

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

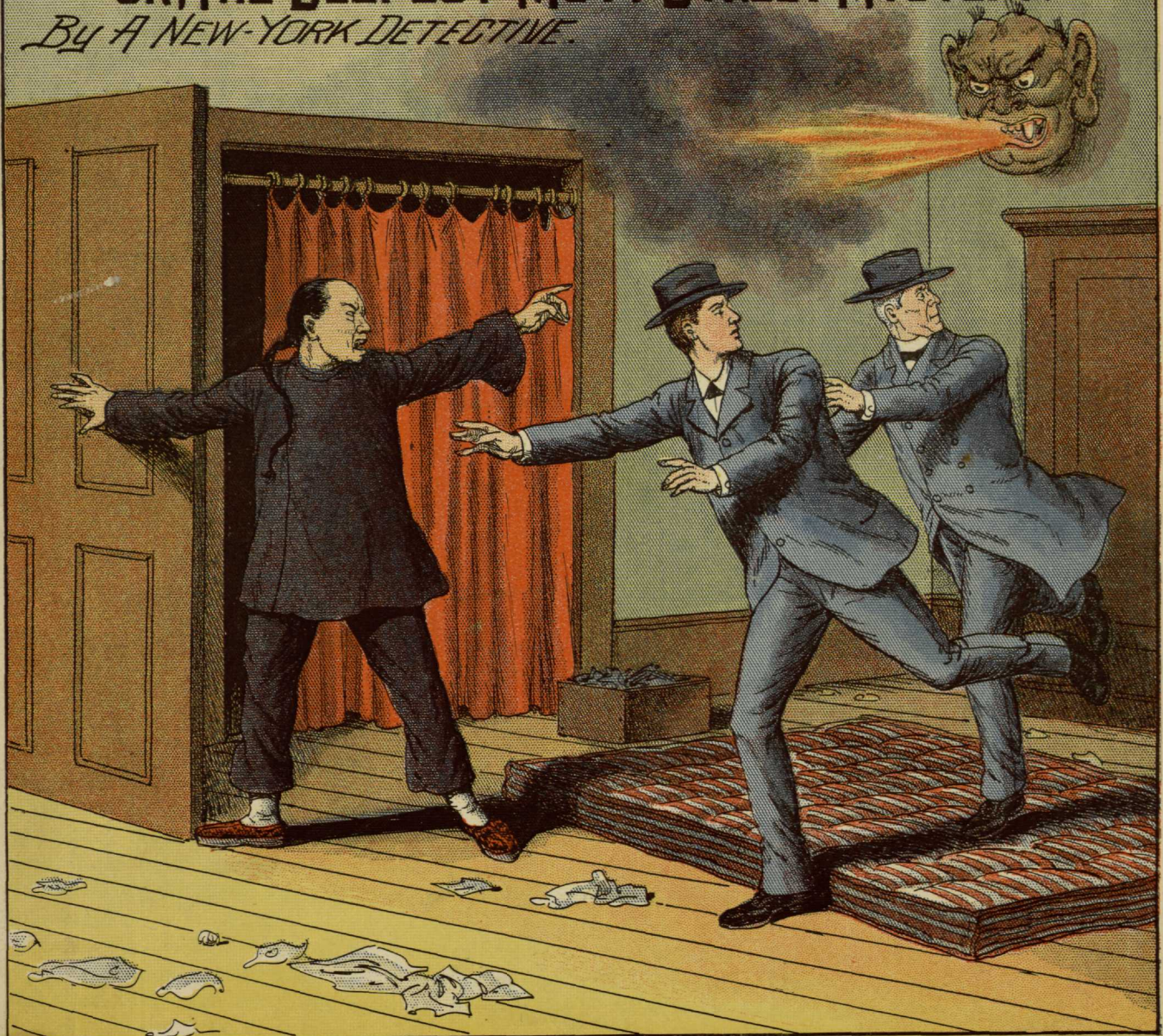
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No. 415.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND DR. HOP LOW; OR, THE DEEPEST MOTT STREET MYSTERY. *By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



"Lun! Lun for your lives!" shrieked the Chinaman. A burst of flame came from between the teeth of the hideous head upon the wall. The Bradys sprang away and ran out of the room. A fearful smell filled the place.



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### CHAPTER I.

#### A CLEW IN A COIN.

The telephone bell rang sharply and Young King Brady, pupil and partner of the world-famous detective, Old King Brady, rose from his desk to answer the call.

It proved to be Secret Service Commissioner Clemens at the other end of the wire.

Old King Brady came into the shabby little office on Park Row, New York, just as his partner turned away from the telephone.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Mr. Clemens wants to see us," was the reply.

"And he will want to see us more instead of less in the future. He told me the other day that the Secret Service Bureau want us to give more time to their cases and less to our own."

"And you intend to do so?"

"I do, Harry. I am growing a bit tired of these outside cases. I prefer the Secret Service work."

The Bradys accordingly went over to the Secret Service offices in the Post-Office Building.

Mr. Clemens received them as usual in his private office, and as they seated themselves he arose and locked the door.

"Something extra mysterious?" asked Old King Brady.

"Counterfeiting case," replied the commissioner. "One can't be too cautious."

"That is so. Bills or coins?"

"Gold coins."

"The hardest counterfeits to put out. I wonder anyone ever attempts it."

"Someone is at it now, at all events, but they are poorly made affairs."

"Got them?"

"Yes. A dozen were sent in from the Grant bank up-town. They would never have escaped the eye of a downtown teller."

The commissioner opened a drawer and produced twelve gold pieces, two \$20 coins, three \$10s, and the rest \$5s.

Old King Brady examined them closely.

"Two thin gold shells cast and filled in with lead to make weight," he remarked.

"That seems to be it," replied Mr. Clemens. "I took some to the treasury last week, and we cut them open. This is the third batch which has come in. They appear to be all the work of the same gang."

Old King Brady examined each coin critically.

Then he weighed them on the commissioner's nicely adjusted scales.

"Pretty close weight," he remarked.

"It is close weight, and that is what makes me think it is not Italian work."

"I agree with you. It looks to me as if it might be either Chinese or Japanese work."

"I don't know that I ever saw a Japanese counterfeiter that I positively knew to be such."

"I saw a bunch in San Francisco once. They came direct from Japan."

"Counterfeits of United States coins?"

"Yes."

"Were they lead-filled like these?"

"Precisely like them."

"It may be. The Japanese are very skillful in everything they undertake."

"Have you any of the other lots handy?"

"Yes; I have a bag full. They came to me from Boston."

"Let me see them, please."

"Of course I have no means of knowing that they are the work of the same gang."

"Do the bank people know where this bunch came from?"

"No. They cannot tell."

"Then there is absolutely nothing to go by?"

"Nothing whatever. That is why I sent for you."

Old King Brady chuckled.

"We have worked out to a successful finish more than one case where there was nothing to go by," he said.

"You certainly have. I'll get the bag."

Mr. Clemens produced the bag from a closet.

It contained between forty and fifty of the counterfeit coins.

They were of all the denominations in which gold is struck.

Old King Brady spread them out upon the table, and examined each one with particular care.

The last he picked up was a \$20 piece.

"Come! This weighs nothing at all!" he suddenly exclaimed.

The commissioner took the coin from the old detective's hand.

"Why, it is away below weight," he said. "I don't think I could have handled this one."

"You certainly could not. Strange."

"What is strange?"

"That such a specimen should ever have been put out."

"It looks just like the others."

It is very different, and therein lies the mystery. Let us see."

From his pocket Old King Brady took out a powerful magnifying glass, and spent several minutes examining the coin.

"As I thought," he said.

"What now?" demanded Mr. Clemens.

Old King Brady without replying began to twist the coin in a peculiar way.

"A box!" cried the commissioner.

"That's what I think. Yes, here it comes."

And Old King Brady unscrewed the two halves of the coin.

A neat thread had been turned on the gold, and when closed the two halves of the box fitted perfectly.

A faint line no wider than a hair had betrayed the secret to the old detective.

"I never should have imagined such a thing," said the commissioner.

"I have seen old German crowns hollowed out and made in this fashion," replied the detective. "It was that which gave me the clew."

"Did they counterfeit coins in old times, then?"

"As far back as we have any record. I have seen ancient Greek silver coins, made four hundred years before Christ, which were lead-filled. But these German box crowns, as they are called, were not intended for counterfeits. Their purpose was to carry secret despatches, which were concealed within the coin."

"I should like to see one."

"I have three, and will show you one some day. But what have we here?"

Old King Brady had kept the lower part of the coin concealed in his hand.

Now he took from it a slip of red paper which had laid neatly folded up, within.

"Hello! Hello!" cried the commissioner, as he held it up to view. "Chinese writing, eh?"

"That is what it is."

"Can you read it?"

"Now, Mr. Clemens, what do you take me for? A Chink?"

The commissioner laughed.

"You are all there in so many different situations," he said, "that I did not know but what either you or Harry had mastered the Chinese language by this time. You can have it read, of course."

"Easily."

"Very good. It may prove to be a good working clew."

"Let us hope so. We go ahead with the case?"

"Certainly."

"I may take some of these coins?"

"Take them all if you wish."

"We will do so. It may be some time before we report on this."

"The paper would seem to show conclusively that the coins are of Chinese manufacture."

"Yes. It looks so. That is why I speak of the delay. Chinese cases are almost always slow to work up."

"I suppose they are. They're a strange people, but if the Bradys can't handle them no one can."

"We have had a great many in our time."

The Bradys left soon after.

"Take this paper to Quong Lee and see if he can read it," said Old King Brady. "Meet me at the office at noon and report."

"If there seems to be anything I can do, shall I act?" asked Harry.

"I think not," was the reply. "We had better move together. One false step may ruin all."

The detectives parted, Old King Brady going down on Wall street, where he had business.

Harry went up on Chatham Square, and descended into a basement opium joint.

This was Quong Lee's place.

The old divekeeper considers himself for certain reasons a great friend of Old King Brady.

There is no favor which the old detective can ask of him which Quong Lee will not grant if it lies in his power.

Harry found the old rascal in bed, although it was ten o'clock in the morning.

Quong's business requires him to be up until all hours of the night, hence he is slow in getting around in the morning.

He took the paper, and putting on a big pair of horn spectacles, studied it attentively.

"No can lead, Hally," he said at last.

"What's the matter? Isn't it Chinese?"

"Yair, but no Kwan-tong liting."

By "Kwan-tong" Quong Lee meant Cantonese.

The great majority of the Chinese in America come from the province of Kwan-tong.

In China there are as many different languages spoken and written as in Europe.

This is a fact not generally understood.

"But what shall we do?" demanded Harry. "Old King Brady wants that paper read."

"We will take him to man me know in josshouse," replied Quong. "Mebbe he lead. Dis north Chinese talkee, me no know him not none."

"But I don't like to let the paper go out of my hands," said Harry. "Old King Brady would be very angry if I did."

"So? Den we must not make de ole man mad. No, I vill get up. You shall go with me. Go downstairs and wait."

It took Quong a good half-hour to get ready for the street.

At last he appeared, and Harry accompanied him to the Doyers street josshouse.

The place was locked, but Quong Lee, it appeared, had a key with which he let himself in.

"No one here," said Harry, looking around.

"Dlat so," replied Quong. "Never mind, Hally. Me get somebody belly quick, you see."

There was a big gong hanging near the altar, and Quong Lee, seizing a mallet, gave the big bronze thing an unmerciful whack.

The sound reverberated through the entire place.

In a minute a young Chinaman came out from behind the altar.

Quong said a few words to him, whereupon he disappeared, and in a few minutes an older man took his place.

"Now, Hally," said Quong.

Harry produced the paper.

A lot of Chinese talk followed.

Apparently the man could not speak English at all.

Quong gave him a pencil and he wrote a lot of Chinese characters in Harry's memorandum book.

"You can read that?" demanded Young King Brady.

"Yair," replied Quong. "Me lead. Come on home. Me tellee all about it now."

They returned to the dive.

Evidently Quong Lee was a man who liked to prolong a mystery.

"Now, den, me tellee you what to lite," he said.

Harry tore the page from the memorandum book, handed it to the divekeeper, and prepared to write.

"It was made by Dr. Hop Low," began Quong. "The meanest man in the world. He has deceived me, he has cheated me. May this writing bring him to jail. The place is No. — Mott street."

We have rendered this in good English, and not as Quong Lee spoke it.

The number on Mott street was given, but there was no name signed to this odd document.

Thanking the divekeeper and giving him five dollars for his trouble, Harry returned to the office, where Old King Brady put in an appearance at about noon.

"Well, did you get the paper read?" he demanded.

"Yes," replied Harry, and he handed out his memorandum book.

"About what I supposed," said Old King Brady. "It may not amount to anything, though."

"That coin may have been made a year ago?"

"Certainly, or even longer."

"We had better get around there all the same."

"Yes, at once."

The Bradys locked up the office and went to Mott street.

The number in question proved to be an old dwelling house three stories high.

The basement was vacant, and there was a "to let" bill pasted on the door.

The first floor was occupied by a Chinese banker, and when the Bradys reached the place there were two Chinamen going in and one coming downstairs, which made them conclude that the top floor was also occupied.

"Why, it's Hop Foon's place!" exclaimed Harry.

This was the banker's name.

He was one of the richest and best-known men in the New York Chinese colony.

Moreover, he was a man noted for his strict business integrity.

"He never can have anything to do with the counterfeiting," Harry remarked.

"Never!" was the reply. "I know him well. Hop Foon is perfectly straight."

"But just the same a plant might have been worked down there in the basement and he never know it."

"Certainly. Of all people on earth the Chinese are the best about minding their own business. What you say is quite possible."

"Shall you interview Hop Foon?"

"Not yet. Let's examine the basement if we can get in."

"I see the agent is right around on the Square. We might get the key from him."

"I had much sooner go in alone if I can. Let us see what our skeleton keys can do."

They went down into the arcaway.

At the bottom of the steps was a dead cat, two whisky flasks, and an old shoe.

"This place must have been to 'rent some time," Old King Brady remarked.

He produced his bunch of skeleton keys, and in a few seconds had the door open.

They passed into the front room, and from there to the kitchen.

