is beyond the limits of Chinatown.

A few Chinese live in its tenements, but these are all of the Americanized pattern.

Down by Cherry street there are a few Japanese living. That the Highbinders would dare to invade Oliver street Harry could scarcely believe.

Gus turned at a narrow archway alongside a tall tenement, and shot through to the rear.

Rear houses are abominations everywhere, and in New York they are seen at their worst.

Harry balked for a moment at the archway—it is so easy to trap one in these places—but he had given Gus his promise, and when the boy looked back to see if he was coming Young King Brady followed on.

Gus waited for him in the doorway of the old house in the rear.

"See any Chinks, Mr. Harry?" he whispered.

"Not one," was the reply.

"Mebbe it's all right, den."

"You are losing your best chance for business to-day, Gus."

"Yair; night is de best up to one o'clock; but I couldn't leave de poor little snoozer. Come on up. I guess it's all right now."

Gus led the way up one flight of stairs, and opened a door at the extreme end of a dark passage.

Here Harry found himself in a little box of a room, scarcely big enough for the single bed, wash-stand and chair, which was all the furniture it contained.

On the bed, covered up with an old blanket, lay a boy of about fifteen in an uneasy sleep.

Thrown over the chair was a suit of Chinese clothes of the richest description.

The blouse and trousers were both made of expensive silk, every button of the former being a nugget of gold.

The boy certainly was a beauty, and no one could for an instant have mistaken him for a Chinaman.

His features were regular, and his hair, which curled above the forehead, was a golden brown.

Upon the little finger of the right hand, which was thrown out over the blanket was a ring carrying a diamond worth at least \$200.

Had Gus overlooked all this wealth?

Young King Brady thought so at first.

But the Gow quickly undeceived him.

"Yer see fer yerself what he is," he remarked. "Them buttons on his blouse are gold, an' I know it. Look at dat sparkler, will yer? Say, wouldn't dat go all right in de hock shop! I'll bet yer! You see now, Mr. Harry, it wouldn't have did to leave him on de street. If de fellers had got sight of dat ring dey would have tore him ter pieces. I made him put his hand in his sleeve. Now do you wonder I wanted you to come an' help me out?"

"And why didn't you swipe that ring, Gus?" Harry asked.

The Gow shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I dunno," he replied. "Anoder time I woulder

done it quick enough, but de lad axed me to help him, an' I kinder took pity on him like, so I brung him home. Would I rob him den? No!"

"Good for you, Gus; there's nothing like a kind heart. Can you wake him up?"

"Dunno! I'll try. He's doped, all right. Charley! Hey, Charley! Wake up!"

The boy opened the bluest pair of eyes Harry had ever seen.

Sitting up in bed he fixed those eyes upon Young King Brady with a puzzled look, and then, throwing up his hands, gave a frightened cry.

"Oh, don't let them get me! Don't let them get me! Take me away from the Chinese! Take me away from my brother! Take me home!"

"Hush!" said Harry, laying his hand upon the boy's head. "Be calm. There are no Chinese here."

The forehead was burning hot.

This and the flushed face told the story.

The boy was in a raging fever.

"What is your name?" Young King Brady asked.

But he got no intelligible answer.

The boy dropped back on the pillow and began talking wildly.

That he was entirely delirious was plain enough!

Harry listened to his ravings for a moment.

They were certainly peculiar enough to interest any detective. It was all about firebugs and plots to burn houses.

The speech and accent marked the boy as English and of good family.

All this was too plain to be misunderstood.

"That hain't the way he talked first off," said Gus. "He told me that his brother wanted to kill him, and that he had jumped out of the window. He seemed skeered to det. He's gone daffy now, all right."

"He is out of his head," replied Harry. "What we want to do is to get him to the hospital as quick as possible. You stay here, Gus, and I'll go for an ambulance."

As he spoke Harry caught the boy's hand and slipped off the diamond ring.

"Dat's right," said Gus. "Ycu take it, Mr. Brady. I might get tempted, dere's no tellin'. I s'pose it's wort a lot."

"Yes; I'll keep it for the present. You're a good boy, Gus. I shall tell Old King Brady about this. Perhaps he can get you a better job than running with the Low Gow Gui."

"Oh, I dunno," replied Gus. "I don't care much. It suits me all right to be a Gow. Do you tink de little snoozer is goin' to die?"

"That's for the doctors to decide," replied Harry. "Now I'm off. You keep the door locked, Gus, and upon no account admit anyone until I return."

Thus saying, Young King Brady left the house.

## CHAPTER II.

## A DUKE WITH A CHINESE SON.

On the afternoon of that same March day, before the snow storm set in, Old King Brady had a call which after some hesitation he decided to answer.

It had been a dull season with the old detective.

For some weeks he had been without an important case.

Had it been otherwise he might have paid no attention to the call in question.

Old King Brady is not one of the sort who holds his services so high as to make them obtainable only by the rich.

The old detective was seated at his desk at quarter past five o'clock, wondering if Harry would arrive before six, when the door opened, and a solemn looking young man in black entered.

He was evidently an Englishman, and there was that about his manner and dress to make the shrewd old detective at once put him down as a rich man's retainer, which, indeed, he proved to be.

"Is this Mr. Brady?" he asked, with a strong English accent and rising inflection.

"That is my name," was the reply.

"I am Dr. Murray, physician and private secretary to his grace the Duke of Abergaverny, whom you may be aware is at present in New York."

"Indeed. Sit down. I was not aware. I never heard of the Duke of Abergaverny, in fact."

"What! My dear sir!"

Dr. Murray rolled his eyes until only the whites could be seen.

"Such ignorance!" his manner seemed to say.

"Such is the fact," continued Old King Brady. "Dukes are at a discount in this country, doctor. Please state your business. I am somewhat pressed for time."

"Personally I have no business to state, sir. I am the bearer of a letter to you from His Grace."

"Let's have it."

"Yes, sir. In due time, sir. I will now proceed to produce it," replied Dr. Murray, haughtily.

He evidently resented Old King Brady's manner.

This was not strange.

The old detective is the kindest-hearted man on earth, but he has a deep-rooted hatred for snobbery and haughtiness on the part of the rich and powerful.

Such persons he believes should be benefactors and servants of the masses, and not the enemies, as they too often are.

Dr. Murray produced the letter, which was sealed with the ducal seal.

Old King Brady tore off the end of the envelope and read as follows:

"The Duke of Abergaverny desires to consult Old King Brady upon a matter of the deepest importance.

"Were it possible, the Duke would personally wait on Mr. Brady, but inasmuch as he is somewhat of an invalid, he requests that Mr. Brady come to his yacht, the *Seabird*, with Dr. Murray, the bearer.

"Not wishing to trespass upon Mr. Brady's time without recompense, the Duke requests his acceptance of the enclosure."

Such was the letter.

Had there been nothing else Old King Brady would surely have rejected the call, in spite of the fact that a twenty-pound Bank of England note was enclosed.

But at the bottom of this stilted epistle, written in a different hand, was the following:

"For heaven sake don't refuse a father's request, Mr. Brady. I am mad over the loss of my young son. Come and help me if you can.—Abergaverny."

Evidently the body of the letter was the work of Dr. Murray.

The pathetic appeal attached touched Old King Brady's heart.

"Where is this yacht?" he asked.

"She lies in the Hudson, off Grant's tomb," was the reply.

"You are prepared to take me there at once?"

"I am. I have a cab in waiting."

"Who recommended me to the Duke?"

"I understand that it was His Majesty, King Edward."

"Ah! I had the pleasure of meeting the King while working out one of my English cases. Well, I will go."

"I am very glad of it," replied the doctor. "I want to caution you to be very gentle with the Duke. He is an old man, and his mental condition is the worst. He is almost mad over the loss of his young son."

"So he states in the letter."

"Yes; he insisted upon scrawling that postscript. I should not have considered it necessary."

"It was very necessary. Indeed, without it I should not have answered this call. But lead on, doctor. I am at your service right now."

Old King Brady was driven uptown and taken off to one of the handsomest private yachts he had seen in a long time, which lay at anchor in the river.

Once aboard the yacht he was not kept waiting an instant.

Dr. Murray went below, and a liveried servant at once appeared and conducted Old King Brady to a small but richly furnished cabin, where he was ushered into the presence of a tall, spare old gentleman who certainly looked his station.

The Duke arose, and with tottering step and outstretched hand greeted the old detective.

"I thank you for your prompt response, Mr. Brady," he

said. "It is so kind of you. Really, my dear sir, I should have known you anywhere from the photograph I picked up in London. Be seated, please."

Doubtless the Duke intended this as a compliment.

But some might have considered it otherwise, for Old King Brady's personal appearance is so peculiar that when not in disguise one could scarcely fail to recognize him.

And upon this occasion Old King Brady wore his regulation dress.

There was the old white felt hat with its unusually broad brim, the long blue coat of peculiar cut with a double row of flat brass buttons down the front.

Nor must we forget the ancient stock, style of 1840, with its high, pointed, stand-up collar.

Without these things Old King Brady would not be Old King Brady.

It is no wonder that he was recognized so readily by the Duke.

And now, after some little preliminary talk, Mr. Walter George Lionel Richard Powith, thirty-fourth Duke of Abergaverny, began his strange tale.

"You must know, Mr. Brady," he commenced, "that when I was a young man I was decidedly wild. I did not inherit my title until some fifteen years ago, and during my younger days I was a great rover.

"When I was twenty I went out to Shanghai as secretary to the British consul, and while there I made a mistake which is the cause of all my trouble now. To you I tell this in strict confidence. I married a Chinese woman, and by her had a son."

The Duke paused, and seemed on the point of bursting into tears.

"Go on, sir," said Old King Brady, quietly. "We all make mistakes. Doubtless you have bitterly repented yours."

"Indeed, yes. My wife died within two years. I was urged to repudiate the boy, but I could not. He was thoroughly Chinese in appearance, but I acknowledged him as my son, sent him to England, and tried to have him carefully educated.

"My father refused to receive him, and he would have cut me off from the estates and succession if it had been in his power, but the estate was strictly entailed, and although to the hour of his death my father refused to recognize me, I came in for all he had to leave, being the only child."

"Meanwhile, I was having my hands full, Mr. Brady. My son made a failure of his college career, as might have been expected.

"He was a Chinaman, and nothing but a Chinaman. At eighteen he disappeared, and for years I never heard of him. I came to believe that he was dead. At the end of that time of uncertainty he wrote me from the interior of China, where he was a priest in a monastery of one of the most peculiar sects in the Celestial Empire.

"This was the beginning of a long correspondence. The gist of it was that my son, Lord Powith, assured me that he should claim all his rights at my death.

"Time passed, and I gained my title and estates. For several years I had heard nothing from Walter. Again I believed, and I will admit hoped, that he might be dead.

"Shortly before my father's death I married, and by this wife I also had one son, Richard, named for my wife's father. I am now a widower and this boy is dearer to me than all I possess."

Again the Duke almost lost control of himself.

Old King Brady quietly waited for him to resume his story, which after a few minutes he did.

"And now, Mr. Brady, I am making a long story of all this," he said. "Let me hasten to the end, as the details can scarcely interest you."

"Richard is now, if he still lives, fifteen years of age, a delicate youth, whose education on account of his health has been sadly neglected. A few months ago, just as I was beginning to feel myself safe, I again heard from Walter. He was then at Hong Kong, and he requested me to come and see him, threatening that if I did not he would come to England and look me up.

"He informed me that he was prepared to compromise, and would, upon the payment of a certain sum which he did not name, agree to leave me in peace, and let his brother succeed to the title and estates.

"I immediately cabled him that I would go to Hong Kong and meet him. I went in my yacht, and sent him word upon my arrival. We had several interviews, but failed to come to terms, which you will admit is not strange when I inform you that there is little doubt that Walter is quite insane.

"In some way he had come into possession of great wealth on his own account. He visited me with quite a retinue of people, and was treated with the utmost respect in spite of his condition.

"I will not trouble you with details; enough to say that Walter wanted more than I could give him. We had a dreadful scene at the end, and next day—next day, Mr. Brady, my Richard was kidnapped, and taken up the country. Since that hour I have never laid eyes upon the beloved boy, and I came to believe him dead, until two weeks ago I received a letter from the British consul at this port stating that he had received one from Richard."

"Ha!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "He is here in New York?"

"He was when he wrote the letter, and his brother also; but here is the letter. You can read it for yourself, Mr. Brady. It will explain why I sought your services. I—pardon me. Come in!"

There was a knock on the door.

In answer to the summons Dr. Murray entered.

"You will pardon the interruption, your Grace," he said, "but the man has just come off with the mail. There is a letter with Chinese letters on the envelope. I thought —"

"Let me have it at once!" cried the Duke.

He seized the letter, and putting on his glasses exclaimed:

"Leave us, doctor."

As soon as the door was closed he leaned forward and said in a trembling voice: "It is from Walter! It is from my Chinese son."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BRADYS COMPARE NOTES ON THEIR CHINESE CASE.

Young King Brady hurried around to the drug store at the lower end of the Bowery, a shop which could tell more strange tales if its ancient walls were gifted with the power of speech than any one of its kind in New York.

Here Harry is well known, and his request that an ambulance be telephoned for was promptly complied with.

There was some delay, however, in getting the hospital on the wire, and even when Harry did succeed in so doing there appeared to be endless red tape before he could get a definite assurance that the ambulance would be sent to the Oliver street house.

In this way an hour was consumed.

Quite out of patience with it all, Harry started back again, half wishing that he had sent the Gow to do the telephoning, while he himself remained on guard.

When he reached the rear house he hurried up the dark stairs, meeting no one.

Gaining the door, he tapped lightly, calling in a low voice: "Gus, let me in."

There was no answer.

Harry tried the door.

It opened at his touch.

The room was quite dark, whereas when he left it a lamp had been burning on the washstand.

Harry struck a match, and as the flame flared up he saw that the bed was empty, while upon the floor lay the unfortunate Gow in a pool of blood.

Hardened as Young King Brady is gradually becoming to such sights, it turned him half-sick.

He at once closed the door and shot the bolt.

"The poor lad was right," he muttered. "The danger from the Highbinders was real. They have killed him, and carried his charge away!"

And no one knows better than Young King Brady how easily such a crime could have been committed in this part of New York.

Down around Chinatown, and especially in it, by an unwritten law everybody strictly minds their own business.

In this rear tenement the inhabitants must necessarily be a degraded lot or a room would never have been rented to a mulatto Low Gow Gui.

To demand information of the neighbors on the floor never entered Harry's head.

The white boy was gone, and his Chinese clothes had vanished with him.

There lay the wretched Gus in a condition which proved

that the abduction had not been made without a struggle on his part.

But Gus was not dead, as Young King Brady soon proved.

He had been choked into insensibility, and badly knocked about.

This was the worst.

The blood had come from an ugly scalp wound in the back of the head.

