

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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

No. 429.

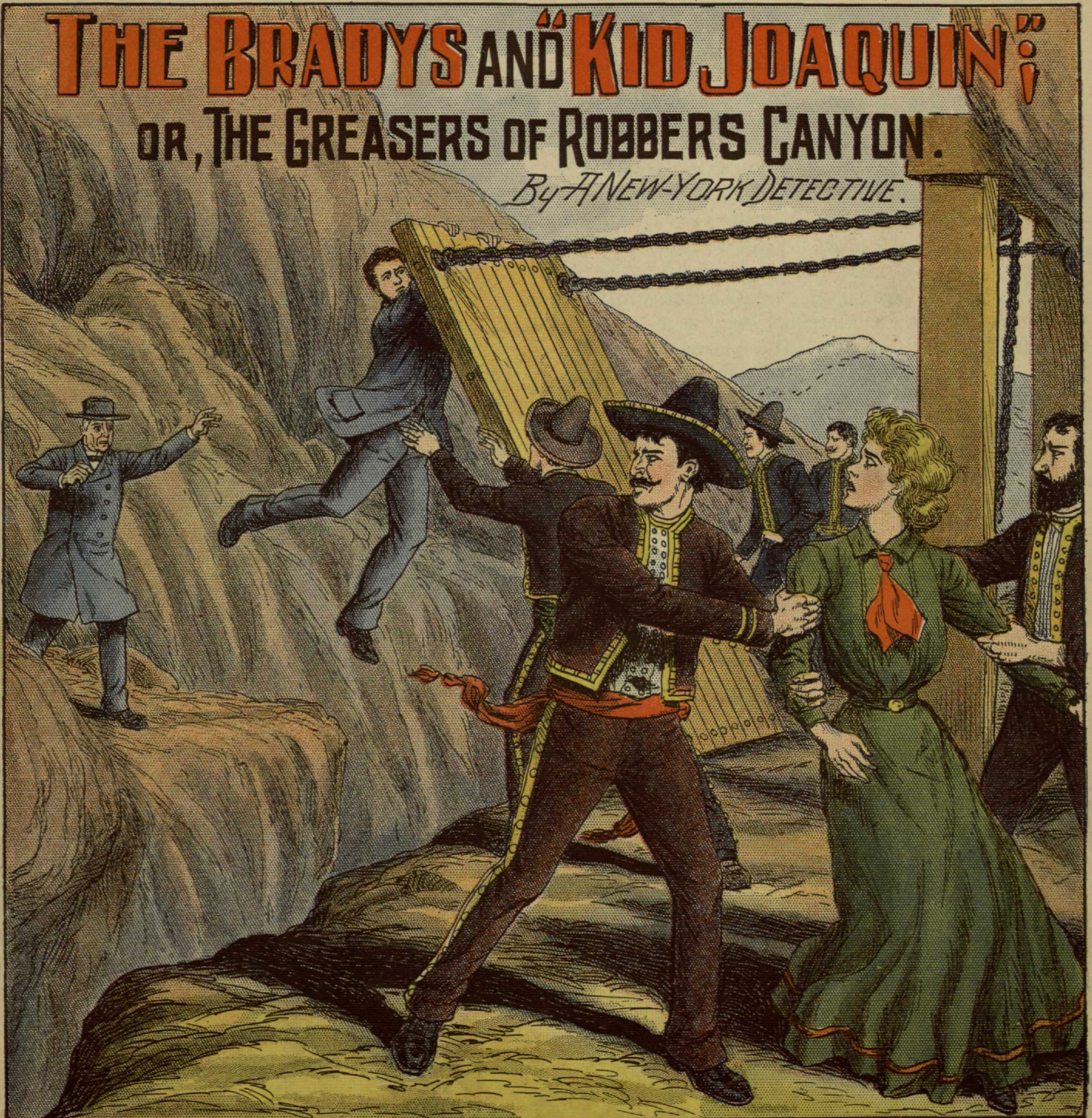
NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND "KID JOAQUIN";

OR, THE GREASERS OF ROBBERS CANYON.

*By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.*



The situation was terrible. Alice screamed as the two Greasers dragged her away. Harry clung desperately to the platform, but his weight seemed insufficient to move it. Old King Brady could do nothing, for the rift yawned at his feet.



# SECRET SERVICE

## OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, March 1, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1907, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 429.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE RAID ON THE WILDING RANCH.

"Look up, woman! Look up!"

The speaker was a young man, clad in the fancy Mexican costume of the olden time.

He stood beside a bed upon which lay stretched an elderly woman.

The room was handsomely furnished. Outside the door stood two men, typical Mexican Greasers.

They held revolvers and were evidently desperate enough for any foul deed.

In the corner of the room crouched an old Mexican woman telling her beads and pattering whispered prayers.

"Look up, woman! Look up!"

Again the young Mexican said it.

He was a handsome fellow after his kind.

Long black hair hung from beneath his antique, bell-crowned hat, his eyes were like black diamonds in brilliancy.

But his curly black mustache failed to conceal the cruel lines of his mouth.

Clearly he was a man to be feared.

"Look up, woman! Look up!"

For the third time he said it.

And yet the stricken figure on the bed never moved.

Her face was as white as death.

Her eyes were closed; she seemed like one stricken suddenly by some dreadful crushing blow.

"Holy Mother, send curses upon him!" pattered the old woman in the corner, dropping another bead. "San Antonio, send curses upon Kid Joaquin, who has stolen our one live lamb!"

The chief of the Greaser band, for such the young man was, drew his revolver and pointed it at the old woman.

"Peace, old mother," he said in Spanish. "Remember that curses, like chickens, come home to roost. Put another on my head and I'll blow your beads down your throat."

"Do it! Do it!" shrieked the old woman. "Since you have stolen Miss Etta I care not to live."

"Hold your clatter, woman, and listen to me. I have something I would say to the madam before I depart."

"You have said enough. You have killed her."

"Lies! It is only a fainting fit. Arouse her! I can't stay here all day!"

Old Margarita, faithful servant of Colonel Wilding, of

the far-famed Wilding Ranch, in Southern Arizona, staggered to her feet.

"It would be a mercy to leave her alone," she snapped. "You have robbed her of her only child, let her die in peace!"

"Rouse her!" thundered Kid Joaquin.

Margarita applied smelling salts.

"Senora! Senora!" she called again and again.

At last the eyes opened.

"My child!" gasped Mrs. Wilding. "Give me back my child!"

Kid Joaquin snatched the beads from Margarita.

"Hear me, Mrs. Wilding!" he said, kissing the crucifix attached. "I swear to you by this sacred thing that it is not as you think. I will not harm a hair of your daughter's head. I have stolen her from you for a purpose, which I care not to reveal. Be patient. In due time she shall be returned to you unharmed."

"Monster!" screamed the woman. "Do not add perjury to your other crimes! Restore my child!"

"You have heard me. I am a man of my word. Adios, senora! You shall see your child again."

He strode from the room, having tossed the rosary to Margarita, who was again showering maledictions upon his head.

His followers kept close behind him.

Three others armed with rifles stood outside.

Upon the ground lay the corpses of three cowboys.

They had been shot dead.

Further on were two others, wounded and bleeding.

In the distance a mounted band riding rapidly in the direction of the Sierra de Antonez Range, across the line in Sonora, could be distinctly seen.

Still further in the distance floated a vast cloud of dust.

This marked the position of Colonel Wilding's herds of cattle, now being driven off the range into Mexico by the Greaser band.

Vaulting into the saddle upon the back of a black broncho, Kid Joaquin gave the word, and, with his five followers as a bodyguard, went dashing towards the Mexican line.

And this is what happened immediately after the raid on the Wilding Ranch on the afternoon of the 5th of June, 190—.

And the one cry of the stricken woman upon the bed was:

"Oh, if the Bradys had only come! If they would only come now and save my child!"

They were coming.

Precisely at the instant when Kid Joaquin kissed the crucifix, as nearly as could afterwards be calculated, the three partners of the Brady Detective Bureau of New York left the train at Nogales.

They were Old King Brady, of world-wide fame as a detective; Young King Brady, his pupil and partner, and Alice Montgomery, the female partner of the firm.

Old King Brady, as usual, was attired in his peculiar dress.

He wore a long blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar and a big white hat with an extraordinarily wide brim.

This, probably, was how he came to be so promptly recognized by Kit Hudson, Colonel Wilding's righthand man.

"Say, pard, be you Old King Brady?" demanded the grizzled old cowpuncher, bustling up.

"I am," replied the detective.

"You're the Secret Service people what Kun'l Wilding has sent from Washington to put Kid Joaquin and his Greasers out of business?"

"From New York. It is all the same. Who may you be, friend?"

"Waal, I'm Kit Hudson, old scout and spy."

"Ah! Glad to see you, Kit. We were told to inquire for you at this point."

"Exactly. Waal, yer don't hev to. I'm hyar, and I've got the hosses ready to take you over to the Wilding Ranch."

"That is good. We are ready to go right now."

"And I'm ready to pilot you. I was told to hev three hosses an' I done it, but I didn't think one was to be rid by a woman."

"This is my partner, Young King Brady, and Miss Alice Montgomery, also our partner."

"Yaas. It's all right, I s'pose, but what in thunder kin a woman do hunting a bunch of dirty Greasers like them what trains with Kid Joaquin?"

"Oh, Mr. Hudson, you may find me of more use than you imagine," said Alice with a smile.

"Miss Montgomery usually accompanies us on our expeditions," added Old King Brady.

"Waal, I s'pose it's all right," said Kid. "Kin you ride a broncho, miss?"

"Perfectly well."

"That's lucky. I hain't got no kerridge for yer. This way, please. Mrs. Wilding is worried to death for yer, 'cause she heard in a roundabout way through an Injin that the Kid wuz moving north through Sonora and meant to attack our ranch. Likely thar hain't nothing in the rumor, though."

Kit Hudson led the way to the principal saloon in Nogales.

In front of this place, the "Ten Nuggets," four bronchos, ready saddled, were tied to the hitching bar.

The Bradys and their escort mounted and rode off in the direction of the Wilding Ranch, ten miles away.

The circumstances under which these famous detectives had come out to South Arizona may be briefly told.

Colonel Wilding, territorial representative in Congress from Arizona, was but one of many rancheros in Pima, Cochise and Santa Cruz counties who had been plagued by Kid Joaquin.

These gentlemen had petitioned Colonel Wilding to obtain government assistance to down this Mexican bandit and his robber band.

Not caring to make an international question of it by sending troops, the Secret Service Bureau had been given charge of the matter.

They in turn had handed it over to the Brady Detective Bureau.

For, as is well known, the Bradys have ways of their own of putting down the wild outlaws of the Far West.

Usually they are successful.

But Kid Joaquin's case was exceptional, since it involved work on both sides of the international boundary.

That any special aid would be rendered by the Mexican Government was something not to be expected.

The Bradys were depending upon themselves.

But they had come all too late.

Before they had covered five miles an Indian boy came galloping up to them and reined in.

"Hello, El Sabio!" shouted Kit. "What in thunder brings you hyar?"

The boy was a Papago, one of the civilized tribes of Arizona.

"El Sabio" means the "wise one."

Most of the Papagoes have fancy Spanish names.

"Trouble," replied El Sabio. "Kid Joaquin has hit the ranch."

"Thunder and guns! You don't say so!" roared Kit. "Then what we heard was true, after all."

"They have driven off all the stock on the South range," continued El Sabio.

He seemed to gloat over his startling budget of information and to be determined to let it out only in bits.

"Bad job that," said Old King Brady when Kit only groaned.

"There's worse yet," added "the wise one."

"Out with it all, you!" cried Kit.

"They killed Ben Bullock, Jim Slingers and Tote Beasley," replied El Sabio, turning on his news spigot again.

"Oh, if I was only young again!" groaned Kit. "I'd blame soon get on the trail of the dirty Greaser and twist a knife in his black heart."

"They wounded Ted Simpson and Charley Murphy," added the boy stolidly.

"And where are the rest of the boys? What were they doing?" roared Kit.

"Dunno," replied El Sabio. "Some of 'em were up on the North range at the branding, mebbe the rest was killed out on the South range, or mebbe they were carried off by the gang, but there's wuss yet, Mr. Kit."

"If you don't tell us the hull business in two words, you little red rat, I'll break every bone in your body," hollowed Kit.

"They carried off Miss Etta," said El Sabio, "and Mrs. Wilding is almost crazy. Margarita says she'll either go daffy or die."

"On!" cried Old King Brady. "We are badly needed at the Wilding ranch, it seems. Not another instant must be spent talking here!"

And away they flew at full speed, with El Sabio well in the rear, for Kit had struck at him with his whip when he let out his climax and cussed him for a fool.

And such were the circumstances under which the Bradys came to the Wilding ranch.

They found everything in dire confusion.

Several cowboys were in from the North range of this big ranch and were in charge of the place.

Mrs. Wilding, upon being informed that the Bradys had arrived, immediately desired that Old King Brady should be taken to her bedside.

Thus from the afflicted woman's own lips the old detective heard the story of the raid.

Old King Brady is a man of a strongly sympathetic nature.

"Really, Mrs. Wilding, sad as all this is, I do not think you have reason to feel so keenly anxious on your daughter's account as you otherwise would," he said.

"I have had many dealings with outlaws on both sides of the line," he added, "and it is my belief that when Kid Joaquin took that oath on the crucifix he was entirely in earnest and meant just what he said. Believe me, my dear lady, your daughter will not be harmed."

"But why, unless he intended harm to her, should he carry her away?" demanded Mrs. Wilding, somewhat reassured.

"That is the mystery of it," replied the old detective. "That there is a mystery seems certain. The man would never have gone to the trouble of doing what he did unless he had some very unusual reason. What that reason may be I cannot say. Solving mysteries is the business of the Bradys, and you are safe to leave it in our hands."

"Restore my child, Mr. Brady!" cried the woman, half-rising. "Bring her back to me and there is no charge you may make which my husband will not promptly meet."

"It shall be done if it is in the power of man to do it," replied Old King Brady solemnly.

"And now," he added, "I must leave you and get to my work."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN OF THE DESERT.

Before leaving Mrs. Wilding the unhappy woman told Old King Brady to make use of anyone connected with the ranch in any way he pleased.

Kit Hudson was the manager and the old detective communicated these orders to him.

"Waal," said Kit, "I'm at your service, Cap. You know, of course, if we get ketched over the line under arms thar's likely to be trouble."

"I am prepared for that," replied Old King Brady. "What we want first are a few particulars about this gang."

"Waal."

"How strong is it?"

"'Bout thirty was hyar, one of the wounded cowboys says."

"Is their holdout known?"

"It is said to be in the Canyon de Ladrones, what in English means Robber's Canyon, up in the Sierra de Antunez range."

"Which are the mountains in Sonora we see from here?"

"Yes."

"How many men can be spared off this ranch?"

"None, very well."

"There are ranches on both sides of us, I believe?"

"Yes. They'll let you have men."

"We cannot take many. Ten at the outside."

"That's right. If you go in force the Greasers will jail you sure, but what's ten against thirty?"

"Never mind about that. That is for me to attend to. Now, Kit, the first thing is to get on this trail while it's hot."

"You are dead right, Cap."

"So you and my partner must start at once. I will get my force together as soon as possible and follow."

"It's what orter be did, Cap."

"I am glad you agree with me."

"How shall we arrange it that you can hold our trail?"

"My partner will attend to that. He is well accustomed to my methods."

"All right. I'll get the hosses and the grub, while you fix it up with him."