The rooms had been cleaned up after the last tenant, but there was a good deal of dust about.

"I smell smoke!" cried Harry suddenly.

"So do I," replied the old detective. "There is certainly something on fire here."

Harry opened the kitchen door, and looked into the back hall.

"It's coming up from the cellar!" he cried, pointing to a door.

From above and below this door thin wreaths of smoke came curling.

Old King Brady seized hold of the knob.

The door was locked.

Besides this it was bolted on their side.

Old King Brady shot the bolt, and by means of his skeleton keys easily opened the door.

From the cellar the smell of fire came up good and strong.

So did the smoke.

The Bradys ran downstairs.

Here they saw that someone had heaped a pile of papers, rubbish, and kindling wood up against a door which seemed to communicate with a room partitioned off from the main cellar.

The stuff was ablaze, but it evidently had but just been lighted, for the fire had made no headway as yet.

The Bradys easily stamped it out.

"What in the world could have been the object of this?" exclaimed Old King Brady, looking around.

"And the strange part of it," he added, "this fire has only been lighted a minute or two. We have been nearly ten minutes in the house and standing in front of it. Then the door was bolted and—good heavens, Harry! You have made the case plain enough now!"

Harry had thrown open the door of the little room which was not locked.

What did Old King Brady see?

## CHAPTER II.

### A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

What Old King Brady saw was a young girl lying upon a mattress inside the little room.

She was a perfect beauty of the blonde type.

Above the average height, her features were exquisitely moulded.

Pale as death, she lay there, looking more like a wax figure than a living woman.

Her clothing consisted of the merest rags, which contrasted strangely with the evident refinement of her face.

The one singular feature about her was that her light golden hair had been cut short all over her head.

"Now you know why the fire was lighted!" exclaimed Harry. "This girl is dead. Someone has been trying to conceal a crime."

"We will make sure of that first," said Old King Brady.

He knelt beside the body, and listened at the girl's heart.

"Not dead nor even dying," he exclaimed. "It's just a case of drugging. Morphine, probably, but her heart beats good and strong."

"What shall we do?"

"Call an ambulance and have her taken to the hospital, of course."

"And our case?"

"Stands over. It is the kind which will keep. My idea is that the coiners' plant was here if anywhere."

"There is every evidence that the people cleared out a long time ago."

"There certainly is."

"But who brought this girl here, and when?"

"Now you ask me too much, Harry."

"I'll chase for the ambulance."

"And while you are gone I'll search this girl thoroughly. She might die on our hands. We want the clews before the hospital folks get a hack at her."

Old King Brady's search of the unconscious girl was most thorough.

It resulted in nothing, however.

Except the rags in which she was clothed, there was absolutely nothing upon the girl, not a cent, not a scrap of paper—just nothing at all.

In due time the ambulance came.

Harry hurried the young doctor down into the cellar, and a policeman came with him.

"What's all this, Mr. Brady?" the officer demanded. He was a man the old detective knew.

"You ask me too much?" was the reply. "We were looking in the basement here for a certain Chinaman we are after, and we smelled smoke. When we came down here that rubbish you see outside was all ablaze against the door. We put the fire out, and came in here to discover this girl, as you see."

"Is she dead?"

"Not at all."

"Some Chink has been trying to get rid of his wife."

"She don't look like a girl who would marry a Chink."

"Ah, yer never can tell. From the way her hair is cut it looks as if she might be just out of the penitentiary."

"It certainly has that appearance."

Meanwhile the doctor had been making his examination.

"Morphine?" asked Old King Brady.

"No," said the doctor. "Her heart don't beat right for morphine, nor are the pupils of her eyes dilated."

"It's just plain hop," said the policeman. "Sure, she's been hitting the pipe."

"Not opium in any form," said the doctor.

The policeman sniffed incredulously.

"You may know drugs, but you don't know Chinatown," he said. "I'll bet yer a quarter it's just plain hop."

"She goes to the hospital," said Old King Brady. "Tell the superintendent that I'll look in on her later in the day."

They carried the unconscious girl to the ambulance, and she was driven off in the face of a gaping crowd.

Old King Brady turned to the policeman.

"Madigan," he said, "I'm glad I struck you. How long have you had this beat?"

"Three months."

"Then you can help me a lot in the case I am working on. How long has that basement been vacant?"

"Ever since I came here."

"Sure?"

"Positive."

"It wouldn't have remained vacant that long a year ago."

"You bet it wouldn't; but the Chinks is all moving over to Williamsburg now, on account of the tong wars."

"So I hear. Look here, we want to search the upper floor. Come along."

The officer assented.

In his company the Bradys visited every room in the house except such as were occupied by Hop Foon, the banker.

There was nothing unusual found in any of them.

"I suppose you will have to report this business, Madigan," Old King Brady said when at last they descended to the street.

"I sure will."

"Ask Captain McClinchy as a favor to me to keep it out of the papers, will you?"

The policeman promised, and the Bradys went back up the steps to interview Hop Foon.

Now, it need not be imagined that the people on the banker's floor had been oblivious to all that was going on. Far from it.

They had peered out of the windows and looked out of the doors.

They were standing on the steps when the ambulance carried the girl away.

Hop Foon was an exceedingly intelligent Chinaman. Like many of his kind in these days, he spoke perfect English.

He bowed politely to Old King Brady when the detectives entered, and said:

"I am glad you came. What is the matter? I should like to know."

"And you shall know, Foon," replied Old King Brady, and he told about the fire and the girl.

"It is very strange," said Hop Foon. "Those rooms have been idle a long time."

"How long?"

"Almost a year."

"Who was the last tenant?"

"A Chinaman named Hop Low."

"So? What was his business?"

"He was a doctor."

"Chinese doctor?"

"Yes."

"Was he there long?"

"Two years."

"Did you know him well?"

"Not very well. He did not come from my part of China. He did not speak my language. I had to talk to him in English, and as he did not speak much English it came rather hard."

"Did he have many patients?"

"That's it. He had very few. I never could see how he made a living. He could not expect to unless he learned to speak Cantonese."

"Did he live alone there?"

"No; there was a man who lived there with him."

"No one else?"

"No."

"What was the name of this man?"

"I don't know."

"He was a Chinaman, of course?"

"Yes, he was a Chinaman."

"Did you ever smell smoke down there? Did it ever occur to you that Dr. Hop Low might be carrying on some other sort of business?"

"No."

Hop Foon had given out all he had to give.

Further questioning revealed nothing.

The Bradys soon gave it up.

"The soup-house has moved away, it seems," laughed Harry, when they regained the street.

"Yes, and it's a long time gone. I am afraid our coin clew is not going to amount to much."

"Well, it looks that way."

"Still, we have only begun. Let's go and interview the agent, Struthers."

Struthers was the name on the "to let" bill.

He had an office on Chatham Square, upstairs, and was a man who had charge of much property on Mott, Pell, and Doyers street.

The Bradys had met the man before, and he received them civilly enough.

"Yes, I remember Dr. Hop Low very well," he said. "He was our tenant for a couple of years. What about him?"

"We have reason to believe that he was engaged in counterfeiting operations while he was your tenant," was the frank reply.

"So?"

"Yes."

"Bills or coin?"

"Coin."

"Don't know that I ever heard of a Chinese coiner before."

"They are not common, but several of them have turned up."

"Well, I don't know anything about it."

"I did not suppose you did, but I thought it possible that when the fact was brought to your attention you might remember something which would help us out."

"I can't think of anything. I don't believe I was in that basement once while Dr. Hop Low had it."

"Not even to collect your rent?"

"He came here with the rent promptly on the first day of the month, paying in advance."

"Rather unusual."

"Oh, no. We have many Chinese tenants who do that. Because he did it I had no occasion to go into his place. I can't remember that he ever asked for any repairs."

"And what were the circumstances of his moving out?"

"I was going to tell you that. They were a bit peculiar, and what you say may account for the peculiarity."

"Well?"

"He moved out in the night, and gave me no notice. It was on the last day of the month. Next day he did not turn up as usual. Two or three days later I went down there to see what it meant, and found him gone."

"You went into the rooms then, of course?"

"Yes."

"Find anything peculiar?"

"Well, for one thing, he had built a little room in one corner of the cellar, which I knew nothing about."

"Indeed. Did you remove the room?"

"No."

"How is it that the basement has never since been rented?"

"I wish I knew. I have had dozens of Chinamen apply for it, but nothing ever came of their applications; for some mysterious reason they immediately sheer off."

"Strange."

"Very. The place seems to be hoodooed."

"Did you ever ask Hop Foon about it?"

"Yes."

"What does he say?"

"He can give no reason."

"Or will not. These Chinese are very cagey."

"Don't I know it! I ought to. I've been dealing with them for the last ten years."

"There must be some reason for what you say."

"There should be. If you find it out I wish you would let me know."

"I certainly shall."

The Bradys then withdrew.

The case did not claim their attention again that day, as they had other business on hand.

At five o'clock Old King Brady went alone to the Hudson street hospital, and inquired about the girl.

"We have her here," replied the superintendent. "She is still sleeping."

"What do you think is the cause?"

"Give it up. We have had our best doctors examine her. It isn't opium, that's one sure thing."

"Can she be hypnotized?"

"It is possible, but we hardly think it."

"May I see her?"

"Certainly."

Old King Brady was taken to the ward where the girl lay.

Now that she was in bed and in a well-lighted room he was more than ever struck with her beauty.

A young doctor came forward.

"You are Old King Brady, are you not?" he asked.

"I am."

"I am Dr. Bennet. I understand that you rescued this girl from some Chinatown dive."

"It can hardly be called a dive. She was in a room in an unoccupied cellar; I mean that the basement above was unoccupied."

"Something was said about a fire."

"When we entered the cellar a fire had just started in a pile of rubbish which had been heaped up against the door of the room in which this girl was lying."

"What was in the room?"

"Nothing but the old mattress upon which she lay."

"Strange."

"We consider it very strange."

"Did you consider that the fire had been started for the purpose of burning this girl?"

"It certainly looked like it."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"We are doing all we can. We shall not drop the matter. Possibly to-morrow I may have something to report."

"Well, Mr. Brady, I have been questioning you pretty

thoroughly. The fact is that girl is a beauty, and I am interested in her."

"I am happy to answer any number of questions, doctor."

"I think I have asked all I want to, and now if you have any that you would like to ask me, fire away."

"Well, I have a few."

"Out with them."

"You have examined this girl thoroughly?"

"Yes."

"Any bruises or wounds upon her person?"

"Absolutely none."

"Anything to indicate that she has been accustomed to use opium in any form?"

"Nothing whatever. Of course, if she had only used it a few times we could not tell. But I have had great experience with opium users. I was five years surgeon on the China Liner, City of Peking. We had all kinds of queer cases among the Chinese in the steerage."

"Ever anything like this?"

"Well, there was. I had a boy who was brought aboard asleep, and remained so for three days. He had a certificate pinned to his blouse showing that he had been born in San Francisco, so we took him aboard."

"You could not find what ailed him?"

"No; when he woke up he refused to talk through the interpreter. We never learned anything definite about him. The interpreter said that he had been drugged, and that he himself had seen similar cases, but he did not know the name of the drug."

"She's a sleeping beauty," remarked Old King Brady, looking down upon the girl.

"That's what she is," replied the doctor.

And even as he said it the girl opened her eyes.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ALICE.

The girl looked at Old King Brady and then at the doctor.

After that she closed her eyes again.

"Going to wake up, sister?" asked the doctor, in a kindly tone.

There was no answer.

The eyes remained closed.

"The spell is broken," said Dr. Bennet. "It may be some little time before we can get her wide awake, but the drug, whatever it is, has loosed its hold."

"I think I shall remain a few minutes, with your permission. I want to hear what she has to say when she first comes to herself."

"Remain, by all means," said the doctor.

"By the way," he added, "there was one thing about that Chinaboy I was telling you about which I ought to have mentioned."

"What was that?"

"After he came out of his sleep he claimed to suffer a



total loss of memory. He declared to the interpreter that he could not even remember his name."

"That is interesting. Did he recover his memory later?"

"Not during the voyage."

"Very strange."

"Oh, such cases are common, and from various causes. I—"

Here the girl opened her eyes again.

"Where am I?" she asked, in a low, sweet voice.

"In the Hudson street hospital," said Dr. Bennet. "How do you feel now?"

"Why, I feel perfectly well. What has been the matter? Why was I brought to a hospital?"

"We will talk about that later. It was this gentleman who found you. After you gain strength a little he will explain the circumstances under which you were found."

"But I am not weak. I am perfectly well. I'd like to understand this now."

"Let me talk to her," said Old King Brady.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Name?"

"Yes."

A long pause.

"You heard what I said?"

"Oh, yes; I am trying to think. It is very strange."

"What is strange?"

"Why, I can't remember my name."

"Your head is confused."

"It don't seem so."

"Do you belong in New York?"

"New York?"

"Yes."

"I—I don't remember. I don't know that I ever heard of New York."

Dr. Bennet looked at Old King Brady meaningly.

"Can't you remember where your home is?"

"No."

"Nor your parents?"

A look of intense pain came over the girl's face.

"Something serious must be the matter with me," she said. "Do you know, I can't remember anything at all."

"Take it quietly, and your memory will return."

"It is coming now."

"Good! Let us hear about it."

"I remember my business."

"Well?"

"I am a detective."

"A detective."

"Yes. I was taught that. I was very successful, they told me."

"Who told you?"

"There is the puzzling part of it. I can't remember who told me, but somebody did."

"Man or woman?"

"I don't know. I know this, I studied hard, I learned

several languages, I learned how to disguise myself, and all that sort of thing."

"It would seem as if you can remember all that you ought to be able to remember more."

"I can't now."

"Do you remember any detective case you were ever engaged on?"

"No."

"Nor any detective you were ever associated with?"

"No. Perhaps it will come back to me later. This is very strange."

Dr. Bennet now interfered, and made an examination of the girl's heart.

"It is absolutely normal," he said. "This is very singular, Mr. Brady. It bears a marked resemblance to the case of that Chinese boy I was telling you about."

"It may be the result of a dose of the same drug."

A strange look came over the girl's face.

"Do you know," she said, "I can speak some Chinese."