When Harry picked the lad up and laid him on the bed he revived.

"Oh, is it you?" he gasped, and then came a torrent of foul abuse against Chinks in general, and Highbinders in particular.

It was some minutes before Harry could quiet him down enough to get at the facts.

Gus's story was simple, and it went to prove that from the first moment he had struck Young King Brady his movements had been watched.

Harry could have scarcely reached the drug store when a low tap came on the door, and when Gus asked who was there the answer was "Brady."

Then the poor Gow fell right into the trap.

He opened the door, and three Chinamen in American clothes came tumbling in upon him.

This was about all Gus had to tell, except to add a graphic account of the beautiful fight he put up.

It ended in his being reduced to the condition in which Harry found him.

He did not even know that the boy was gone until now.

"I'm blame glad you took the ring," he said. "But what will you do, Mr. Harry? Let it go so?"

"Not on your life," replied Young King Brady. "We'll get after them, Gus. We'll find that boy, too. But you better go to the hospital and have your head sewed up."

At first Gus strenuously objected, but Harry prevailed upon him.

"You don't want to return here either," he said. "You want to get another room, and you must let me know where it is. Here's a ten-dollar bill which will help you out."

Just then the ambulance was heard in the street.

Harry hurried Gus downstairs to meet the puzzled boy doctors, who did not know where to look for their patient.

Having sent Gus off in the best shape possible, Young King Brady hurried home.

It was one o'clock when he reached the old house on Washington Square, but Old King Brady was seated in the library smoking.

"Ha! So you did come!" exclaimed the old detective. "Well, I've got hold of a new case which promises to be an interesting one unless appearances lie."

"So have I," replied Harry. "Mine is Chinese."

"Is it, indeed! So is mine."

"Strange."

"Strange enough. Of course, there can be no connection between the two."



"I don't know, I'm sure. Who speaks first?"

"You have first innings. Fire away."

Harry then related the adventures of the evening.

He did not fail to observe Old King Brady's growing interest as he proceeded, and he was thus prepared when the old detective said:

"Upon my word, I believe there is a connection between your case and mine, Harry, strange as it may seem."

"Well?"

"Will you let me see that diamond ring?"

"I was just going to get it out."

Harry handed over the ring.

"There are initials and some kind of a crest inside," he said.

"The initials should be A. to W. P."

"Governor, that is what they are."

"And the crest a leopard rampant—that is, standing on his hind legs, with his forepaws extended."

"Right. Our cases seem to jibe all right, all right!"

"Listen," said Old King Brady. "I'll give you my little yarn now."

He related the details of his visit to the Duke.

"Upon my word, I believe that boy was the missing son!" Harry excitedly exclaimed.

"I have not the least doubt of it. Read this letter."

"Oh, it is the letter to the British consul."

"Yes."

"The Duke allowed you to take it?"

"He did."

Harry read as follows:

"To the British Consul, Port of New York:

"Dear Sir.—The writer is the son of the Duke of Abergavenny, who was abducted by Chinamen at Hong Kong some months ago.

"I am now confined in an upper room in the Chinese quarter of this city, where I have been for some weeks.

"For months I have been kept under the influence of drugs, until my mind has become so weakened that I scarcely know what I am doing. I appeal to you for help. I am in the hands of a desperate band of Highbinders who have come from China to this country for no other purpose than to burn the Chinese quarters of the different cities.

"These men are fanatics of the worst kind. They are opposed to Chinese emigration, and consider themselves commissioned by their gods to break it up.

"I tell what I have heard talked about me, for I have learned to understand Chinese to a certain extent.

"Upon what street the house is located where I am held a prisoner I cannot tell you, but out of the window I can see an old church, and I can hear railroad trains in the distance, also tram cars running night and day.

"I beg you will help me to escape. My father, the Duke, will meet every expense.

"Faithfully yours,

"Richard John Charles Arthur Edward Powith."

"Huh!" muttered Harry. "Why didn't he have a few more names bestowed upon him when he was christened?"

"That's the English style," replied Old King Brady. "Now let me finish up my story, and we will get right to work."

"You really think the writer is my boy, Governor?"

"Not a doubt of it. First about the ring."

"Well?"

"The Duke informed me that he had given such a diamond ring to his Chinese son while he was at Cambridge University, and that the man used it as a means of identification when they met at Hong Kong."

"And the ring corresponds with this?"

"In every particular."

"Pretty strong evidence."

"It is, indeed. Next there is the other letter."

"The one received while you were talking with the Duke in the cabin."

"Yes; here is it. It is from the Chinese son."

Old King Brady handed out this second letter, which ran thus:

"New York, March 6, 19—.

"Respected Father.—I see by the papers that you have arrived in New York.

"I am also in this city, and Richard is with me. I dare say you would like to have the boy restored to you. It can be done if you will accede to my terms, which are the same as when we discussed the situation in Hong Kong.

"If you do not care to see me personally I will meet your legal representative anywhere he may wish. You can address me by my Chinese name, Quong Moy, care of Hip Sing Tong Company, 12 Bowery. I will add that any attempt to put detectives on my track and thus to obtain an interview will only defeat your own purpose. I expect to remain in New York only a few days. I would suggest prompt action on your part.

"Your son,

"Walter.

"His Grace, the Duke of Abergavenny."

"Well," exclaimed Harry, "it would seem easy enough to reach that fellow."

"Perhaps not so easy. Evidently he knows nothing of Richard's letter, and the attempt to disclose this latest Highbinder plot."

"The boy's escape may put him wise on that score."

"Yes."

"What did the consul do?"

"Sent the letter to London without an instant's delay, and at the same time notified the police."

"With what result?"

"What do you suppose, Harry?"

"Turned down."

"Yes; laughed at and called a fool."

"Shall you see the consul?"

"I have already seen him. I looked him up at his hotel last night."

"Have any trouble in getting at him?"

"Not the least with a letter of introduction from the Duke to pave the way. But the interview amounted to nothing more than I have told you."

"The New York police authorities seem to consider the Hip Sing Tong a benevolent institution."

"They do indeed, but the captains and patrolmen know better. They are a bad, murdering lot, but this Highbinders League must be of a different brand."

"A lot of religious fanatics, as the boy says in his letter."

"Exactly. And this brings us up to date. Now let us consider what can be done."

"I suppose you will make an appointment with this Anglo-Chinese lunatic."

"It is a question in my mind whether that will be the best way under existing circumstances. In any case it might involve several days' delay."

"What were the terms which he proposed to his father?"

"That he sell all unentailed property and give him the proceeds, leaving the entailed property and title for the brother."

"What is the amount?"

"Something over two millions of dollars."

"And the balance?"

"Is nearly twice as much."

"Really, it seems to me that the proposition is not an unfair one."

"So it seems to me, but the Duke absolutely refuses to break up the estate."

"What did he offer?"

"To raise one million on mortgage, and give Walter that."

"Well, it lies between them. Have you thought of any plan?"

"Not yet, Harry, and I don't believe I shall be able to do so to-night. Let us sleep on it, and decide in the morning."

After this wise decision the Bradys went to bed.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE BRADYS MAKE A START.

"Well, Governor, have you decided upon a plan yet?" demanded Harry, when he and Old King Brady met at the breakfast table next morning.

"Yes," was the reply. "I have. I am going to tackle this Highbinders' League through the medium of the ring."

"But how?"

"By means of the Chinatown bulletin board."

"I see. A good idea. Who will help?"

"Quong Lee."

"He will do it."

"Strictly on the quiet—yes, but he won't mix up in the matter."

"Not his style. What's the scheme?"

"I will have Quong get a bulletin printed this morning stating that such a ring was found on Pell street, and is to be had upon proving property, providing the reward is sufficient."

"That is the bait. What is it to lead up to?"

"Up to obtaining an interview for you with Lord Powith, or Quong Moy."

"Beautiful prospect! I have to play the dumb Chink again."

"You do."

"How I hate it."

"Study Chinese, then. If you could only speak the language you would be worth twice as much to me."

And this retort was all the satisfaction Harry got out of his protest.

Old King Brady is very abrupt at times.

Instructing his partner to be on hand at the office at noon, Old King Brady hurried downtown.

Harry meanwhile went to the Hudson street hospital to see Gus Johnson.

He found the Low Gow Gui in better shape than he had expected.

The doctor in charge of the ward informed Harry that it was the intention to discharge the boy next day, and that he could go sooner if there was any need.

"He is connected with a case upon which Mr. Brady is working," said Harry. "I'd like to have a few words in private with him if I can."

"Take him into that other room," said the doctor, and in a few moments Harry found himself closeted with Gus.

"Did you find the young feller," asked the Gow.

"Not yet," replied Harry. "But I have found out who he is, and all about him, and we are going to find him."

"Good enough."

"And I want you to help me."

"I'll do it."

"There will be good money in it if you are faithful."

"All right. I'm on."

"I have seen a letter written by this boy, and——"

"What's his name?"

"His name is Dick. Never mind now. Listen to what I have to say."

"All right. Bust ahead."

"What we are after is to find out about a certain plot concocted by a lot of Highbinders who have just come from China to burn Chinatown. They are——"

"How did they get into the country?" broke in Gus.

"Come now! I don't know and I don't care," replied Harry. "Will you listen?"

"All right, Mr. Harry, go on."

"These people are all strangers, mind. They seem to be

mixed up with the regular Tongers, as you call them; yet the regulars may not know what they are driving at, and you want to keep your mouth shut about it."

"All right. I'm dead dark. Trust me."

"What we want is to find out where these strangers live—and wherever it is there they have the boy—and also how many there are of them, and——"

"And anything else about them that I can," broke in the indefatigable Gus.

"Exactly. Can you jump in on this job to-day?"

"Sure, if they will let me out of dis sawbones shop."

"They will. You can go any time."

"All right."

"I'll give you a clew."

"All right."

"The boy in the letter he wrote spoke of being able to see an old church from the window of his prison."

"He did, eh? Den it must be on Mott street, where dey got him locked in."

"Yes. You remember how he raved about Chinese burning up houses last night?"

"Yair; but I tort dat was only de dope."

"There is no doubt that there is some plot on foot. Get busy now, Gus, and see what you can do."

"You bet I will. I like de idea of working for de Bradys, all right, all right."

"What will be your first move?"

"Well, dere's a white gal I wait on named Ellie Burns what's married to a Chink. She lives on Mott street. I'll see her fust off. She knows pretty near every Chink in Chinatown."

"I see you understand my idea. Pitch in now. You are not afraid?"

"What should I be afraid of?"

"The Highbinders?"

"Ah, they won't bother wit a feller like me, Mr. Harry. All dey wanted was dat little curley; didn't dey get him? I hain't afraid now."

"All the same I think you had better get another room."

"No, no, no! If dey want to track me out dey can, for dey have dere spies everywhere—see? Best way is to stop right in me own room and watch out. Don't you fret, Mr. Harry. I'll work it all right. Only ting what worries me is coming to your office. I might be seen, and dat might lead to trouble."

"Be on the lower Bowery at three o'clock, again at six, and again at nine. I'll meet you there one of those times."

Harry left the hospital then, with the understanding that Gus was to be immediately discharged.

At noon he met Old King Brady at the office.

"Well, it is all done," said the old detective. "The description of the ring is on the bulletin wall now. We want to get right down to Quong's. But you had better make up first, and we go separately, of course."

The Chinese in New York have a queer way of advertising. Some things they wish to make public are written

or printed on red paper and posted on the dead wall at the corner of Doyers and Pell street.

Here can be seen hundreds of these red slips posted up.

Anyone passing this corner will see Chinamen standing there reading these posted notices.

Aided by his Chinatown connections, Old King Brady had posted a notice on the wall partially describing the ring.

Harry now proceeded to make up as a Celestial.

In this Young King Brady is quite an expert.

He has often posed as a Chinaman, and with pretty general success.

As he cannot speak more than a few words of the language, Harry's scheme has always been to play dumb.

He was soon ready, and Old King Brady put the finishing touches to the disguise, fastening on a tightly braided pig-tail of real hair, and staining Harry's face a dull yellow, using for this purpose a composition known only to Harry and himself.

All being completed, Harry started for Quong Lee's.

Now, Quong Lee is a rascally old Chinaman who keeps an underground opium joint on Chatham Square.

He is one of the many crooks who have been placed under deep obligations to the Bradys, and whom they often find themselves obliged to use in connection with their work.

Harry descended the steps of Quong's place, and nodding to the Chinaman on guard, made his way to the end of a long corridor cut off from the joint by a rough board partition, and here knocked at a door twice in a peculiar way.

The door was immediately opened by a dried-up old Chink whose withered face was yellow with opium.

This was Quong Lee himself.

"Dlat you, Hally?" he said, with a grin. "You look muchee Chinees to-day. Comee in."

"I hope I am all right, Quong?"

"Oh, yair; you allee light. Sit down. No one comee yet."

The room was the joint-keeper's little office.

Young King Brady seated himself and gave Quong a cigar.

"You gottee de ling, Hally?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"Let me see?"

"Sure, Quong."

Harry produced the ring, although he would rather not have done so.

But in this he was only following instructions.

"If you mean to trust a Chinaman trust him fully," is Old King Brady's rule.

Quong examined the ring with close attention.

"Dlat belly fine stone," he said. "Dlat worth tlee hundred dloollar, allee light."

"That's what it is."

"Charley Ching, he go with you."

"Good. I can depend upon Charley. He knows the finger talk."



Charley Ching is a protege of Quong Lee's.

Frequently the Bradys have had occasion to use the lad in their work, and he and Harry have become quite accustomed to talking by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet.

"Yair," said Quong. "It vas allee light. I helpee Ole Kling Blady; he helpee me."

"Do you know of any strange Chinamen being in town, Quong?"

"No, yes. Mebbe. P'laps so. Dley come and dley go. You can't tell."

This was beautifully indefinite, but Old King Brady had already assured Harry that Quong Lee knew nothing of Quong Moy.

Some further talk followed. Then Harry was conducted to a room upstairs, where he found Charley Ching.

Here he remained for over two hours.

It began to look as if there would be nothing doing, but at last, at half-past two, a bell rang, and Charley Ching jumped to answer.

He was gone some time, and when he returned Quong Lee was with him.

"No good," he said, disgustedly. "No workee—no!"

Charley Ching, who spoke perfect English, proceeded to explain.

"A Chinaman has been inquiring for the ring, Harry," he said. "I told him that a friend of mine found it and that I would bring him to the owner of the ring, but he wouldn't have that. He wanted to meet you here."

"That don't go."

"So I told him."

"Did he describe the lettering in the ring?"

"Yair. I told him I didn't know what was in it, and that my friend would only give it up to the owner. He wouldn't tell where he lived, but he said he wasn't the owner. I couldn't do anything with him. He went away saying that he was going to the police."

"Well, he won't do that. He'll come again. Did you know the man, Quong?"