Old King Brady now joined his partners.

"You will go forward with Kit Hudson, Harry," he said. "It might rain, in which case we lose the trail. Alice will follow with me when I get the men together."

"I am ready for anything," replied Harry, "but let me make a suggestion."

"Well?"

"As I understand it, the part of Sonora south of here is the Yaqui country."

"The Yaquis sometimes raid through there, I believe."

"Not that I fear them."

"They are to be feared."

"Oh, I know, but that is not what I am driving at. Does Kit speak the Yaqui language?"

"Probably not."

"Then if that Papago boy who came out to meet us can talk their patter, I should like to take him along."

"I see no objection unless Kit does."

Kit didn't.

"You are dead right," he said when Harry explained his purpose. "We might run into the Yaquis. It would be a bad job."

"Can El Sabio speak Yaqui?"

"Dunno."

"Call him, please, and we will see."

The boy came.

He informed Harry that while the Yaqui language differed somewhat from the Papago, he would have no difficulty in making himself understood.

Thus it was decided that El Sabio should accompany Harry and Kit.

Young King Brady provided himself with a bunch of short sticks, which were to be thrown down from time to time to mark the trail if necessary.

About five o'clock they started.

Before six they had crossed the line and were in Mexico.

Thus far the trail of the stolen cattle was so plainly marked that there was no possibility of going wrong.

The Greasers appeared to be heading straight for Robber's Canyon.

"Will they run the cattle up the canyon?" Harry inquired.

"Not likely," replied Kit. "No doubt they have sold them in advance to some Mexican rancher, who will run them off. That's their style."

"Then, by following the cattle trail, we are liable to miss the Greasers."

"That's right. We have got to keep a sharp lookout."

This part of Sonora is a sandy desert, and practically uninhabited.

Kit told Harry that the Greasers had avoided every turnoff which would take them to a town.

By eight o'clock it was quite dark and the tracing of the trail had to be done with lanterns hung to their saddles.

By half-past eight Harry suddenly drew rein.

"They halted here," he exclaimed.

"Good boy," said Kit. "You know your business. That's what they did."

They dismounted, and, leaving El Sabio to mind the horses, Harry and Kit carefully examined the trail.

"Well," said Kit at last, "what do you make out of it, son?"

"They were met by another party here," replied Harry.

"Right."

"The cattle went off to the southeast with a big escort."

"Correct."

"Five horses moved southwest."

"That's so. Say, I wouldn't have believed that any tenderfoot could have read the trail so true."

"We steer southwest, Kit. No doubt that's the way the girl was taken."

"You're boss. Same time I say the same."

They returned to El Sabio.

The boy was all in a tremble.

"There's going to be trouble, Mr. Kit," he said.

"Hello!" cried Kit. "What in thunder is the matter with you?"

"I seen a star fall out of the sky."

"You did, hey? Waal, they'll all come tumbling down some of these days."

"It is nothing, El Sabio," said Harry. "That was just a shooting star. We saw it. Surely you must have seen the same thing many times before."

"Lots of times," replied the "wise one," "but down here it brings bad luck."

"What do you mean? Come, tell us, so that we may know what you are driving at."

"Four years ago I was down here with my uncle. We saw a star fall out of the sky and that night we met the headless horseman."

"Looker hyar," broke in Kit, "you don't mean that. I thought he never came so far west as this."

"We met him," persisted El Sabio, stolidly. "My uncle was killed in a fight at Ojo Caliente next day. He said death would come of it, and so it did."

"Rats," said Kit. "You can't kill a Papago with an axe. Your uncle got drunk and ugly, I s'pose."

The "wise one" acknowledged this.

Harry spoke soothingly to the boy, and in a measure succeeded in quieting his fears.

They started on, following the southwest trail.

Harry marked this with his sticks.

Once they were under way, Harry tackled Kit, who rode close alongside, on the headless horseman question.

El Sabio was too far behind to catch what was being said.

"It's true," declared Kit.

"Do you mean to tell me that a man without a head rides about on this desert."

"To the eastward," said Kit. "I know lots who have seen him."

"You consider him a ghost—a spirit?"

"Sure I do. It's death to meet him, just like the boy says."

"Why, I have heard that yarn all my life, Kit."

"So have I."

"I should have supposed you were too sensible a man to believe it."

"That's all right, young feller, but facts is facts."

"What does he look like?"

"Waal, he's a man, ridin' on a white broncho; he hain't got no head on his shoulders, but he carries it on the saddle before him with the eyes all blazing."

"Does he never cross the line?"

"He used to in old times. Now he sticks to Mexico."

"He must be a Mexican ghost, then."

"Mebbe he is. I dunno. I should awfully hate to meet him just the same."

"It's just the other way with me. I should enjoy having a little chat with this remarkable person, above all things."

"You would, hey? Waal, Brady, I'll tell you how it would be with me in that case."

"Tell it."

"If I was down hyar alone on my own business, and I was to meet the headless horseman, it would be the back track for me just as sure as I'm sitting in this hyar saddle, but, seeing as it's Miss Etta I'm after, all the ghosts from hyar to that furthest star you kin see up thar above us, would not send me back."

"Spoken like a man, Kit. But now be sensible."

"I claim to be."

"This yarn of the headless horseman is an old one."

"I know that, all right."

"Probably some crazy man has been seized with the idea of impersonating him."

"Waal, it may be so. Just the same, I don't want none of him in mine."

They kept on for about an hour.

Harry's intention was to ride until far into the night, or as long as the horses would hold out.

Meanwhile the trail of the five continued to remain plainly marked.

It was somewhere along about midnight when they saw for the first time since darkness had settled down over this lonely region a light in the distance.

The old scout was the first to catch it.

"Something doing at last, son," he said. "See that ar' light?"

"I do now that you call my attention to it," replied Harry. "What do you make of it, Kit?"

"Don't make nothing of it yet."

"Can it be that we are coming to a town?"

"Kid Joaquin will steer clear of towns surest thing."

"A ranch, then?"

"Might be, it's more likely, though, it is their camp."

"I was thinking the same thing myself. How far off should you say the light was?"

"A good five miles, at least."

"Let us halt a minute and see if it is moving or stationary."

They reined in.

"It is coming towards us," said El Sabio promptly.

"That's what," added Kit.

"We had better put out our own lights and wait for it to pass," said Harry.

"We sure had, son," replied Kit.

They waited.

"It's a man on horseback," said the "wise one," after a minute.

And his voice showed his fears.

Kit said nothing.

"You think the same, Kit?" asked Harry.

"Yaas," drawled Kit.

Of course, with the talk about the headless horseman still fresh, Young King Brady knew what must be in the minds of these two simple ones.

On came the light.

It was so near now that they could see it move up and down with the lope of the horse.

It was not heading directly for them.

On the contrary, it kept somewhat to their left.

"If that feller has got a lantern he carries it on the saddle right in front of him," remarked Kit, grimly, after a little.

Young King Brady got out a powerful nightglass, which is part of his outfit, and turned it upon the moving light.

What he saw he kept to himself.

The figure on the horse he could distinguish only in dim outline.

It looked like a woman with a shawl thrown over her head.

But the object on the saddle was for all the world like a skull with light streaming from both eye sockets.

Here was mystery.

Harry loves it.

Had he been alone he would have promptly started to head off this strange rider.

But he had Kit and the "wise one" to think about.

For the sake of their peace of mind he devoutly hoped the mysterious rider might pass without exciting their superstitious fear.

But this was not to be.

Suddenly the rider swerved and came straight for them.

It took but a few minutes to bring the climax.

"Thunder and guns!" muttered Kit.

"The headless horseman!" yelled El Sabio.

He was off like a flash.

"We are done for, but I don't budge," said Kit.

Harry could see that his face was deathly white, dim as the light was.

On came the mysterious rider.

It was certainly a figure dressed like a man.

A red serape, or Mexican cloak, was thrown over the shoulders. This covered the place where the head ought to be.

On the saddle in front of this strange object was a grinning skull.

The light streamed out of the eyeless sockets.

Suddenly the hand went up.

The skull was in it.

The rider waved the thing about and came steadily on.

It was too much for Kit.

With a frightened cry, he put spurs to his horse and was off over the desert.

"Wait for me, Kit!" shouted Young King Brady.

He drew his revolver and sat waiting for what was to come.

### CHAPTER III.

#### OLD KING BRADY AND ALICE GET INTO JAIL.

Old King Brady kept busy until far into the night.

Distances are great in the part of the world in which the old detective now found himself.

It was ten miles to one of the neighboring ranches and six to the other.

Before he could pick up the men he desired Old King Brady was forced to visit both.

Meanwhile Alice remained at the Wilding ranch and did her best to comfort the bereaved woman.

It was daybreak before they finally started on the trail.

They were escorted by twelve cowboys, under the leadership of one Buck Fuller.

Old King Brady felt somewhat dissatisfied with his outfit.

The men were distinctly of a lower grade than he had hoped for.

Worse still, none of them had ever been further into Sonora than to just cross the line.

They followed the trail to the place where the cattle had turned off.

Here a bolt was made.

Harry's sticks were promptly discovered.

Old King Brady ordered a move in the direction which they indicated.

Then trouble began.

Buck Fuller at once showed himself powerless to control his men.

A more headstrong, obstinate bunch the old detective never ran up against.

To a man they insisted upon either following the cattle trail or going back.

The other way led to the Yaqui country.

The men declared that Kid Joaquin would never have taken it.

Buck Fuller took Old King Brady's side, and a long and hot argument followed.

The end was what both feared.

The men declared that with them it was the cattle trail or nothing.

Seeing how useless it was to talk further, Old King Brady at last interfered.

"Enough said, Buck," he cried, throwing up his hand.

"Boys," he added, "you have your way, I'll have mine. I go off on the southwest trail. You do as you please. If any one of you is man enough to follow me, well and good. If not, stop behind."

And Old King Brady, with Alice, started alone on the southwest trail.

Buck Fuller came riding after them.

The rest of the men went off on the other trail.

For a few moments they rode in silence.

"Boss," broke in Buck then, "I am blamed sorry for this."

"My dear fellow, you couldn't help it," said Old King Brady quietly.

"Indeed I could not. Those fellows are all new hands at cowpunching. They are the crankiest lot I ever struck."

"It's my opinion we are better off without them."

"But what shall we do for men to fight Kid Joaquin?"

"Wait. We don't need them yet. When the right time comes, I daresay we shall be able to get help."

"Well, that's a blamed easy way of looking at it," said Buck; "but for my part I never felt so mean and small in my life."

"Enough! So long as I have one man faithful to me I am satisfied."

"Well, you can count on me, boss! I'll stick to you and the lady through thick and thin."

The ride to the point where Harry encountered the headless horseman was made without incident.

Old King Brady, who is a perfect expert in following these trails, at once halted.

"There was something doing here," he exclaimed.

"What do you see?" demanded Alice.

"Look! A rider came from the left, and then abandoning the Kid Joaquin trail, went off to the right. Ha! There is one of Harry's sticks. For some mysterious reason they seem to have abandoned the trail here."

"It's just as you say," added Buck, who took longer to convince himself of the plain facts.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Alice. "Follow Harry's trail, I suppose?"

"Yes. We want to join forces as soon as possible."

So they turned aside and followed the righthand trail.

The sticks marked the way Harry had taken for a short distance.

Soon they came to a place where the mix-up of hoof-prints on the sand showed that a halt had been made.

From here the trail led off to the southwest and was marked by the sticks.

"What can be the reason they abandoned the trail of the robbers?" questioned Alice.

"It would keep you guessing," said Buck.

"There is no use in trying to guess," added Old King Brady. "All we can do is to follow on."

They rode on for about five miles, drawing nearer all the while to the Sierra de Antunez.

At last their attention was attracted by a large party of mounted men, who suddenly rose up from some lower level and came dashing towards them.

"Hold on!" cried Buck. "Here's a bad job. If them's Kid Joaquin's bunch we are in the soup."

Old King Brady promptly halted and turned his glass upon the riders.

"They are soldiers," he said. "There are twenty-four of them."

"Bad luck," growled Buck. "I had almost as soon run into Kid Joaquin as a bunch of Mexican soldiers who think they own the earth."

But Old King Brady, who had provided himself with a passport, felt differently, and they rode on.

The troop was soon in plain sight.

The men wore the Mexican uniform, and at the head rode an officer, a pudgy little man with a gorgeous military hat.

Suddenly all halted.



The officer produced a glass and looked over Old King Brady's party.

Then turning to his men, he appeared to give some order. Instantly the soldiers broke ranks and came dashing forward on the right and left.

"Upon my word, it looks as though they were trying to surround us!" exclaimed Alice.

"It does, indeed," replied Old King Brady. "We better halt and find out what they are driving at."

The troop at once closed in on them.

The officer, riding directly up to them, announced in Spanish that they were under arrest.

"My dear sir, what does this mean?" demanded Old King Brady, Alice translating. "I am an American citizen. Of what do you charge me?"

Instead of directly answering, the officer produced a photograph and seemed to compare it with the old detective. Meanwhile Old King Brady was fumbling for his passport. To his surprise and disgust, he failed to find it.

What became of the document he never knew, but he always supposed that he must have lost it in the sleeping car.

"I am Captain Rodriguez, of the Mexican service," said the little man, pompously. "You are Dr. Carver—this man!"

He held up the photograph. It was the picture of an elderly man with a broad-brimmed hat.

Undeniably the face bore a strong resemblance to the old detective.

"That is not my picture, captain," said Old King Brady. "I am not Dr. Carver. You have mistaken your man."

"Not at all," replied the captain. "You are Dr. Carver, the American promoter, who swindled the Bank of Hermosillo out of \$10,000. He left that place with a young American woman and a man servant. You may as well give up, doctor. It is no use."

In vain Old King Brady, through Alice, protested, explaining his business and how he had lost his passport.

The captain was polite, but firm.

"They must go with him to the town of Ojo Caliente," he declared.

If it was as Old King Brady claimed he would be given a chance to prove it. Meanwhile all three were under arrest. Of course it was most annoying, but there seemed to be no help.

Captain Rodriguez professed to know nothing of Kid Joaquin. This was not so strange.

As Old King Brady learned later, the Greaser band confined their depredations to Arizona and New Mexico.

They were not recognized as outlaws in their own country. And so Old King Brady, with Alice and Buck Fuller, was escorted to Ojo Caliente, and there all were clapped into jail.

As they rode on Old King Brady kept his eyes open for Harry's trail. He soon became convinced that Young King Brady must have gone to Ojo Caliente also.

This proved to be so. As they rode into the dirty little

Sonora town, who should they see but Harry walking along the principal street in company with an old "Padre," or priest. He looked up at them with an expression of amazement. Old King Brady by a secret sign told him not to interfere then.

"It would only get Harry into trouble, too," he thought.

"He can help us better by keeping out of this mess," he said to himself.

Arrived at the jail, which was a square, white-washed adobe, with heavily-barred windows, Old King Brady demanded to be taken before the alcalde at once.

In small Mexican towns the alcalde is an officer of much power, answering to an American police judge.

Captain Rodriguez informed the old detective that the alcalde was out of town and would return "manana."

This literally means to-morrow, but the everlasting manana of the Mexicans could not be better translated than by the expression, "any old time."

Old King Brady and Buck were locked in a dirty room alive with fleas.

Alice was taken to some other part of the building.

As the iron door was locked upon them, Buck broke out with a torrent of abuse against Mexicans in general and Sonora Greasers in particular.

"I told you how it would be, boss," he said, after he had spit himself out. "These Greaser soldiers are always going on like this."