"Yes," replied Old King Brady. "You have had business with Chinamen, then?"

"It comes to me that I have. It seems to me that I must have lived in China. Yes, I am sure I did. I am picking up, you see."

"Your memory?"

"Yes."

"Believe me, it will all come back to you."

"I'm sure I hope so," sighed the girl. "I wish you would tell me how I came to be here."

"Don't press her any further to-night, Mr. Brady," said the doctor. "What she needs is absolute quiet."

And so Old King Brady withdrew.

Harry was deeply interested when he came to hear the report on the girl's case that evening.

But he was not half as much interested as Old King Brady appeared to be.

In fact, the old detective appeared able to talk of nothing else.

Harry had never heard him express such interest in any woman before.

Next morning Old King Brady declared that he was going directly to the hospital.

"Shall I go, too?" Harry asked.

"Not at all," was the reply. "To see too many persons is liable to excite the poor thing. She has seen me before, so I will take her in hand this time, and you can tackle her later on."

Dr. Bennet was not on duty when Old King Brady arrived at the hospital.

The superintendent informed him that the girl seemed perfectly well physically, but that her loss of memory continued.

"Can I see her?" asked the old detective.

"Certainly," was the reply. "She will see you in the reception room."

"Oh, she is up and around, then?"

"Yes; there is no reason why she should not be."

Old King Brady was shown to the reception room.

In a few moments the girl entered.

She was dressed in cheap clothes which had been loaned her by the hospital matron, as Old King Brady subsequently learned.

With the most lady-like manner she entered the room and advanced toward the old detective.

"You are Mr. Brady come again to see me," she said, "and I am very glad. Be seated, please."

Old King Brady sat down feeling as though he was in the presence of a duchess.

"Perhaps you will kindly tell me something about myself now," said the girl.

"I have the doctor's permission to do so?"

"Yes. I was told this morning that I could say as much to you when you called."

"Then I shall be very happy to oblige you," replied the old detective, and he went on to tell the strange story of this deepest Mott street mystery.

The girl listened with close attention.

"It is very, very strange," she said, "but I cannot help you to solve this mystery, Mr. Brady. I have not the faintest idea how I came to be on that mattress."

"Somebody had evidently sought your life."

"Certainly it looks that way."

"You have no idea who that somebody can have been?"

"Not the faintest."

"Have you been able to remember your name yet?"

"No."

"Do you think you would recognize it if you were to hear it spoken?"

"I am sure I don't know, Mr. Brady. You can't imagine how strangely I feel about all this. I don't know what to say or do."

"The first thing to be done is to get you a name. We can't go on calling you Miss Girl."

"Well?"

"Is your name Mary?"

"It don't seem so."

"Jane? Just shake your head if the name does not strike you."

The head was shaken.

"Susan?"

Another shake.

"Emma?"

Still the head was shaken

"Clara, Eleanor, Maria, Adele?"

"No, no. None of those appeal to me."

"Elizabeth, Lizzie, Catherine, Henrietta, Carrie, Edna, Ella, May, Edith, Winifred."

"No, no, no!"

"Let us be patient. Perhaps it is Alice, or——"

"Wait! Alice, Alice! Mr. Brady, it comes to me that you have said it. Yes, my name is certainly Alice."

"Now try while your memory is moving to think of the other name."

It was hopeless.

The girl struggled with the problem in vain.

It was painful to watch the effort she made.

"Give it up, my dear, give it up," said Old King Brady at last. "We are one step ahead at all events."

"It is dreadful!"

"It certainly is very trying, but worse could have happened to you."

"But what am I to do, Mr. Brady? I am penniless."

"You must have friends somewhere on earth. They can be found."

"If I only knew where I belonged."

"Perhaps we may be able to get at that later. By aid of a geography you may be able to pick out your place of residence."

Alice shook her head mournfully.

"No," she said. "I have tried that. I was in the office and looked over the atlas. Nothing appealed to me. So strange! I can remember some things, but not my past and my name."

"You spoke of being able to speak Chinese. Then you must have lived in China as a child. I cannot imagine any other way by which you could have acquired the language."

"I am sure I can speak it."

"Can you read it?"

"I do not know."

Old King Brady took the paper found in the coin from his pocketbook.

"Try that," he said.

Alice looked at the characters in a puzzled way.

"No, I cannot read it," she said.

"It would be strange if you could," replied the old detective. "One may pick up Chinese so as to be able to talk it, but to read their flytracks is altogether a different thing."

"I wish you would tell me what to do, Mr. Brady," said Alice. "As the case stands, you are my only friend."

"I will tell you in a few minutes, but tell me first is this talk tiring you?"

"Oh, not at all. Not in the least."

"Let us pursue the investigation a little further then. What other languages can you speak?"

"French, Spanish, Italian, and German."

"You are sure you can speak all these?"

"Oh, yes."

"We must prove that later. Do you remember your age?"

"No; that is another thing I cannot recall."

"You spoke last night of having been a detective. It seems strange that a young girl of your age and education should have been engaged in such a business."

"I am certain that I have been so engaged."

"And yet you cannot remember where you have practised your profession."

"No."

"Nor any of the cases on which you have been engaged?"

"Not one."

"It is very remarkable. Still, if you really can speak all these languages they would be an immense help to you in the detective business, provided, of course, that you have any bent for the profession."

"Do you think you could introduce me to some detective agency, where I could find employment? I cannot stay here. I have got to live."

"I am a detective."

"You! How strange!"

"Yes. I am called Old King Brady. Did you ever hear the name?"

"Never."

"And yet, if I do say it myself, it is a name widely known."

"Of course, Mr. Brady, I may have heard it a thousand times. If I can't remember my own name how can you expect me to remember yours?"

"Quite so. But here comes Dr. Bennet. Good-morning, doctor. We are improving, you see."

"Very much so," replied the doctor. "We have taken a long step ahead. Have you been able to remember your name yet, miss?"

"My first name has come back to me, thanks to Mr. Brady."

"Good! The rest will surely follow. What is the name?"

"Alice."

"Alice is all right. Now, may I ask what you propose to do? As I told you last night, I am prepared to discharge you at any time."

"I'm sure I don't know what I shall do. Of course, I can't stay here."

"Let me suggest that for the time being you put yourself in my hands," said Old King Brady. "I am old enough to be your grandfather, and Dr. Bennet will vouch for me as a respectable man."

"I most certainly can," replied the doctor. "Mr. Brady is one of the best-known men in New York."

"But I do not like to be a burden to Mr. Brady."

"My dear Miss Alice," said the old detective, "I am a widower without family, and fortunately I am a man of considerable means. Let me be your banker for the present. Later you can return any advances of money which I may make."

"I cannot refuse your kind offer," replied the girl, "so I gratefully accept. I trust I may be able to repay you later on."

"That will be all right. Doctor, is there any reason why we should not go now?"

"I'd like to examine Miss Alice's heart once more. Then you can go."

"Do so. The first thing will be to try if we can revive Miss Alice's memory. I will step down to the office.

You can join me there, Miss Alice, as soon as you are ready to go."

"I'd like to speak with you a minute, Mr. Brady," said the doctor, and he stepped out into the passage.

"Let me help," he said, taking out his pocketbook.

"Not at all," replied the old detective decidedly. "This is my funeral. Fate has thrown this girl into my hands, and I shall look out for her, for the present, at least."

"But she will have to have clothes. Those she has on belong to the matron."

"They shall be promptly returned. I shall fit her out with clothes first thing."

Again the doctor urged Old King Brady to accept money, but the old detective refused.

He went down to the office, and called a cab by telephone.

In a few minutes Alice joined him, and they left the hospital together.

It was a strange sensation for the old detective to find himself with a woman left on his hands.

Stranger things still were destined to come out of it.

Little did Old King Brady dream then that the coming of this girl into his life was destined to change all the business methods which he had so long adhered to.

Such, however, was to be the case.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ALICE TACKLES THE MOTT STREET MYSTERY.

"And now, Alice," said Old King Brady, "I want you to look out of the window of this cab and see if you cannot recognize some of the streets through which we are passing. You are in a condition where the least thing is liable to break the spell, and bring your lost memory back to you with a rush."

"I have been looking out," replied Alice. "I am sure I never was in this place before."

"Why so sure?"

"Those overhead trams, for one thing. I never saw anything like them."

"Overhead trams, eh?" chuckled the old detective. "Already we have made a discovery. We don't say trams in this country. We call that the elevated railroad. Evidently you are English."

"English! That means England. I remember England."

"Good! Remember being there?"

"No, I can't say that."

"London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh. Remember any of those places?"

"No; not one."

"Strange. I thought we were going to strike something. Let me see, they say trams in Australia. Remember Australia?"

"I know what you mean, but it does not arouse my memory at all."

"Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide. Remember any of those names?"

"They are the Australian cities."

"Yes. Do you remember ever being in them?"

"I am sure that I have been in all."

"We are getting there."

"Would you mind stopping now, Mr. Brady? My head is feeling so confused."

"That must not be. The conversation is cut out for to-day."

"Where are we going?"

To a store where we can fit you out with proper clothes."

"You mean a shop?"

"Yes. You are English all right."

"I begin to think I am, but I don't want to think of that now."

"I beg your pardon. Already I have broken my promise. Let us talk of anything but yourself."

Old King Brady had ordered the driver to take them to one of the larger department stores.

Here he gave Alice carte blanche to purchase a proper outfit.

The girl was to dress herself in the dressing-room of the store and the remainder of the goods were to be held until telephoned for.

Old King Brady remained outside, telling the girl not to hurry.

He gave her a hundred dollars to cover her purchases, although she protested at the amount.

"It is not enough," said the old detective, "but it will do for to-day at all events."

In about half an hour Alice joined him.

More than ever the old detective was struck with her beauty now that she was properly clothed.

"The only thing is my hair," said Alice. "It is simply ridiculous. I do not know what to do."

"What about a wig?" inquired Old King Brady.

"I was thinking of that."

"Perhaps you cut your hair yourself. If you have been a detective you may have worn it short purposely, so as to make room for wigs."

"It seems to me that such is the case."

"We will go for the wig."

"But you are spending so much money."

"Tut, tut! Plenty more where that came from."

They re-entered their cab and were driven to a ladies' hair store.

Here Alice purchased a wig which completely changed her appearance and greatly added to her beauty.

"You're all right," said Old King Brady. "The next thing is to engage a room for you, and then everything will be fixed."

"You are so kind. I don't know how I shall ever be able to repay you."

"Don't think of that."

"Mr. Brady, I want to ask a favor of you."

"Don't hesitate."

"Do you know the detective fever has seized me. I want to take up my own case."

"You shall do what you please. I have not the least idea of controlling you."

"Would you mind then taking me to the Chinese cellar where you found me? Perhaps my memory will revive there."

"A good idea. But we will go first to my office. I want to introduce you to my partner. Actually it was he who found you, and not I."

"That will be just the thing. I should like very much to see your office. I tell you, Mr. Brady, I am really a detective and all I ask is to get right to work again."

"Did you ever hear of the Scotland Yard?" demanded the old detective, suddenly.

"Oh, yes," cried Alice. "The great London detective office, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Of course I have heard of it."

"Did you work there?"

"I don't think so. I can't seem to remember London at all."

"It was probably in Australia where you worked."

"I begin to believe it. I can remember the Australian cities perfectly."

"But no people connected with them?"

"No."

They drove to the office.

Harry was quite taken aback by this sudden vision of beauty.

Alice was extremely cordial, and they became acquainted at once.

"Dear me, Mr. Brady," laughed Alice, "this is really a very odd place for a great detective, as I am sure you must be."

"How odd?" asked Old King Brady abruptly.

"I hope you won't be offended at what I am going to say."

"No, no. Go on."

"It is so small."

"Well?"

"And so shabby."

"Oh!"

"And in such a dark, dirty street."

"Upon my word, I'm sorry you don't like my quarters."

"There now, you are offended. I might have known, and I should not have said what I did."

Harry burst out laughing.

Old King Brady's stuffy little office over the Park Row lager beer saloon certainly was an absurdity.

For years Harry had been trying to prevail upon his partner to go into decent quarters, but in vain.

The conversation was, however, brought to an abrupt end by the opening of the door and the entrance of a young Chinaman.

Harry was on his feet in an instant.

"Why, why, why! Whatever brings you here!" he exclaimed.

"Charley Ching!" cried Old King Brady. "Glad to see you, indeed."

The newcomer was a young half-breed Chinaman, who for a number of years has assisted the Bradys with their Chinese cases in San Francisco.

"Yair, it's me, Mr. Brady," said Charley, who speaks perfect English. "I come East and just got in. Thought I would come right here."

"Well, you could not have come to a better place," said Harry, "nor at a better time. We have got a Chinese case on our hands now."

"So? Mebbe you can give me a job."

"There seems to be a surplus of detectives looking for jobs to-day."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the lady is a detective. I am going to put her on this case. Miss Alice, this is Charley Ching, a young man whom we have often used in San Francisco. See what you can do with him in the way of Chinese talk."

Alice immediately began hinging and honging.

Charley's little eyes got big with surprise, but he answered her, and for some minutes they continued to talk in Chinese.

"Why, she speaks it fine," cried Charley admiringly. "I never seen an American who could talk Chinese like that."

Alice looked triumphant.

Old King Brady wrote on a paper: "Try her in Spanish," and passed it over to Harry.

Harry immediately began talking Spanish, which he speaks very well.

But no better than this remarkable girl.

Alice held up her end perfectly.

Harry tackled her in German, French and Italian.

Young King Brady can do something in all these languages, but Spanish is the one he speaks best.

Alice was all there.

Harry soon discovered that she was master of all these languages.

While this was going on Old King Brady talked with Charley Ching.

"What brings you here?" he asked.

"Oh, say, there's nothing doing in San Francisco since the fire," said Charley. "Chinatown is wiped out, and I haven't had a job in a month. I thought I'd come on East and see if you couldn't work me in as a court interpreter, or something of the sort."

"Perhaps I can. Perhaps I can work you in with the police. I dare say they will be glad to take on a Chinese detective upon my recommendation. In the meantime I can use you on my Chinese case."

"That will suit me. What kind of a case is it?"