"No," replied Quong. "I never see him before."

"Go out, Ching," said Harry, "and see if you can find Old King Brady. He ought to be around the Square, for he promised to follow us wherever we went. Tell him to come here and then you go up the Bowery and see if you can find Gus Johnson. You know Gus?"

"Sure I know him—Gus the Gow."

"Yes. Well, bring him here, too."

Quong Lee now went back to his joint, and in a few minutes Old King Brady came upstairs.

"Well, our plan failed, it seems," was his first remark.

"Yes," replied Harry. "Did you see the Chink?"

"Yes, I did. He was a stranger to me, and I am willing to believe that he is a stranger in New York."

"Why?"

"Because he was a much taller man than the average Chinaman."

"What does that prove?"

"That he is no Cantonese, as most of our New York Chinamen are. I have just been speaking to Quong, and he thinks the fellow was a Manchu, or from some of the Westerly provinces of China."

"He was only willing to meet me here, and when Charley fought shy of that he threatened to go to the police."

"Well, he won't. Charley said he was going for Gus."

"Yes; I told him to bring in the Gow if he could find him."

"It was a very shrewd move on your part to engage the services of that boy, Harry. I must really compliment you on it."

"I am glad to hear you say that. I was almost afraid you would object. But here comes someone upstairs now."

It proved to be Charley Ching and Gus.

"Well, Gus?" demanded Old King Brady, of whom the Gow seemed to stand somewhat in awe.

"I hain't done nothin' yet only to see Ellie Burns," replied Gus. "She is going to look out for me. Mebbe to-night I'll know something."

"All right; keep at it."

"I wanted to see Mr. Harry. Dis feller told me he was here."

"Here I am, Gus."

Gus nearly dropped dead when the supposed Chinaman sitting so demurely in the corner thus spoke.

"Dat you!" he cried. "Gee, but it's a good make-up!"

"Too good to be wasted; you want to get me a chance to use it."

"You wait. I'll get it all right," declared Gus.

"Yes; but we must hurry," said Old King Brady.

"Where is this Burns girl? I'd like to see her myself."

"I can take you to her," said Gus, "but if I was you I wouldn't go."

"You think I would only scare her."

"I'm sure of it."

"All right. I'll leave her in your hands. I think——"

Just then the warning bell rang.

Charley Ching hurried downstairs.

"In a few minutes he returned, his face all one broad smile.

"I get there!" he cried. "The man was back again. He says to bring my friend to the owner of the ring. Here is his name and number. It's up Mott street."

He handed Harry a card upon which were Chinese characters.

"Don't bother me with your blame fly-tracks!" laughed Young King Brady. "Read it in United States."

"It is the name of the owner of the ring," replied Charley, "and the name is Quong Moy."

The Bradys looked at each other significantly.

Work on their Chinese case now seemed to have fairly taken a move forward.

Was it to be a move to success?"

## CHAPTER V.

## YOUNG KING BRADY MEETS THE YELLOW MAN.

"Is the man waiting for us?" asked Harry.

"No," said Charley. "He went away. I told him I would find you and bring you right around."

"All right. I am ready."

"You want to be very careful," said Old King Brady. "The least slip may spoil all."

"I'll look out for myself. "Now it is understood, that I give up the ring, providing it is identified?"

"Yes. Give it up. What we want is to locate these people. I shall shadow you. If you are gone too long there will be a raid."

"All right. I have held my own in Chinese disguise before. I guess I can turn the trick all right."

"Remember this is a desperate band, and if what we have been told is true it is led by a fanatic who is also half a lunatic."

"Oh, never mind, Governor! Why do you fret? One would suppose that I had never tackled this sort of a job before."

"Go on, and may good luck attend you," replied the old detective, and Harry went downstairs after Charley Ching. The house on Mott street which corresponded with the number on the card was not one of the new modern tenements, as Harry had hoped would prove to be the case.

Instead it was one of the old brick dwellings which were first taken possession of by the Chinese when they began to appear in New York thirty years ago.

These older buildings, as is well known, are full of secret rooms and secret passages; some of the latter leading through to the Pell street rookeries, others to adjoining houses on Mott street.

That there was danger in entering the place Harry saw at a glance.

"There's the feller now, standing in the doorway," said Charley Ching, suddenly. "See him, Harry. That's the man!"

"Well, we shall have to tackle him," was the reply. "Go right ahead. By the way, did you tell him I was a dummy?"

"Yes."

"All right. Go on."

The Chink standing in the basement areaway of the old house was the tallest of his race Harry had ever seen, excepting a Chinese giant who was exhibited in New York some years ago.

Charley Ching walked boldly up to him, and spoke in Chinese.

The man replied briefly, and motioned them inside.

The hall was rather dark, and as the boys entered the

Chinaman shot past them and started up the basement stairs.

This was the time Harry learned something of the mysteries of Chinatown.

Instead of going to the top of the flight, the Chinaman halted somewhere about the middle, and pressing a spring, a narrow slit of a door flew open, revealing a small room, the ceiling of which was so low that neither of the boys could stand upright when they entered, as the Chinaman motioned them to do.

He could not have stood straight in the room, nor anywhere near it.

Nor did he enter.

In an instant the panel closed, and the boys found themselves alone and in the dark.

Charley Ching was thoroughly scared.

"Oh, Harry! We are trapped by the Highbinders!" he called out.

Young King Brady clapped his hand over Charley's mouth.

"You fool! Do you want to be the death of me?" he breathed in the boy's ear.

It was a warning too late, as will be presently seen.

At the same instant Young King Brady saw a streak of light at the other side of the room.

Here another door had opened, and four Chinamen, with their faces partially concealed by colored silk handkerchiefs, came gliding in.

They said something to Charley, who gave another howl, and started to put up a fight.

Here was another piece of folly.

He was seized, thrown to the floor, a handkerchief was tied tightly around his eyes, and then was again raised to his feet.

Meanwhile the door had been closed, and the light by which this was done came from a lantern carried by one of the men.

They were all the oddest-looking Chinamen Harry had ever seen.

They had high cheek bones, and their eyes were mere slits.

All were tall, and although not one of them could stand upright under that low ceiling they worked with lightning rapidity.

One of the band now addressed Harry, who pointed to his lips and shook his head.

The fellow grunted.

Then two sprang forward and blindfolded Harry like Charley Ching.

The next he knew his hand was seized, and he was led forward.

In a minute the panel was heard to close behind them.

A hand seized Young King Brady's head, and pushed it back, as a signal that he could now stand upright, evidently.

They were then led on through a short passage, at the

end of which they descended so many steps that Harry knew they must be underground when a halt came.

Some jabbering took place at this juncture.

The next Harry knew he was seized by the shoulders and whirled round and round with great rapidity.

This move had the desired effect.

Young King Brady had now lost all idea of location.

He regretted this exceedingly, for he had been counting on being able to identify the direction in which his captors were about to take him.

Now it was forward, then up steps, then forward again, and up more steps.

Some one gave Harry a violent push at the top of the flight, and at the same time he heard the word Keidzu pronounced.

Young King Brady's heart sank.

Keidzu happened to be one of the few Chinese words of which Young King Brady knows the meaning.

It's significance is "foreign devil," a term generally applied to all whites by the Chinese.

"Confound Charley Ching! I'm discovered all right," thought Young King Brady. "What in thunder shall I do now?"

Before he had time to think about it the handkerchief was removed from his face, and he found himself standing in a room furnished with considerable elegance after the Chinese style.

Seated upon a bamboo chair at one end of this room, which was lighted by two gas jets, was a tall man with decided Chinese features, and yet there was something of the European about his face, too.

Charley Ching was not visible.

The man who had removed the handkerchief retreated to the back of the room, and stood there, leaving Young King Brady and the other face to face.

And as several minutes of perfect silence followed, we may finish our description of the man and the place.

The former wore a dress of yellow silk, not altogether in the Chinese style, as Young King Brady knew it.

The trousers were loose and baggy, but were tied about the ankles with red ribbons.

The shoes were richly embroidered Chinese sandals, with turned-up toes; the blouse was more like a jacket than anything Young King Brady had ever seen.

Its buttons were all gold nuggets, and there were dragons embroidered in gold thread down the front.

On the head was a yellow silk skullcap and a long pig-tail hung down behind.

The hangings of the room were all of yellow silk, even the windows were concealed.

Upon the floor was a rug of immense value; there were also inlaid cabinets, fancy Chinese chairs and tables, and other expensive articles scattered about.

It was altogether the most peculiar Chinese interior Harry had ever seen.

At last the man spoke, but not in Chinese.

"My young friend," he said in perfect English, "you

cannot deceive me. You are not a Chinaman. Probably you are not dumb, as you pretend. Doubtless you are a detective, and I think I can tell who sent you here. Your best plan will be to display absolute frankness toward me."

Harry thought so, too.

He had come to this conclusion during that silent wait.

He had also formed a plan of his own which he hoped might let him out.

"I guess you are about right," he said, with a light laugh. "I'm no more of a Chink than you are, mister. All the same, I've got that ring which is yours if you can prove property—see?"

The yellow man did not alter his grave look in the least.

"You are wrong," he said. "I am Chinese on my mother's side, as I have no doubt my father told you."

"Your father!"

"Yes."

"How should I know your father? You're old enough to be mine."

"You are deceiving me."

"Not at all. I am doing just what you told me to do, displaying absolute frankness toward you."

"Have you not seen the Duke?"

"Duke! What Duke? I don't know what you are talking about."

So far the ruse seemed to go.

"We will drop the subject," said the yellow man. "Did you advertise on the Chinese bulletin board the finding of a diamond ring?"

"I did."

"Where did you get the ring?"

"I took it from the finger of a white boy who was picked up in the street delirious last night and taken by one of the Low Gow Gui to his room on Oliver street."

"Ha! You admit that?"

"Certainly. The boy was stolen by Chinamen afterwards. But I need not tell you that. Probably you know all about it."

"We will not discuss the matter. You are a detective?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Brady."

"One of the famous Brady firm?"

"Yes."

"Your motive for advertising this ring?"

"A reward, of course."

"Let me see the ring."

"Describe it first."

"Mr. Brady, you are bold. Do you realize that you are completely in my power?"

"Oh, yes. I suppose so, but you won't dare to do me any harm."

"Do not be too sure. Give me the ring."

"Describe it! The ring is yours for the asking if you can tell me what is engraved on the inside."

"Upon the inside of the ring is engraved A. to W. P. There is a leopard crest, too. You see, I am willing to



humor you, although there is no earthly reason why I should."

"It saves trouble—that is all. There's your ring."

Harry pulled the glittering gem from his pocket and handed it to the yellow man.

But that strange individual waved him back.

"It is not for my sacred hand to touch yours!" he cried fiercely.

Then, addressing the Chinaman, the fellow came forward and taking the ring from Harry passed it over to the yellow man.

"And now what?" thought Young King Brady. "Will he kill me or set me free?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HIGHBINDERS' PLOT OVERHEARD.

The yellow man looked the ring over carefully, and then slipped it on the little finger of his left hand.

"Mr. Brady," he said, "why did you try to sneak into my presence? Why did you assume your absurd disguise?"

"Is it then so very absurd? If the Chinaboy who was with me had not called out my name in English when we were there in the dark I don't doubt that my plan would have gone through."

"What was your plan?"

"Merely to see a little of the inside of Chinatown. You ought not to kick, seeing that you have got the ring, and I don't suppose you have any idea of paying me a reward."

"You will get your reward all right, young man."

"If you mean to harm me I advise you to beware. I am well known in New York, and my partner, Old King Brady, is the whole thing. If I am missing it spells trouble for you every time."

"You are threatening me! You little know who or what I am."

"I neither know nor care. If I have been foolish in trying to force my way into your presence I trust you will pardon me. But I say again your best way is to let me go, and the Chinaboy with me. I do not threaten. I warn you. Another would have kept the ring."

For some moments the yellow man regarded Harry in silence.

Then, drawing out a gold watch, he looked at the time.

"I shall want to talk with you further," he said. "Therefore I shall have to request you to remain here as my guest for a few hours, as I have an important engagement."

"When you say guest you mean prisoner."

"Put it as you will, I'll explain to you now that I have a private reason for fearing detectives. Whether your presence here is due to accident, or whether you are one of the detectives I have to fear must be determined before I set you free, and I have not the time to attend to the matter now."

Harry made no reply.

He hardly knew what further argument to bring forward

Besides this, he felt a desire to know more of this singular character.

That he was Lord Powith, son of the Duke of Abergaverny, seemed certain.

If he was actually a lunatic he failed to show it, so far as Harry's judgment went.

He was not given time for further reflection.

The yellow man now spoke to the masked man who stood by the door.

This person immediately clapped his hands.

Instantly the hangings on both sides of the room were thrown back, and four other masks entered.

They surrounded Harry and stood in silence while the yellow man spoke a few words in Chinese.

One of the men then motioned for Harry to follow.

The curtain on the right was pulled back, revealing a narrow stairway.

Down this Harry was forced to descend by the three Chinamen, who pressed close behind him.

The stairs were so long that the detective knew to a certainty that he must be below the cellar line when the end was reached at last.

Now the conductor opened a door, and standing aside, motioned Harry to enter.

He did so, and found himself in a small room, furnished only with a chair and a plain deal table, upon which stood a lighted lamp.

"So this is my prison!" exclaimed Young King Brady. "Upon my word, this is fine."

The Chinaman's only reply was a laugh.

Seizing hold of Harry's false pig-tail, he gave it a yank, laughed again, and left the room.

As the door closed Harry heard heavy bolts shooting behind, and then the retreating footsteps of the Chinks as they traveled off up the stairs.

Young King Brady dropped into the chair, and lighting a cigar, tried to think.

He thought of the many stories he had heard of the secret doings of the Highbinders, into whose hands he had undoubtedly fallen.

The recollection was not pleasing.

Harry realized that he was in serious trouble.

That the Hip Sing Tong is a very powerful organization he well knew.

It was evident that the yellow man did not know of the visit of Old King Brady to the Duke of Abergaverny, but that he might learn that fact within the next few hours seemed likely enough.

For fifteen minutes, perhaps, Harry sat there, pondering, and then he found himself ready to act.

"If there is any way of getting out of the clutches of this gang it is up to me to do it," he said to himself. "Not only on my own account, but Charley Ching's. If

anything happens to that boy our influence with Quong Lee is gone forever."

That Old King Brady would regard this as a positive calamity Harry well knew.

He now set to work to break jail, so to speak. His first move was to examine the door carefully.

There was nothing doing here.

The door was firmly bolted on the outside.

To be sure, Harry had one of those universal tools in his pocket, which contained gimlet, saw, chisels, etc., and he could have cut away around the bolts; but that would have only given him access to the stairs and the room where he had left the yellow man.

He preferred, if possible, to find some other way.