"Rest easy," replied Old King Brady. "I saw my partner on the street in the company of a priest. He will surely find some means of getting us out of our fix."

But the day dragged on, and nothing was heard from Harry. With nothing but a hard bench to sit on, Old King Brady found it pretty tedious work.

He wondered how it fared with Alice, but as no one came near them, he had no means of finding out.

The window of their cell, which was heavily barred, opened upon a "patio," or courtyard.

There was no sash, just the bars.

Along towards dusk an Indian appeared with a large earthen jar filled with soup.

Instead of opening the door, he inserted a key in the window frame and all the bars swung.

"Chupe," he said, and thrust the jar in, immediately pulling the bars back into place.

Old King Brady took particular notice of all this, of course.

"I believe I could easily open that thing if there was only some way of getting out of the patio," he thought.

"Do they expect us to eat this blame stuff with our fingers?" growled Buck.

"I imagine we are expected to drink it out of the jar," replied the old detective.

The soup was their supper. Fortunately it was good, for it was all they got. Slowly the hours dragged on.

Buck fell asleep on the bench, but Old King Brady continued to pace the floor until almost midnight.

There was not room for two on the bench, and he was

beginning to think of awakening Buck and taking his turn, when suddenly he heard a slight stir in the courtyard outside.

Stepping to the window, he was about to look between the bars when he saw a face peering in at him.

"Who are you?" demanded Old King Brady, and he felt for his electric flashlight, for in the search which was made before he was locked up, nothing had been taken from him but his revolver.

"Governor!" breathed a familiar voice.

It was Harry!

## CHAPTER IV.

### HARRY AND THE "KING OF DEATH."

Young King Brady's presence at Ojo Caliente was due entirely to the "headless horseman."

This singular rider came up to within a few yards of Harry and then drew rein.

It was light enough for Harry to size the outfit up.

It was simply a small man, with some sort of framework on his shoulders over which the red serape, or Mexican cloak, was thrown.

In the distance this strange figure certainly did bear some resemblance to a man without a head.

The skull, inside of which burned a little lamp, aided in the delusion.

But no near observer could have been deceived for an instant. Young King Brady could even see a pair of eyes peering out at him from the folds of the serape.

"Behold and tremble!" spoke a deep voice in Spanish from behind the cloak. "I am the King of Terrors. My name is Death!"

"Lunatic, surest thing," thought Harry.

"Pleased to meet your majesty," he said aloud.

"Brave one, what is thy name?"

"Harry," answered Young King Brady, but he put it in Spanish and said: "Enrequito."

"It is well! Knowest thou that for a million years I have ridden over this desert, and thou art the first man who has shown himself brave enough to stand his ground and let me approach near enough to speak."

"Is it so, your majesty? I see nothing terrible about you except that by some accident you appear to have lost your head."

"You speak the truth. Have you no curiosity to learn how such a calamity came upon me?"

"I should like to know—yes."

"It was blown off."

"By an explosion?"

"No; by the wind. I have carried it in my hand for a million years until the flesh has rotted from the bones, and now it becomes the emblem of my office. Behold the head of the King of Death!"

He waved the skull in the air, and from behind the serape Harry could hear a chuckling laugh.

"Very pretty," he said. "But I must be going, your majesty. I wish you all good luck, and——"

"Hold!" cried the King. "Not so fast. You must receive your reward!"

"And what is to be my reward?"

"Gold! Much gold!"

"Gold always comes handy. For what am I to be rewarded?"

"For your courage."

"Very good. I'm willing. Are you going to give me the gold?"

"No. It is hidden in Montezuma's cave, far up in the Sierra de Antunez, where the Yaquis lurk and the cattle robbers have their den. There it lies hidden and none knows the secret save myself and one who has sworn never to reveal it save to the man I shall designate. Enrequito, that man shall be you!"

"I am sure I am very much obliged to your majesty," replied Harry with all due gravity. "Who is this person and where am I to find him?"

"Will you swear to obey me?"

"I will."

"Swear it on the emblem of mortality. Kiss the skull."

He extended the blazing object towards Harry.

This was almost too much.

Still Young King Brady resolved to humor him.

"Am I to take it?" he asked.

"No. Move forward. I will press it to your lips."

And as Young King Brady came closer he did this.

"Swear to obey me!" shouted the King in a terrible voice.

And Harry answered: "I swear."

"It is well," said the King, restoring the skull to its position on the saddle. "Now, take this token to the Padre Perez at Ojo Caliente and tell him that you received it from King Death."

He placed a tiny box in Harry's hand, and, without another word, wheeled around and went dashing off over the desert.

Wondering what he had come into possession of, Harry opened the box, which was a cheap pasteboard affair, and found lying upon a bed of cotton a tiny gold image of an eagle. He flashed his lantern upon it.

The thing was evidently Aztec work and ancient.

Young King Brady had seen similar things in museums in New York.

"I am going to do as this man tells me," he said to himself. "If there is anything in what he says, then Padre Perez must know the exact location of Robber's Canyon, which is precisely what we want to find out."

He turned and rode away from the trail, dropping the sticks as he went.

"Kit!" he shouted. "Oh, Kit! Give me the call!"

He could see nothing of the old scout, but in a moment he heard him calling.

Pushing on, Kit and El Sabio came riding towards him. "Waal!" cried Kit. "So he's gone and you are still alive!"

Harry determined to have a little fun out of the adventure.

"Alive, and that's about all," he said in a trembling voice. "Great heavens, Kit, I wouldn't go through that again for a million."

"What did I tell yer?"

"Did the spirit speak to you?" demanded El Sabio in an awe-stricken voice.

"Oh, yes, we had a long talk."

"You're a dead one, boss."

"Not so fast, El Sabio. He told me when I should die, and it's not for awhile yet, thank goodness."

"Looker hyar, boy, was it really?" demanded Kit.

"Was it really what?"

"A feller without a head?"

"Why, sure."

"A spirit?"

"That's what he said. He told me he had been riding about that way for a million years."

"By gaul, I wouldn't do what you done for all the gold in Arizona!"

"You don't catch me doing it again then."

"What else did he tell you?"

"He told me a lot which he made me swear on the skull he carries not to reveal, but among other things he told me that if I wanted to find Etta Wilding, I must go to Ojo Caliente and see a padre named Perez and take a message which he gave me. He said that if I would oblige him by doing that success was sure."

"Waal, you better do it," said Kit, after a little. "This is a strange business. I dunno what to think."

Harry had now stuffed them full.

Whether Kit had any suspicions that he was being fooled or not, El Sabio certainly had none.

"You must do just as the spirit tells you," said the "wise one." "If you don't you will be struck dead."

"I dunno the way to Ojo myself," said Kit; "but mebbe El Sabio does."

"Sure I do!" cried the boy. "I can tell by the stars."

He studied the heavens for a few minutes and then declared that he could pilot them to Ojo Caliente.

Whatever his method was, he was certainly successful, for in due time they saw the lights of the town and they arrived there in time to get rooms at the pasada, or inn, before it closed for the night.

All the way Kit kept trying to question Harry further about the headless horseman.

But Young King Brady staved him off, and at last flatly refused to talk any more about the matter.

Harry now determined to remain at Ojo Caliente until Old King Brady joined him.

Immediately after breakfast next morning he set out to hunt up Padre Perez.

He readily learned his address, which was on the outskirts of the little town.

The padre, it appeared, was a man well advanced in years and had long been on the retired list.

Harry went alone to his house, which was a little adobe standing alone on the edge of the desert.

The padre himself answered his rap.

"Peace be with you, my son," he said in the old Spanish style. "You are welcome to my house, and if I may serve you tell me how and it shall be done."

"I come on rather a peculiar errand, father," replied Harry. "To begin with, before I attempt to explain let me hand you this."

He produced the box and laid the golden eagle in the hand of the old priest.

The padre gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Is it possible!" he cried. "At last, after all these years, I see this object again."

"And from whom and under what circumstances did you obtain this, young man?" he asked.

"My name is Brady," replied Harry. "I am a New York detective. With my partners, I was sent to the Wilding ranch in Santa Cruz county, Arizona, to arrange some way to suppress the Mexican bandit known as Kid Joaquin."

"Ha! That evil man?" broke in the priest. "You have undertaken a difficult task, my son."

"Perhaps so, father. But yesterday this robber band drove a large herd off the Wilding ranch and carried Colonel Wilding's daughter away captive. I started to follow the trail, and while doing so last night, I ran into a singular individual who calls himself the King of Death. By others he is known as the headless horseman of the desert."

"That is correct, my son. From that unfortunate man alone could you have received this token, with instructions to deliver it to me, which I presume you received."

"I did, father."

"You were bold to have stood your ground and talked to him. Another would have fled."

"I am not that kind."

"Did he show you his face?"

"No."

"Then you were fortunate. It is a sight you would never have forgotten."

"And why?"

"It is hideously disfigured, my son. I do not know the full history of this unfortunate man, but I know enough and have confessed him many times. Once only I looked upon his face. May heaven spare me from ever having to do it again. But tell me all, so that I may know how to act."

Harry then told the old padre all that had passed between himself and the headless horseman.

"It is well," said the priest. "I promised him to do just what he says; that is, to reveal the location of this supposed treasure to whoever brought me this token."

"This unfortunate man is one Senor de Cordova. As you suppose, he is hopelessly mad. Twenty years and more ago he was making archæological investigations in this part of Mexico. He was captured by the fierce Yaqui Indians in the Antunez range. By them he was horribly tortured and his face disfigured. His reason fled, and since then he goes about as you saw him. The reason of all this is because he discovered a cave in which the Yaquis have stored an immense quantity of golden images like the one you have brought me, as he says."

"And you doubt his story, father?"

"I neither believe nor disbelieve, my son. Who can rely upon the words of a madman? To me alone has he told this. He comes to me in the dead of night to be confessed, poor man, he who has passed beyond the power of sin. At one of these times he gave me a paper and a map containing minute directions how to reach this cave. He made me swear never to go there, but to deliver the paper and the map to whoever presented the token. They are yours, my son."

"It is a doubtful honor. I have no time for gold hunting."

"I should suppose not. That unfortunate girl must be rescued. Listen, I alone am safe in the canyons of the Antunez, where the Yaquis lurk, with the exception of this robber band, who share their spoils with the Indians and poor De Cordova himself."

"What, he lives there?"

"So he tells me. The Yaquis will not harm him. They regard him as a man possessed of an evil spirit and fear him. Just where or how he lives I do not know, but it is somewhere in the range."

"And your safety from the Yaquis came how, father?"

"I am the confessor of the few of that fierce tribe who are Christians. Also of the robbers. Would that I could turn them from their evil ways."

"Is it so? And you know their camp?"

"Perfectly well. It is in the Canyon Ladrones, well named as matters stand now."

Harry began to see how important a person he had come up with.

He now told of the action of Kid Joaquin and the oath he had taken on the crucifix.

"He will keep it," said the padre emphatically. "The maid will be restored to her home."

"But why did he take her away?"

"My son," said Padre Perez, "give me time to think over this matter. Come again in an hour. I may be able to help you. Meanwhile take what you have claimed, and with it an old man's advice. Have nothing to do with this cave of gold."

The old padre arose, and, walking to a queer old mahogany desk which stood in one corner, he took from a secret drawer a roll of paper which he placed in Harry's hands.

"You speak excellent Spanish," he said. "If you read it as well you will find food for thought here. But remember the old padre's advice. To meddle with the treas-

ure house of Montezuma, as the Yaquis believe the cave to be, is to court the fate of poor De Cordova, which God forbid may ever be yours, my son."

Harry now withdrew.

Hurrying back to the pasada, he shut himself up in his room and examined the roll.

It consisted of a map of which he could make but little and a description of the cave of gold and how to get to it. The document was too lengthy for us to give it here.

As for the gold itself, it stated that it consisted entirely of the images of men and animals; that it was stored in a hundred big earthen jars, and that it had been hidden in the cave by the Aztec priests to prevent it falling into the hands of Cortez and his followers when Mexico was conquered by the Spaniards three hundred and fifty years ago. At the end of the hour Harry returned to Padre Perez's house.

"I have thought it well over, my son," said the priest, "and I have come to the conclusion that if your principal, Old King Brady, will send his armed men back to Arizona and accept me as a guide and mediator, that I will go with you to the Robber's Canyon and order Kid Joaquin to deliver the girl into your hands."

"Speaking for myself, I should ask for nothing better," replied Harry. "I also think that Old King Brady will agree with me, but as to that of course I cannot say."

"He will come here?"

"I expect him."

"Then we can only wait until he comes. It will be a hard journey for me, but I am willing to undertake it for the sake of this unfortunate girl, whose father I have met, and who, with her parents, is a member of our holy church."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BRADYS REACH ROBBER'S CANYON.

"How long are you in for, Governor?" asked Harry between the bars.

"For life, I guess, unless you can get me out, boy?" chuckled the old detective. "Whatever brought you here?"

"Came to get you and Alice out of jail, of course."

"And can you do it?"

"That remains to be seen."

"Not so loud! You will be heard."

"No danger! The jailer and all his family have gone to a fandango up in town. Besides ourselves, there isn't a soul about the place."

"Good enough. In that case the quicker we get busy the better. Have you seen Alice?"

"No. Where is she?"

"I haven't the most remote idea."

"For heaven sake! I hope she is somewhere about this

premises. I hear they took you for an American swindler, one Captain Carter."

"That's right. Who is that old priest I saw you with?"

"Oh, I'll tell you about him later. Where are your men?"

"They proved a worthless bunch. When we came to the place where the cattle trail branched off they persisted in going that way and only one followed me. He's asleep in here now."

"So much the better."

"Why do you say that. Have you caught on to anything?"

"I've caught on to lots, Governor, but no more talk now. Let me get at my skeleton keys and try my luck with the door."

"These bars are set in a frame which works like a door. The keyhole is there on your left. See what you can do with it first."

Harry did so well with it that inside of a moment he had the bars swinging outward.

Old King Brady shook up Buck Fuller, and they passed out into the patio.

"Now for Alice," said Old King Brady.

"Poor soul! I hope she hasn't suffered much," said Harry anxiously.

The truth is, Young King Brady was deeply in love with Alice.

But Alice, devoted to her chosen profession, had thus far held Harry at arms' length.

There were a dozen or more cells opening on the patio.

In one of these they found Alice asleep on an old cot bed. Harry's voice quickly aroused her.

The same key which fitted the window of Old King Brady's cell did the work for this.

"Now to get out of this infernal place before something else strikes us," said Old King Brady. "How did you get in?"

"By a ladder," replied Harry. "You noticed, I suppose, that this jail is on the outskirts of the town. I managed to get a ladder here unobserved, and, having ascertained that the jailer and his people were going to the fandango, I waited until midnight and then climbed over the roof. This way, please."

Harry led them to one corner of the patio, where the ladder stood.

It was but the work of a minute to climb up and down on the other side.

Here Harry abandoned his ladder and hurried the rescued ones over the desert.

"Where are we going?" demanded Old King Brady.

"To the house of Padre Perez," replied Harry.

"Now, listen to an odd story, you two," he whispered; "if we can only get ahead of this man!"

"Buck," said Old King Brady, "my partners and I want to talk over a little private business. Would you mind dropping behind a bit?"

"I don't mind anything," growled Buck, "so long as I

don't have to go back to them fleas again. They have the life half clawed out of me, so they have."

He fell back and Harry ran over the points of his singular adventure.

"Upon my word, this is a very peculiar business," said Old King Brady, "but I have heard of this Montezuma's treasure cave before."