"Come out in the hall and I'll tell you."

"Say, Mr. Brady, haven't you got a private office?"

"No."

"Why, I always supposed you had an elegant suite of offices."

"Come, come! Everybody seems to be knocking my office this morning. Isn't this good enough? There has been lots of business done out of this room, I want you to understand."

"No; it isn't good enough," put in Harry, "and it is high time we moved to a better place."

Instead of replying, Old King Brady dragged Charley Ching out into the hall, where he told him all about the Mott street mystery.

"And what shall I do?" asked Charley.

"Come with us to the cellar," was the reply, "and then get busy and find out for me why nobody will rent the place."

Charley agreed, and they all went to Mott street.

Old King Brady gained admission to the basement with his skeleton keys as before, and they descended into the cellar.

Alice looked at the charred rubbish and at the little room with intense curiosity.

"It is a deep mystery," she exclaimed, "and one which I am determined to solve."

"Now, let me tell you what brought us here," said Old King Brady, and he exhibited some of the counterfeit coins.

But he was doomed to disappointment.

The sight of the coins appeared to awaken no memories in Alice's mind.

"Let me have a couple of those," said Charley. "I've got a scheme."

"Take them," replied Old King Brady.

Charley did not say what his scheme was, nor did Old King Brady ask.

"Now, Alice," he said, "you are anxious to tackle your own case. Let us hear how you propose to go about it?"

"Why, the way I look at it is this," replied Alice. "Somebody who knows Chinatown must have put me in here. That somebody may still be in Chinatown. Let me show myself in these streets alone, while you shadow me. If I am recognized by the person who sought my life he or she will be sure to tackle me."

"The idea is a good one, but this is a very dangerous neighborhood. Aren't you afraid to go about alone?"

"Not in the least. I know that I have done such things many times if I could only remember when."

"Then you shall try it, but it should be done at night."

"Day or night, it is all the same to me."

"Very well, you shall have your own way. But, of course, I shall not consent to have you pass out of the sight of some one of us."

"All right. I am ready any time."

And now let us see if we can find anything in the way of secret doors or vaults," said Old King Brady.

The search was a thorough one, and this is a branch of their business at which the Bradys are most expert.

But nothing came of it, although the detectives worked for over an hour.

When at last they left the place, Old King Brady told

Charley to get busy, while he himself took Alice to a respectable ladies' boarding-house on Waverly Place, where he engaged her a room.

He explained to her how he and Harry kept bachelor's hall on the other side of Washington Square, and asked the girl if she would object to dining with them that evening.

"Not at all," replied Alice. "For the time being, Mr. Brady, I can only regard you as my father, and I propose to treat you as such. At what hour do you dine?"

Old King Brady named seven o'clock, and, having paid the girl's bill for a week in advance, he left her, advising that she telephone the department store to have her purchases sent to the house.

At seven o'clock the Bradys and their charge sat down to a good dinner.

"Did you get any report from the Chinaman?" asked Alice as Old King Brady started to carve a brace of roast ducks, which Julius, the detective's man of all work, had cooked in the most approved style.

"No," was the reply. "He has not reported, and I think it a bit strange. However, we may meet him in Chinatown to-night."

"Then we are going to Chinatown after dinner?"

"Yes, if you still desire it."

"I most certainly do. Would you adopt a disguise?"

"Instead of that, I suggest that you fix yourself up so to look as nearly like you did when we found you as possible."

"That means I shall need those horrid rags?"

"Not necessarily rags. But you had better go with your hair short and in very ordinary clothes."

"I suppose you can supply them?"

"Certainly. Both here and at my office, which you despise so, I have a complete outfit of disguises, both male and female."

"Good. Then I am ready to jump right in and go to work."

So when dinner was finished Harry took Alice upstairs to the costume room, where he left her.

She came down into the library within ten minutes, looking much as she had when Harry first discovered her.

A cab had been called, and all three getting in, they were driven to Chatham Square.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE VANISHING OF ALICE.

Alice skipped out of the cab when it slowed down at the corner of Pell street and the Bowery.

The Bradys got out a moment later at the corner of Doyers street and Chatham Square.

They turned and walked back along the beginning of the Bowery.

Alice stood on the corner looking their way.

The detectives passed her, paying no attention to the girl.

This was by previous arrangement, and was intended to give Alice a fair start."

Old King Brady had given the girl full directions about the Chinatown streets.

He had also pointed them out on a large map of New York City which he has at his house.

Thus Alice felt that she knew just how to handle herself.

After the Bradys passed her she went across Pell street and walked slowly along towards Mott.

The street was swarming with Chinamen and the miserable whites, male and female, who haunt this neighborhood at night.

There were also several parties of slummers charging about in tow of guides who were to introduce them to the sights of Chinatown.

These men seldom or never take their clients into the real opium joints, but into fake places, where a few Chinamen and miserable women pose as opium fiends for their benefit.

Among all this Alice pushed her way fearlessly as far as the Bradys could see.

"Upon my word, Governor, that girl does seem to understand her business," Harry remarked.

"She certainly goes about it like one who has been at it before," replied Old King Brady, "but keep a sharp eye on her. If she slips us I shall be very much vexed."

Alice's orders were positive.

Upon no account was she to enter any house.

In case anyone tried to force her to do so the Bradys were to jump to the rescue.

Still her danger was great in case she should happen to run up against enemies, and no one knew this better than Old King Brady himself.

But the girl appeared to attract no particular attention.

Dressed as she was, she could hardly do that while there were so many other women on the street gotten up in about the same style.

She passed on to Mott street, and thence back along Mott to Chatham Square.

Then she tackled Doyers street and passed through to Pell street again, where she stood for a few minutes, leaning against a brick wall covered with red papers.

This wall is called the Chinese newspaper.

Whatever the Celestials desire to have made public they write on slips of red paper and post up here.

While Alice stood there an aged Chinaman, with his hands thrust into sleeves of his blouse, shuffled past her.

This man gazed intently in the girl's face.

He was the first one the Bradys had seen look at her at all.

"Something doing at last," whispered Harry, as they strolled along on the other side of the street.

They thought for the instant that the Chinaman was going to stop and speak to the girl.

Perhaps this was so.

But just then he turned and saw the Bradys eyeing him.

Then the old fellow shuffled around into Pell street and never said a word.

Alice moved on after him.

"I wonder if she knows him?" questioned Harry.

"Impossible to tell," replied the old detective. "I wish now I had given her a secret sign by which she could communicate with us in case she recognized anyone, but somehow it never occurred to me."

They passed on, and once more Alice made the turn of the Chinatown streets.

They saw the old Chink go into one of the Mott street restaurants, and that was the last of him.

"Nothing in that," said Harry, as they passed on.

Once more Alice leaned against the "newspaper" wall.

A Low Gui Gow—or "lobbygow," as he is often erroneously called—stopped and spoke to her, but the girl waved him away.

The Low Gui Gow is the Chinaman's errand boy—literally it means Chinaman's dog.

There are many of them in Chinatown.

Some are white, but most of them are colored boys.

Needless to say, they are the lowest of the low.

The Chinese women in New York for some mysterious reason seldom go out of their house, and the Low Gui Gow do all their errands.

It is not so in San Francisco, where Chinese women by thousands are seen in the streets.

Alice passed on after a minute, starting on her third round, which was to be the last.

She did Pell street and Mott and was just turning into Doyers street, where there were several Chinamen shuffling along, when two others came running out of the joshhouse.

Instantly they drew revolvers and fired into a group of Chinamen.

A Tong fight had been started.

Alice gave a slight scream and turned back towards Chatham Square.

The Bradys, who were on the other side of the street, dodged into a doorway.

And this they had to do to avoid the bullets.

The shots were returned from the group of Chinamen, and three measured their length on the sidewalk.

"Quick!" cried Old King Brady as the rest of the bunch took to their heels. "We must not lose sight of our girl."

But they had lost sight of her.

The result was just what the detectives particularly wanted to avoid.

They hurried around into the square.

It was only to find that Alice had disappeared.

"Confound the luck," exclaimed Old King Brady. "The girl must have taken to Mott street, and yet there was hardly time."

They hurried to the corner and turned.

No Alice.

Back to the square they retreated and looked in all directions.

No Alice.

And it was no Alice half an hour later, after the Bradys had made every possible effort to find the girl.

Needless to say Old King Brady was furious with himself for permitting such a thing to occur.

The old detective had become deeply interested in the girl.

Harry, however, was inclined to be skeptical.

"I don't know, Governor," he said; "she may have purposely given us the slip."

"I won't believe it," replied Old King Brady.

"But stop and think. That girl is a very singular proposition. I will admit that I have scarcely been able to credit her story. Her loss of memory may be all put on."

"Pshaw, Harry! If you had seen her in the hospital as I did, you would not talk so."

"Just the same it might be so, and you know it well enough."

Old King Brady was silent.

He did know it, and Harry's positiveness was beginning to arouse suspicions in his own mind.

"The fact remains that she has slipped us," he said.

"I'm sure I don't know what we are going to do."

There was nothing to do.

This was the provoking part of it.

The thought that Alice might have fallen into the hands of her enemies was maddening to the old detective.

It came very hard with him to believe that the girl was a fraud.

Just then somebody called Harry by name, and, turning, the detectives beheld Charley Ching.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" cried Old King Brady. "Where have you kept yourself all day?"

"I have been knocking about," replied Charley. "I went to your office at half-past five, but I must have been just too late, for the place was locked up."

"We left at five. Did you find out anything about that place?"

"Yair."

"Well?"

"The Chinks believe there are ghosts in those rooms."

"So?"

"Yes."

"What kind of ghosts, Chinks?"

"Yair."

"I see."

"The ghost is a man."

"Was anybody ever killed there?"

"So they say."

"Who?"

"I couldn't get the name."

"What is the story?"

"I couldn't get that either. But I heard from several Chinks that strange lights have been seen in that basement late at night, and that a man's face looks out of the window all covered with blood."

"Come, this is interesting. I never happened to see a Chinese ghost. It would give me great pleasure to interview one."

"They say there is one there all right."

"Did you learn anything else?"

"Nothng definite."

"You have learned something, I can tell by your face."

"Well, the fact is I have been around among the Chinks trying to buy some of this queer gold."

"Ah, I thought as much. That is just what I wanted you to do. Well, and how did you make out?"

"I found a fellow who has promised to get me some, Mr. Brady."

"You have, eh? Who is he?"

"A Chink."

"Telling his name, Charley?"

"I'd rather not till I see if anything comes of it."

"Oh, all right, suit yourself," replied Old King Brady, who was well used to the young half-breed's ways.

Then the old detective told of the disappearance of Alice.

Charley Ching was decidedly of Harry's way of thinking.

"I thought so," he said. "You have been fooled."

"Well," exclaimed Old King Brady, much vexed at his tone.

"You bought her a complete new outfit, didn't you?" demanded Charley.

"What if I did?"

"Did you give her any money?"

"I don't think she could have had much left after she bought her clothes."

"I guess she got all she wanted. You won't be apt to see her again."

The odds were certainly against Old King Brady.

There was really nothing which he could say, so he changed the subject, but Charley would not have it.

"Say," he exclaimed, "it is blamed strange the way she talked Chinese."

"Did she speak good Chinese?" inquired Harry.

"Pretty good. The best I ever heard an American speak."

"Did she tell you how she came to learn it?"

"No. I asked her, and she told me to ask Old King Brady."

"Does she speak it like a person who learned the language in China, or as if she might have picked it up in America?" inquired the old detective.

"China," replied Charley, emphatically. "She never picked it up here."

"I should like to know where she did pick it up, then," said Old King Brady.

"But I suppose you boys are right," he added, "and I have made a fool of myself. There is no fool like an old fool, they say."

"Oh, forget it," cried Harry. "What you have spent on the girl don't amount to much anyway. Now, then,

since we can't find Alice, what are we going to do? Call it a day and go home?"

"What do you say if we attempt to interview the ghost?"

"I was just going to suggest it."

"We might stop there in that cellar till midnight anyhow," said Charley; "something might come of it. There is no telling."

"I think we will try it," replied Old King Brady, "but not until later. In the meantime we will make the turn of Chinatown again. It is barely possible that we might see something of the girl."

They went around on Doyers street.

Except for some bloodstains on the sidewalk, there was nothing to indicate that the warring Tongers had been at it again.

They found a policeman at the corner of Pell street and Old King Brady asked him about the fight.

"Sure, there were two Chinks killed and one went to the hospital," said the policeman. "That's all I know."

"What was it about?"

"Didn't hear. The Chinks they don't never tell."

The Bradys passed on and went through Pell street to Mott, and just as they turned they saw the same old Chinaman who had looked at Alice shuffling on ahead of them.

"Tackle that man, Charley," said the old detective, hastily explaining the circumstances. "Ask him if he knows anything about the girl."

"I'll do it if you say so," replied Charley, "but it's not likely he'll tell me anything, even if he does know."

"He might, then. Go on and try. We'll walk on."

Charley went up to the old man and they began an animated talk.

The Bradys strolled on to Chatham Square and waited for Charley to join them, which after a few minutes he did.

"Well," said the old detective. "What luck?"

"He says he seen the girl night before last," said Charley. "He just looked at her because she attracted his attention then."

"He did, eh? Under what circumstances did he see her and where?"

"He said she was with a Chinaman whom he was sure did not belong in New York, and that with them was a tall, dark white man, well dressed and wearing diamonds."

"Where was this?"

"On Pell street."

"Did you find out the old fellow's name and address?"

"His name is Sam Foy. He lives on the top floor of that house."

"The house with the cellar?"

"Yes."

"Good enough," said Old King Brady, adding:

"Charley, you are a real help. Now we will get to the cellar again ourselves and see what we can strike."



## CHAPTER VI.

## ALICE FINDS HERSELF FACING FURTHER MYSTERY.

Harry and Charley Ching were entirely mistaken in their estimate of Alice.

The unfortunate girl was entirely sincere.

Strange as her adventures in New York's Chinatown had been, they were not over by any means.

She was destined to go through with others which in some sense were stranger still.

Frightened at the firing of the Tongers' revolvers, Alice ran around the corner and so passed out of the sight of the Bradys, as we have said.