The Bradys have a regular system for work of this sort.

It consists of examining the floor or wall space inch by inch.

Thus secret panels or trap doors rarely escape them.

Harry started on the walls, striking with his fist.

A hollow sound was returned, and then all at once came a knock on the other side.

"Hello," muttered Harry. "Someone else a prisoner! Can it be Charley Ching?"

He struck again, this time twice.

Two knocks immediately came in answer.

Again he tried it with three, and the result was the same.

"It is only a thin partition," thought Harry. "I'll bet there is a secret panel somewhere. I must work quick."

Paying no heed to other knocks which came, Young King Brady hurried with his work.

Inside of three minutes he was successful.

Down near the floor he found not a secret spring, but a little bolt, which was screwed to one of the boards and entered the floor.

Pulling this up he discovered that the board to which it was attached was set in a groove on both sides.

He pulled hard, and the board shot up, passing through the ceiling above, and opening a space wide enough to let a thin man through.

And there as he expected was Charley Ching, looking in at him.

"Oh, Harry," he exclaimed, "are you locked in, too?"

"That's what I am, Charley. "Have you been here right along?"

"Ever since they caught me, but you have just come in there. I heard them when they brought you in."

"That is right. They left you in the dark."

"Yair! Say, this is a bad job."

"I should say so! We are in the hands of the Highbinders, I am afraid."

"Yair. They are Tongers; all right, I guess. Say, Harry, they'll kill us."

"Perhaps not."

"Oh, but they will. The Tongers are no good. They hate Quong Lee; they know I belong to him."

"It isn't you they are after, Charley, it is me."

"Say, Harry, you are smart. Can't we get out of this?"

"We must try. Where do you suppose we are?"

"I dunno. They swung me around and I got all mixed up. I don't believe we are in that Mott street house, though."

"Nor do I. All right, Charley. We won't talk any more about it. We will work. If there is a way out of this place I'll find it."

This second room was even smaller than the first.

The walls were of planed boards, and from the dampness and pungent smell which pervaded the place Harry made up his mind that there was just earth behind them on one side at least.

How many of these rooms were there in this excavation, which could scarcely be more than twenty feet wide—the width of a single house on Mott or Pell street, whichever it was.

This was the question now to be decided.

Once more Young King Brady struck against the partitions.

He easily located the one which was up against the earth wall.

On the side of Charley's cell he struck his fist, and again came a hollow sound.

"It is open beyond here," he said. "Get the light, Charley. Be quick."

Charley slid through the partition and brought back a lamp.

Just as Harry expected, he found another bolt and sliding board here.

He threw this up and found himself looking into a pit dug about twenty feet down in the earth.

In the pit was a long ladder resting on the bottom, and extending upward as far as they could see.

On the other side of the pit was a wall of earth.

They had reached the end of the house line, as Harry had supposed.

"Hold the light. I am going down there," said Young King Brady.

He descended the ladder, but found nothing except some rope which was knotted up in such a manner that it seemed to Harry that it must have been used to tie somebody's hands and feet.

This theory was further borne out from the fact that the rope had been cut with a sharp knife.

Harry hurried up the ladder.

"There may be another way out on the other side," he said. "But first we want to know what lies at the top of this ladder. Come, scoot up there, Charley! It's your turn!"

The half-breed did not hesitate.

He ran nimbly up the ladder, Harry holding the light.

In a minute he was down again, with the report that the ladder ended up against a trap door.

"Right," said Harry. "Now to try it on the other side of my room."

Each of the rooms were about five feet in width, and the width of the pit was the same.

This accounted for fifteen feet of the lot upon which the house above them stood, leaving space for one more room.

Having learned the ideas of the architect of these underground "dungeons," Harry knew just what to look for, and he found it.

Another bolt and another sliding board.

He threw it up and found behind it a five-foot space with a stairway leading up.

"Good!" cried Charley. "Now we can get out."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Harry. "But anyhow we can get ahead."

"Shall we take the light?"

"No; I have my electric lantern. Come on."

They crept up the stairs; both wore Chinese shoes, and their footfalls gave back no sound.

The stairs ended with a narrow platform, opening upon which was a door, which from its position Harry perceived must communicate with the adjoining house.

"Keep quiet," he whispered. "I hear voices. Don't make a sound!"

He flashed the light up and down the door.

Near the top was a little sliding panel which could be operated from their side.

Harry very softly pushed it back.

A stream of light shot forth, and the voices came distinctly now. They were talking in Chinese.

Harry peered through the opening.

Behind were curtains, but they did not come quite together, and he could see between them.

He found himself looking into a room lighted with gas, and cheaply furnished in Chinese style.

A long table ran down its length, and around it were seated twelve Chinamen with the yellow man at the head.

At the foot of the table stood a young Chinaman with his hands tied behind him.

His face was deathly pale, and he looked the picture of despair.

The yellow man was evidently addressing him, for every now and then he shook his hand at him.

The tone was loud and threatening.

He seemed to be almost insane with rage.

His eyes flashed, and now and again as Harry continued to gaze he struck the table with his clenched fist.

Suddenly he ceased talking, and another Chinaman began addressing the prisoner.

Harry pushed the panel until it was almost shut, and drew back.

"Can you understand what they are saying in there, Charley?" he whispered.

"Yair! Come down! I'll tell you!"

They descended a few steps, and Charley said:

"They are Highbinders in there, Harry. One of them has told about a plot to burn the Chinese theater on Doyers street. They are going to kill him."

"Is that so! Get up there and listen, Charley."

Charley crept upstairs and put his ear to the panel, after one quick glance into the room.

Harry waited in anxious silence.

All at once loud shouts, fierce cries, and the sound of a struggle were heard in the room.

The Chinamen seemed to be dragging somebody over the floor.

Charley pushed the panel shut, and came gliding down.

"Say, Harry, they are going to throw that feller down into the hole we saw and leave him to starve to death," he whispered. "I know him. He is a Highbinder, all right."

"Well, we can do nothing to stop them, I suppose," replied Harry, "but we may be able to rescue the fellow after he comes down there if he isn't killed by the fall."

"It will kill him, all right."

"We must get back and close the panels. What else did you hear?"

"What else!" answered Charley Ching, excitedly. "A lot more. Some of those fellows are just from China. They seem to be some kind of society. I don't understand exactly, but they are talking about setting Chinatown on fire to-morrow night; it's to be lighted in the theater and the joss-house, and in these houses here on Mott street. They mean to burn the whole neighborhood up, Harry. They must be a terrible gang."

Harry made no answer, but hurried on.

All that Old King Brady had learned about the intended doings of this Highbinders' League was true, it would appear.

And no one knew better than Harry what a fire started among the old rookeries of New York's Chinatown might mean.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OLD KING BRADY HAS A VISIT FROM THE YELLOW MAN.

Old King Brady watched the house on Mott street into which Charley Ching and Harry entered for over an hour before he began to be seriously alarmed for their safety.

The watching was done from the window of a Chinese restaurant on the other side of the way.

As the restaurant keeper was a peaceable fellow, and well known to the old detective, he questioned him about the house when it began to look as if something had gone wrong.

But nothing could be learned beyond the fact that it was a resort for Highbinders, and that some claimed that they had a secret meeting room there.

At last Old King Brady, feeling that he could stand it no longer, went around to the Elizabeth street station, and securing the services of two ward detectives well known in Chinatown, they all three went to the house and searched it from cellar to roof.

No opposition was offered by any of the tenants.



Some of the rooms were occupied, and a few were vacant.

Not a trace of Harry or Charley Ching could they discover.

Now, after this experience, it is needless to say that Old King Brady grew greatly disturbed.

Still he felt the utmost confidence in the ability of his partner to look out for himself.

After some reflection Old King Brady determined not to press matters.

"Whatever has happened has happened," he said to himself, "and the delay of a few hours cannot make very much difference one way or the other."

He now returned to his office and waited, hoping that Harry would turn up, but he did not.

Just before six he visited Quong Lee's place.

Here he found, as he expected, that Charley Ching had not put in an appearance, and that the old dive-keeper was in a great state of mind on that account.

Indeed, it took all Old King Brady's powers of persuasion to get the old man quieted down, and to obtain from him a promise to do nothing to stir up Chinatown over the affair.

Having accomplished this, the old detective started up the Bowery to look for Gus the Gow, as this was one of the times when the boy had promised to be on hand there in case Harry wanted to see him.

There was no trouble in finding Gus.

He was hanging about the door of Steve Brodie's joint.

Old King Brady promptly collared him, and took him around into Canal street, where they could talk.

But Gus had nothing to report beyond the fact that the Burns woman had promised to meet him on the Bowery at seven o'clock.

"Bring her to my office, Gus," said the old detective. "Tell her she need not be afraid. I will protect her. I want to talk to her myself. Do you think she will come?"

"I think she will," replied Gus. "I spoke to her about meeting you, and she said she didn't mind."

"All right, then. And now there is another thing troubling me, Gus."

"What's dat, boss?"

"Harry and Charley Ching went to No. — Mott street with the ring. I haven't seen them since."

"Gee! Dat so? Didn't dey come back again?"

"No, they did not. It is hours now. What do you think?"

"I'm afraid de Tongers has ketched dem, boss."

"It looks so. I searched the house, but could not find out anything about them. The people in there said they had never seen them, and yet I myself saw them go in."

"Oh, you can't believe de Chinks, Mr. Brady. Dey are de biggest liars ever."

"I want you to try again, Gus. See if you can't find out what has become of them. You have a hundred chances to my one."

"I hain't got no customers in dat house, Mr. Brady. I don't go on Mott street at all."

"Ask some of your Gow friends."

"I can do dat. I know a feller what waits on some of de women in dat house."

"I saw several women there as I went through the rooms. Get busy, Gus, and see what you can do."

Once more Old King Brady returned to his office, still hoping that Harry might have preceded him, but Young King Brady was not there.

Uneasy and disturbed, the old detective started to write a few letters, and while he was thus engaged there came a knock on the door.

"Come in!" called Old King Brady, satisfied that it was the Burns woman with whom he had to deal.

But when the door opened he laid down his pen and prepared for business, for his visitor was no woman, but a most peculiar looking man.

The person who entered the office now Harry would at once have recognized as the "yellow man."

But Old King Brady saw him very differently from what his partner had done.

Here was a tall, stately looking person, dressed in sober black, with the identical diamond ring which Harry had taken with him glittering on his finger.

His face looked less Oriental than when he wore his yellow suit, but still its Chinese character was very marked.

Unmistakably he was in his manners a gentleman.

He was a man whom anyone would have turned back to look at in a crowd.

"Lord Powith," thought the detective, "and, by thunder, he has got the ring!"

He arose and bowed.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing the famous detective, Old King Brady?" asked the visitor, with an equally polite bow.

"That is me, sir," was the reply.

The man then extended a card.

It bore the inscription:

"Mr. Walter Powith, Tent Sze, China."

Old King Brady glanced at it, and again seating himself at the desk, motioned his visitor to a chair.

"You wish to see me about what?" he asked quietly, restraining the excitement which he naturally felt.

"I understand that you represent my father, the Duke of Abergaverny," was the reply. "Is such the fact?"

Now, this was the precise question which Old King Brady's keen discernment had warned him would be put.

He had already made up his mind to answer it in the affirmative.

It seemed to him quite useless to beat about the bush.

Better by far was it to draw this singular individual out and try to bring him to terms.

"Mr. Powith," he replied, "I cannot say that I represent your father in any way, but I will admit that I had an interview with him this afternoon."

"Just so. On board his yacht, the Sea Bish?"

"Yes."

"And your conversation concerned me?"

"Naturally."

"May I ask if my father had received my letter before or after you went on board the yacht?"

"He received it afterward. While I was there, in fact."

"Just so. Did you read the letter?"

"I did."

"And doubtless observed that I resented the idea of having detectives put on my track?"

"You so stated in the letter."

"Exactly. Now, Mr. Brady, I happened to learn of your visit to my father, and as I timed it I saw that my letter could not have reached him at the time. I therefore determined to waive my objections to having a detective for a go-between, and to call upon you and ask what my father has to say in response to my proposition."

Here was a strange turn of affairs.

Old King Brady felt that he must handle this man with the utmost caution.

Above all, he dreaded interruption from the Burns woman or Gus now.

"It all depends, Mr. Powith, upon your action in regard to your brother," he replied. "Your father will entertain no proposition until the young man is restored to him."

"Is it so? As you are aware, Richard is a very sick boy at the present time?"

"As I am aware, sir?"

"Yes, as you are aware. Don't think to throw dust in my eyes, Mr. Brady. I know what happened last night. I am fully aware that your partner visited my brother, and took this ring from his finger."

He held up his hand as he spoke, keeping his little piercing eyes fixed upon the old detective.

"What you say is true," replied Old King Brady. "The ring was restored to you by two Chinamen, I presume."

"Not so. A Chinese half-breed boy, accompanied by your partner, who was clumsily disguised as a Chinaman. The latter delivered the ring."

"This was some hours ago, Mr. Powith, and neither my partner nor the boy have returned. Since you have been so frank with me I will be equally so with you. I must ask you to explain."

"To explain what?"

"Where they are?"

"My dear sir, I have not the faintest notion."

"What did you do when you penetrated my partner's disguise?"

"Laughed at him, and sent him about his business. He informed me that he was anxious to do a little exploring in Chinatown. I had not the least objection to his practicing on me."

"And the two left at once."

"They did, I assure you."

"Strange they have not put in an appearance."

"They may have decided to continue their investigation

and have gotten themselves into trouble. I offered your partner a reward for the ring, but he refused to accept it. Our conversation was very brief."

Old King Brady was deeply puzzled.

That the man was playing some deep game he felt well assured, but at the same time he could not imagine what it might be.

But for the Duke and the boy Richard Old King Brady would have arrested the man at once.

But outside of that even he hesitated.

Such a move might seal Harry's fate.

"Mr. Powith, what do you wish me to do?" he asked.

"Let us get down to business if we can?"

"I wish to know if my father will see me if I go aboard the yacht?"

"I cannot say."

"Does he absolutely refuse to treat with me unless I restore my brother?"

"That was his decision last night."

"I am perfectly willing to restore him if he will accede to my terms."

"That lies between you. I have no advice to offer other than that your brother should be at once sent on board the yacht or to a hospital, where he can be properly treated."

"Is it your intention to arrest me unless I restore my brother to the Duke?"

"It will probably come to that, sir."

Lord Powith immediately arose.

"Very well," he said; "then here are two propositions. You can accept either or reject both, as you please."

"Name them."

"First, you can come with me to the house in which I am staying on Mott street, and see this boy's condition for yourself, or you can go ahead and arrest me for kidnapping right now."

"Suppose I chose the latter?"

"Should you do so Richard will vanish. Neither the Duke of Abergaverny nor anyone else will ever see the boy again."

"That means murder."