"Have you?"

"Yes. It is as old a legend as that of the headless horseman."

"Then it may all be a part of this man's mad fancy."

"I am inclined to think so. However, it don't concern us."

"We have no time for treasure hunting."

"Certainly not."

"I would like to get one look at those jars of golden images just the same," said Alice.

"I'd give a lot if you were back at the Wilding ranch," replied Harry.

"I suppose you would. But I see this thing through."

"We must stick together in any case," said Old King Brady.

"What do you think of the padre's proposition, Governor?"

"I'm inclined to accept it. I should like to talk to him first, however."

"You will like him. He tried his best to persuade Captain Rodriguez to have you examined by the alcalde's assistant, but the man wouldn't listen to him."

"It would have been just as well if he had not interfered. I hope you did not tell the captain who you were?"

"I didn't go near him because you ordered me not to."

"Right. I should have had no trouble with the alcalde. I suppose he really was out of town."

"Yes. By the way, we are all ready for a start in case you consent."

"That's good. Got horses and everything?"

"Everything."

"Then we had better start to-night. I hope the padre will let Kit go with us. As for this man and the Indian boy, they had better go back."

"I am for taking the boy."

"Don't agree with you. He is liable to betray us if we get into trouble with the Yaquis. We had better trust to the priest."

"By this time they had reached the padre's house.

Ordering Buck to remain inside, Old King Brady knocked on the door.

The old padre immediately opened it.

"Ah, my son, you succeeded?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, father," replied Harry. "This is Old King Brady and Miss Montgomery, of whom I spoke."

The padre ushered his visitors in and a long conference followed.

It would have been shorter if Old King Brady had not insisted upon taking Kit along to look after the horses.

At last the priest yielded the point, and Old King Brady

having dismissed Buck Fuller with a substantial reward, Harry went for Kit.

It was arranged that El Sabio should bring his horse and Kit's to the padre's for Buck and himself and that they should at once start back for the Wilding ranch.

Soon they came. Kit readily consented to become one of the party.

Of course Harry told him nothing of the cave of gold.

By two o'clock all was in readiness, and Padre having locked up his house, they rode off in the direction of the Sierra de Antunez.

It was a two days' journey to the mouth of Robber's Canyon, according to the priest.

They made as good time as possible without forcing the horses.

At four o'clock in the afternoon at the end of the second day they found themselves far up in the range.

The ride had been performed without adventure.

Neither Indian nor white man had they seen.

Padre Perez proved a good guide.

That they were on the right track the Bradys felt assured. They followed the trail of the five outlaws to the foot of the range.

There it was necessarily lost, owing to the rocky nature of the ground.

"And this, my children," said Padre Perez, drawing rein at the mouth of a dark gorge, "is the entrance to the Canyon de Ladrones, or, as you call it, the Robber's Canyon. We had best halt for a space and arrange our plans."

"But if we are going further before dark don't you think we had best push on?" asked Old King Brady.

"My plan is different," replied the padre. "We are now only five miles from the robbers' roost. I can enter freely. It seems to me best that I should go and prepare the way."

"We are in your hands, father. Do as you will."

"It seems best so. I can find out if the maid is there and what the intentions of Kid Joaquin are towards her. Possibly I can induce him to allow her to accompany me to this place and thus avoid the necessity of a fight."

Old King Brady quietly assented.

"And so," continued the priest, "you had best go into camp here and remain until morning. If I am not back shortly after sunrise you may know that something has gone wrong."

Again Old King Brady assented.

"One thing I must tell you before I depart," added the priest, "and that is to describe the entrance to Kid Joaquin's camp. It lies on the east side of a dreadful gorge, a thousand feet deep and over, and is accessible only by a drawbridge which these robbers have constructed. Beware how you attempt to cross this bridge in case fate should take you to the camp. It can be quickly raised. A fall into the gorge means death."

Shortly after this Padre Perez rode off up the canyon, leaving the Bradys to make their camp.

"For us to go back with the Wilding girl and leave Kid

Joaquin and his gang behind us won't be very satisfactory, Governor," remarked Harry after the padre had left them.

"That is so; but what can we do?"

"Of course the girl comes first," said Alice.

"Decidedly, and I am not saying to the contrary," replied Harry.

"We are in the hands of the padre for the present," said Old King Brady. "That is why I let him go without question. Our chance to down Kid Joaquin and his gang may come later. Meanwhile let us make ourselves as comfortable here as we can."

They were on a narrow ridge far up in the range.

Above this rocky cliffs towered to a great height.

At their feet all Sonora lay spread out before them like a vast map. Harry and Kit put up the tents, which the former had procured at Ojo Caliente.

No fire was lighted, as it was not desirable to have smoke indicate their camp on account of the Yaquis.

Night settled down upon them, and it looked as though they were going to remain undisturbed.

It was a beautiful evening and every star was shining.

With Alice, Harry walked along the edge of the ridge.

"And what do you think of this part of Mexico?" he asked.

"Every country, no matter how barren and desolate, is full of interest to me," replied Alice.

"Of course one would not care to live here."

"Oh, that's a matter of choice. I daresay Kid Joaquin and his Greasers think it is about right."

Harry's arm slipped around her waist.

"If you would only listen to me," he whispered, "you could choose whatever spot on earth you please for our housekeeping."

"Come, now! No spooning, Harry," laughed Alice, removing his arm with her hand, which Harry continued to hold.

"Think of that poor girl in the hands of those dreadful Mexicans," she added. "This is no time for making love."

"Will the time ever come, Alice?"

"Perhaps, if you are sensible enough to be patient until I am ready."

"That's an old story."

"So is love-making. As old as time itself."

They had reached the mouth of the gorge.

"Is this place down on the map the headless horseman gave you?" demanded Alice.

"Oh, yes," replied Harry. "It is one of the few points which is set down so plainly that I can understand it. I believe I could follow the map all right if there was a chance."

"Listen, Harry! Isn't that a horse coming down the canyon?"

"Upon my word, it sounds like it. We had better get back. I hope there is no trouble in the wind."

They hurried back to the camp, warning Old King Brady and Kit.

The sounds, echoing between the walls of the canyon, could now be heard even at this distance.

With rifles ready for business, the Bradys and Kit waited.

In a few minutes the suspense was broken by a riderless horse, which came dashing furiously out of the canyon.

The beast was saddled, and sticking in his flanks were three arrows.

"The padre's horse!" cried Alice.

An instant later the poor animal, either blinded by pain or unable to check his speed, went flying over the precipice at the edge of the ridge, going to his death thousands of feet below.

## CHAPTER VI.

### UP AGAINST THE YAQUIS.

"That spells Yaquis!" cried Young King Brady.

"The poor old priest!" echoed Alice.

"The redskins have settled his hash, surest thing," added Kit.

"The Yaquis are the worst Indians now in existence," said Old King Brady. "Poor Perez has miscalculated his influence with them, I fear."

It indeed looked so. Alice was now sent into the tent and the Bradys and Kit ventured a short distance into the canyon. Here they remained for some time watching and listening, but nothing came of it.

"It may be pure accident," said Old King Brady at last. "The horse may have been shot at from a height by Indians, who failed to recognize the priest. It does not follow that the padre himself has been either killed or captured."

"That's one way of looking at it," replied Kit; "but I wouldn't trust a Yaqui no more'n I would a snake."

The night advanced and there was no further alarm.

Old King Brady and Alice now retired, leaving Harry and Kit on guard.

Along towards midnight Kit, who had posted himself between the mouth of Robber's Canyon and the end of the trail by which they had come up the mountains, suddenly gave a prolonged whistle.

Harry, who was pacing up and down in front of the tents, hurried to his side.

"Well," he demanded, "what's doing now?"

"Listen," said Kit. "Don't you hear horses?"

"On the trail or up the canyon?"

"Blamed if I know which. I'm sure I heard 'em, though."

"Do you hear them now?"

"No."

"Listen! Yes, I do hear something."

"So do I."

"It's on the trail."

"It seems so to me."

"We had better call Old King Brady."

Harry flew to the tent. The old detective was up and out on the instant.

"Get behind these rocks!" he said. "We can watch so and not be seen."

They stationed themselves behind some big rocks which had become detached from the cliffs. Here they had a full view of the trail. The sounds grew rapidly louder.

"One horse only," said Old King Brady.

"Right you are," added Kit.

"I see a light," cried Harry.

"Jumping gophers! It's on the front of the saddle!" groaned Kit. "You know what that means."

"Ha!" said Old King Brady, "if it is your friend, the King of Death, Harry, it will give me particular pleasure to interview his majesty."

"None on my plate," growled Kit.

The Bradys stepped out into the open.

A minute more settled it. It was indeed the headless horseman. Just as Harry had seen him he came dashing up the trail with the illuminated skull on the saddle before him. This he waved as he flew past the Bradys.

"Beware! Beware!" he shouted in Spanish. "Danger is close at hand!"

With this, the white horse and its weird rider vanished between the towering walls of Robber's Canyon.

"Interesting!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "That would make a good scene on the Bowery stage."

"Well, well, this is the limit," groaned Kit, coming out from behind the rock. "Now, one of us gets his ticket to glory, surest thing you know."

"Nonsense," replied Harry. "It's only a poor crazy man with a serape over his head."

"You didn't talk that way when you seen him the other night, young feller," mumbled Kit.

"But his warning is to be heeded just the same," said Old King Brady.

"We ought to get out of this at once," added Harry.

"Hold on, not so fast," replied the old detective. "Where shall we go?"

"That's the talk," muttered Kit. "Whichever way we go we will get it in the neck just the same."

"If he had only been a little more definite in his warning," said Harry.

"Seeing that we don't know from which direction the danger is coming, the only thing for us to do is to remain right here," said Old King Brady, "and that is what I propose to do."

"Shall we arouse Alice?" demanded Harry, knowing that this was final.

"Yes, I think it will be best," was the reply. "The tents had better be struck and the horses hidden behind the rocks, if possible."

But for all these preparations there was no time.

Harry had scarcely got Alice awake and out into the open when sounds on the trail warned the Bradys that mounted men were approaching.

The detectives were now at bay, so to speak.

It was impossible to advance far along the ridge either to the right or the left, jutting cliffs on both sides preventing. To take to the canyon would be mere folly.

There was nothing for it but to wait and face the music.

Ordering Alice to hide behind the rocks, the Bradys and Kit went into the tent, lighted a lantern and began a game of cards.

This was in the hope of throwing a bluff to the enemy which might help them out.

"If they are the Yaquis it won't work," said Old King Brady as quickly as if he had nothing on his mind, but if it proves to be Kid Joaquin's gang we may escape."

And in a few moments they heard the enemy come.

"Hey, boys, what's all this? A camp? Prospectors!" a voice shouted in Spanish.

The words were scarcely uttered when fiendish yells were heard overhead.

"Jumping gophers! The Yaquis!" groaned Kit, springing to his feet.

"Yaquis, Yaquis!" was shouted outside.

And then, before the Bradys could make a move, the climax came and in a way entirely unlooked-for.

Suddenly a crashing sound was heard. "The tent collapsed, borne down by a shower of loose rock.

The Bradys and Kit were thrown to the ground, the light was extinguished. Harry was knocked senseless by a rock striking him on the back of the head. He fell upon Old King Brady, pinning him down.

Hampered by this and the folds of the canvas, the old detective could make no move. He could hear the shouts of the Greasers and the yells of the Yaquis who had thrown down the rocks from the cliffs above.

A few shots were fired. But the Yaquis fight with poisoned arrows.

Knowing this, of course, the Greasers made no effort to hold out against them.

Old King Brady heard them go dashing into the canyon.

And just before that he heard a sound which sent despair to his heart. It was Alice's scream and appeal for help.

"Great heavens, those wretches have got her!" he groaned.

But then he reflected that it was probably better so.

At that moment he believed Harry to be dead on top of him. Not a sound had come from Kit.

"The Indians will come down after our horses," he said to himself. "This is the end for me. After all, Alice has fared the best."

Again the old detective tried to turn himself. It was useless. Both arms and legs were so caught in the canvas that with Harry's weight upon him he could not move an inch. The canvas itself was held down by the fallen rock.

Never had a situation seemed so hopeless. But the minutes passed and Old King Brady found slight relief.

The Yaquis did not come.

As he afterwards convinced himself, it would have been

impossible for them to descend the cliffs here at this point. Doubtless they had been lying in wait for the Greasers, and had now done their worst.

The minutes dragged by and not a sound broke the silence. At last, to Old King Brady's infinite relief, he felt Harry begin to move.

"Rouse yourself, boy!" he cried. "Speak! Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? Yes, no; I don't know. Something struck me on the head!"

Old King Brady encouraged him as best he could.

"Brace up! Brace up!" he said. "I don't believe you are seriously hurt."

"I don't think so either. Something struck me on the head and knocked me silly, that's all."

"It's bad enough. The Yaquis threw rocks down on us."

"Is that it? Where are those men?"

"Gone long ago."

"And Alice?"

"I am afraid they took her with them. I heard the poor girl screaming for help, which I was not able to give her."

This was enough to arouse Young King Brady to action.

He began to struggle, and at last, after tumbling a rock on Old King Brady's foot, he managed to crawl out from under the canvas, well shaken up and with a big lump on his head, but nothing worse. The rest was easy.

Harry threw the fallen pieces of rock aside, and, removing the tent, set Old King Brady free.

Poor Kit! He lay face downward, with a heavy stone on the canvas directly over his head.

Old King Brady bent down and examined him.

"Dead?" demanded Harry, gloomily.

"Not a doubt of it. I'll try again, though."

Once more the old detective listened at the heart and felt the pulse.

"If there is any life there I can't find it," he declared.

"Then, come, let us go after Alice," said Harry.

And from that time forward he moved about almost in silence. But Kit was not the only dead one.

The Bradys found three Greasers crushed to death under bigger rocks than any which had hit the tent.

Two horses had met with the same fate. The second tent was in position. The Brady horses fortunately had escaped.

"This reduces us to first principles, Harry, just you and I," said the old detective.

"It is terrible!"

"Brace up! Alice will be good for a dozen Kid Joaquins."

"That is my hope and my belief."

"We will start along up Robber's Canyon at once and see what we strike," continued Old King Brady.

During all this talk he expected every minute to pick up a Yaqui arrow from the heights above.

But nothing happened. The Bradys, abandoning their tents and one horse, now started up Robber's Canyon.



Harry began to pull himself together as soon as they were on the move.

"You don't doubt that it was Kid Joaquin's band, Governor?" he asked.

"Impossible to say. They were a big bunch of Greasers, and that's all I know."

"The Yaquis must have been laying for them. It's a wonder they did not strike at us before those fellows came."

"Indians never strike till they are good and ready."

"If I remember right it is a peculiarity of the Yaquis never to show themselves."

"That's right. They are much the same as the Apaches of Arizona used to be, always fight under cover, never in the open."

They rode on and on. The canyon seemed endless. It was so dark that they could not even see how their way lay and left that to the horses. At last Old King Brady pulled in with an exclamation of disgust.

"We must have passed the Kid's drawbridge long ago," he said. "That is, if there really is such a thing."

"I have faith in Padre Perez, Governor."

"Who can tell? He may have got a notion to go for this golden cave himself, but still I don't believe it. No use, Harry; we have got to tie up until daybreak, that's sure."

"Suppose we go back and try it again in the morning?"

Old King Brady got out his flashlight to look at his watch. No sooner had he touched the button than an arrow came whizzing past his ear.