Scarcely had she struck the Bowery when a tall dark man, wearing a high silk hat and a long Paddock overcoat, of the modern style, stepped in front of her.

"Alice! Great heavens, Alice!" he exclaimed, throwing up his hands.

Then before she knew where she was at, Alice was in trouble.

The encounter took place right at the curb.

Here, drawn up, was a stylish carriage.

The door was swung open and the man must have just left the vehicle.

Quick as a flash he caught Alice around the waist, and with a remarkable display of strength, lifted her bodily into the carriage.

"Back!" he called to the driver. "Get back just as fast as you can."

It was a bold piece of business.

Alice screamed and struggled after she got inside.

This did not help her a bit.

Several passersby saw the thing done, but they made no effort to interfere.

It was New York; it was night; moreover it was Chinatown.

At that time and in that locality people have a way of minding their own business, for which they can scarcely be blamed.

But once fairly in the power of this man, curiosity about herself made Alice cease to oppose him.

"It can't do any harm to ride a little way with him," she thought, "and perhaps I may at least learn who I am."

Something of the detective was asserting itself in the girl, no doubt.

She ceased to struggle and sat still, waiting for what was to come.

The man looked at her fixedly for a moment.

He was a person of about thirty and certainly looked to be a man of means and station.

"Alice," he said at last, "in heaven's name, how comes it that you are here?"

The face awakened none of Alice's lost memory.

"That is a question that hardly needs an answer," she said, "seeing that you are the one who put me here."

"I don't mean in this carriage, as you know very well. I mean how does it happen that you still live?"

"Why should I not still be alive?"

"Well! Perhaps you don't know."

Alice was silent.

Her game was to draw the fellow out and not to supply him with information.

"I saw you this morning on Broadway," continued the man.

"You did?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not speak to me then if you were so anxious to claim my acquaintance?"

"You were with an old man who wore a long blue coat, with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar and a big white hat with a very broad brim."

The man had accurately described the peculiar style of dress which Old King Brady always affects when not in disguise.

"Well," replied Alice, "I was with such a man."

"Do you know who that man is?"

"Is it likely that I do not? He is not the kind of man you seem to be, who takes advantage of young women and forces them to accept their company against their will."

"That man is Old King Brady, the famous detective. He is also the one man on earth whom you have cause to fear."

"He is?"

"He certainly is."

"Then I don't fear him."

"Did you know who he was?"

"Of course I knew; but I don't know who you are, and after you have told me I want you to put me out of this carriage."

The man's face assumed a most peculiar expression.

"You don't know who I am," he exclaimed. "Is it possible that I am making a mistake. Are you not Alice?"

"Alice who?"

Eagerly the girl awaited the reply.

But she did not get what she wanted.

"Come, I am not supplying information," said the man. "You know who you are."

That the girl's answer was a mistake we are bound to admit.

Very likely if she had taken another course the result might have been different.

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't," she replied. "I am willing to hear all you have to say, but I am not supplying information for your benefit. I tell you that straight."

A pleased expression came over the man's face.

"Oh, I see," he exclaimed. "My Chinese friend has delivered the goods in part at least. You have lost your memory, my girl."

"Well?"

"Is it so?"

Silence.

"Is it so? You will gain nothing by holding back the truth."

"Look here," said Alice, "you won't make a thing by the course you are taking. Come out flat-footed and say what you have to say, and then perhaps you will gain your point."

"Perhaps I have gained it already," said the man, with a chuckle. "I am not sure that I have anything more to say."

"Then put me down and let me go about my business."

"Oh, no! That cannot be."

"I shall open the window and scream."

"If you do I shall find means to quiet you. Look at this."

The man drew from his pocket a small revolver.

The barrel gleamed ominously in the light of an electric lamp which they chanced to be passing.

"If you are the sort of man to threaten an unprotected girl, then you are a bully and a coward. But that goes without saying. If you were anything else I should not now be here."

"You can say what you like, and think what you like," was the reply. "I have got you and I propose to make the most of it; that's all."

Alice was beginning to be seriously alarmed.

Again curiosity got the better of her good judgment.

An intense desire to know who she was and what her past had been now seized the girl.

She turned to her companion and made one passionate appeal.

"Oh, why do you treat me so?" she cried. "Why have you taken me prisoner? Why do you threaten me? Tell me my full name if you know it. Tell me who I am and what all this means. It is true that I have lost my memory. Be merciful and give me back my past."

"Good!" cried the man, with an evil smile. "Now I have found out all I want to know."

Suddenly he turned upon Alice and caught her by the throat.

Then, in spite of her struggles, a handkerchief saturated with chloroform was pressed against her face.

It was with the usual results.

In an instant Alice was dead to the world.

And thus it will be seen how entirely Young King Brady had misjudged the girl.

Alice came back to earth again under conditions very different from those in which she left it.

She was lying undressed in a large and expensive bed.

Opening her eyes, she glanced curiously about the room.

A handsome metal lamp burning low upon a table gave her opportunity to inspect her surroundings.

They were elegant to the last degree.

The room was fitted up as a bed chamber.

With its furniture, bric-a-brac, pictures and hangings, the furnishing of this room represented much money, as Alice could plainly see.

There was no one present.

After lying there for a while in the dreamy condition which is the after result of a dose of ether or chloroform, Alice crawled out of bed and started on an exploring tour, so to speak.

Everything was examined.

Naturally doors and windows came in for first attention.

There were three of the former.

Two were securely locked; the third communicated with a closet and was open.

The closet was empty.

Alice had hoped to find her clothes in it, but every garment had disappeared.

Next the windows were looked to.

Raising the shades, Alice found that she was looking out upon a gentleman's park.

The moon shown down upon a flower garden and a little lake.

Beyond these was a grove of trees.

But the windows were protected by iron bars, and to get out would have been impossible, although the sashes were unfastened.

Alice stood some time at the windows, hoping to see some person moving about outside, but no one appeared.

As it was getting a bit cold, she returned to bed, but not without looking first to see if she could find a bell, in which search she failed.

And thus, after lying awake for some little time, the poor girl fell into a dreamless sleep.

When Alice awoke it was broad daylight and the sun was shining in at the window.

The door opposite the bed was now open and upon the threshold stood a black man dressed in strange Oriental costume.

He held a revolver in his hand, which he pointed at Alice's head.

The girl screamed.

"Who are you? Are you going to kill me?" she cried.

There was no answer.

The man was clearly not a negro.

He looked more like a Hindoo Lascar.

His hair was straight and glossy and hung loosely about his shoulders.

Again Alice spoke to him, but he never answered a word.

In a moment footsteps were heard and the black man, stepping aside, made room for an aged woman who came into the room.

As soon as she had passed him the black man resumed his former position and held the revolver raised as before.

The woman advanced slowly to the bed.

She seemed very feeble, and to all appearances was at least eighty years old.

She was dressed in an expensive morning gown.

Diamond earrings glittered in her ears; about her neck was a chain of diamonds of great value.

A very large diamond of intense brilliancy was worn as a brooch at her throat.

She was a small person and her face was a mass of wrinkles.

Yet there was an attempt to make herself appear younger.

This was shown by the high pompadour arrangement of false hair, snow white, and the superabundance of rouge upon her hollow cheeks.

She caught at a chair as she advanced, and, dropping into it, raised a gold lorgnette to her eyes and surveyed Alice in the bed.

"Yes, you are certainly the girl," she said in a cracked voice. "Alice, you know me?"

"I do not know you," replied Alice.

"Impossible!"

"It is true."

"If it were false I don't see how you could say it," muttered the woman. "It is wonderful, but it must be as he says."

"If the man who brought me to this place has been telling you that I have lost my memory then he has told you the truth," said Alice. "I appeal to you, madam, as one of my own sex, to tell me what all this means and why I am held a prisoner here."

The old woman gave a harsh laugh.

"If you wait for me to tell you, then you will wait forever," she said. "All I want is to assure myself that your condition is what you claim it to be. If such is indeed the case you will not be detained and no harm shall come to you, but first we want to make sure. Ah, yes, we must make no mistake."

"Then you refuse to tell me who I am?" demanded Alice.

"I utterly refuse. Is it true that you do not even remember your name?"

"Yes."

"But you know your first name; why not the last?"

"The first name came to me when a list of names was called."

"Ah, I see. Probably the last might be brought to your mind in the same way, but, believe me, no one will ever call it. You might keep on guessing for a hundred years and never hit upon your last name."

"Will you tell me nothing about myself, then?"

"There are some things which I am perfectly willing to tell you. Ask me what questions you like; some I may answer, others I shall certainly refuse."

"But that man in the doorway!"

"He does not understand a word of English."

"Just the same I should rather you send him away."

"I cannot oblige you in that."

"But why need he stand there covering me with a revolver?"

"To protect me."

"Against me?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I would harm you?"

"You might. Suppose you suddenly seized me by the

throat? I am an old woman, my heart is weak. It would not be necessary for you to strangle me. I should die of fright."

"I give you my solemn promise to attempt nothing of the sort."

"Still I shall not take the chances. While that door remains open, as it must while I remain in this room, the Lascar shall remain at his post."

"Then what must be must. Very well, I am going to question you now."

"Do so," said the old woman. "I have no desire to keep you in ignorance about yourself further than is necessary. There are many things which I am perfectly willing to tell you."

"Very well," said Alice; "then let us begin."

## CHAPTER VII.

DR. HOP LOW INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO OLD KING BRADY.

Once more entering the Mott street cellar, the Bradys waited until nearly one o'clock in the morning in the basement and in the little room where Alice had been found.

They might just as well have spared themselves the trouble, for nothing came of it.

Needless to say, they once more made a most thorough search for some secret door.

Chinatown contains many such secrets.

That underground passages exist leading through from Mott to Pell street is certainly a fact.

But it all came to nothing, and shortly after one o'clock Old King Brady declared that they might as well give it up and quit.

So they parted from Charley Ching on Chatham Square, and, calling a nighthawk cab, were driven home.

Charley had engaged a room in a Chinese lodging-house on Pell street, where he proposed to put in what was left of the night.

"A strange day," remarked Harry as the cab rattled through the deserted streets.

"One of the strangest I ever put in," replied Old King Brady. "The mystery of that girl's disappearance has got upon my nerves. I'd give a good round sum to understand what it all means."

"My opinion is that we shall never hear of her again."

"Didn't you like the girl?" demanded Old King Brady, turning suddenly upon his partner.

"I liked her first rate. She was most entertaining. What has that got to do with it?"

"I merely asked. Excuse me, Harry, if I say that I hardly consider your judgment of human nature equal to mine, which is not strange, since you have had only a very small part of my experience. I still have faith in that girl, and I shall make every effort to find her."

"Go ahead, Governor! I'm not even suggesting that you hold back, but I'll make one other suggestion right now."

"What is that?"

"You remember while we were looking for Alice we questioned the different cab drivers in the square?"

"Yes."

"All said that they had seen nothing of her?"

"Exactly."

"When we engaged the fellow who is driving us now I happened to notice that he was not one of those we asked."

"You did, eh? I never thought of it. We'll question him when we get home."

So when the Bradys reached their home the old detective asked the cabby if he would not like to come inside and try a drop of whisky before starting on his drive back.

It was a safe suggestion, as the cabby's red nose plainly indicated.

The man accepted the invitation, and after Old King Brady had put out the decanter he asked him about Alice, carefully describing the girl, and mentioning that the time of her disappearance was when the shots had been fired on Doyers street.

"Why, I seen that gal!" cried the cabby. "I remember it distinctly. I had just caught a fare, and was getting the blanket off the horse."

"What happened then?"

"Say, a feller caught and just lifted her into a private carriage—or perhaps it was livery. He was a real swell."

"Did she seem to know him?"

"I am dead sure she did from what I seen afterwards."

"What was that?"

"Why, I caught up wit de outfit on de Bowery. The shade wasn't drawn. I could look right into the cab."

"You could, eh? And what did you see?"

"Oh, they were talking to each other sociable enough."

"Do you know me?"

"Sure I knows yer. You are Old King Brady, de detective."

Old King Brady let the man go.

"I'm afraid it is as you say, Harry," he remarked.

"Never mind," replied Harry. "After all, I may be wrong. It would not be strange if she turned up all right."

So the Bradys gave it up and went to bed.

They had an appointment with Charley Ching for ten o'clock.

The Chinese detective failed them, however.

This was rather a surprise.

Charley was known to the Bradys as a thoroughly reliable person, and one who never drank to excess.

This day proved a blank.

Next morning at ten o'clock the Bradys were treated to a surprise.

Just at that hour a Chinaman knocked at the office door and Harry opened it to admit the old man who had looked at Alice.

"Ha!" cried Old King Brady. "Come in. You are Sam Foy."

"Yair," replied the Chink, with a grin. "Dlat me. Say, I comee here 'bout dlat boy."

"What boy?"

"You lember oder night when he speakee to me on Mott street 'bout gal?"

"Yes, yes."

"Belly well. Him velly sick, him wantee you."

"Where is he?"

"Up Pell stleet."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Fever."

"How came he to send you?"

"I vas dere seein' noder feller. He callee me. He say you know Ole Kling Blady? I say yair. He say go tell him I belly sick."

"When was this?"

"Just now. I comee light along."

Old King Brady reflected a minute.

The situation seemed a perfectly natural one.

The only thing was that it seemed as if Charley would have been more likely to have sent one of the low gui gow than this old man.

"Shall I go up there?" asked Harry.

"I'll go myself," replied the old detective. "You have that Wall street matter to attend to, and you won't have time."

So Old King Brady followed Sam Foy to Pell street.

Here the Chinaman pointed out a well-known Chinese lodging-house, and told the old detective that Charley Ching's room was on the top floor in the rear.

If he had offered to lead the way upstairs Old King Brady's suspicions might have been aroused.

But instead of that the old fellow just shuffled away.

Old King Brady ascended to the top floor.

There were two doors leading to back rooms.

The old detective knocked on both, but got no answer.

He tried the door of the hall bedroom.

It was not locked, and when he opened it he found the room vacant.

The other door was locked, and finding it so, Old King Brady passed along the hall to the front of the house and knocked on a door there.

It was opened by a middle-aged Chinaman wearing American clothes.