"Mr. Brady, I am a power among my mother's people. By virtue of my office as priest of the sect of Lao-tze-fo I hold life or death in my hands."

"My good sir, your Chinese followers may recognize that power, but allow me to tell you that the State of New York will not."

"I care nothing for your laws. To arrest me will serve no good purpose either to my father or to you—I repeat to you."

"I flatter myself that I understand you, sir. I have already seen through your false statements. You hold my partner and his companion prisoners. You are threatening them with death now."

"Interpret my remarks as you please. On the other hand, if you see the boy for yourself, and report his condition to my father, and try to arrange a meeting between

us I will pay you one thousand dollars whether we meet or not."

It seemed reasonable that this proposition should be made, no matter how deep a villain this man might be at heart.

And yet there was the risk that it was merely a plot to trap the old detective.

For a moment Old King Brady made no reply.

"You suspect me of being insincere?" demanded Lord Powith.

"And why should I not?" asked Old King Brady, trying in vain to read his man.

But what Westerner can read an Oriental?

Old King Brady might just as well have tried to obtain information from a wooden block as from that peculiar face.

"Naturally you would suspect me," replied Lord Powith. "Well, it is for you to decide whether I am to be trusted or not. I can only give you my word of honor that you shall not be detained; it would seem plain that it was against my own interest to detain you. But the decision, as I said, must rest with you."

"Money talks," said Old King Brady, after a minute. "If you are sincere then pay me my fee for acting in your interests instead of those of your father in advance."

Lord Powith smiled.

"Ah, I thought so!" he exclaimed. "The world is the same everywhere. Mr. Brady, I came prepared for that. If I give you a thousand dollars will you accompany me to my rooms?"

"I will meet you anywhere you say. I cannot go just now."

"Very good. Meet me at the corner of Mott street and Chatham Square. When shall we say?"

"In half an hour."

"That will suit. Here is your money, my dear sir."

Thus saying, Lord Powith produced a wallet, and drawing from it a bunch of bills, he skinned off ten \$100 notes, passed them over to Old King Brady, and without another word left the office.

"Heavens!" muttered the old detective. "I feel as if a poisonous snake had crawled in here and crawled out again. What can all this mean?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ESCAPE FROM THE HIGHBINDERS' DEN.

Harry and Charley Ching lost not a second in regaining their respective rooms.

"We must shut every panel," said Harry. "Like enough they will visit us. There must be no suspicion of what we have been about."

So Charley slipped back into his room, and Harry proceeded to shut him off.

Seating himself in the chair, he waited.

Presently muffled sounds could be heard beyond Charley's room.

Harry listened with the closest attention, but he could make nothing of them.

After awhile all grew still, and Young King Brady was just about to raise the panel when he heard voices behind the partition.

The talk ceased after a moment.

The next he knew the door was opened, and a wicked-looking Chink entered, revolver in hand.

This was the time Young King Brady gave himself up for lost.

"Hello, Charley," cried the Chink, with a grin, at the same time leveling the revolver at Harry's head. "You hungry? Yair? You likee chop suey—yair? Standee still, and I givee you slumpling to eat."

It was only a case of precaution in feeding the animals, it seemed.

Now another Chink came in, carrying a bowl with a spoon sticking in it, which he placed on the table.

This done, both withdrew, and the door was bolted again.

The bowl contained a liberal portion of chop suey, and the Chinamen had had the grace to omit the chop sticks and provide a spoon.

A moment later and voices were heard in the next room.

Evidently Charley Ching was getting his bowl of chop suey, too.

Not for worlds would Young King Brady have eaten the stuff.

He could only hope that the half-breed boy would have sense enough to leave it alone, too.

Listening intently, he heard the Chinaman retiring.

Then, dropping on his knees, he raised the panel slightly and whispered:

"Don't you eat that stuff, Charley."

"Ha!" breathed the boy, "you think it is poisoned, Harry?"

"Like enough."

"Gee! I won't touch it, then."

"Better not."

"All right. Coming in?"

"Wait a minute."

Harry crouched on the floor listening for as much as fifteen minutes.

Then as all seemed still, he ventured to raise the panel and go into Charley's room.

"Say, Harry, they let a man down into that hole," said Charley. "I heard them all right."

"I heard something myself."

"Well, that is what it was."

"Probably it was that fellow we saw tied up in the meeting room."

"I believe you, and most likely he's dead."

"He might not be. It is up to us to find out now." •

Harry threw up the panel which communicated with the pit.

"Give him the call, Charley," he said, for it was too dark to see anything down at the bottom of that hole.

Charley called out something in Chinese, and the answer came promptly enough.

"What does he say?" inquired Harry.

"That he is tied up down there."

"We must rescue him at once; he may be able to help us out of this mess. Get down there, Charley, and cut him free."

So Charley Ching climbed down the ladder, and in a minute came up again, followed by the same Chinaman the boys had seen tied up in the meeting room.

The fellow's face wore an air of unspeakable relief.

"His name is Hip Toy," said Charley. "He can't speak no English, Harry."

Hip Toy grinned and bowed.

Seizing Harry's hand he kissed it twice.

"Question him," said Young King Brady. "Ask him if he can get us out of this place."

A lot of Chinese talk followed.

"He says he can if the way is clear," said Harry.

"All right. What else does he say?"

"He says they meant to leave him down there to starve to death."

"Ask him if he is willing to tell about this plot to burn Chinatown?"

There was more talk.

"He has just come from China," said Charley. "He was smuggled in by the way of Canada. He wants to stay in this country and cut loose from these Highbinders. He's awfully afraid of them, and of the police, for he does not want to be sent home."

"Tell him I'll see that he isn't. Make him understand that I belong to the police."

Charley tried it again, and then announced that Hip Toy would tell what he knew after he got safely away from this holdout of the Highbinders' League, but not before.

"He's a bargainer, eh?" said Harry. "Well, let us make a start, Charley. Tell him to lead the way."

"He says he doesn't know the way, but if we take him to the meeting room he will get us out, providing there is no one to interfere."

"I'm afraid he don't amount to much," said Young King Brady. "But we can only try. Come on. We will tackle those secret stairs again."

Then it was Harry himself who led the way, and in a few minutes they were again outside the door of the meeting room.

Harry cautiously pushed the panel to one side.

The room was deserted.

He tried the door, but found it fast.

This was no obstacle, however, for Young King Brady's skeleton keys soon gained them admittance.

No sooner were they inside the room than Hip Toy's face brightened up and he began to talk.

"He says if we follow him he will get us out," said Charley. "Do you think it is safe to trust him?"

"We must."

"But the Chinks are so full of tricks, Harry. This may be all a trick to get us into worse trouble."

"No, no! That is not likely. Tell him to lead on."

Hip Toy went at once to a door at the end of the room, and finding it locked, motioned to Harry to try his keys again.

This was done, and they found themselves peering into a dark passage.

Hip Toy started off at once.

The boys followed him through the passage, down many steps, and then through another and longer passage.

This brought them to more steps, at the top of which was another locked door.

Harry was able to open this as he had the others, and they stepped into a passage which to Young King Brady's immense relief led through to the street.

In a moment they were standing on Pell street.

They had passed through the block.

It was now dark, and Pell street was enjoying its usual nightly crowd.

Hip Toy seemed scared half to death.

He clung to Charley Ching, and begged to be taken out of Chinatown as quick as possible.

"We will take him to the office," said Harry. "Make him understand that if he sticks to me nothing shall happen to him."

"Oh, he understands that," said Charley. "It is the Highbinders he fears, not you. I just want to stop in and tell Quong Lee that I am all right."

"We will go ahead then?"

"Yes; I'll follow you right up."

They hurried through to Chatham Square, and Harry lost no time in getting his man to the office.

As it happened, they arrived there just after Old King Brady left.

Upon the desk was a note addressed to Harry, which read thus:

"Dear Harry.—I have had a visit from a Chinese half-breed who asserts that he is the Marquis of Pendrith, eldest son of the Duke of Abergaverny. He has paid me a thousand dollars, and I have agreed to meet him in Chinatown. This I do as much on your account as anything else. If you come in and find this note don't worry about me. I shall take every precaution, and I don't think this man can get the best of me. Better go up to the house and there await my return.—O. K. B."

"Confound the luck!" muttered Harry. "The Governor thinks himself mighty sharp, but he'll get nipped as sure as fate. To think that just as I get out of that hole he should be running into it. It is too bad."

He tore up the letter, and throwing it into the wastebasket started to change his clothes.



And this was the time he had trouble with Hip Toy.

Whatever Charley Ching had said to him, the Chinaman did not seem to be prepared for this.

As soon as he saw Young King Brady turning into a white man he made for the door.

When Harry tried to stop him he drew a knife, and things began to look threatening when Charley Ching came in and quieted him down.

"I thought you made him understand that I was a white man," said Harry. "By thunder, he was going to stick me. I don't know what I should have done if you had not come in."

"I told him; he couldn't have understood," said Charley. "I'll tackle him again."

This time Charley was more successful.

He soon had Hip Toy bowing and scraping, and making all sorts of apologies.

And now Harry went regularly to work to learn of the plot to burn Chinatown, with the help of Charley Ching.

Hip Toy was willing enough to talk.

His only desire was to escape from his companions and remain in America.

Young King Brady carefully noted down all that Charley gave him, and then, sending the half-breed boy for a cab, he bundled his Chinaman into it and started for Washington Square.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SINGULAR EXPERIENCES OF OLD KING BRADY.

After he wrote the note to Harry, Old King Brady hurried to the Elizabeth street police station and told his friends the Chinatown detectives something of his plans.

"You must watch the house into which this man takes me, and if I don't come out within half an hour raid the place," he said.

The promise was promptly given, and Old King Brady went down on Chatham Square.

True to his promise, the half-breed stood at the corner of Mott street waiting.

"So you have come," he said, fixing his eyes upon the old detective.

"I am here, Mr. Powith," was the reply.

"Why do you call me Mr. Powith? Are you not aware that I am the Marquis of Pendrith? I should have supposed that my father would have told you that."

"He so informed me. But in this country we have little use for titles. Excuse me for saying so, but if you care so much for your title it seems a bit strange that you did not remain in England, where such things go."

"I preferred to live among my mother's people. However, it makes no difference. Call me what you wish. Are you now prepared to follow me?"

"I am," replied Old King Brady, looking around.

The plain clothes men were then strolling up Mott street on the other side of the way.

To the old detective it really did not seem as if in taking this step he was incurring much of a risk.

The Marquis, as we shall now style Lord Powith, led the way to the same house which Harry and Charley Ching had entered.

It was the house which Old King Brady had raided some hours before, and the old detective was very curious to see into which of the rooms he would be taken.

It proved to be one on the second floor, where he had found two Chinaman quietly smoking upon the occasion of his previous visit.

Now there was nobody present.

"You will wait here for a moment," said the Marquis, and he passed out of sight through an inner door.

He had scarcely gone when six Chinamen came crowding into the room.

One carried in his hand a silk handkerchief, and he motioned to Old King Brady that he proposed to blindfold him.

But Old King Brady promptly objected.

"Come, that don't go!" he exclaimed.

The Chinamen set up a great jabbering then.

Just then the Marquis opened the door and looked in.

"What is the trouble, Mr. Brady? Do you doubt my sincerity?" he asked.

"Well, naturally I am not wanting to go it blind," was the reply.

"It will be necessary for you to do so. I tell you frankly that my brother is in a secret apartment. The way to it I do not care to have you know."

"And that is all there is to it?"

"That, I assure you, is all. You are going out of this place, all right, Mr. Brady, take my word for it. My sole desire is to have you see my father and make your report."

Old King Brady yielded.

The bandage was securely tied, and then the old detective was treated to something of Harry's experience.

It was upstairs and downstairs, and in and out until at last the bandage was suddenly removed.

Old King Brady now found himself standing in some sort of a joss house.

But it was not the regular and well-known one on Doyers street, in spite of the fact that he felt that he had traveled almost far enough to reach that place.

The room was a small affair as to width, but was fully twenty feet in length.

At one end was the usual altar with a large gilded figure of a man upon it, represented from the breast up.

The head was bowed, and the face wore a contemplative expression.

The arms were folded across the breast, and were adorned with broad bracelets, made of many colored gems, either false or real—Old King Brady in the dim light of

two grimy lamps which burned before the figure could not tell which.

In the middle of a sort of gilt halo which surrounded the head of the image was a large diamond, unmistakably genuine, which flashed like a star.

Old King Brady for a moment stood gazing at the idol, and then turned to see what was doing next.

To his surprise, he found that the Chinamen who had led him to this singular place had all vanished, and that he was now alone.

"What next?" he thought. "Am I to be held a prisoner here?"

But it was not to be so.

The thought had no more than crossed his mind when the Marquis suddenly appeared on the platform coming from behind the idol.

This singular man was now dressed in his yellow robes, and a resplendent looking creature he was indeed.

As he stood beside the image his head towered above it, and he looked the Oriental god himself.

"Now, Mr. Brady," he said, "here you are, and here I am, and now I can talk."

"One moment before you begin," interrupted the old detective, "is it understood that I am to report all you tell me and show me here to your father?"

"It is. I have waived my objections to a go-between. I am entirely sincere. I have thought the matter over carefully, and I see how useless it would be for me to attempt to deal with my father, for whom I will now say I feel not the slightest affection. I realize that I can do better in using a man of sense like yourself."

Old King Brady bowed.

"Now to state my position," continued the Marquis. "I am in China a man much respected. I am also rich in my own right. I am high priest of a peculiar sect not at all known in this country. Yet that it secretly exists here is evidenced by what you see around you now."

"I have seen something of this before, my friend. If I am not mistaken I was once in this very room."

"It may be so. It is of no consequence. Let me explain to you that the principles of this secret religion have much to do with hypnotism. I am a hypnotist, and am generally considered the most expert in China. My sole object in abducting my brother was to hypnotize him, and through his blood connection with myself to learn certain things which in no way concern my father or you. This I have accomplished. I am now through with the boy, but unless I make this arrangement with my father Richard remains with me for the rest of his life. You can say to the Duke that it is now or never. Let that be understood. Say to him also that the terms proposed by me at our interview in Hong Kong are still my terms. Add to that that his decision must be made and communicated to me within twenty-four hours, or it will be too late. I will call at your office for his reply."

"I shall do exactly as you say," replied Old King Brady, as the Marquis paused.

"One thing more," continued the Marquis. "You may say to my father that I wish no other assurance than his word that he will consent to my terms, and will as soon as possible forward my share of the estate to my agents in Hong Kong, whose address he has. That is all. Now I will show you my brother, and you can tell him that he has been used as a mouthpiece for what he would call a heathen idol, and that he will continue to be so used if he remains with me, and that he will also be kept in the hypnotic trance most of the time. Behold!"

As the Marquis thus exclaimed, the front of the figure suddenly flew open.