"Great Scott! The Yaquis!" cried Harry. "Out with the light, Governor! We must fly!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### ALICE AND THE KID.

If Alice had kept her place she would not have been captured. But when the rocks came tumbling and she saw men and horses crushed beneath them, she did what almost anyone else would have done, ran out into the open. Instantly a young man with long black hair hanging down from under his bell-crowned hat gave a shout.

"A girl! The old witch was right!" he said in Spanish. "Take her, boys, and then away!"

Two sprang out of their saddles and closed on Alice before she had time to draw her revolver. That was the time she uttered the cry which Old King Brady heard.

The Greasers seized her and lifted her into the saddle in front of the dark young man as easily as if she had been a child. Realizing the utter uselessness of attempting resistance, Alice made none. Away dashed the band up Robber's Canyon, with the young man in the lead.

As soon as they were between the walls of the canyon they seemed to consider themselves safe and began to talk.

At first it was just bitter imprecations against the Yaquis. Alice drew from what was said that there had been a quarrel between this band and the Indians, formerly their friends. At length, after the horses settled down into a jog trot, Alice's captor, who had kept one arm about her, addressed her for the first time.

At first Alice had thought to pretend not to understand Spanish. But now, concluding that she was wrong in this, she replied in that language:

"Yes, I speak Spanish."

"Good! What's your name?" asked the young man.

"Tell me yours first; if you are a gentleman introduce yourself."

The Greaser laughed.

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied. "My friends here call me the Kid. That's a name I got when I used to punch cows in Texas. Sometimes they call me Kid Joaquin."

"And I am Aliq."

"Alice what? Alice who?"

"Joaquin what? Joaquin who?"

The Kid laughed some more.

"Oh, I'm not telling my last name," he said.

"Neither am I."

"You are an American?"

"No."

"What then?"

"English."

"All the same. You speak good Spanish."

"Thank you. Can you speak as good English?"

"Just as good," replied the Kid, dropping his Spanish.

And after that he used English entirely.

"You are all right," he said with an admiring glance which would have driven Harry wild.

"Very different from a fainting, squalling ladybird I had on my hands the other day," he added.

"Fainting and squalling is not my style," replied Alice.

"Now tell me, Mr. Joaquin, what do you mean to do with me?"

"To take you to my cave and introduce you to the fainter and the squaller."

"Indeed! And after that?"

"After that we shall see. Who were those people in the tent back there?"

"My father and brother and a man who is traveling with us."

"Names coming my way?"

"No names coming your way until you tell me yours."

"Won't do it."

"Same here."

"Whatever brought you into the Antunez range?"

"Prospecting, of course."

"Prospecting for what?"

"Gold, silver, any old thing."

"Sure you are not prospecting for Kid Joaquin?"

"The game would hardly be worth the candle."

"You don't mean that."

"Don't I?"

"No, but I mean this."

Alice got a kiss on the cheek.

Kid Joaquin got a slap in the face.

"Don't be a cat!" he cried with a laugh.

"Then don't you be a bear," retorted Alice. "You hug me too tight. If you were a gentleman you would put me on a horse by myself."

"Would I have one to spare, but I haven't. However, we are almost there."

"Where? At your robbers' cave?"

"Who told you I am a robber?"

"Oh, everybody knows Kid Joaquin."

"Some do and some don't. I hope you may know me thoroughly before we get through. You won't find me such a bad fellow. But here we are."

They had reached a point where the walls of the canyon were quite low on both sides.

"Duck your head," said the Kid.

They passed into an opening in the righthand wall.

The man behind them had a lantern hanging from his saddle. This threw light enough to show Alice that they were going under a sort of natural bridge. In a moment she could see the stars above her. A hundred yards further they came to a halt. A deep gorge yawned at their feet. On the other side were two posts with a sort of platform standing up against them. Beyond were low detached hills with level ground between them.

"Beautiful spot over there, isn't it?" said the Kid.

"Charming! Perfect paradise as near as I can see in the dark," replied Alice.

"Particularly those lovely trees," she added.

Not a tree was to be seen.

"Oh, you are all right," laughed the Kid.

He drew out a silver whistle and blew it shrilly.

There was a considerable wait.

During this the Greasers broke out against the Yaquis again.

Alice heard one man remark that as soon as they got the gold they must be getting out of the Antunez.

The Kid rebuked him.

"Hold your jaw," he said. "This girl speaks as good Spanish as you or I. She understands every word you say."

"Of course she does," said Alice in a low voice, adding:

"But you need not be afraid that I will pry into your secrets, my friend."

"Don't try it and you won't if you are as wise as I think you are," replied the Kid, dryly.

At length a light was seen approaching and a man came into view from between two of the little hills.

"Back again?" he asked in Spanish.

"All but two," replied the Kid. "Toney and Mateo are dead."

"Heavens! You don't say so!" cried the man with the lantern. "Yaquis?"

"Yaquis," replied the Kid.

"It is getting too hot."

"I'll make it hot for you if you don't quit your questions and lower the drawbridge," was the reply.

The man set down the lantern and turned a handle which was fixed to one of the posts.

Immediately the platform began to descend until it spanned the gorge.

The Kid and Alice were the first over. The others followed and the platform was wound up again.

"Quite like going into some ancient castle," remarked Alice in the same jeering tone which she had employed from the first.

"It is my castle," replied the Kid, "and I shouldn't mind making you the mistress of it, only I am about to move out and look up other quarters."

"It will take two to make a bargain of that kind."

"I think we could hitch up pretty well."

"I could never hitch up with a man who was not gentleman enough to give me at least twenty-four hours to get acquainted."

The Kid laughed at this retort, and Alice was not bothered again. They rode on a short distance and came to a place where there were a number of small caves opening into the side of a low hill.

"Cave dwellers' roost?" questioned Alice.

"Come, you're sharp all right," said the Kid. "That is just what it is, and here is where I live."

He reined in and the man with the lantern came forward.

"Shall I help the lady to alight, captain?" he demanded in Spanish.

"Yes," replied the Kid.

"Take her to the cave where the senorita is and turn her loose in there," he added.

Then addressing Alice, he said:

"Of course, Miss Alice, I assume that you are not such a fool as to try to escape after I tell you that this tableland stands a thousand feet up in the air and that there is no way of getting either on or off except by crossing my drawbridge."

"Glad you mentioned it," replied Alice. "I was going to run away first chance I got, but I give it up now."

"You better give it up," said the Kid grimly. "It won't be good for your health to attempt to run away."

Alice walked off, following the man with the lantern, who stared at her curiously.

At length they came to the entrance to a cave well removed from the rest.

"That's your place, senorita," said the man in Spanish. "Go in."

Alice passed into the cave. It was about as big as a large room and was evidently artificial. In the middle of the level floor the remains of a fire smoldered. In one corner, stretched upon a pile of blankets, Alice could see a female form.

"The Wilding girl," she thought. "Well, I've caught up with her, at all events, even if Old King Brady and Harry never do."

She walked over to where the unfortunate girl was lying and looked down upon her.

"Rather pretty after the wax doll order," she thought. "What can be that fellow's motive in bringing her here unless he wants a wife?"

There was nothing to sit on but the rocky floor, and as the girl was sound asleep, Alice did not like to disturb her.

She turned and walked to the entrance of the cave, feeling anything but cheerful, as may well be imagined.

As she looked out she saw Kid Joaquin coming towards the cave. Where another would have drawn back, Alice stood her ground.

"Nothing but bluff will save me," she thought, "and I must give him that good and plenty."

The Kid came up to her and tipped his bell-crowned hat.

"I came to see if you were comfortable," he said.

"No, you didn't," replied Alice. "You came to ask me to give up my revolver; that's what you came for, my friend."

"How sharp you are!"

"Am I right?"

"Dead right."

"Here is the revolver."

She had two. By this simple bluff she saved one to herself. The Kid never even asked if she had another.

"A mere matter of ceremony," he said lightly. "Of course it won't do for me to leave my prisoners armed."

"I suppose I am to consider myself one of your prisoners, then, Joaquin."

"For the present, Alice."

The Kid looked at her admiringly. He tried to steal an arm about her waist.

"Come, none of that!" cried Alice, striking his hand away.

"You have been hugging me all the way up the canyon," she added, "and you ought to have had enough of it by this time. Who is this girl?"

"You have been looking her over?"

"Sure."

"Think her pretty?"

"Very much prettier than I am."

"I don't agree with you."

"I don't care whether you do or not. Who is she, I asked?"

"As she will tell you when she wakes, I may as well do it. Her name is Etta Wilding."

"Not the daughter of Colonel Wilding, of the Wilding ranch?"

"Yes."

"How came she here?"

"I brought her here."

"Do you make a practice of carrying off helpless young women, you ogre?"

"You can hardly say that since I have only carried off one. You are no helpless young woman."

"Did the old witch tell you that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I heard what you said when I was captured."

"Don't you try to know too much," retorted the Kid. "You're all right, but I don't allow anyone to pry into my affairs, least of all a woman. Now you just stop here quietly and no harm shall come to you."

"You promise that?"

"I do."

"Well, I believe you are a man of your word. Good night."

"Good night," laughed the Kid. "You see, I take my dismissal. I shall send you blankets and pillows in a minute and you may sleep in peace. You will not be disturbed."

He turned on his heel and walked away.

"Thank heaven, I know how to handle you, my gentleman," thought Alice. "It would give me particular pleasure to land you behind the bars. May the chance come."

The blankets came after a few minutes.

Alice spread them alongside of Etta Wilding's rude couch. As she was thus engaged the girl turned over and opened her eyes.

"Oh!" she breathed. "Am I still dreaming! Are you real?"

She put out a hand and touched Alice.

"My dear, I am as real as you are," Alice said.

"You poor thing! Whatever brought you to this dreadful place?"

"The same as in your case—Kid Joaquin."

"Oh, I am so sorry for you!"

"Be sorry for your poor mother, for yourself!"

"My mother! You have seen her since the raid?"

"Oh, yes," replied Alice, lying down beside Etta.

"I suppose you are wondering who I am," she added, "so I will tell you at once that I am the female partner in the Brady Detective Bureau. My name is Alice Montgomery."

"The detectives papa was to send from Washington to put down Kid Joaquin?"

"Yes."

"Does he know it?"

"The Kid?"

"Yes."

"Who I am, you mean?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Then don't tell him."

"He knows that the Bradys are after him?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did you tell him?"

"Well, I did tell him that papa was going to send them after him."

"There you were foolish."

"I am afraid I was. I am only a foolish thing anyhow. Oh, I have suffered so."

"Tell me, has he harmed you."

"Not in the least."

"But why did he carry you off?"

"I don't understand. Alice, it is dreadful. I have got such a strange story to tell."

"Then tell it while we lie here," replied Alice, "for I feel that I cannot sleep."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN THE YAQUIS' SECRET CAVE.

It was all very well to talk about flying, but the question which bothered the Bradys was which way to go.

They did not debate long. The whizzing arrows kept on coming.

As the Yaquis are well known to be deadshots with their bows and arrows, Old King Brady felt that this was merely a warning for them to go no further.

"We take the back track, Harry," he cried.

They wheeled about and were just starting when they saw a dozen or more half-dressed Indians scrambling down from the cliff on ahead.

"They are after our horses!" gasped Harry.

"Not a doubt of it," replied Old King Brady. "If we can save ourselves we shall do well. Dismount, Harry. We take to the rocks."

They slipped from their saddles and sent the horses forward on the run.

The cliff on the left was just a mass of broken rock.

Among these the Bradys now hid themselves.

The situation had become very serious.

The Yaquis are well known to be absolutely merciless.

But it must have been as Old King Brady said.

The horses were what was wanted.

For some unfathomable reason the Indians did not desire to kill their riders.

Peering out from behind the rocks, the Bradys saw them halt the bronchos. Three mounted and went dashing madly down the canyon. The rest scrambled back up the cliff and disappeared.

The position of the detectives was now a terrible one.

To be stranded in the Antunez range without horses or provisions was almost equivalent to their death warrant.

For a long time they waited, but nothing more was seen or heard of the Indians.

"This is a bad job, Governor," said Harry at last. "We seem to be getting it in the neck all around."

"We certainly are in a very critical situation," replied the old detective, "but we must not despair."

"What can we do?"

"I am at a loss to imagine, Harry. Still there is no use remaining here any longer. We better get on the move."

"Let us go back to the camp and see if the horse we left is still there."

"It is about the best plan, I suppose. It is useless to remain here. We have missed it all around, and it is use-

less to hope to find the entrance to Kid Joaquin's holdout until daylight."

They accordingly left their hiding place and walked slowly down the canyon.

The cliffs were so broken and openings between the fallen masses of rock so numerous that it was small wonder the Bradys did not discover the course taken by the outlaws. They had about half covered the distance to the mouth of the canyon, when they heard footsteps approaching. Uncertain whether they had to deal with friend or foe, the Bradys drew back among the rocks and waited.

Presently they saw coming towards them a small man dressed in black, with his head bent low upon his breast.

"The padre, by gracious!" exclaimed Harry.

"Wait," breathed Old King Brady as Harry would have started up, "it may be somebody masquerading in the good man's clothes."

But the caution was unnecessary. In a moment they saw that they had to deal with the old priest himself.

The padre was so deep in meditation that he would have passed them if Harry had not called to him.

"Ha! Is it you, my son?" exclaimed the priest. "Thank heaven for this! I had given you up for lost."

He spoke in English, which language he appeared to be perfectly familiar with.

"We thought the same of you, father," said Old King Brady, "after your horse came in riderless with the Yaqui arrows sticking in his flanks."

"That was a mistake," replied the priest. "The Indians failed to recognize me and fired at the horse. I was thrown and the wounded beast escaped. It is a wonder I was not killed. But tell me what became of my horse. What happened at the camp? How comes it that I find you two here alone?"

Harry rapidly told the story.

"It is fortunate that you escaped with your lives," said the padre, "but I think you must be mistaken about our friend Kit. I saw nothing of his body at the camp and there was no horse there."

"It seems impossible that I can have been mistaken," said the old detective. "You saw the dead bodies of two of Kid Joaquin's men?"

"I saw no dead bodies. The tents are gone and everything that you claim to have left behind you."

"It must be the work of the Yaquis. No doubt they came, tumbled the bodies over the edge of the cliff and made off with everything."

"It may be so. They are a fierce, untamable people. When you aroused me from my meditations I was pondering upon their unfortunate spiritual situation. I would willingly give my life to bring about their conversion and to draw them into the fold of our holy church."

"When you fail with such men as Kid Joaquin and his followers, how can you hope to succeed with these uneducated savages?"

"Ah, my son, that is different. Kid Joaquin and his followers are evil men, backsliders. The Yaquis are na-

ture's children, and—but it is useless to prolong this talk. I failed to reach the outlaw camp. They have in some way changed the entrance to the high tableland upon which it is situated. We shall be forced to wait until morning. In the meantime if you would see a singular sight follow me."

"Where to, father? What is your purpose?"

"Listen, I was as ever kindly received by the Yaquis. Not that all of them would so receive me, but the majority of this branch of the tribe regard me as a holy man and allow me to come and go freely. It was at my request they promised to spare you. They have quarreled with Kid Joaquin and propose to drive him out of the range."

"And you would take us where, father?"

"To a point where we can be unseen witnesses of some of their heathen ceremonies. Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow are their holy days. Between this and dawn they sacrifice to their idol, which is concealed in a cave. I have been in the place before, and if we make no demonstration we are perfectly safe. Such was my errand when you met me. If you care to accompany me I shall be glad."