The room was neatly furnished, and Old King Brady saw a white woman sitting by the window sewing, while a little half-breed child was rolling about the floor.

"What do you want?" demanded the Chinaman, in good English.

"I was looking for a man named Charley Ching, who is sick," replied Old King Brady. "I was told that he had the back room. The door is locked, and I can get no answer to my knock."

"Yes," replied the Chinaman. "That is right. I locked the door. He is asleep now, and I did not want him disturbed. You can come through this way."

Now, all this was so natural that Old King Brady never gave the matter a second thought, but followed the China-

man through into the next room, there to learn his mistake.

The room was darkened, and out of the shadows four Chinamen with long knives came rushing upon him.

Bang! went the door behind the old detective.

Before he had time to draw his revolver the knives were at his throat.

Old King Brady thought for the moment that his last hour had come.

"Look out, you Chinks! Look out!" he cried. "I am a detective! You will get into trouble for this!"

"Oh, I know who you are perfectly well," spoke a voice from the shadows. "Old King Brady, drop your revolver and knife on the floor if you want to live."

It had to be.

Still, Old King Brady kept one revolver by him in one of his secret pockets.

This done, a tall, good-looking Chinaman, well dressed in expensive clothes, and wearing a heavy watch-chain and a diamond ring, stepped forward and lighted a lamp.

"You, I understand, are looking for Dr. Hop Low," he said, speaking in the best of English. "Am I right or wrong?"

"Right," replied Old King Brady.

"You would like to see the doctor?"

"Yes."

"Are you ready now?"

"What guarantee can I have that you will take me to Dr. Hop Low? How do I know that in following you I am not going to my death?"

"I will take you to Dr. Hop Low. As for the other proposition, I will say that before we decide to kill you I will give you two hours' warning."

"Do I get that warning now?"

"Not now."

"Then I will go with you to Dr. Hop Low."

"Good! We shall be obliged to blindfold you. Since you know Dr. Hop Low's business, as I am informed is the case, you must be aware that it would not please him to have you shown the way to his coining den."

"Go ahead and do as you please," said Old King Brady. "I am in your power, and consequently am in no position to dictate terms."

One of the Chinamen now got on a chair and tied a cloth tightly over the old detective's eyes.

Somebody took him by the arm then, and he was led forward.

But Old King Brady is accustomed to such situations.

He was able to follow their movements in a certain way.

They took him through the locked door, down the main stairway to the first floor, and then into the rear room there.

And this room Old King Brady knew to be in the rear of the restaurant into which he saw Sam Foy go on the night Alice disappeared.

Here the old detective was turned quickly around several times.

It was the old device to prevent him from telling in which direction they were going to take him next.

It was successful, too.

Old King Brady had not the least notion which way they were going when they led him forward again.

In a moment he found himself descending steps.

He could get the damp, musty smell of a cellar.

He was sure that he was under the restaurant, for he could smell the chop suey distinctly.

Again he was led forward over a board floor.

"Secret passage," the old detective said to himself; "but whether they are taking me through to Mott street or under Pell to the other side of the way I am sure I don't know."

Nor did he care very much.

Suddenly his conductor halted, and Old King Brady caught a glimmer of light.

Something was said in Chinese.

Then the cloth was snatched away from Old King Brady's eyes.

He was in a small room, well-furnished after the Chinese style.

Facing him stood the same Chinaman.

"Well, Old King Brady," he exclaimed, "you wanted to see me, and here I am. I am Dr. Hop Low."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MORE MYSTERY ABOUT ALICE.

When Harry came back from his Wall street errand he expected to find Old King Brady in the office.

But when he found that such was not the case he gave the matter no thought.

There had been a mail delivery during his absence.

Harry picked up the letters and proceeded to open them.

The third which he struck captured his whole attention at first glance.

It was addressed: "Old King Brady, Detective, Park Row, New York."

It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Brady.—Perhaps you think that I purposely deserted you. Such is not the case. I was seized and carried off in a cab by a man whom I certainly did not know, but who appeared to know me. This man, after some talk, chloroformed me, and I awoke to find myself in an elegantly furnished room in a house which is located in private grounds, apparently of considerable extent. Here I have since been held a prisoner, seeing no one but a very old woman, who is loaded with diamonds, and a black man whom I am told is a Hindoo Lascar. For the last eight or ten hours I have seen no one, and I begin to think that these people have gone away, for I can hear no sounds. I have written this letter in the hope that it may reach you. I am throwing it through the bars of one of my prison windows to a boy who has been prowling

ing about the place, and who appears to be deaf and dumb. Rescue me if you can find this place. The boy will post the letter, and the postmark will give you a general idea as to where this place is.

Sincerely yours,

"Alice."

Of course, Harry had looked at the postmark before he got to the end of the letter.

It was one of the sub-stations in the upper Bronx.

"By jove, something ought to be done with this right away," Young King Brady said to himself. "I don't believe I will wait for the Governor. I'll go up there alone."

He started at once, being all the more anxious to rescue the girl on account of the false insinuations he had made about her the night before.

And having started Harry on his way to the rescue, we must return to Alice in her prison.

"I suppose it is useless to ask you to tell me my name," she said, beginning to question the diamond-bedecked old woman.

"Quite so," was the reply. "That is the one thing I will not tell."

"Where do I belong?"

"That I cannot answer definitely," was the reply, "but I will tell you this much, it is not in America."

"Is it Australia?"

The woman gave a start, and eyed her sharply.

"No more on that line," she said. "I begin to think that after all you are deceiving me."

"No; I have some faint memory of Australia, though, and I believe that is where I belong."

"I shall not tell you where you belong."

"Will you tell me about my parents?"

"Yes. They have both been dead for many years."

"My brothers and sisters?"

"You have neither."

"Am I a detective?"

"You are. You were carefully instructed in that profession, and have worked at it for the past three years."

"What have I to do with Chinamen?"

"That I will not answer."

"I find that I can speak Chinese."

"I know it."

"As well as several other languages."

"I know that also. You were very carefully educated in languages."

"By whom?"

"A man who took an interest in you."

"Not my husband?"

The old woman laughed.

"Oh, no! You never married," she exclaimed.

"Have I traveled extensively?"

"You have been all over the world."

"Then this is not the first time I have been in America?"

"Not by many."

"And yet I do not seem to recognize New York."

"I am not sure that you were ever in New York before."

"I can think of nothing else to ask."

Then the old woman said:

"I am going to leave you now. Are you hungry?"

"I should certainly like my breakfast, but I hardly dare to eat in this house."

"For fear of poison?"

"Yes."

"You need have no such fear."

The old woman arose and hobbled to the door.

The Lascar moved aside, and the old woman passed out of sight.

It was the last Alice saw of her.

The door was now locked, and an hour of silence passed.

Shortly after the hour ended the door was opened, and the Lascar came in without ceremony.

He carried a tray upon which a dainty breakfast had been spread.

This he placed upon the table, and wheeled it up to the bedside.

Bowing low with his arms folded across his breast, he then withdrew, locking the door behind him.

Alice sat up in bed and scanned the contents of the tray.

There was broiled chicken, hot rolls, poached eggs, coffee, oatmeal and cream, with oranges, grapes, and pears.

Pinned to the napkin was a sheet of paper with these words pen-printed upon it:

"Alice.—Eat freely; positively the food is not poisoned. If you do not believe this call Ramagee three times, and the Lascar will come to you and taste of every dish."

This seemed to be conclusive.

She made a hearty breakfast, which caused no ill effects.

At noon the Lascar served dinner, and at night an excellent supper.

Alice, who had discovered pencil and paper in the table drawer, scribbled on one of the sheets:

"Please give me my clothes. I am so tired of staying in bed."

The Lascar brought her an answer in a few minutes.

"It is now night. You must remain in bed until morning. After that there will come a change. Sleep with as little fear as you ate; there is no one in this house to do you harm."

And Alice did sleep.

She awoke along toward midnight.

Somewhere in the distance there was a great clatter.

Men were talking in loud tones.

She could see through the window the reflection of flashing lights out on the grounds.

They were loading furniture and boxes into vans, she was sure.

At last she heard the heavy wagons move away, and all grew still.

Again the poor girl slept, and this time very soundly. When she awoke it was broad daylight.

Things had certainly changed.

Her clothing lay spread out upon the lounge. In the room was a considerable supply of provisions.

Alice saw that she had been provisioned for at least a week.

This confirmed her suspicions that whoever had been running the institution had departed.

Alice got up and dressed herself, and ate her breakfast. No one came near her.

A clock on the mantel had got around to eight when she heard a whistle outside, and hurrying to the window she saw a shabbily dressed boy moving about.

Alice flung up the window and called through the bars:

"Look here, boy, have they all gone away from this house?"

The boy touched his ears and then put his finger to his lips and shook his head.

"Deaf and dumb," thought Alice. "Perhaps he has merely strayed in here. I may be able to get his help."

She hurried to the table drawer, and took out an envelope; there were several with the paper.

She had already found that the small sum of money remaining over from what Old King Brady had given her was intact.

Taking a dollar bill she held it up to the boy with the envelope, at the same time pointing off in the distance.

This was the time that the boy showed that he was not the fool Alice had taken him to be.

He pulled out a soiled envelope and made signs which clearly indicated putting it into a letter box.

"He seems to understand me," she thought.

Hastily she scribbled off the letter which Harry had received.

Then tying the dollar bill around it with a piece of thread—she had found a spool on the dresser—she threw it between the bars with two cents for a stamp.

The letter fluttered down to the boy's feet, and he picked it up, not neglecting the pennies.

Then, nodding vigorously again, he ran off and Alice felt that she had started the ball rolling which in the end might lead to the recovery of her freedom.

And as we know it was Harry who got the letter.

Reaching the station where it had been posted at about three in the afternoon, Harry went at once to the nearest real estate office.

It was kept by a man named George Robins, an elderly individual, and very civil spoken.

Harry presented his business card.

"I want your help in a very important matter, Mr. Robins," he said. "Yesterday evening a young lady in whom I am professionally interested disappeared under circumstances which makes it certain that she was carried off forcibly by a tall man with a heavy black mustache. He took her in a handsome private carriage, and there is reason to believe that she was brought up into this sec-

tion. If you will glance over this letter you will understand what makes me think this."

Mr. Robins read the letter.

"Why, this is a singular piece of business," he said. "I know that house perfectly well. In fact, I have it on my list. It is the old Van Every place."

"Near here?"

"Yes."

"Who occupies it?"

"There has been a family named Smith living there for the past three months. The man is such a person as you describe, and the woman, who is old enough to be his grandmother, certainly does wear many diamonds. They have just such a carriage, too, and the black man has been a well-known figure in the neighborhood since they came here."

"What do you know about these people?"

"Nothing at all. They are very mysterious in their ways. They associate with nobody. The place is for sale, and I should not have rented it to them on any other terms than cash monthly in advance, and that is the way they have been paying. They have some furniture which they brought here in two big trucks, but I don't know from where. I have suspected from the first that there was something crooked about them."

"Smith is probably an assumed name."

"I haven't the least doubt of it now that I have read that letter."

"If you will kindly direct me I think I will start right up there."

Mr. Robins reached for his hat, which hung behind his desk.

"I'll go with you," he said. "I don't like this, and I am sure the Van Every heirs will want me to take action. The place is to be auctioned off into city lots in the spring. I shall put these people right out."

Thus saying, Mr. Robins locked the office, and he and Harry started for the old Van Every place.

## CHAPTER IX.

### OLD KING BRADY DINES A LA CHINESE.

Old King Brady dropped into a big Chinese bamboo chair and folded his arms.

"Come, you don't seem a bit glad to make my acquaintance," said Dr. Hop Low, sitting down behind an elegant inlaid table. "I thought it would be quite different. You are an educated man; I am another. I suppose it would surprise you if I told you that I was a graduate of the University of Hong-Kong."

"Nothing ever surprises me when it comes to dealing with the Chinese, my friend," replied Old King Brady.

"Now, I suppose you would like to know how I found out that the secret service detectives were after me."

"That interests me more. If you choose to tell it, I shall be glad to hear."

"It is very simple. You hired a renegade half-breed named Ching to go about Chinatown with some samples

of my work, making inquiries as to where more could be bought."

"Well?"

"Is it true or false?"

"True."

"Right. The very first man he tackled was one of my best friends. The result was the matter was immediately reported to me."

"I see."

"Of course, I was obliged to take action, although I make it a rule never to interfere with anybody's business. Where is your Charley Ching now?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"But I do. He is in my power, and he will pay dearly for his interference with my business. In fact, I owe him one anyway, for he once interfered with me in San Francisco."

"Well?"

"Your case is similar. You have crossed my path, and the result is sure to be unpleasant, but there is no haste. We can talk these matters over at our leisure. In the meantime you are to dine with me."

Dr. Hop Low arose, and opening the door, clapped his hands. He then closed the door and resumed his seat.

"It must be rather uncomfortable with your hands tied behind you," he said, "and of course you cannot dine in that condition. I shall therefore adopt a simple method of at once protecting myself from you in case you should take a notion to rush on me and of leaving you free."

"What is that?"

"Patience, and you shall see."

In a minute a Chinaboy dressed all in white, with gold buttons on his blouse, came into the room. He opened a door which communicated with another apartment, and into this he carried the inlaid table. Another Chinaman entered. Together they lifted in from the adjoining room a larger table. This they covered with a cloth, and began to set dishes upon it for dinner. Everything was brought from the other room. They spread upon the table an exquisite set of China, every piece different. During the progress of these arrangements Dr. Hop Low sat reading a Chinese book. He did not pay the least attention to Old King Brady. The arrangement of the table completed, he closed the book, and said something in Chinese to the two men. Both left the room. In a minute an older man entered with them. He was dressed in Chinese costume, but both blouse and trousers were black. He was a particularly ugly-looking specimen, having one eye gone, and a horrible scar upon that side of his face. In his hand he held a revolver. Planting himself directly opposite Old King Brady, he pointed the weapon at his head.

"How is this, doctor?" demanded the old detective, without changing countenance. "I thought the agreement was that I should have two hours' warning before you killed me?"