The big image was entirely hollow, and seated inside upon a low stool, clothed in Chinese robes, was the handsome youth whom Harry had seen at Gus the Gow's.

His head was thrown back and his eyes were closed. His face was red and flushed, and he looked like a person in a high fever.

Old King Brady was moved to pity.

He looked up at the Marquis with words of protest trembling on his lips.

But they were never uttered.

As the old detective raised his head the Marquis caught his eye, and at the same instant called out something in Chinese.

It has ever been Old King Brady's boast that he is immune from the arts of the hypnotist.

This time, however, he found himself caught.

Speak he could not.

Again and again he tried it, but found himself unable to utter a sound.

Then, as the old detective continued to look, the idol and the Marquis seemed to blend together, and form one figure.

Somewhere in the distance he heard a voice say:

"Return from whence you came, and sleep until you are under your own roof!"

As the sound of these words died away all seemed to grow dark.

But this was only for an instant, as the old detective thought.

The next he knew Old King Brady found himself as suddenly restored to his normal condition as he had been taken out of it—at least so it seemed to him.

But to his immense surprise he came back to life to find that he was sitting in his customary chair in the library of his own house on Washington Square.

Such another experience Old King Brady had never had.

"Confound the Chinese! They are too many for me!" he muttered. "How on earth do they do their tricks?"

It was easy to ask himself the question, but the answer was too much for Old King Brady.

Calmed down a bit now, he looked at his watch.

It was a little after eight o'clock.

Old King Brady rang the bell, and Julius, his colored man-of-all-work, appeared in answer.

"Julius, is my dinner ready?" the old detective quietly asked.

"It am, Mr. Brady. I have been waiting for you to come down."

"Julius?"

"Sah?"

"I want to ask you a few questions which may strike you as peculiar. I—er—I think I must have been drugged, for I find myself unable to recollect how I came to this house, or where I have been for the last hour."

"Mah goodness, Mistah Brady!" cried the astonished Julius. "Who done it? Nebber s'posed dey could ketch you like dat."

"Never mind, Julius. You just answer my questions."

"But you hain't axed none yet, Mr. Brady."

"No; but I am going to, Julius. When did I come in?"

"Bout half an hour ago, sah!"

"By the front door?"

"Yair. You let yourself in with de latch-key like you always do."

"Was anyone with me?"

"Waal, sah, I was in de dinin' room a-settin de table. I didn't see you at all, but when I looked out de winder I see a Chinaman striking across the street toward the park."

"Oh, you did, eh? That's all, Julius. Slay, has Mr. Harry come in yet?"

"Not yet, sah!"

"Has he called on the telephone?"

"He called about three-quarters of an hour ago."

"Good! What did he say?"

"He axed if you was in—dat's all; den dey cut him off when I said no. De bell ringed again in a minute, but I couldn't get no answer."

"All right. I'll be right down."

"Strange!" muttered Old King Brady, when Julius had left. "I can't comprehend how I ever—but I can get another pointer, I think."

He stepped to the telephone and called up the Elizabeth street station.

Here he succeeded in getting one of the ward detectives on the wire.

"Mahoney," he said, "what time was it when I came out of that house?"

"About twenty minutes after you went in," was the answer.

"Was I alone? I have a reason for asking which I will explain next time I see you."

"There was a Chinaman with you, Mr. Brady. As you didn't make any sign for us to follow we took it to be all right, and went back to the station."

"Thanks. That's all."

"It was all right, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes; quite right. Good-by."

Old King Brady had scarcely turned away from the telephone when the bell rang again.

"Hello, Mahoney!" the old detective called.

"It isn't Mahoney—it's Harry!" came the answer.

"Good! So you are all right?"

"I am; but, Governor, I want you right away."

"What's up?"

"It's about that plot to burn Chinatown. I have just learned that it is to be carried out to-night."

## CHAPTER X.

### HARRY PICKS UP CLEWS.

We left Harry with his strange Chink in a cab in the act of starting for Washington Square.

As we have learned, he had not reached home by the time Old King Brady turned up there in the singular fashion described in the last chapter.

We must, therefore, return to the younger detective, and show the cause of his delay.

The cab had no more than started when Harry's attention was attracted by someone shouting:

"Stop! Stop!"

He leaned out of the window and saw Gus the Gow running alongside.

Young King Brady at once signaled to the driver to pull in, and opened the door.

"Say, Mr. Harry!" cried Gus, running up, "I wanter see yer at de office right away."

"I'm just going home, Gus. What is it?"

"I've got Ellie Burns. She's got something to tell, but she won't tell it to me."

"Right. I'll go back. Gus, do you know this man alongside me, here?"

"No, I don't. Never seed him afore."

"Tell him to wait till I come back, if you can make him understand."

Gus tried it in Chinese.

"I dunno whether he understands or not," he said. "He speaks funny. I can't catch on."

Harry made signs to the fellow, who nodded assent, and seemed to understand what was expected of him.

Directing the cab driver to await his return, Young King Brady returned to the office.

A stout woman of about forty stood by the door.

Harry could see that she was greatly excited about something.

"We will go right upstairs," he said. "We can talk better there; that is, if you want to. If you prefer we can talk here."

"No, I'd rather go upstairs," replied the woman. "I'm not afraid of nothing. Me husband sent me here. I didn't come here on account of de Gow."

Young King Brady led the way upstairs, and lighted the gas.

Placing a chair for the woman, he requested her to be as quick as she could with what she had to say.

"Well, it's just dis, Mr. Brady," said the Burns woman,

"I kin tell yer someting if you won't let on dat it come from me or my Chink, who don't want to get mixed up in de matter at all at all."

"Whatever you tell me is sacred," replied Harry. "Only do be quick."

"Well, den, I can only tell you what me Chink found out. At ten o'clock to-night there will be fires set in Chinatown—dat's straight."

"Is your husband a Highbinder?"

"Well, now, he is; but you needn't lay dat up against him. He's not in dis deal."

"Are you sure it is not to-morrow night that they intend to start these fires?"

"I tell it to yer jest as I got it, Mr. Brady. If I was to talk a week I couldn't tell you any more."

"Don't you know where the fire is expected to break out first?"

"No, I don't; but I'll say dis much; if youse has any friends what mean to go to de Chink teater to-night you had best tell them not to go."

And this ended it.

Young King Brady gave the Burns woman five dollars for her information, and she immediately left.

"I tell you what you do, Gus," said Harry, "hang about in the neighborhood of the Doyers street theater and keep a sharp watch out. I'll be along there by and by."

Gus departed and Harry returned to his cab after telephoning the house and ascertaining that Old King Brady had not come in.

He was not altogether surprised upon reaching the cab to find that the Chinaman had disappeared.

The driver was standing near, looking much disturbed.

"Say, Mr. Brady, mebbe you'll be angry that the Chink is gone," he said. "I just stepped agrost de street to get a beer, and when I come back I see de door open and dat de feller was gone. I s'pose I'm all to blame."

"Not at all," replied Harry. "If I had expected you to hold the fellow I should have said something about it. Anyhow, it wouldn't have been your business to do that."

"Oh, I know, but I am always ready to help you and de old man."

"It's no matter. I shan't want your cab now; but here is your fare just the same."

Again Young King Brady returned to the office and tried the telephone.

He had been cut short in his speech with Julius, and now he found himself in still worse luck, for he was not able to get the house on the wire at all.

He was just about to leave the office when the door opened, and Charley Ching came tumbling in all out of breath with the haste he had made.

"Oh, say, Harry," he exclaimed, "haven't you gone yet?"

"Not yet. What's up?"

"Where is that man?"

"Run away."

"Blame him! Say, I've made a big mistake, so Quong Lee says."

"What's that?"

"Why, Hip Toy don't talk our kind of Chinese, you see, and I found it pretty hard to understand him."

"Well, you never said that, Charley. It would have been a lot better if you had."

"I see that now. I didn't like to own up to it, don't you know."

"Go on."

"It's like this, Harry. Our word for to-morrow is one thing, and theirs is another. When they mean to-day they say it as we would say to-morrow. Quong Lee just put me wise on that."

"I see! Then it is to-night, and not to-morrow night, that these fires are to be set."

"That's it. I came chasing back here just as quick as ever I could, to tell you."

"I knew it before you came."

"How? From Hip Toy?"

"No. I can't talk Chinese. No matter how I found it out."

"What can we do?"

"Oh, I shall see the police. Is Quong worried?"

"You bet he is."

"Tell him to warn all his friends to keep away from the theater to-night."

"Gee! I wish I could do something."

"You can do a lot if you will."

"Well?"

"Get up on Doyers street and hang around there with Gus the Gow. Perhaps you will see some of those fellows we saw in the meeting room going in and out. That will give us a clew."

"I'll do it. When will you be along?"

"Soon. I can't tell you when. I want to find Old King Brady first if I can."

Charley Ching pulled out at once.

Now again Harry tried the telephone, but only to be told that Old King Brady's number was "busy."

There was clearly no use in waiting for instructions, so Harry started for the Elizabeth street station.

But here he fell into trouble again.

It was a time of shakedowns among the police.

The captain who for some months had been in charge at Elizabeth street had been "sent up to the goats," and a new man from Brooklyn was in his place.

As it happened this man did not know Harry at all, and had met Old King Brady for the first time that day.

"Come now!" he cried, "this is the third time to-day you people have bothered me about this Chinese business. You will have to work out your own cases. I can't be helping you all the while."

Finding that he could do nothing there, Harry hurried to headquarters, and saw an inspector whom he knew.

To him he told the whole story, omitting only mention of the Duke.



"I'll attend to it," said the inspector. "Keep your own watch, and our men will be on hand, too. I have been laying for the Highbinders for a long while. If I can only catch these rascals red-handed it will suit me right down to the ground."

Harry now asked the use of the telephone, and this time he had the satisfaction of getting Old King Brady on the wire, as has been told.

"Where are you?" demanded the old detective, after Harry made his startling announcement.

"At police headquarters."

"Do we get help?"

"Yes. The inspector will detail men to watch, and he is going to notify the fire department."

"Good! I'll come right over. Where shall I find you?"

"On Doyers street, near the theater."

"I think you had better keep out of sight. Be at Quong Lee's."

"All right. How did you make out?"

"I'm not telling over the wire," was the abrupt reply.

This ended the talk, and once more Harry sought Chinatown.

He stopped on Doyers street to say a few words to Gus the Gow; Charley Ching was not in sight.

"Anything doing, Gus?" he asked.

Well, I've seen tree or four fellers hanging about dat house," replied Gus. "They have gone away now."

He pointed to an old house which adjoined the Chinese theater.

"Were they going in and out?" demanded Young King Brady.

"Yes," said Gus, "and I seen one of dem carrying a can of kerosene."

"Who lives there?"

"High Jock, the pig-roaster."

"Is this High Jock a Highbinder?"

"I dunno."

"Find out if Highbinders hang out in there, if you can. I'll be back again in a little while."

Gus promised to do so, and Young King Brady left.

He struck in at Quong Lee's office a few minutes later. Here he found Charley Ching and the joint-keeper in close conversation.

"You comee allee light timee, Hally," said Quong. "Where de old man?"

"He's coming."

"He better hully up den. Say, Charley tellee me dat lot of Highbinders go into High Jock's house on Doyers street."

"Is that so? You know them to be Highbinders, Charley?"

"Sure," replied Charley. "There were four of them. Two I know by sight. They hang around Mock Duck's place, and two are the same fellers we saw in the meeting room."

"That settles it, then. The place should be carefully watched."

Soon afterward Old King Brady came in.

Harry quietly informed him as regarded matters, and they withdrew and walked around the block into Mott, then to Pell street, and back to the Bowery, comparing notes.

"Is that the secret joss-house we were in a couple of years ago?" asked Harry, after Old King Brady had explained what had befallen him.

"It looked so to me, but the idol seemed different," was the reply.

"I never supposed you could be hypnotized."

"I fancy any man can be hypnotized if he only comes up against the right party. That Marquis is a most remarkable man. I don't wonder his father is afraid of him."

"If I was the old man I would come to terms as soon as possible."

"It would be the wisest way."

"But think of the boldness of this Highbinders' League. Fancy a lot of men coming all the way from the interior of China to set fires in our big cities. It seems incredible."

"You have positive evidence that it is true just the same. Ha! Here come the inspector's men."

A little squad of police were seen coming down the Bowery, which the Bradys had just reached.

With them was the captain of the Elizabeth street station.

"What is all this nonsense about fires?" he demanded in a surly way.

Old King Brady, paying no heed to his rude manner, undertook to explain.

But the captain cut him short, and began growling about interference by outside detectives.

"Who can expect me to manage these Highbinders if fellows like you are butting in all the time," he said. "I'll have a stop put to this, or know the reason why."

"It's up to you to watch out to-night or not as you please, captain," said Old King Brady. "After you get a little better acquainted with me you will understand me better, I suppose. Good-night."

The Bradys turned away abruptly, and were just starting down the Bowery when the tooting of a fire engine whistle was heard in the distance.

"Ah, ha! They have got the alarm already!" cried Harry.

"It's Mott street!" said Old King Brady. "See them running down there!"

The police got on the move in a hurry now.

Paying no attention to them, the Bradys hurried to the corner of Mott street.

As they looked up the block they saw the Chinks tumbling out of their houses like a lot of rats.

From the upper windows of the old tenement which had been the scene of the Bradys' operations that day a cloud of smoke was pouring.

"There you are, Governor!" cried Harry. "The Highbinders' League has begun its work."

## CHAPTER XI.

## A BUSY NIGHT IN CHINATOWN.

"Back to Doyers street," said Old King Brady, after they stood on the corner long enough to watch the engines come.

Reaching Doyers street, they found it almost deserted. They looked in at the theater, seeing nothing of Gus, but there was almost no one there.

"I guess the word has been pretty generally passed around that there is danger at the theater to-night," Young King Brady remarked.

"Where is Gus?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He ought to be here."

The Bradys stood for some minutes talking.

All at once an excited Celestial came dashing out of the house next to the theater.

"Fire! Fire!" he yelled.

Others followed him.

Smoke appeared, coming out from the cellar, and also from one of the upper windows.

The Bradys ran to the Bowery and turned in the alarm.

"Shall we go in there?" demanded Harry.

"No; let the police and the firemen attend to their own business," replied Old King Brady. "We gave the warning; it is all we can do."

They waited at the corner 'till the engines came.

By this time Doyers street was alive with people, and the old rookery was pretty well in flames.

Just then Gus came hurrying up.

"There's a whole lot of Chinks just gone into that rear house," he panted. "I believe they are going to set another fire there. I peeked in troo de winder and seed High Jock, de pig-roaster, sprinkling de floor wid kerosene."

"Come!" here's work for us to do!" said Old King Brady.

They passed through the fire lines and ran up the alley.