"But they know you, father. Will they stand for intrusion by strangers?"

"They will not see us. You need have no fear. We enter the cave by a secret way, which was shown me some years ago by one among them who is secretly a Christian, but dares not declare himself. For my part, indeed, I should not hesitate to go right in among them. I have done so more than once."

The curiosity of the detectives was now fully aroused, and they determined to follow the guidance of the priest.

He led them some distance further up the canyon, and then turning aside, climbed the cliff on the left a few feet, where he pointed out a narrow opening leading in under the rocks.

"And now, Mr. Brady, if you have that flash lantern of yours, it will be of use," he said, "although I really believe I can find my way in the dark, as it is but a few steps."

"Look here, father," cried Harry, "it is through just such an opening as this that Montezuma's treasure cave is reached, as laid down on the map."

"It may be the same," replied the priest. "I neither know nor care. Not for worlds would I disturb their sacred images, and I hope you will remain of the same mind you were in when we left Ojo Caliente."

"I should like to get a look at them if it came in our way," laughed Harry, and he produced his lantern.

For about two hundred yards they advanced with bowed heads, for the low roof would not permit them to stand upright.

At last they saw a light ahead of them, and the padre ordered Harry to put up his lantern.

"We are almost there," he said, "and unless I greatly mistake, you are to have the rare privilege of witnessing ceremonies as old as time, and which but few white men have ever seen."

They crept on and came out upon a sort of natural gallery on one side of a large cave, the complete outlines of which could be plainly seen. They were high above the floor of the cave, a hundred feet and more, and so broken were the rocks forming the gallery that there was no trouble at all in concealing themselves from those below.

And this was fortunate. The cave was crowded with Yaquis. There were at least a hundred men of this singular tribe present on the floor below. No woman was to be seen.

In the middle of the cave was a square stone altar upon which smoldered a fire. Behind the altar was a hideous idol about seven feet high, representing a man with three heads with snakes twined about the necks, the heads of the snakes being protruding and erect.

This remarkable image appeared to have been carved out of one block of solid stone. The Indians were all naked save for the breach cloth. The hair of each buck was adorned with feathers. The place was brilliantly lighted by many torches placed in breaks in the rocky walls. The Indians were just standing about in groups talking.

"We are in good time," said the padre. "The dance has not yet begun."

Indians kept passing in and out through the entrance to the cave. They appeared to be waiting for somebody.

At last there came loud shouts from outside and the beating of a drum was heard.

"Attention!" said the padre. "Now, mind, keep yourselves out of sight. We are safe enough here if we are not seen."

Presently through the cave came an Indian beating a drum and followed by a most peculiar looking individual.

Evidently he was the medicine man. He wore a hideous mask, which covered his entire head. Twisting about his body and around neck, legs and arms were dozens of living snakes. In one hand he carried a carved staff resembling a serpent, which he raised and lowered with the beating of the drum. Following this man came two Indians leading a sheep. Two others sprang forward and threw fresh wood upon the altar. As the fire blazed up the snakeman, resigning his staff to another, produced a long stone knife.

With this he dextrously killed the sheep, and, raising the carcass, laid it upon the fire, at the same time chanting unintelligible words in a loud voice.

The Indians, joining hands, formed a ring around the altar and a wild dance began. All the while the snake-man stood waving his staff.

The strange ceremony had just reached this point when suddenly a low deep rumbling was heard. This was instantly followed by an earthquake shock so severe that the Bradys and the padre were thrown from their feet.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BRADYS IN MONTEZUMA'S CAVE.

The coming of the earthquake at the moment when the snake dance of the Yaquis was in full blast struck terror

to the hearts of the Indians. Instantly the dance ceased and the cave was filled with wild yells of terror..

There was a general rush for the entrance. The dancers realized their danger. They fell over each other in their anxiety to escape from the cave. Many were thrown down by the shock. The snakeman forced his way among the rest and seemed as much frightened as any of them.

The snakes coiled and squirmed, throwing out their heads and hissing viciously. But as yet no rock had fallen to amount to anything. Just a few pieces here and there. This evidently was what they feared.

The Bradys and the padre scrambled to their feet.

"Fly, fly!" cried the latter. "These shocks never come singly. Should one follow more severe we may be penned in here with no escape."

They hurried back into the passage. But before they could pass through it just what the padre had predicted came to pass. The good man was considerably ahead of the Bradys. He was short and did not have to stoop so much as the old detective. It came upon them like the roar of a thousand cannon.

Old King Brady and Harry were again thrown down. Great masses of rock came crashing in front of them.

The whole mountain seemed to totter. The sensation was sickening.

Expecting every second to bring death, the Bradys lay where they had fallen, not daring to move.

Of course it was only a matter of seconds. It seemed ages to the detectives.

Over at last, they scrambled to their feet unharmed.

Twice they had escaped death by falling rock.

But the padre!

The passage was solidly blocked both before and behind them. On their left a new opening had formed. A great mass of rock had tumbled down into what appeared to be a cavern of vast extent. It had left a break of perhaps fifty yards across. Beyond this they could see a light.

It appeared to burn at the end of a passage much like the one they had been caught in. The edges of the break were very narrow, but still with enough to afford a footing.

"Our safety lies there!" cried Old King Brady, quickly comprehending the situation. Next thing we know all this rock will drop into the cavern. It is almost certain to do so if another shock comes."

"What about the poor priest?" exclaimed Harry.

"Father, father!" shouted Old King Brady.

There was no answer. Just then a big piece of rock was dislodged overhead. Down it went into the dark opening, passing within two feet of the detective. The Bradys listened. The rock seemed to have launched itself into space. No sound was heard.

"Great Scott! That hole must lead down to China," said Harry.

"The padre may have been beyond the break," said Old King Brady. "If so, he is probably safe; if not, it is all day with him. Come, Harry, we must go."

They edged along the rim of that fearful chasm. So

narrow was their footing that they had to crowd close to the wall. A few desperate moments and they gained the entrance to the newly disclosed, lighted passage.

Scarcely had they reached this point when the third shock came. It was of less intensity than either of the others. The Bradys were able to keep their feet.

But when they came to look back they saw how narrow their escape had been. The place where they had stood was now blocked with stone. Great masses were still thundering down from above and dropping into that awful void. Suddenly, with a final crash, all the rock in that part of the passage where they had been slipped down into the hole. Not a sound followed. The depth of that terrible shaft must have been immense.

Later the Bradys learned that it had affected all Western Mexico, and on the day following the volcano of Colima, some hundreds of miles to the south of the Sierra de Antunez, broke out in violent eruption.

It was some time before the detectives could recover themselves sufficiently to speak.

"We have had a narrow escape, boy," said Old King Brady. "But calm yourself, it is all over now. There rarely comes more than three shocks of any great violence."

"Oh, I'm all right," replied Harry, "but what about Alice? That's what is worrying me."

"We can only leave her in the hands of Providence. She is beyond our reach now. Come, Harry, let us push forward and ascertain the meaning of that light."

"We may not be through with our troubles yet."

"If it was not for the light I should have little hope. But we shall soon see."

They passed on. In a moment they came into a cave not so large as the one in which the Indian snake dance had been held. From the ceiling hung a peculiarly shaped earthen jar in which some substance was slowly smoldering, throwing out quite a strong radiation.

This was the light. It showed the Bradys some hundreds of niches hollowed out all around the walls of the cave.

At the entrance to each niche was a mummy in a sitting posture. Before each mummy stood a tall jar of great size.

"An Aztec burial cave!" cried Harry.

"That's what it is," replied the old detective. "But what have we in the jars?"

"It's Montezuma's treasure house all right," said Harry. "The paper given me by the padre speaks of these mummies."

"Then if that is the case, the sooner we get out of here the better. The Yaquis will be crowding in to see how it fares with their sacred place."

Of course Harry's curiosity was now fully aroused.

He hurried to the nearest jar and raised the lid. It was exactly as he had supposed. The jar was filled with little golden images. Some represented men, others animals, birds, fishes, et cetera.

From jar to jar the Bradys hurried. They found them

all the same. The gold in the cave thus represented a vast treasure. Doubtless it was brought into the mountains from the City of Mexico at the time of the Spanish invasion, as tradition tells. But little good all this did the Bradys. They could not carry away the contents of a single jar, and here were over a hundred.

Moreover, every moment they remained in the cave lessened their chance of escaping with their lives. But how to get out?

Harry produced the headless horseman's map. The entrance to the cave was marked. The mark seemed to indicate the passage through which they had come.

If this was true then the Bradys were doomed to die of starvation. They now got down to work. Jars and mummies were removed. Niche after niche was examined.

Time passed, and still the detectives found themselves prisoners. Their case began to look exceedingly dubious.

But three more niches remained unexamined. The mummies were lying about every which way. Five jars had broken and their contents scattered over the floor.

The light in the hanging pot was dying down.

It began to look as if the Bradys were doomed to end their days in this horrible charnel-house, when Harry, slinging out another mummy and crawling into the niche behind it, gave a shout.

"Here we are, Governor. A rat hole at last!" he cried.

A low opening was to be seen in the back of the niche.

"Get in and see what it amounts to," said Old King Brady, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

Harry crawled in, flashing his lantern ahead of him.

A distance of fifty yards or so brought him up against solid stone. It looked like disappointment. Harry threw all his strength into one violent push. The stone tumbled away and he could hear it go crashing down over rocks.

Daylight came streaming through the opening. Harry found himself looking out upon the cliffs of Robber's Canyon about a hundred feet up from its floor.

"Hello!" shouted Old King Brady.

Harry did not attempt to answer, but turned with difficulty and crawled back.

"Well, well!" cried Old King Brady, "you have opened up the thing somehow, I see by the light."

"Yes; on the side of Robber's Canyon."

"High up?"

"A hundred feet or so?"

"Can we climb down?"

"I don't know. We have to get down, even if we jump it, so I came back to report. I'm not going to leave without some of these images, that's one sure thing."

"They are worth far more than their gold weight as specimens, but don't load yourself down with them. We will each take a few."

They selected such of the more striking objects as they could carry, and Old King Brady led the way through the opening. They managed to find footing on the cliff.

It was almost perpendicular, but there were breaks here and there. A great change had been wrought in Robber's

Canyon by the earthquake. On both sides of them masses of rock had fallen. The canyon was now impassable for horses. Almost in front of where they stood was a choked-up passage, cutting the canyon at right angles. It was but a short affair. At the end the detectives could see two posts, with a sort of platform standing upright between them.

"Kid Joaquin's drawbridge, surest thing!" cried Harry. "Luck is with us! Things are beginning to come our way at last."

"To get down! How to get down!" said the old detective dubiously.

"I think I can do it," said Harry, "but I don't see how I can help you."

"You can't. Here goes! If I break my neck you can bury me under the loose rock and let it go at that."

And for the moment it looked as if Harry would have to take his partner at his word. Old King Brady lost his grip when part of the way down. The rest was a drop.

But he landed on his feet little the worse for his shaking up. Harry, being a light weight, managed to climb down.

"Good enough!" he exclaimed. "And now to look up Kid Joaquin's holdout. I don't see a soul over there. Perhaps the earthquake has scared them all off."

They started for the drawbridge then and were brought up standing by the deep rift which lay between the canyon and the robbers' roost.

## CHAPTER X.

### HARRY CAPTURED BY THE GREASERS.

"You ask me why I think Kid Joaquin carried me off," began Etta Wilding, "and my answer will perhaps surprise you."

"I am waiting to be surprised, my dear," replied Alice, "but I think I can forestall a part of your answer. It has something to do with an old witch."

"Yes, indeed! And how did you know? A horrible old Indian woman who pretends to go into a trance. She scares me every time I look at her."

"I'll tell my story later. You go on."

"Well, that is it. From what I can gather, Kid Joaquin believes that there is a cave filled with gold somewhere about here. This was his object for locating in these mountains. He has made friends with the Yaquis by giving them presents of stolen cattle and other things, but now they have quarrelled, and the reason is they have learned that he is seeking this cave and has stolen this old woman, who pretends that she can find out the secret in her trances."

"Then the old hag does not know where the cave is?"

"No; that is a secret known only to the Yaqui chiefs and medicine men."

"And the old woman expects to find out in some clairvoyant way?"

"Yes; but she has failed. A short time ago she told Kid Joaquin that the discovery was destined to be made by a young woman whom she described."

"And the description fitted you—I see?"

"That is just it. Joaquin once worked for my father on a ranch we have in Texas, where we lived until recently. He claims to have recognized the description at once. That is why he carried me off, Miss Montgomery—why I am here."

"And what has he done to you?"

"Nothing, but to make me listen to the crazy talk of this old witch. I can't make head nor tail of it."

"She talks in Spanish?"

"Yes."

"You understand the language?"

"Oh, yes, as well as I do English. She pretends to be controlled by the spirit of some old Spanish captain who was once in this treasure house and was killed by the Indians."

"And Kid Joaquin believes all this nonsense?"

"He certainly does, but just the same no description which the old woman can give has enabled them to find the cave yet."

"I should think he would lose faith."

"One would think so, but Old Mollie, as they call her, keeps him stuffed full of lies."

"From what he said to me when I was captured I have an idea that Mollie has prophesied my coming."

"Well, it is very strange, but she certainly did. That was day before yesterday. She said that another woman was coming to this camp and that between us we would find the cave."

"Did she give any description of me?"

"Yes, and it was just like you."

"Singular."

"Isn't it? Kid Joaquin has promised me that just as soon as the cave is found he will take me home."

"May it be found soon, then, if after that he will set us both free."

Alice now told Etta Wilding all that she had to tell.

By this time the night was far advanced. She put a stop to the talk and Etta was soon asleep.

Alice herself lay awake for some time longer, but slept at last, only to be rudely aroused by the first earthquake shock. It was very severe here on the tableland. The floor of the cave seemed to rise under the two girls.

Etta sprang up with a piercing scream.

"Oh, heavens, what is it now?" she cried, flinging her arms about Alice.

At the same instant a report like the explosion of some big powder mill rang out. The girls rushed out into the open. Here they found plenty of company.

The whole Greaser band came tumbling out of their cave in various conditions of dress and undress.

With them came a horrible old Indian hag, evidently a

woman of immense age. She fell on her knees and began screaming in Spanish that the end of the world had come.

Kid Joaquin hurried over to the girls.

"Look here now, don't you two be afraid," he said. "It is only an earthquake. We are safe enough here."

"What was that explosion?" demanded Alice.

"It could not have been an explosion," replied the Kid. "Something has fallen. As soon as it is daylight I shall try to find out what it is."

Even as he spoke, the second shock came. This, it will be remembered, was the most severe. Everybody was thrown off their feet.

Etta Wilding was seriously bruised about the head.

Great rocks came tumbling off the low cliff in which the caves were located. Three of the caves collapsed altogether. There was but one casualty. A piece of rock struck Old Mollie in the head. She was instantly killed.

The Kid told Alice that she was believed to be a hundred and ten years old, and he appeared to regret her death immensely. He made no mention of the reason, however, and said nothing of the cave of gold.

The third shock did no particular damage. All hands were pretty well scared, however.

The remainder of the night was spent in the open.

Little attention was paid to the girls.

Just at daylight Kid Joaquin and several of his men went off over the tableland.

From what she gathered from the talk which went on around her Alice knew that the outlaws feared that a portion of the tableland had been thrown down by the earthquake. After a while shouts were heard in the distance.

All the Greasers but six now hurried off in the direction taken by the Kid. Those remaining busied themselves with their own affairs.