"That is right," replied the doctor. "This man is not

here to kill you, but just to prevent you from interfering with me, for now I am going to set you free. While we dine this man will keep you covered. Let me introduce him. He speaks little English, so it will not be necessary for me to introduce you to him. We will call him High Hong. Not because it is his name, for it is not, but he is one of our noted Highbinders. High Hong has killed so many men that I doubt if he could remember them all if he tried. He will kill you if you make the least effort to interfere with me."

"Your precautions are needlessly elaborate. Being in your secret room, and entirely in your power, what would be the sense in me trying to interfere with you?"

Dr. Hop Low merely laughed, and going to Old King Brady cut his bonds.

"Now, that is better," he said. "Now you can have some comfort." He clapped his hands again, and the two white-robed ones left the room. In a few minutes in through the door of the room adjoining filed six Celestials. They were wonderfully and elegantly attired in the full Chinese costume, which outsiders in New York never see.

Each wore silk trousers immensely too large for their legs and tied in tight at the ankles.

One pair was green, another yellow, another red, another blue, another white, the remaining two being of all colors, with gilt dragons embroidered upon them.

Their blouses were as gay as their trousers, and the buttons of each were, or appeared to be, lumps of gold.

All wore the round Chinese skull cap with jeweled buttons on the crown.

Their pigtaails all hung at full length.

Each one had been lengthened out with braided silk in the Chinese fashion. They almost reached the ground.

Dr. Hop Low greeted each man by joining his two hands and shaking them in front of him, the Chinaman doing the same.

Then he said something in Chinese, and all six stared at Old King Brady solemnly for an instant, after which all bobbed heads together.

"You have now been introduced to my friends, Mr. Brady," said Dr. Hop Low. "They are interested, of course, but they are not glad to see you. They are, in short, my gang, as you would call them. We are money-makers in every sense of the word."

Old King Brady merely nodded.

This educated Chink appeared to like to hear himself talk.

As for the old detective, the situation was too serious.

He did not care to have anything to say.

The Chinamen now seated themselves both sides of the table.

Dr. Hop Low then took his seat at the head, and told Old King Brady to sit down at the foot.

The old detective complied.

Never, in all his dealings with the Chinese in America, had he come upon anything like this before.



He could only take things as they came, he thought, and he wondered what the end would be.

Again Dr. Hop Low clapped his hands, and the two white wings began to serve the dinner.

He of the black blouse took his place behind the old detective's chair.

It was decidedly uncomfortable to think of the revolver pointed at his head.

The dinner was most elaborate.

There were sharks' fins, edible birds' nests, many strange vegetables, cooked in strange ways; chop suey and roast pig were there, of course.

It was such a dinner as a Chinaman might serve to a foreign ambassador.

Expensive wines and Chinese sam-schu, or rice brandy, came on in due course.

The Chinese ate with chop-sticks, and it was wonderful to see how skillfully they handled them.

Old King Brady, however, was supplied with knife, fork and spoon.

To each dish the old detective was served last.

The others did not wait for him, but pitched right in. Thus all partook of a dish before he did.

It was nonsense to suspect poison.

Old King Brady caught the spirit of the thing, and ate with the rest.

He was free to admit afterward that he never sat down to a better meal.

Dr. Hop Low left him alone after the dinner once began, and the talk was entirely in Chinese. The meal lasted more than an hour, and when it was finally over everyone but the doctor and the highbinder left the room.

"Well, Mr. Brady, I trust you enjoyed your dinner?" said the doctor, producing a box of cigars. "Will you smoke?"

"After you, doctor."

"Ha! Still thinking of poison," chuckled the doctor. "Pick out any cigar you like, and I will smoke it. Then help yourself, for you have nothing to fear."

And so they smoked, and Dr. Hop Low ran on in much the same strain for another hour.

"And now," he said at last, "we must part. It was my intention to take you into my little coining establishment and to show you just how we make those gold coins which have interested you so much, but my partners object, and I must respect their wishes. You will now retire for the night. To-morrow I shall probably kill you, although I might decide to keep you for a day or two. There are several points I would like to be posted on, and I think you could help me. But we shall see. So you will follow me, please, and just remember that our friend the Highbinder is right behind."

They passed into the next room, which seemed to be a sort of general storeroom.

Here the doctor pulled up a trap door.

A narrow flight of steps led down from it.

The doctor descended and unlocked a door covered with sheet-iron at the foot of the steps.

"Pass me, Mr. Brady," he said, stepping to one side. "You will easily find your room. Good-day to you, and also good-night. Pleasant dreams."

Old King Brady pushed past him, and the door was closed and locked. He now found himself in a narrow passage with a dim light burning at the end. He walked on, ten feet, perhaps, and entered a small room, where a lantern hung suspended from the ceiling. Upon an old mattress lay a young man all huddled up, and apparently asleep.

Old King Brady, as he looked down upon him, saw that it was Charley Ching.

"Come," he muttered. "This is the way we are up against it. What a fool I was to walk into this trap!"

## CHAPTER X.

### ALICE HAS A GREAT STROKE OF LUCK.

Mr. Robins led Harry to what had once been a beautiful place. It was a large frame house standing well back from the road, surrounded by extensive grounds, which were protected by a well-built stone wall.

The big carriage gate stood open, and the grounds bore a handsome appearance.

There was a porter's lodge inside the gate, but this had fallen partly in ruins, and the windows were all boarded up.

"This is the place," said Mr. Robins. "As things looked you would think no one lived here. I don't understand this gate being open. I am told that the Smiths not only kept it shut, but locked."

They walked up the broad avenue and came to the house.

There was no sign of life about the place.

"By jove, it looks as though they had been moving out between two days!" cried the agent.

"It certainly has that appearance," replied Harry.

He bounded up the steps and pulled the bell, but got no response. They then went around to the rear and found an open window leading into the butler's pantry, through which they crawled. And once inside their suspicions were verified. The rooms were bare; the furniture had all been removed. Harry's heart sank.

"They have taken Alice away," he thought. "The Governor will be immensely vexed at this."

He went upstairs, Robins following. The rooms in front were in the same condition. When they started on the rear they struck a locked door. Harry pounded on it.

Immediately he heard a muffled voice, as though somebody was calling from a distance.

"If we only had the key!" exclaimed Robins.

"I have something here which will do just as well," replied Young King Brady, and he pulled out his bunch of skeleton keys, and in a moment he had the door open. There was nothing in the room but an old table and a chair. Upon the table stood a package about a foot long and six inches wide, done up in brown wrapping paper.

Thrust under the twine was a sealed letter, upon which was written the name "Alice." All this Young King Brady and the agent took in at a glance.

"Is anybody here?" the former shouted, at the same time rattling the handle of a locked door on the other side of the room.

"Help, please! I am a prisoner in here!" came the answer.

"Alice!" cried Harry, recognizing the voice.

"Yes, Alice!" came back.

Again Young King Brady used his skeletons, and Alice stood before them as the door flew back.

"Young King Brady!" she exclaimed. "You got my letter, then? Thank heaven for this."

"Yes, I got your letter, and I never lost a moment," replied Harry. "You are all right, I hope?"

"Nothing the matter with me whatever."

"This is Mr. Robins. Mr. Robins, this lady is Miss—Miss Alice Smith. Alice, Mr. Robins is the agent for this house."

"And I am glad to meet Mr. Robins," replied Alice, extending her hand. "You found that your tenants had taken wings, I suppose. They moved out in the middle of the night."

"There is a letter outside for you," said Harry.

He brought it. Picking up the box at the same time, which was very light, he shook it, but it gave back no sound. Alice tore open the letter, and having read it, passed it to Harry.

It read as follows:

"Alice.—Things have changed. We now regret having sought your life, and would make amends. Go your way freely. You will not be interfered with so far as we are concerned. As some amends for what you have suffered we leave you a little present. It is in the box accompanying this, which do not open until you are safe with your friends the Bradys. We also give you all the furniture and pictures in the room where you are. These things will help to make you comfortable wherever you may decide to locate. With regrets for having caused you any inconvenience, I remain,

Yours truly,

"The Lady of the Diamonds.

"P. S.—A word of warning. Should you ever recover your memory take an old woman's advice, and let sleeping dogs lie."

"Strange," said Harry, looking at Alice.

"It is all strange," replied the girl, passing her hand over her forehead. "Oh, I wish I knew what it all meant."

"May I see the letter?" asked Mr. Robins, who seemed dying of curiosity to better understand the peculiar situation.

"It is up to Miss Alice," said Harry.

"I see no reason why he should not," replied Alice. "I certainly want to know more about the people of this house if there is anything to be learned, and probably Mr. Robins is the man to help us."

Harry then briefly told Alice's peculiar story, and Robins read the letter.

"I am afraid I can't help you," he said. "As I told Mr. Brady, I really know nothing about these Smiths. I never believed that Smith was their real name, and now I am sure that it is not."

"If you could find out who moved them and where," said Harry.

"I will certainly try," was the answer, "but I am afraid it will be difficult to trace them."

"Are you going to open that package?" asked Alice.

"No; not at present," replied Harry.

Then, after further talk, they left the house.

Mr. Robins agreed to take care of the furniture until Alice could claim it. Parting with Mr. Robins at his office, Harry and Alice started downtown. It was now nearly dark, and they decided to go direct to the Bradys' house and submit the package to the old detective. But when they reached there Old King Brady was not on hand, nor had Julius, the Bradys' colored man-of-all-work, received any message from him.

"He may be late," said Harry. "You will stay to dinner, Alice? It can be served right away."

The girl raised no objection. She was anxious to know what was in the package, however, and she said as much.

"Well, we will have a look at it," replied Harry. "It seems to me too light to be an infernal machine."

He placed it on the center-table in the library and removed the wrappings. Inside was just a yellow paste-board box, tied with another string. Harry cut that and raised the lid.

"Why great Scott! It's money!" he exclaimed.

And so it was. There was nothing in the box but a pile of greenbacks, which when counted up amounted to exactly \$50,000. Woman-like, Alice sat down and cried.

"I'll be blest if I see that there is anything to cry for," said Harry. "You are this much in, anyhow, and these people promise to leave you alone in future. Brace up! We will get next to this outfit yet. You must be a great heiress. I can't figure it out any other way."

Of course, they talked more about the matter after Harry had locked the money up in Old King Brady's safe. After dinner Harry said:

"I suppose you will give up all idea of following the detective business now."

But Alice shook her head.

"Indeed, I shall not," she replied. "I am perfectly fascinated with the idea of being a detective in New York."

"I wish the Governor would take you on, then. We could use a smart girl like you to the greatest advantage. We have many Chinese cases like the one we are working on now. You can talk to the Chinks, and you would be invaluable on that account alone."

"Perhaps you could persuade him to take me on. Now that I have got this money I don't care at all what salary he pays me."

"Oh, you would find him liberal enough. But I wish he would come home."

"Are you getting worried about him?"

"I am always worried when we are working on these Chinese cases. It is dangerous business."

"I suppose it is. How could I have ever learned their language? I must have lived in China. Oh, if I could only remember! But, there! I won't say that again, for you must be tired of hearing it, and I don't want you to get tired of me."

"No danger of that," replied Harry. And he meant it. He was beginning to feel an interest in Alice such as he had never felt for a girl before. Ten o'clock struck, and still there was no sign of Old King Brady.

"I shall have to go down to Chinatown and see what I can do about finding the Governor," remarked Harry, getting up. "I am satisfied that something has gone wrong with him."

"Harry, I want you to let me go with you in this search."

"Didn't you have enough of Chinatown the other night?"

"That won't happen again. You think that a girl would only be in the way. Let me be a boy for to-night."

"Well, I don't object a bit if you will go that way, but I can suggest a better scheme. I'll make you up as a Chinaman. That might help along a lot."

"All right, if you say so."

"Come along upstairs to the costume room."

So Young King Brady went to work to transform Alice into a Chinaman. When he got through with her and had capped the climax by giving her a Chinese wig to put on with its smooth false scalp and queue neatly curled, few would have guessed that Alice was not a Chinese. Thus they sallied forth, and made a start for Mott street.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ALICE VANISHES AGAIN.

There was a second mattress in the little room into which Old King Brady had penetrated. This, with the lantern and Charley Ching's mattress, comprised the entire furnishing. Old King Brady started to examine the young half-breed to see if he was really asleep or dead, when Charley rolled over and opened his eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Brady!" he exclaimed. "Have they got you, too?"

"Unfortunately, I have managed to get myself into it," replied the old detective. "But how did you ever come to be here and in Chinese clothes?"

This he has not mentioned. Charley Ching was in full Chinese costume, even to a false pig-tail.

"Oh, they caught me," replied Charley. "I was working on the case, and so I fixed up this way. I thought it would be safer. I got caught after all."

Old King Brady noticed that against the wall over Charley's mattress was a hideous Chinese mask, representing the distorted face of a man.

"The way I got caught is simple enough," he said, and he told of his experiences with Dr. Hop Low.

Charley shrugged his shoulders.

"So much for believing that Chink," he said. "He helped to catch me."

"Have you tried to get out of this place?"

"Yair. Tried every way. Nothing doing."

"It looks as if this might be a door behind us here."

"You can't open it."

Old King Brady examined the wall under the mask. In a moment he found a secret spring, and the boards shot away like a panel. But this amounted to nothing. Behind was a brick wall at the end of a shallow niche.

"This has been bricked up," he said, after a careful examination, and they were obliged to give it up. The iron door at the end was as firm as a rock. Apparently there was no other way out.

"It looks bad," said Charley. "A Chinaman who will eat with his enemy, as he did with you, and then lock him in here is no good. He is no true Chinaman. That man would go back on his own brother. You will see."

"He says he knows you, and has it in for you for something you did to him in San Francisco."

"I can't place him," said Charley. "I can't imagine who he can be, unless he is one of a bunch of Chink counterfeiterers I unearthed in San Francisco five years ago. There was a feller among them who talked good English, the way you say this feller talks, but I don't just remember his name. He got away, and I never saw or heard of him afterwards. Mebbe he's the same feller."

Some hours passed. Charley Ching soon exhausted his powers of conversation, and fell into the silence which is natural to the Chinese. Once again Old King Brady made a thorough examination of the walls and floor. Still he failed to find a way out. Worn out by his exertions at last, Old King Brady flung himself down upon the mattress and dropped into a fitful sleep.