The old house in the rear appeared to be all closed up. The firemen as yet were confining their work to the front house, but one man followed the Bradys into the alley.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"This boy thinks there is a fire being started here," began the old detective.

He looked around for Gus, but the Gow was not to be seen.

He had been held up at the fire line, while the Bradys, showing their shields, had been allowed to pass

Meanwhile Harry had pressed forward.

He tried the door and found it fast.

Up went his foot, and with one vigorous kick the flimsy thing flew in.

There stood High Jock, the pig-roaster—Harry learned the fellow's identity later—in the act of throwing bits of paper about the floor of the hall.

"Take that, you yellow firebug!" shouted Harry, giving High Jock a stunner on the head.

The stairs door opened, and down came more Chinks, the leader swinging an axe.

Old King Brady entered just in time to see it all.

"Back! Back!" he shouted, whipping out his revolver.

Harry drew his also, and the Chinamen promptly beat a retreat.

"So this is what they are at, the wretched rat-eaters!" cried the fireman, seizing an overturned can of oil and throwing it into the street.

As the oiled floor had nowhere ignited, the danger seemed over.

Two policemen came running in now.

With the Bradys they rushed upstairs, but only to find that the Highbinders had escaped by way of a window and an extension roof.

High Jock alone fell into the hands of the police.

Meantime the fire in front had been brought under control.

That the intention was to burn the Doyers street theater there could be no doubt.

Within ten minutes another fire broke out on Pell street, and a few moments later another still on the Bowery.

It was hot work for the firemen while it lasted.

But as nearly the whole department turned out the danger was averted, and none of the fires proved serious.

After the excitement was about over, while the Bradys were standing at the corner of Pell street and the Bowery, the police captain came up.

The man's manner had now entirely changed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want to ask your pardon. I'm a fool."

"It is all right, captain," replied Old King Brady. "You begin to see now that I had no intention of bothering you unnecessarily."

"Indeed I do! Only for you I believe we should have our hands full here to-night."

"You have been kept pretty busy as it is."

"That's what we have. Whatever has come over these Chinks that they want to burn up their own houses I don't know."

"It is a plot hatched by a lot of new Highbinders who have just come to town," said Old King Brady. "This we happen to know."

"If we could only get them. But it is so hard dealing with the Chinks. One looks just like another to me."

"Excuse me a minute, captain, and perhaps I can suggest something," said Harry, and he drew Old King Brady aside.

"I think I could lead the way into that place where they had me tied up from the Pell street entrance," he whispered. "What do you say?"

"I was thinking of the same thing. After our experiences with the Marquis I think we ought to arrest him."

"So do I."

They rejoined the police captain.

"Captain," said the old detective, "if I was to tell you all that has happened to me to-day in connection with these Chinese cases you would think I had gone crazy, but this much I want to say. Both Harry and myself have been in the secret holdout of this Highbinders' League, as we call it, and if you wish, I think we can take you and some of your men there. I can point out the leader of the gang, and he should be promptly arrested. Will you join us in this search?"

"You bet I will!" cried the captain. "How many men do we want?"

"Oh, four or five. We want to make our work sure."

"I'll go to the station and bring a squad. I don't want to interfere with those who are on duty here."

The captain then hurried away.

"You are sure you can locate the entrance, Harry?" Old King Brady inquired.

"Positive. I took particular note of it when Charley Ching and I came out."

"Then we will wait quietly here."

In a short time the police captain was seen coming with his men.

In a moment they joined the Bradys and the march up Pell street began.

Needless to say that Chinatown was greatly excited that night, and the excitement was not lessened by the appearance of the police.

Doors were barred and lights extinguished.

Harry led the way to a certain grocery store, and pointing to the dark hallway alongside said:

"There you are. The way lies in through there."

"Go ahead," said the police captain. "You are the doctor. We'll back you up."

Harry pushed on until he came to the door at the end of the hall through which he had come up out of the secret apartments.

Trying this he found it locked.

"Break it down, boys," said the captain.

"I can open it with a skeleton key, perhaps," said Young King Brady. "I did so before."

"Don't bother! Break it in!" cried the captain.

The police attacked the door with their feet, and soon kicked it in.

Meanwhile not a Chinaman had shown up.

The Bradys then got out their dark lanterns, and started down the stairs.

They gained the secret passage without difficulty, and were about half-way through it when Harry suddenly halted.

"What now?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Look over those boards on our right here, Governor," replied Harry. "Don't it seem to you that there may be a secret door there?"

"Yes, there is," said the old detective, after a minute's examination. "Is that the way you came through?"

"No; we struck into this passage from the other end."

"Let's see what we have here, then."

Old King Brady was fumbling with his skeleton keys, but the impatient police captain ordered his men to kick in the boards.

This, however, did not prove to be so easy.

The boards seemed to be strongly braced in some way behind.

So it was up to the old detective to try his skeleton keys again, and he soon had the door open.

Beyond a short passage extended, ending at another door.

This Old King Brady was also able to open after a few attempts.

Now they found themselves looking into the secret joss-house.

"Ha! The very place!" muttered the old detective. "This is luck indeed."

He advanced a step toward the idol, flashing his light ahead.

"Look there!" cried Harry.

"Another Tong murder!" echoed the police captain.

There, stretched out upon the floor before the altar, lay the body of a man clothed in yellow silk.

"The Marquis!" breathed Harry.

"No one else," answered Old King Brady. "But what about the boy?"

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

"Is he dead?"

This was the question the police captain fired at Old King Brady as he stood above the yellow man.

"I think he is," was the reply. "You see the blood here on the floor? This man has been stabbed in many places, and that within a very few minutes. The body is still warm."

It was so!

The Marquis had been slain at the foot of his idol, and probably while he kneeled before it.

"Captain," said the old detective. "This is the man we are after. He is a sort of high priest among the Highbinders."

"Sure, he's the queerest looking Chink ever I see," said the captain.

"He is half English, and his body must be decently cared for. I represent his father. Further than that I cannot say, except to tell you that we are commissioned by the father to search for this man's white half-brother, who has been held a prisoner here in Chinatown. Last I saw of him he was inside that image. I must find out if he is there still."

Old King Brady jumped upon the altar, and tried to find the secret spring which controlled the opening of the idol.

Old King Brady could not find the spring.

"To thunder with their heathen gods!" cried the captain. "Why don't you tumble the blame thing over. If the boy is inside he'll soon let you know."

"He was in a trance when I saw him," replied the old detective. "Here, Harry, lend a hand. I think we can lift this thing right up."

He and Harry could not do it, but when a couple of the policeman jumped on the platform and added their strength the idol was lifted and turned over on its back.

But the hollow thing was empty fast enough.

All that was revealed was the stool upon which the boy had sat.

"He is not here," said Old King Brady. "Harry, search that man for papers. By the way, is that ring on his finger?"

"No, it's gone," replied Harry, jumping down from the platform and examining the body.

"Step this way, captain," said Old King Brady. "I want to say a private word to you."

They passed out into the passage.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Old King Brady.

"Sure I can."

"Well, then, let me tell you that dead man is the Marquis of Pendrith, the son of the Earl of Abergaverny by a Chinese wife. The young man we are looking for will be the Marquis now that his brother is dead."

"Sure, I seen something about a English Duke coming to New York on his yacht. Is that the man?"

"It is the same person. We are working for him. That is why I am so particular. This must be kept out of the papers now, mind."

"What will we do with him?"

"Send for an ambulance at once, and have the body removed to the morgue. I'll attend to the rest."

"It shall be done," said the captain. "But about this boy?"

"We shall have to continue our search—that's all."

"There isn't a thing here, Governor," reported Harry as they re-entered the room. "They seem to have been through him all right."

"Let us get out of here," replied the old detective. "Come."

"But the body?"

"Our friend the captain will look out for that. Captain, we want two of your men."

"All right. Take them," was the reply.

"Lead on, Harry," said Old King Brady. "Gentlemen, you will kindly follow me."

Harry now pushed on to the meeting room.

Still not a soul was encountered.

"Shall we go out into the house. This door leads that way, I suppose," said Harry.

"I should like to have a look into that death pit of yours," replied Old King Brady. "Will it take long?"

"Only a minute."

"Come on then, or rather lead on."

So Harry opened the other door, and they descended the stairs.

Opening the panels, they passed on through the rooms to the pit.

Old King Brady gave a sharp exclamation as he flashed his light down.

"Somebody down there all right!" he cried.

"By jove, yes, and there are two or three of them," said Harry.

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted.

There was no answer.

Harry hurriedly descended the ladder then.

In the bottom of the pit lay three Chinamen tumbled in on top of one another.

All three were dead, and each man had been stabbed in the back.

"What can it all mean?" said Young King Brady, after he came up with his report.

"It's plain enough," replied the old detective. "The New York Highbinders resented the doings of this foreign league, and they turned on them—that's all."

They returned to the meeting room then, and opening the other door, passed on into the burned Mott street house.

This building had not been much damaged, and they were able to pass from room to room.

There were several Chinamen standing about, and Old King Brady attempted to question them.

Unnecessary to say that not one of them could understand or speak English.

"No sabee, no sabee," was the answer in every case.

The Bradys passed on to the street then.

"We shall not want you any more, officers," said the old detective. "You had better see about getting those bodies out. We have matters of our own to look after now."

The detectives then mingled with the crowd and pushed on to Chatham Square.

"A strange ending, Governor," remarked Harry.

"And a very satisfactory one, it will be for the Duke, I fancy, providing we can find that boy," said Old King Brady. "That's what we have to do now, and we simply must succeed."

They wandered back up Doyers street, and stood looking at the burned house.

"They can hardly have killed the boy," said Old King Brady. "If such was the case we should surely have found his body either in the joss-house or in the pit."

"Don't you think it is possible that the Highbinders have carried him off to use him as a hypnotic subject?"

"It might be so."

"We might strike in at Mock Duck's place on the Bowery."

"Mock Duck is a pretty slick article, Harry. We could easily waste a lot of time with him, but I don't believe anything will come of it. No; what we want is an interpreter, and that must be had."

Suddenly Harry made a dive into a doorway, and pulled out a boy.

It was Gus the Gow.



"What in thunder are you skulking in there for?" he demanded. "Didn't you see us then?"

"Dat's all right, boss," said the Gow. "Don't jump on me, but keep yer eye skinned on dat winder up over de joss-house, will yer? Mebbe you'll see what I see."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Harry.

"Well, mebbe I didn't see dat little curly up dere a-peeking out. Mebbe I've gone dippy, but I tink I seen him, all right."

"Who does he mean by little curly?" demanded Old King Brady.

"The boy," replied Harry.

"What! What! This is important. Which window, Gus?"

"De middle one, boss."

They all stepped back into the shadows of the doorway and stood watching.

"I'm sure it was him," said Gus. "Poor little chap! If we could only get him. If he hain't got no other place to stay he kin bunk in along wit me till he kin get a job."

"If we get the boy I'll see that you get a better job than being a Gow," thought Old King Brady.

"There's someone at the window now," whispered Harry.

For a moment the face was against the glass, and was then withdrawn.

"What do you think, Harry?" asked Old King Brady.

"I only saw the boy for a minute. I could not begin to decide."

"It certainly looked like him, Governor."

"We ought to investigate, yet if we force our way in there he will be spirited away before we can reach the top story, surest thing."

"I'm afraid that's so."

"Do you think you could get up that fire-escape? There does not seem to be anybody around."

"I'm ready, Governor."

"Up on my shoulders, then. Gus will give you a boost."

Old King Brady took his station under the fire-escape.

Harry, placing his hand upon the old detective's shoulder, and one foot against his hip, was up in an instant, without help from Gus.

He could now reach the fire-escape, and he ran nimbly up.

The old detective and Gus watched him.

Again the face appeared at the window.

Harry looked in, and bending down waved his hand in a peculiar way.

This was one of the secret signals of which the Bradys have a regular code.

It meant "Remain where you are."

"Don't we go in?" asked Gus.

"No; keep still."

Upon no other night could the Bradys have done what they were doing unobserved.

But the troubles in Chinatown that evening had driven

everyone indoors, nor was there even a policeman guarding the burned house.

Harry was now seen to throw the window fastening with his knife.

He climbed into the room, and in a moment came out again, the boy following him.

Down the fire-escape they climbed, and dropped to the ground.

"Oh, little curly! It's sure him!" cried Gus.

And so it was.

The Duke's missing son was found!

To place the boy in a Chatham Square cab was but the work of an instant.

Within three minutes the Bradys were on their way home with their charge.

Young Richard was in his normal condition, and showed no signs of fever now.

Harry had found him with his hands tied behind him in an unfurnished room.

How he came to be there the boy could not tell.

His mind was confused, but he wept for joy when Harry had told him that he had come to take him to his father.

And into the Duke's hands the Bradys delivered their charge early next morning.

The Duke expressed his gratitude in the most substantial way, for he immediately handed the detectives a check for a thousand pounds.

When he heard of the death of his Chinese son he said not a word, but there was upon his face an air of unspeakable relief.

He directed Old King Brady to secure the necessary legal evidence, and to arrange for the funeral.

This the Duke attended, he and the detectives being the only ones who followed the dead priest of the Highbinders to his grave.

This was the time Old King Brady put in a good word for the Gow, and the result was Gus sailed away in the Duke's yacht next day.

Whatever became of him the detectives never learned, for they never heard of the Duke again until they read of his death in the papers a year later, and the same paper told of the accession of his son Richard to the father's titles and estates.

And this was the final ending of the case of The Bradys and the Highbinders' League.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS' LOST CLAIM; OR, THE MYSTERY OF KILL-BUCK CANYON," which will be the next number (376) of "Secret Service."

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

# Fame and Fortune Weekly

**STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY**

By A SELF-MADE MAN

32 Pages of Reading Matter

::

Handsome Colored Covers

**PRICE 5 CENTS A COPY**

**A New One Issued Every Friday**

This Weekly contains interesting stories of smart boys, who win fame and fortune by their ability to take advantage of passing opportunities. Some of these stories are founded on true incidents in the lives of our most successful self-made men, and show how a boy of pluck, perseverance and brains can become famous and wealthy. Every one of this series contains a good moral tone which makes "Fame and Fortune Weekly" a magazine for the home, although each number is replete with exciting adventures. The stories are the very best obtainable, the illustrations are by expert artists, and every effort is constantly being made to make it the best weekly on the news stands. Tell your friends about it.