"Etta," said Alice, "let us move down towards the drawbridge. While it is not likely that it will do us any good, it will still be a chance to find out how the thing is operated, and it may help us in making our escape later on."

Etta readily assented, and they walked up and down for a while so as not to excite suspicion. Each time they went further in the direction of the drawbridge.

The Greasers apparently paid no attention to them.

At last they rounded the little hill which concealed the drawbridge from the camp. Instantly Alice gave a joyful cry. There on the other side of the rift stood Old King Brady and Harry.

"Who are those men?" demanded Etta.

"The Bradys!" cried Alice, waving her hand.

She hurried to the rift, Etta following.

"Alice, are you all right?" shouted Harry.

"Certainly I am, and so is Miss Wilding," replied Alice.

"Let the drawbridge down!" called the old detective.

"Are you being followed?" added Harry.

"Gracious! I hope not, and I think not," replied Alice, hastily examining into the workings of the drawbridge.

"Can you get us safely away if we cross?" she called.



"We'll make a big try for it, but we have lost our horses," said Harry.

Alice began to turn the handle. The platform slowly descended. It had almost reached the level on the other side of the rift when, to the general dismay, the six Greasers came swooping down upon the girls.

One seized Etta and dragged her away. Two caught Alice. Two flew to the drawbridge and began to wind it up.

"Unhand that girl!" shouted Harry.

In his excitement he foolishly clutched at the rising platform. In a twinkling he went swinging up into the air. The situation was terrible. Alice screamed as the two Greasers dragged her away.

Harry clung desperately to the platform, but his weight seemed insufficient to move it. Old King Brady could do nothing, for the rift yawned at his feet.

"Hold on, Harry! Hold on!" screamed Alice.

The platform swung in with much violence.

Old King Brady expected nothing but to see Harry drop into the rift. But Harry maintained his hold.

As soon as the platform stopped he swung his legs over it and dropped to the ground.

The two Greasers who had been raising the drawbridge instantly seized him.

"You be the Bradys," one said in Spanish.

Alice was by this time out of sight.

"Tell them to lower the platform and I'll give myself up quietly," called the old detective.

"Nothing of the sort," answered Harry.

"What does he say?" demanded one of the Greasers in Spanish.

Harry made no answer. The other felt for his revolver.

Seeing that it was no use, Old King Brady dodged behind the rocks. The man sent a shot flying after him.

When Old King Brady ventured to look out from behind his rock all hands had disappeared. The old detective was furious.

"What a run of bad luck," he growled. "It is most discouraging."

Then as he paced up and down trying to think it came to him that for the time being Harry was safe.

"They will surely search him and then they will find the gold Aztec images on him," he said to himself. "They will never kill him until they find out where those things came from. The boy will surely be able to stave them off."

But this was poor encouragement.

Old King Brady walked back to Robber's Canyon.

What to do he did not know. Both ways the canyon was blocked. It would be possible to climb over the obstruction, but no horse would ever again pass that way.

It was while he stood contemplating the pile of rock towards the lower end of the canyon that the old detective heard his name called.

"Mr. Brady!"

Old King Brady started. He looked in this direction and that, but could see no one.

"Mr. Brady!"

"Who is it? Where are you?"

"Up here! On your right!"

It was Padre Perez! There stood the old priest unharmed upon the side of the cliff.

"Father," said the old detective. "Thank heaven you have escaped."

"Ah, my son, it is not so with all the poor unconverted souls who dwell in these mountains. I have just left my Yaqui friends; over a hundred of them perished in the cave, for before all could pass through that narrow opening the second shock brought the roof down upon them. The temple of their heathen gods is forever closed."

Bad for the Yaquis, but what interests me most is your own escape."

"Stay a moment. I see by your face that trouble has struck you. How comes it that you are alone? Has that bright young man passed on to the other world?"

"Oh, no! Not so bad as that," replied Old King Brady, and he related what had occurred.

"Then the two girls are in the power of these evil men. Our little force is sadly reduced, Mr. Brady."

"It is, indeed; but to come back to the point—how did you escape?"

"By a miracle. I was thrown violently down and remained for a short time unconscious. When I came to my senses I found the way behind me blocked and also the way ahead, but at the point where I lay only one piece of stone had fallen, and that was within an inch of my foot. How fared it with you, and how did you get out?"

"You have not finished your own story yet, father. How did you get out?"

"Oh, my son, it was easy. I pulled the stones away; there were but few of them ahead of me."

"And our own escape was equally marvelous. Look here, father."

Old King Brady put his hand in his pocket and produced some of the gold images.

"Put them up! Put them up!" breathed the priest in terror. "I see you have been in Montezuma's treasure house. We may be watched. If the Yaquis knew of this your life would not be worth a moment's purchase."

"They will know it, if they ever go in there again, for in our endeavor to escape we left things in sad disorder."

"And the story of the gold is true?"

"Absolutely. Father, there are more than a hundred huge jars filled with golden images like the ones I have shown you."

"Keep the secret well, my son. You have no thought of attempting to carry this gold away, I hope?"

"None at all. I only wish to accomplish my mission and be gone," replied the old detective, and he went on to detail the happenings in the cave of gold.

"Most interesting," said the priest. "It is possible that the way by which you came out is unknown to the Indians, but I doubt it. More probable is it that this is the way they use and the passage opened by the earthquake was

long ago sealed up; but say nothing of this matter if you value your life, my son."

"I shall heed your counsel, father."

"And I have more to give. Believing you dead, I sought the Yaquis. It appears that Kid Joaquin took away from them a wise woman of great age. The tribe is furious against the outlaws with whom they have lived in peace for a long time. They now believe that the gods sent this terrible calamity upon them because they have not recovered this woman. They had been slow to act because the outlaws supply them with cattle, but now they intend to kill them all."

"Indeed! This is serious."

"Very serious for Kid Joaquin's band. I could not prevent it if I would, so I shall make no such attempt. I had already told the Yaquis of your coming, and why. They have promised me to spare the lives of the two women held by the outlaws and yours if you will take the young women away and never return."

"With which terms we shall be only too glad to comply. But tell me, did you see anything of Kit among the Yaquis?"

"No. They claim not to have returned to our camp after they threw the stones down upon Kid Joaquin's band. So here, my son, is your chance to get help. I cannot side with both parties, although if I could help these wretched men to escape, I would do so. Will you follow me to the Yaqui camp?"

"There is no fear of treachery, father?"

"There is, indeed. Treachery is always to be feared when one deals with the Yaquis. Of that you will have to take your chance."

"Let us return to the drawbridge before I decide," said Old King Brady. "I would like to first see how matters stand."

## CHAPTER XI.

### OLD KING BRADY AMONG THE YAQUIS.

Harry was in a bad fix. He realized the moment the Greasers laid hands on him what it would surely mean if he was searched. And how to help this he did not know.

He was roughly handled while the Greasers dragged him to the caves. Scarcely had he reached them when Kid Joaquin and his men came back.

"What is all this?" demanded the outlaw. "Who is this young man, Mateo?"

One of the Greasers who had hold of Harry explained what had happened.

"So you thought to escape, did you?" said the Kid, frowning, as he looked at the girls. "Well, it was but natural. Get back to your place and stay there. I will talk with you later on."

"If you want to keep in my good graces you will do no harm to my friend," said Alice. "Don't you forget that."

"I am not receiving instructions from women. Obey!" Alice and Etta went off towards their cave, but did not enter.

"Oh, this is terrible!" groaned Etta. "Will they kill young Mr. Brady, do you think?"

"Let us hope not."

"If we had only been given a few minutes more, Alice."

"It was not to be. Let us wait and hope."

"You must be Young King Brady, I suppose," said the Kid in Spanish, as he fixed his eyes upon Harry.

"That is who I am," replied Harry, boldly, for he felt that any attempt at deception would be useless.

"And the man left on the other side is Old King Brady?"

"Yes."

"I was told that you were to be sent for to wipe me out. It looks very much as if the shoe was on the other foot."

"Well?"

"Wait. I am doing the talking. Where were you when the earthquake came?"

"In among the rocks in Robber's Canyon."

"What is the condition of things out there?"

"The canyon is all choked up both ways."

"It is? Then horses cannot get through?"

"They cannot."

The Kid looked at the men who stood about listening.

"You see, boys, how we are fixed?" he said.

All began talking together. Harry, listening, learned that the greater part of the tableland upon which they were had been thrown down by the earthquake, and that the rest was so shaken that it was liable to collapse at any moment. The only way of escape, he heard the Kid say, was through Robber's Canyon, and this being blocked, it would seem that they would have to go on foot.

He judged from what he heard that it was the intention of the outlaws to leave the Sierra de Antunez as soon as they could. At last the critical moment came.

"Has this man been searched?" demanded the Kid.

"He has not," replied Mateo.

"Let him be searched."

"You need not go to that trouble," said Harry. "I will empty my pockets."

"Search him," said the Kid, ignoring this remark.

The search was made and the inevitable happened.

Harry's pockets were stuffed with the golden images.

Bitterly he regretted, now that it was too late, that he had brought away even one. The excitement produced was tremendous.

"Where did you get these things?" demanded Kid Joaquin.

"Found them," said Harry, trying to think.

"In a cave?"

"Yes."

He felt that it was useless to attempt to deceive these men, and that he might as well tell the truth and make such capital out of it as he could.

"Young man," said Kid Joaquin, "you have been es-

pecially favored. You have found something which has been sought for during two centuries. Did you ever hear tell of Montezuma's treasure house?"

"I have."

"Well, then, you have been in it. There are more of these things where you got these few?"

"Yes, there are over a hundred jars filled with them."

The outlaws gave a shout of triumph.

"And where is this cave? You must tell us all!" cried the Kid.

Harry quietly told the story. He omitted all mention of the Yaquis' underground temple, however, and also of Padre Perez.

He was also careful to give no clew to the exact location of the cave. Kid Joaquin at once took him up on that.

"You are going to take us to that cave, Brady," he said in a decided tone.

"Perhaps I will, and perhaps I won't," replied Harry, coolly.

"You surely will."

"I will on condition."

"What condition?"

"That you promise not to interfere with Old King Brady and to give Miss Wilding and Miss Montgomery up to us, and to help us get out of this mountain and go our way."

"And to that I agree," replied the Kid promptly.

"I have already sworn on the crucifix to restore Miss Wilding to her mother," he added. "As for the other, I see by your face that you have a personal interest in her, for which I do not blame you. If conditions were different you and I might have to fight for the girl, but as it is I will do as you say."

"Very well," said Harry. "Then you come along with me and we will find Old King Brady and go together to the cave."

"Not alone," said the Kid.

"Afraid?"

"Well!"

"Don't be a fool. I am leaving the two girls behind me."

"That's so. I suppose under those circumstances you hardly would turn on me."

"Hardly."

"I'll go you. Come along."

"Let me speak to Miss Montgomery a few minutes first."

"Go on, but don't make it too long," said the Kid.

Harry walked over to the girls.

Alice introduced him to Etta.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Brady, that you have got into all this trouble on my account," Etta said.

"That is all in the line of our business," replied Harry.

"What I want to do is to get you out of trouble, and I have some hope that I see a way."

He then told all that had happened to Old King Brady

and himself and of the proposition he had put up to Kid Joaquin.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Old King Brady and the Padre reached the drawbridge they could see nobody.

"Yes, this is the place. This is the way you go into Kid Joaquin's camp," said the priest. "Dear me, what trouble that wretched man has made!"

"There is no earthly way of getting that thing down from this side," said Old King Brady after a little.

"I see none."

"I suppose they built it to protect themselves against the Yaquis."

"That was the intention."

"Well, father, I have been thinking it over and have concluded to go with you to the Yaqui town or camp, or whatever you call it. I want my partners and I want the Wilding girl and I see no other way to get them. Let us be on the move."

"Follow me," said the priest, "and I will now show you a sad sight."

He led the way back to Robber's Canyon.

Here they turned down, and, coming to the obstruction, began to climb over the fallen rock.

Had they waited five minutes more at the drawbridge they would have seen it lowered and crossed by Harry and Kid Joaquin.

The rocks covered a space about fifty feet long.

Beyond that the canyon was clear.

"Stop," said the priest, as Old King Brady was about to climb down over the rocks to the floor of the canyon. "Look down there."

Old King Brady bent forward and saw a white horse partly buried under the fallen rock. Near it the legs of a man could be seen projecting and on the ground lay a human skull.

"What is this?" demanded the old detective, "the headless horseman?"

"Even that poor wretch," replied the priest. "He has been released from his long misery at last."

"And that is the skull he carried. He must have been caught in the quake."

"Undoubtedly he was. But it is nothing to be sad over. What, after all, is death, but the entrance to another life? May his soul rest in peace."

They climbed down. Old King Brady picked up the skull.

It had a little lamp fitted inside of it. Nothing could be seen of the horseman but his legs. The padre turned away and they continued on down the canyon. They had not gone far before the priest slipped aside and passed behind a projecting cliff, going into a passage barely wide enough to admit a horse.

"This way, Mr. Brady!" he called.

Old King Brady hurried after him. Immediately the passage widened out into a canyon. It was one of many windings. They had gone about a quarter of a mile when

suddenly, without the slightest warning, two Indians sprang out into view. They were armed with bows and arrows, which they leveled at the priest and detective.

Padre Perez spoke to them in Yaqui. The bows were then lowered. The Indians came forward and looked Old King Brady over with as much curiosity as though he had been some new species of animal. They were not large men, and their naked limbs were small and muscular looking.

"Let them do as they will," whispered the priest. "They were waiting for me. In a minute they will take us to their village."

The start was made at once. The Indians ran on ahead.

Old King Brady and the priest followed slowly for a distance of perhaps an eighth of a mile, when they came out into a large sink some miles across. Here were the tepees of the Yaquis' queer skin-covered tents. The Indians came crowding about them. But the first thing which attracted Old King Brady's attention was a band of women who were running up and down uttering horrible yells. Their hair hung loose and every now and then they would pick up a handful of earth and throw it upon their heads.

"Professional mourners?" whispered Old King Brady.

"Even so," replied the priest. "They are mourning for the dead in the sacred cave."

Old King Brady now had to undergo another inspection. It took time and was decidedly disagreeable. The Indians patted and pinched him. One even opened his mouth and looked in.

Padre Perez whispered to make no resistance.

At last a man came forward swinging a rattle at the end of a stick. It made a hideous noise. As soon as the Indians heard the sound all took to their heels. The man with the rattle spoke to the padre in Spanish, bidding them follow him. He led the way to a tepee larger than any of the others. Pulling aside the skin door, he motioned them to enter. They passed in, and Old King Brady found himself in the presence of the Yaqui chief.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

Kid Joaquin himself lowered the drawbridge when he and Harry started for Montezuma's cave.

"It is five years since I built this thing," he said, "and you'd better believe it was a job. This will be the end of its usefulness. Once we get our hands on that gold, Brady, we shall have to get out of here in a hurry or the Yaquis will make short work of us. The question is how are we going to go."

This last remark was made when they turned into Robber's Canyon. The Kid looked at the piled-up rocks in despair.

"Cut off on both sides," he said, "so far as horses are concerned, and we can't get away with gold enough to make it worth while without them. It's a bad job."

"I don't know whether one could climb over the rocks or not," said Harry.

"Suppose we investigate?"

"Which way?"

"Oh, down the canyon. The other way leads nowhere. This canyon is cut off by a cliff a thousand feet high. Where is the entrance to the cave?"

Harry pointed it out. He was determined to deal fairly with Kid Joaquin in this matter. As to capturing the Greaser he saw no chance of it now.