He was suddenly aroused by a shout from Charley.

"What is it now?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet.

"Hush!" breathed Charley. "Come here!"

He pushed aside the curtain and led the old detective out into the passage.

"Say," he whispered, pointing to the mask, "just a minute ago I seen a man's eye looking at me through the eye-hole of that thing up there."

"Then there must be an opening behind the mask."

Just then a voice coming seemingly from the mask itself called out:

"Old King Brady, take the promised warning. In two hours you die."

Charley caught the old detective's arm.

"You heard that?" he breathed.

"Of course I heard it."

"Did Dr. Hop Low tell you that he would give two hours' warning?"

"Yes, he did."

"I wonder how they mean to kill us?"

"So long as they make a quick job of it, and don't torture, it makes little difference," replied Old King Brady, and he coolly lighted another cigar, looked at his watch, which had not been taken from him, and sat down upon the mattress to think.

Such was Old King Brady's perilous situation while Harry and Alice were talking matters over in the library.

In comparing notes afterward they found that the time Harry decided to go in search of his partner was the very moment when Old King Brady looked at his watch.

Harry and Alice turned up in Chinatown in due time. The first thing Harry did was to visit Quong Lee and tell him that Old King Brady had disappeared. Quong was greatly disturbed, and chattered about it for a few minutes. Then, drawing Harry aside into a private room, he said:

"Hally, I am so glad you came. I got big ting to tellee you. You know you askee me odder day 'bout Dr. Hop Low."

"Yes."

"Belly well. Me wantee hellup you, so me ask ddis one and dlat one, quiet like, so no 'louse splicions. Belly well. Me hear 'bout you finding gal in Mott stleet, so to-night a man comee my place to hit de hop. I know him long ago. He belly bad. He—say, he makee bad mune. I tellee him 'bout gal, an' he say, Quong, he say, once I workee makee bad mune in dlat place. Say, dere was sleklet looms dere; yair. Me know, but me no know Dr. Hop Low. Who you deflective vantee find, huh? Mebbe me show him sleklet door, yair. Mebbe me hellup him whole lot so he pay plenty mune—see?"

"And where is this man now?" Harry asked.

Quong Lee jerked his thumb in the direction of his smoking room.

"What's his name?"

"Jim Yup."

"Let me talk with him, Quong. How much would you offer him for his help? Five hundred dollars?"

"No, no! Say first vun huddled dollar. Den if he say no makee it two huddled. Dlat will be allee light. Shall me bling him in?"

"Do so, please. If we win out through him you won't find yourself forgotten, Quong, when we come to settle up on this case. But I'll see him outside. For reasons of my own my Chinese friend goes with me to-night, and I want him to see this man Jim Yup and to hear what he says."

Harry then joined Alice in the other room.

Quong Lee returned in a few minutes, accompanied by a sleepy looking Chinaman, whose shabby appearance seemed to indicate that money would not come amiss. This was Jim Yup. He spoke poor English, but Harry was able to understand him, so he did not have to resort to Quong Lee's help. According to Jim Yup, counterfeiting had gone on in a secret room reached through the Mott street basement some ten years before. When Harry offered him a hundred dollars to show up the secrets of the Mott street place he jumped at it, and there was no

necessity for raising the ante. So, with Alice in their wake, Young King Brady and Jim Yup started off.

"Look here," said Young King Brady, as they turned into Mott street, "we don't want to all go in a bunch. It will attract entirely too much attention. I have been seen there before, so I'll slip into the areaway alone, and open the door. Wing Wah"—this was the name given to Alice—"can come next after a minute, and then in a few minutes you, Jim Yup, can come in."

So Harry forged ahead, and was fortunate enough to get into the basement without attracting attention. He waited inside the door, and in a minute Alice glided in.

They waited five or six minutes, but no Jim Yup came. "Confound the luck! He has turned on us, I'm afraid," said Harry. "But never mind. Let us go down into the cellar and see how the land lies."

He locked the door, and they descended to the cellar. Scarcely had they done so when there came a loud knocking on the door above.

"There he is now!" exclaimed Alice.

"I'll go see," replied Harry. "Get out that flash-lantern I gave you. It won't do for you to stay here in the dark." Alice produced her lantern, and Young King Brady hurried upstairs.

The knocking on the door was now repeated, and when Harry opened it Jim Yup glided in.

"What made you so long?" demanded Harry.

"Me meet a feller me know," said Jim Yup. "Me have to shakee him—see?"

"All right. Come on."

They went to the cellar stairs. Harry expected to see Alice's light, but all was dark below. He hurried downstairs, with the Chinaman at his heels. There was nothing to be seen of Alice in the cellar nor in the little room. She had vanished once more.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

"Where odder feller?" demanded Jim Yup.

"That's just what I want to know," replied Harry.

"Somebody open sleklet door! Somebody him get!"

"Perhaps. Where is your secret door?"

"Me showee you." Jim Yup went into the little room. The partition on the left did not run straight. Instead, it was on a decided slant. Jim Yup went straight for this crooked partition. Reaching up to the ceiling he touched some hidden spring, and half of the partition flew back. At the middle of its length the partition passed into two. At the greatest width, which was at the rear wall of the old building, there was a space of about two feet. And within this space the stone had been cut away. A dark passage lay before them, leading off in the direction of Pell street. Jim Yup had delivered the goods. Harry flashed his lantern ahead, and the Chinaman led off along the passage.

In a minute they came to the end of the passage. Here there were two doors covered with sheet iron, side by side. Jim Yup looked troubled.

"Try both," said Harry. The right-hand door was locked, but the left opened as Jim Yup turned the knob. Behind the door the passage continued. They passed on about six feet, and came to a partition. Then Jim Yup manipulated another secret spring. A narrow bit of the partition flew back, and they passed into another passage. At the further end a light burned behind a drawn curtain.

At that instant the curtain was drawn, and there stood Old King Brady!

"What brought you here? Looking for me?" demanded Old King Brady, drawing the curtain as they entered the room.

"Yes."

"Well, then, thank heaven you have come. In just about five minutes I expected to see my finish. The Chinese have carried off Charley Ching, who was a prisoner here with me. But we must go now. We may be watched. See this thing?"

Old King Brady stepped upon Charley's mattress, and Harry did the same. The old detective pointed at the mask.

"They spy on us through the eyes of that outfit," he said, "and probably they are doing so now. I doubt very much if we get out of this. Still, we can try. I suppose we can go out as you came in."

Just then came the sound of breaking glass from behind the mask.

"Lun! Lun for you lives!" shrieked the Chinaman.

A burst of flame came from between the teeth of the hideous head upon the wall. The Bradys sprang away and ran out of the room. A fearful smell filled the place.

"Dlat stlinkum killee you!" cried Jim Yup, in terror. "I tink dey takee him away. Lun! Lun!"

And "lun" the Bradys did. By the time they had dodged through the secret door and closed it behind them they were almost overcome by the nauseous fumes which penetrated the passage.

"You see," gasped the old detective. "If you had not come it would be all up with me now. Oh, these Chinese are a wonderful bunch. I wonder what on earth that stuff can be."

But this was something which the Bradys never learned. When later they came to look behind the mask they found nothing but broken glass. Harry hurried his partner through to the cellar. Here they closed the secret door and paused for breath. Harry hurriedly ran over the events of the day.

"Good heavens, this Mott street mystery seems to be deeper than ever so far as Alice is concerned," said Old King Brady. "It was madness to bring the poor thing here disguised as a Chinaman. Do you know that I have met Dr. Hop Low? A most remarkable man. The place where you found me is part of his den. There is but one thing to do, and that is to go to Elizabeth street, get the police, and raid this coiners' den. Alice and poor Charley Ching must be saved if there is yet time."

\* \* \* \* \*

While the Bradys were turning up further adventures in the case of Dr. Hop Low, Alice, as may be guessed, was having troubles of her own. The unfortunate girl had never dreamed of danger when Harry left her to go upstairs and answer the knock. She was thinking of her former mysterious adventures in the room, and she turned to examine the partition on the right. She did not hear the soft footfall behind her. The opening of the secret door in the left-hand partition was done so softly that no sound reached her ears. The next Alice did know a strong hand clutched her throat, and she was dragged through the door into the secret passage. The man who caught her thus was none other than the one-eyed Highbinder who had stood guard over Old King Brady at his Chinese dinner. He carried a lantern in his hand, and this he flashed in Alice's face.

"I've got you," he said in Chinese. "This is good luck. Also it was an accident. Come! The boss is waiting. This ends you."

Thus they passed to the two iron doors. The Highbinder produced a key, and opened the right-hand door, locking it behind him. Here there was a short flight of steps, which led up to a place where there were two more doors. Again the Highbinder chose the right-hand door, and behind it were more steps. They ascended into a small room which was elaborately furnished in Chinese style. The Highbinder whistled. Out from behind a curtain came the tall man with the dark mustache who had captured Alice in Chatham Square. His eyes glistened as he looked upon the disguised girl. He said:

"Leave us. Here is your reward."

He handed the Highbinder a roll of bills, and the fellow passed behind the curtain.

"And now, what have you to say for yourself?" demanded the man, producing a revolver. "What were you doing in that room? Answer or I'll pull your pig-tail out by the roots!"

With his disengaged hand he knocked Alice's hat off, and seized her by the twisted-up false pig-tail. Off came the whole outfit, and the girl's natural hair was revealed.

"Great heavens! You are Alice!" he exclaimed.

"Well?" replied Alice, in her natural voice.

"For heaven sake, what brings you here in this disguise?"

"My dear sir, I am only following out the instructions was told that I had better turn detective. I have done so. I am helping the Bradys in one of their Chinese cases, that is all."

"So? And what case?"

"That I decline to answer."

"I shall not attempt to force the information from you. Nor does it particularly concern me. The fact is, Alice, I don't know the people in this place, with the exception of the man who captured you; nor do I care anything about them. The trap was set for another. You sprung it, and here you are. And surprised you are no doubt, but I

tell you straight that you are not half as much surprised as I am myself."

"And what is coming next?" demanded Alice. "Am I to be held a prisoner again?"

"I will answer that question by asking another. Have you recovered any more of your memory than when I saw you last?"

"No. I am just the same."

"In that case you shall go your way and I shall go mine. I hope you were satisfied with the treatment you received at my hands?"

"I don't know whether to be satisfied or not."

"The sum given you is a large one."

"Perhaps it is but a very small fraction of what I am entitled to at your hands."

The man gave a curious smile.

"Behind it is a door. I shall pass out through that door and lock it. Have you a watch?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Note the time. In exactly half an hour the door will be unlocked on the outside. You will then pass through it. You will find yourself in a passage where there is a flight of stairs which will take you down to Pell street. Follow up your detective work, but take my advice and beware of Chinese cases, for in them lies special danger to you. You had better put on your wig again. You make a splendid Chinaman. I compliment you. I never dreamed that you were other than what you seemed to be. Now let us shake hands, and it's good luck to you, and good-by."

Alice shook hands, and the man passed from view behind the curtain.

A few seconds later and she pulled it aside. He was gone, and there was the locked door, as he had said. Deeply puzzled, Alice waited for fifteen minutes. Then it occurred to her that she might return by the way she had come. She started to do so, but at the foot of the stairs she encountered the locked door. She was just about to retreat when it seemed to her that an earthquake had taken place. Something came heavily against the door on the other side. It was forcibly burst open, the wood-work about the lock being torn away. In rushed Young King Brady, followed by three policemen.

"Here's one of them now!" cried one of the officers.

But Harry recognized Alice, of course.

"Don't touch that fellow! He's one of our men!" he cried, with a jubilant look at Alice. "We are raiding the place," he added to her. "Tell me, is there anything worth while up these stairs?"

"Nothing," replied Alice promptly.

"Then we join Old King Brady."

Evidently the old detective had gone through the left-hand door, which had been burst in like the other. With Harry and Alice in the lead the policeman ran along a passage, coming to a flight of stairs leading down. Loud cries could be heard below, and a few shots were fired. Hurrying on, they burst into a room, to find Old King

Brady and other policemen in the act of rounding up the Chinese coiners. It was a full-fledged coiners' plant. The gold shells lay upon a long table, and a pot of molten metal bubbled over a furnace. Old King Brady had Dr. Hop Low covered, and two Chinamen lay wounded upon the floor. The raid had been a complete success. To prevent any chance of the gang slipping through their fingers the Bradys had stationed policemen both at the Mott and Pell street entrances to the underground den. They came in through the Mott street cellar, and now they had met with complete success. Dr. Hop Low and the six Chinamen who had dined with Old King Brady were all arrested. Much gold and many thousand counterfeit coins, as well as much valuable apparatus, was captured. Charley Ching was found locked up in a vault. Why the counterfeiters had decided not to kill him the Bradys never learned. He did not recognize Dr. Hop Low. The prisoners were promptly marched to the Elizabeth street station, and locked up. There was great excitement in Chinatown that night. Charley Ching and Quong Lee were well paid for their services. Jim Yup, thanks to Old King Brady's liberality, got \$200 instead of the promised \$100, but he had no information to give. Later the coiners all got long terms in States prison, which sentences they are serving now, and the Bradys came in for the usual Secret Service fees. But Mott street's deepest mystery still remained unsolved. We refer, of course, to Alice. The Highbinder was not captured, although Old King Brady caused a thorough search to be made for the fellow, in which he and Harry joined. Neither was anything learned of Alice's mysterious friend or enemy—it was hard to determine which the dark man was. Old King Brady brought every pressure to bear upon Dr. Hop Low to help them. But the coiner declared in the most positive manner that he knew nothing of Alice or the dark man. He claimed that the Highbinder was a stranger, and had been but just engaged. Even an offer to get him a pardon had no effect on this Chinese doctor. He declared that he could not tell what he did not know. And so the detectives found themselves with Alice and an unsolved mystery upon their hands when all was over. And such was the unsatisfactory ending of the case of The Bradys and Dr. Hop Low.

#### THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE BEAUMONT OIL KING; or, THREE 'BADMEN' FROM TEXAS," which will be the next number (416) of "Secret Service."

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