ALREADY PUBLISHED.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 A Lucky Deal; or, The Cutest Boy in Wall Street.             | 10 A Copper Harvest; or, The Boys Who Worked a Deserted Mine.  |
| 2 Born to Good Luck; or, The Boy Who Succeeded.                | 11 A Lucy Penny; or, The Fortunes of a Boston Boy.             |
| 3 A Corner in Corn; or, How a Chicago Boy Did the Trick        | 12 A Diamond in the Rough; or, A Brave Boys Start in Life.     |
| 4 A Game of Chance; or, The Boy Who Won Out.                   | 13 Baiting the Bears; or, The Nerviest Boy in Wall Street.     |
| 5 Hard to Beat; or, The Cleverest Boy in Wall Street.          | 14 A Gold Brick; or, The Boy Who Could Not be Downed.          |
| 6 Building a Railroad; or, The Young Contractors of Lake-view. | 15 A Streak of Luck; or, The Boy Who Feathered His Nest        |
| 7 Winning His Way; or, The Youngest Editor in Green River.     | 16 A Good Thing; or, The Boy Who Made a Fortune.               |
| 8 The Wheel of Fortune; or, The Record of a Self-Made Boy.     | 17 King of the Market; or, The Youngest Trader in Wall Street. |
| 9 Nip and Tuck; or, The Young Brokers of Wall Street.          | 18 Pure Grit; or, One Boy in a Thousand.                       |
|  | 19 A Rise in Life; or, The Career of a Factory Boy.            |
|  | 20 A Barrel of Money; or, A Bright Boy in Wall Street.         |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York.**

**IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS**

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

- ....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos. ....
- .... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos. ....
- .... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos. ....
- .... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos. ....
- .... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos. ....
- .... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos. ....
- .... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos. ....
- .... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos. ....
- .... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos. ....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

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

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

### MESMERISM.

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

### PALMISTRY.

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

### HYPNOTISM.

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

### SPORTING.

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

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

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

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

### FORTUNE TELLING.

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

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

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

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

### ATHLETIC.

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

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

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

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

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 71. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

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

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

### MAGIC.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### MECHANICAL.

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

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

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

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

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

### LETTER WRITING.

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

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

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

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

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

## THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. E. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Droway.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hilland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**



# THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

By **HARRY MOORE.**



These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter, bound in a beautiful colored cover.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>207 The Liberty Boys at the Mischianza; or, Good-by to General Howe.</p> <p>208 The Liberty Boys and Pulaski; or, The Polish Patriot.</p> <p>209 The Liberty Boys at Hanging Rock; or, The "Carolina Game Cock."</p> <p>210 The Liberty Boys on the Pedee; or, Maneuvering with Marlon.</p> <p>211 The Liberty Boys at Guilford Courthouse; or, A Defeat that Proved a Victory.</p> <p>212 The Liberty Boys at Sanders' Creek; or, The Error of General Gates.</p> <p>213 The Liberty Boys on a Raid; or, Out with Colonel Brown.</p> <p>214 The Liberty Boys at Gowanus Creek; or, For Liberty and Independence</p> <p>215 The Liberty Boys' Skirmish; or, At Green Spring Plantation.</p> <p>216 The Liberty Boys and the Governor; or, Tryon's Conspiracy.</p> <p>217 The Liberty Boys in Rhode Island; or, Doing Duty Down East.</p> <p>218 The Liberty Boys After Tarleton; or, Bothering the "Butcher."</p> <p>219 The Liberty Boys' Daring Dash; or, Death Before Defeat.</p> <p>220 The Liberty Boys and the Mutineers; or, Helping "Mad Anthony."</p> <p>221 The Liberty Boys Out West; or, The Capture of Vincennes.</p> <p>222 The Liberty Boys at Princeton; or, Washington's Narrow Escape.</p> <p>223 The Liberty Boys Heartbroken; or, The Desertion of Dick.</p> <p>224 The Liberty Boys in the Highlands; or, Working Along the Hudson.</p> <p>225 The Liberty Boys at Hackensack; or, Beating Back the British.</p> <p>226 The Liberty Boys' Keg of Gold; or, Captain Kidd's Legacy.</p> <p>227 The Liberty Boys at Bordentown; or, Guarding the Stores.</p> <p>228 The Liberty Boys' Best Act; or, The Capture of Carlisle.</p> <p>229 The Liberty Boys on the Delaware; or, Doing Daring Deeds.</p> <p>230 The Liberty Boys' Long Race; or, Beating the Redcoats Out.</p> <p>231 The Liberty Boys Deceived; or, Dick Slater's Double.</p> <p>232 The Liberty Boys' Boy Allies; or, Young But Dangerous.</p> <p>233 The Liberty Boys' Bitter Cup; or, Beaten Back at Brandywine.</p> <p>234 The Liberty Boys' Alliance; or, The Reds Who Helped.</p> <p>235 The Liberty Boys on the War-Path; or, After the Enemy.</p> <p>236 The Liberty Boys After Cornwallis; or, Worrying the Earl.</p> <p>237 The Liberty Boys and the Liberty Bell; or, How They Saved It.</p> <p>238 The Liberty Boys and Lydia Darrah; or, A Wonderful Woman's Warning.</p> <p>239 The Liberty Boys at Perth Amboy; or, Franklin's Tory Son.</p> <p>240 The Liberty Boys and the "Midget"; or, Good Goods in a Small Package.</p> <p>241 The Liberty Boys at Frankfort; or, Routing the "Queen's Rangers."</p> <p>242 The Liberty Boys and General Lacey; or, Cornered at the "Crooked Billet."</p> <p>243 The Liberty Boys at the Farewell Fete; or, Frightening the British With Fire.</p> <p>244 The Liberty Boys' Gloomy Time; or, Darkest Before Dawn.</p> | <p>245 The Liberty Boys on the Neuse River; or, Campaigning in North Carolina.</p> <p>246 The Liberty Boys and Benedict Arnold; or, Hot Work With a Traitor.</p> <p>247 The Liberty Boys Excited; or, Doing Whirlwind Work.</p> <p>248 The Liberty Boys' Odd Recruit; or, The Boy Who Saw Fun in Everything.</p> <p>249 The Liberty Boys' Fair Friend; or, The Woman Who Helped.</p> <p>250 The Liberty Boys "Stumped"; or, The Biggest Puzzle of All.</p> <p>251 The Liberty Boys in New York Bay; or, Difficult and Dangerous Work.</p> <p>252 The Liberty Boys' Own Mark; or, Trouble for the Tories.</p> <p>253 The Liberty Boys at Newport; or, The Rhode Island Campaign.</p> <p>254 The Liberty Boys and "Black Joe"; or, The Negro Who Helped.</p> <p>255 The Liberty Boys Hard at Work; or, After the Marauders.</p> <p>256 The Liberty Boys and the "Shirtmen"; or, Helping the Virginia Riflemen.</p> <p>257 The Liberty Boys at Fort Nelson; or, The Elizabeth River Campaign.</p> <p>258 The Liberty Boys and Captain Betts; or, Trying to Down Tryon.</p> <p>259 The Liberty Boys at Bemis Heights; or, Helping to Beat Burgoyne.</p> <p>260 The Liberty Boys and the "Little Rebels"; or, The Boys Who Bothered the British.</p> <p>261 The Liberty Boys at New London; or, The Fort Griswold Massacre.</p> <p>262 The Liberty Boys and Thomas Jefferson; or, How They Saved the Governor.</p> <p>263 The Liberty Boys Banished; or, Sent Away by General Howe.</p> <p>264 The Liberty Boys at the State Line; or, Desperate Doings on the Dan River.</p> <p>265 The Liberty Boys' Terrible Trip; or, On Time in Spite of Everything.</p> <p>266 The Liberty Boys' Setback; or, Beset by Redcoats, Redskins, and Tories.</p> <p>267 The Liberty Boys and the Swede; or, The Scandinavian Recruit.</p> <p>268 The Liberty Boys' "Best Licks"; or, Working Hard to Win.</p> <p>269 The Liberty Boys at Rocky Mount; or, Helping General Sumter.</p> <p>270 The Liberty Boys and the Regulators; or, Running the Royalists to Cover.</p> <p>271 The Liberty Boys after Fenton; or, The Tory Desperado.</p> <p>272 The Liberty Boys and Captain Falls; or, The Battle of Ram-sour's Mills.</p> <p>273 The Liberty Boys at Brier Creek; or, Chasing the Enemy.</p> <p>274 The Liberty Boys and the Mysterious Frenchman; or, The Secret Messenger of King Louis.</p> <p>275 The Liberty Boys after the "Pine Robbers"; or, The Monmouth County Marauders.</p> <p>276 The Liberty Boys and General Pickens; or, Chastising the Cherokees.</p> |
|---|--|

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** **24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. . . . . 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find . . . . . cents for which please send me:

- |   |       |
|---|-------|
| .... copies of FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos . . . . . | ..... |
| .... " " WORK AND WIN, Nos . . . . .                  | ..... |
| .... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos . . . . .         | ..... |
| .... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos . . . . .              | ..... |
| .... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos . . . . .                | ..... |
| .... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos . . . . .                | ..... |
| .... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos . . . . .       | ..... |
| .... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos . . . . .    | ..... |
| .... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos . . . . .           | ..... |

Name . . . . . Street and No . . . . . Town . . . . . State . . . . .



# SECRET SERVICE

## OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

**PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY**

**LATEST ISSUES:**

- 309 The Bradys and "Bad Buzzard"; or, The Fight for the Five Forks Mine.
- 310 The Bradys and the Chinese Prince; or, The Latest Mott Street Mystery.
- 311 The Bradys and the Man From Tombstone; or, After the "King of Arizona."
- 312 The Bradys and Hop Toy; or, Working for the Mayor of Chinatown.
- 313 The Bradys and the Copper King; or, The Mystery of the Montague Mine.
- 314 The Bradys and "Bullion Bill"; or, The Mystery of Mill No. 13.
- 315 The Bradys in Joliet; or, The Strange Case of Jeweler James.
- 316 The Bradys and "Roaring Rube"; or, Rounding up the "Terror" of Ten Mile Creek.
- 317 The Bradys and the Boss of Broad Street; or, The Case of the "King of the Curb."
- 318 The Bradys Desert Trail; or, Lost on the Deadman's Run.
- 319 The Bradys and the Opium Syndicate; or, After the "Marquis" of Mott Street.
- 320 The Bradys and "General Jinks"; or, After the Cara Crooks of the "Katy Flyer."
- 321 The Bradys and the Man With the Barrel; or, Working for the Prince of Wall Street.
- 322 The Bradys and "Bedrock Bill"; or, The "Deadmen" from Deadwood.
- 323 The Bradys and the "King" of Chicago; or, The Man Who Cornered Corn.
- 324 The Bradys and Admiral Brown; or, Working for the United States Navy.
- 325 The Bradys and "Madame Millions"; or, The Case of the Wall Street Queen.
- 326 The Bradys and the "Prince" of Pekin; or, Called on a Chinese Clew.
- 327 The Bradys Facing Death; or, Trapped by a Clever Woman.
- 328 The Bradys' Rio Grande Raid; or, Hot Work at Badman's Bend.
- 329 The Bradys' Madhouse Mystery; or, The Search for Madame Montford.
- 330 The Bradys and the Swamp Rats; or, After the Georgia Moonshiners.
- 331 The Bradys and "Handsome Hal"; or, Duping the Duke of Dakota.
- 332 The Bradys and the Mad Financier; or, Trailing the "Terror" of Wall Street.
- 333 The Bradys and the Joplin Jays; or, Three "Badmen" from Missouri.
- 334 The Bradys and Capt. Klondike; or, The Man from the North Pole.
- 335 The Bradys and the Wall Street Club; or, Three Lost "Lambs."
- 336 The Bradys' Lightning Raid; or, Chased Through the Hole in the Wall.
- 337 The Bradys and the Hip Sing Ling; or, After the Chinese Free Masons.
- 338 The Bradys' Diamond Syndicate; or, The Case of the "Marquis" of Wall Street.
- 339 The Bradys and the Seven Masks; or, Strange Doings at the Doctors' Club.
- 340 The Bradys and the President's Special; or, The Plot of the 1-2-3.
- 341 The Bradys and the Russian Duke; or, The Case of the Woman From Wall Street.
- 342 The Bradys and the Money Makers; or, After the "Queen of the Queer."
- 343 The Bradys and the Butte Boys; or, The Trail of the Ten "Terrors."
- 344 The Bradys and the Wall Street "Widow"; or, The Flurry in F. F. V.
- 345 The Bradys' Chinese Mystery; or, Called by the "King" of Mott Street.
- 346 The Bradys and "Brazos Bill"; or, Hot Work on the Texas Border.
- 347 The Bradys and Broker Black; or, Trapping the Tappers of Wall Street.
- 348 The Bradys at Big Boom City; or, Out for the Oregon Land Thieves.
- 349 The Bradys and Corporal Tim; or, The Mystery of the Fort.
- 350 The Bradys' Banner Raid; or, The White Boys of Whirlwind Camp.
- 351 The Bradys and the Safe Blowers; or, Chasing the King of the Yeggmen.
- 352 The Bradys at Gold Lake; or, Solving a Klondike Mystery.
- 353 The Bradys and "Dr. Doo-Da-Day"; or, The Man Who was Lost on Mott Street.
- 354 The Bradys' Tombstone "Terror"; or, After the Arizona Mine Wreckers.
- 355 The Bradys and the Witch Doctor; or, Mysterious Work in New Orleans.
- 356 The Bradys and Alderman Brown; or, After the Grafters of Greenville.
- 357 The Bradys in "Little Pekin"; or, The Case of the Chinese Gold King.
- 358 The Bradys and the Boston Special; or, The Man Who was Missing from Wall Street.
- 359 The Bradys and the Death Club; or, The Secret Band of Seven.
- 360 The Bradys' Chinese Raid; or, After the Man-Hunters of Montana.
- 361 The Bradys and the Bankers' League; or, Dark Doings in Wall Street.
- 362 The Bradys' Call to Goldfields; or, Downing the "Knights of Nevada."
- 363 The Bradys and the Pit of Death; or, Trapped by a Fiend.
- 364 The Bradys and the Boston Broker; or, The Man Who Woke up Wall Street.
- 365 The Bradys Sent to Sing Sing; or, After the Prison Plotters.
- 366 The Bradys and the Grain Crooks; or, After the "King of Corn."
- 367 The Bradys' Ten Trails; or, After the Colorado Cattle Thieves.
- 368 The Bradys in a Madhouse; or, The Mystery of Dr. Darke.
- 369 The Bradys and the Chinese "Come-Ons"; or, Dark Doings in Doyers Street.
- 370 The Bradys and the Insurance Crooks; or, Trapping A Wall Street Gang.
- 371 The Bradys and the Seven Students; or, The Mystery of a Medical College.
- 372 The Bradys and Governor Gum; or, Hunting the King of the Highbinders.
- 373 The Bradys and the Mine Fakirs; or, Doing a Turn in Tombstone.
- 374 The Bradys in Canada; or, Hunting a Wall Street "Wonder."
- 375 The Bradys and the Highbinders League; or, The Plot to Burn Chinatown.
- 376 The Bradys' Lost Claim; or, The Mystery of Kill Buck Canyon.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** 24 Union Square, New York.

### IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State .....