"We will have a look over the rocks first," said the Kid.

"We want to be sure there are no Indians about."

"And that is a hard thing to be sure of with the Yaquis, I suppose."

"You bet it is. You can never count on them. They can hide in a place so small that you never would imagine it possible. Another thing I've got to look out for, Brady, and that's not to get done up by my own men."

"Do you fear them?"

"Not under ordinary circumstances, but they have the gold bugs in their heads now. There is no telling what notion may seize them."

They climbed the rocks and looked down upon all that was left of the headless horseman.

Kid Joaquin recognized the truth as soon as he saw the skull. Naturally reticent with such people as his new companion, Harry kept his mouth shut and heard the story of the crazy Senor De Cordova over again.

"And that's his finish," said the Kid.

"Did you ever come up with him?" asked Harry.

"Never, but I've seen him many times. My gang all knew what he was. We were never afraid of him, but we could never get near him. He rode like the wind."

They returned to the floor of the canyon and paused beneath the cliff where the passage was leading into the cave.

"Hold on," said the Kid. "We want to make sure we are alone."

They looked in every direction, but could see nobody.

"And where do you imagine your Old King Brady is?" asked the Kid.

"I give it up," replied Harry. "I haven't the most remote idea."

"Gone off and left you?"

"He never would do that."

"What reward do you expect to get for capturing me?"

"Our business is with the Secret Service Bureau of the United States. We work for them."

"Well, you will never get me."

"Oh, I don't expect to now. We have given that up."

The Kid laughed harshly.

"If I can win out in this gold deal I shall bother the rancheros of Arizona and Texas no more," he said. "But

come, Brady, I see no one watching. We will make the try."

They climbed the cliffs and Harry pointed out the opening.

"It is very small," said the Kid dubiously. "If we were ever caught in there we would be like rats in a trap. Nothing could save us."

"It's the way in," replied Harry, "and if you want to see the gold it's the way you have to go."

"Lead on," said the Kid.

Harry crawled in, flashing his lantern before him.

The Kid had a rifle with him, which hampered his movements somewhat. In a moment they stood in Montezuma's treasure house once more.

Kid Joaquin made the gloomy old charnel house fairly echo with his exclamations.

"You have told the truth!" he cried; "but what to do I don't know. If I show the boys this treasure nothing can restrain them. Before we attempt to remove it we ought to clear a passage to let us out of Robber's Canyon, that's sure."

"That ought not to take long."

"It will take a couple of days at least, and we are living in deadly fear of the Yaquis now."

"You are, boss? What about us? Have I delivered the goods?"

"You have. You can go when you please. Fill your pockets again, Brady. You have a right to take your toll, and this time I shall let you keep it. I'll take some, too. Queer things, these images. I wonder what on earth they made them for?"

They filled their pockets out of a different jar from the one Harry and Old King Brady had tapped.

Scarcely had they finished than the Kid suddenly caught Harry's arm and seized the flash lantern.

"Look! Look!" he breathed.

There in the niche through which they had come was a Yaqui on the hands and knees regarding them.

Instantly he vanished.

"We are lost!" gasped Kid Joaquin. "I did not realize the danger we were in. What on earth shall we do?"

"Get out just as quick as we can—that's all," replied Harry.

"My rifle will be no use in that hole."

"But my revolver will if you will give it back to me."

"Take it," said the Kid, who was evidently perfectly willing that Harry should take the lead.

Seeing that it was up to him, Young King Brady crawled boldly through the passage. He could hear the Indian ahead of him, but he did not get a sight of him.

As they drew near the end of the passage he heard a rifle shot.

"What can that mean?" gasped the Kid. "Some of my traitors have been spying on me, surest thing."

Harry crawled out. The instant he did so a bullet whizzed past his ear. He had the presence of mind to give yell and drop.

"Are you shot?" gasped the Kid.

"I think so," groaned Harry, willing to let him believe it for the moment until he could see what turn affairs took. That was the time Kid Joaquin showed his courage.

He knew that he was dealing with traitors in his own band. He sprang up and instantly fired.

Harry, peering over the rocks, saw a man drop. He was one of the Greasers. At his side stood the man Mateo.

In the twinkling of an eye he leveled his rifle at the Kid and fired. The Kid's rifle dropped. Harry saw blood on his left hand. With a yell like a demon, he slid down over the rocks. Harry got on his feet. He saw Mateo drop his rifle and run. Perhaps that was his last shot. The Kid was after him like a flash. Harry saw them pass the opening leading to the drawbridge. In a moment both were climbing over the rocks which blocked the canyon.

Scarcely were they out of sight when Harry saw an Indian stealing after them.

After considerable thought, Harry determined to wait at the entrance to the passage leading to the drawbridge for the return of the winner in the fight, which he knew must surely take place. Half an hour passed.

It was at the end of that time that Harry suddenly caught sight of a Yaqui coming over the rocks. Another and another, and still another appeared.

"They are going to wipe out the gang," thought Young King Brady.

He ran like a deer over the drawbridge. The Greasers were lolling about talking and smoking cigarettes.

"Yaquis!" shouted Harry. "The Yaquis are coming down upon you!"

Not a question did the Greasers stop to put. Every man seized his rifle. They rushed in a body for the bridge.

\* \* \* \* \*

If Harry had continued to watch he would have seen over a hundred Yaquis come over the stones, and behind them Old King Brady and Padre Perez. In the chief's tepee the padre and the boss Indian entered into a long talk in Yaqui which was all jargon to the old detective.

It lasted a long time, and they were still at it when a Yaqui suddenly burst in upon them and said something in an excited way. Instantly the chief sprang to his feet and let out a yell which seemed to fairly shake the tepee.

He was outside in an instant, with the other at his heels.

"What is it?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Alas, my son," said the priest, "your partner and Kid Joaquin have been seen in the treasure house. What will happen now no man can foretell."

What did actually happen next we have already told.

The whole Yaqui force made a rush for the Kid's hold-out. None of them paid the least attention to Old King Brady and the priest, who, filled with a thousand fears, could do nothing but trail on behind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Harry did not join in the rush for the drawbridge. Instead he ran to Alice and Etta, who were seated out-

side of their cave. For heaven sake, Harry, what is the matter now?" demanded the former. "Are the Indians really after us?"

"That's what they are. Hide, Alice. We have no other chance."

"But where? This cave is but a shallow place."

Harry hurried the girls into the furthest recess of the cave, while he himself stood guard with his revolver ready just inside the entrance.

And here Young King Brady saw something of the fight which followed. The banging of rifles and the diabolical yells of the Yaquis was the beginning. Then the Greasers, driven back, retreated past the cave. They were still firing, but the shower of arrows from the Yaquis laid several low. At last panic seemed to seize the Greasers and the Yaquis went after them yelling like demons. They paid no attention to the caves. As the last one passed Harry got the girls out.

"We'll get away from here anyway," he said. "We can climb over the rocks and get down the canyon. It seems to me the best thing we can do."

They hurried on and had scarcely crossed the bridge when they ran into Old King Brady and the priest.

"Thank heaven, my children, you are safe!" cried the padre.

They climbed over the rocks and made for the mouth of Robber's Canyon with all speed.

Not a trace of the Yaquis did they see up to the time they had reached their old camp. But here they made a discovery. The first they saw was the man Mateo lying dead upon the ground with a knife buried in his heart.

"Kid Joaquin's work!" cried Harry.

Looking along further, they came upon the Kid himself. His face was fearfully slashed, as was that of Mateo.

The Bradys left the bodies where they lay and started down the mountain. It was a dubious outlook.

Many weary miles lay before them over a barren desert.

Night was upon them when they reached the foot of the range. Thus far the girls and the old priest had stood the journey well.

"I see a light!" cried Harry, pointing. "It can't be a ranch, I suppose?"

"Impossible," replied the padre. "It must be some prospector, yet very few come to this dangerous place in search of gold."

"You'd better go ahead, Harry, and see what it means," said Old King Brady. "We will remain here."

Harry hurried towards the light, which was at no great distance away. As he drew nearer he saw that it proceeded from a fire built against the base of the cliff.

There was a horse hitched near and a man lay upon the ground. Harry hailed him in Spanish. The man staggered to his feet.

It was Kit! He had his head all tied up and was a woe-begone looking object. His joy at the meeting was overpowering.

"How came you here?" demanded Harry. "The padre

went to the camp. He could not find your body. When we left you were not breathing. Old King Brady was sure you were dead."

"And I reckon I must have been pretty near," replied Kit. "You ask me how I came here and I can't tell you. I reckon I must have went daffy for the time being. My head is terribly bruised. First I knew I came to myself right here where you see me now with my head tied up and the hoss alongside of me. That's all I know."

And it was all they ever did know about the business.

It was a joyful meeting between Etta and the sturdy old fellow.

The Bradys concluded to travel all night by compass now that they had a horse for the girls and the priest to ride alternately.

Daybreak found them far away from the Antunez range. They laid by for a few hours. While they were getting ready for a start Harry caught sight of something coming in the distance. At first he thought it was a wagon. He looked again, hardly able to believe his eyes. It was an automobile. Behind it was another. Of course the Bradys waited for the machines to come up. They proved to be a party of American prospectors, looking over the geological formation of this part of Sonora.

Colonel Gram, the gentleman in charge, informed Old King Brady that they were bound for Hermosillo and would take them to the railroad. And so all hands crowded into the autos and the horse was abandoned.

This ended all trouble.

The padre was dropped at Ojo Caliente.

Harry gave him half of his golden images and Old King Brady did the same.

Soon they reached the railroad, where they took a train for Nogales.

Next morning Old King Brady had the satisfaction of restoring Etta Wilding to her mother's arms.

Thus once more the detectives won out.

It was the back track for New York now.

Colonel Wilding wrote the Bradys a check for a handsome sum.

The Secret Service Bureau paid the usual fees and congratulated the detectives on their good work in a very cordial letter, which was the last of the case of "The Bradys and Kid Joaquin."

#### THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND GUMP HIGH; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE RUINED JOSS HOUSE," which will be the next number (430) of "Secret Service."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

32 Pages of Reading Matter

: :

Handsome Colored Covers

A new one issued every Friday

Price 5 cents a copy

This Weekly contains interesting stories of smart boys, who win fame and fortune by their ability to take advantage of passing opportunities. Some of these stories are founded on true incidents in the lives of our most successful self-made men, and show how a boy of pluck, perseverance and brains can become famous and wealthy.

### ALREADY PUBLISHED.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 A Lucky Deal; or, The Cutest Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 2 Born to Good Luck; or, The Boy Who Succeeded.<br/>                 3 A Corner in Corn; or, How a Chicago Boy Did the Trick.<br/>                 4 A Game of Chance; or, The Boy Who Won Out.<br/>                 5 Hard to Beat; or, The Cleverest Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 6 Building a Railroad; or, The Young Contractors of Lakeview.<br/>                 7 Winning His Way; or, The Youngest Editor in Green River.<br/>                 8 The Wheel of Fortune; or, The Record of a Self-Made Boy.<br/>                 9 Nip and Tuck; or, The Young Brokers of Wall Street.<br/>                 10 A Copper Harvest; or, The Boys Who Worked a Deserted Mine.<br/>                 11 A Lucky Penny; or, The Fortunes of a Boston Boy.<br/>                 12 A Diamond in the Rough; or, A Brave Boy's Start in Life.<br/>                 13 Baiting the Bears; or, The Nerviest Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 14 A Gold Brick; or, The Boy Who Could Not be Downed.<br/>                 15 A Streak of Luck; or, The Boy Who Feathered His Nest.<br/>                 16 A Good Thing; or, The Boy Who Made a Fortune.<br/>                 17 King of the Market; or, The Young Trader in Wall Street.<br/>                 18 Pure Grit; or, One Boy in a Thousand.<br/>                 19 A Rise in Life; or, The Career of a Factory Boy.<br/>                 20 A Barrel of Money; or, A Bright Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 21 All to the Good; or, From Call Boy to Manager.<br/>                 22 How He Got There; or, The Pluckiest Boy of Them All.<br/>                 23 Bound to Win; or, The Boy Who Got Rich.<br/>                 24 Pushing It Through; or, The Fate of a Lucky Boy.<br/>                 25 A Born Speculator; or, The Young Sphinx of Wall Street.<br/>                 26 The Way to Success; or, The Boy Who Got There.<br/>                 27 Struck Oil; or, The Boy Who Made a Million.<br/>                 28 A Golden Risk; or, The Young Miners of Della Cruz.<br/>                 29 A Sure Winner; or, The Boy Who Went Out With a Circus.<br/>                 30 Golden Fleece; or, The Boy Brokers of Wall Street.<br/>                 31 A Mad Cap Scheme; or, The Boy Treasure Hunters of Cocos Island.<br/>                 32 Adrift on the World; or, Working His Way to Fortune.<br/>                 33 Playing to Win; or, The Foxiest Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 34 Tatters; or, A Boy from the Slums.<br/>                 35 A Young Monte Cristo; or, The Richest Boy in the World.<br/>                 36 Won by Pluck; or, The Boys Who Ran a Railroad.<br/>                 37 Beating the Brokers; or, The Boy Who "Couldn't be Done."<br/>                 38 A Rolling Stone; or, The Brightest Boy on Record.<br/>                 39 Never Say Die; or, The Young Surveyor of Happy Valley.<br/>                 40 Almost a Man; or, Winning His Way to the Top.</p> | <p>41 Boss of the Market; or, The Greatest Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 42 The Chance of His Life; or, The Young Pilot of Crystal Lake.<br/>                 43 Striving for Fortune; or, From Bell-Boy to Millionaire.<br/>                 44 Out for Business; or, The Smartest Boy in Town.<br/>                 45 A Favorite of Fortune; or, Striking It Rich in Wall Street.<br/>                 46 Through Thick and Thin; or, The Adventures of a Smart Boy.<br/>                 47 Doing His Level Best; or, Working His Way Up.<br/>                 48 Always on Deck; or, The Boy Who Made His Mark.<br/>                 49 A Mint of Money; or, The Young Wall Street Broker.<br/>                 50 The Ladder of Fame; or, From Office Boy to Senator.<br/>                 51 On the Square; or, The Success of an Honest Boy.<br/>                 52 After a Fortune; or, The Pluckiest Boy in the West.<br/>                 53 Winning the Dollars; or, The Young Wonder of Wall Street.<br/>                 54 Making His Mark; or, The Boy Who Became President.<br/>                 55 Heir to a Million; or, The Boy Who Was Born Lucky.<br/>                 56 Lost in the Andes; or, The Treasure of the Buried City.<br/>                 57 On His Mettle; or, A Plucky Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 58 A Lucky Chance; or, Taking Fortune on the Wing.<br/>                 59 The Road to Success; or, The Career of a Fortunate Boy.<br/>                 60 Chasing Pointers; or, The Luckiest Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 61 Rising in the World; or, From Factory Boy to Manager.<br/>                 62 From Dark to Dawn; or, A Poor Boy's Chance.<br/>                 63 Out for Himself; or, Paving His Way to Fortune.<br/>                 64 Diamond Cut Diamond; or, The Boy Brokers of Wall Street.<br/>                 65 A Start in Life; or, A Bright Boy's Ambition.<br/>                 66 Out for a Million; or, The Young Midas of Wall Street.<br/>                 67 Every Inch a Boy; or, Doing His Level Best.<br/>                 68 Money to Burn; or, The Shrewdest Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 69 An Eye to Business; or, The Boy Who Was Not Asleep.<br/>                 70 Tipped by the Ticker; or, An Ambitious Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 71 On to Success; or, The Boy Who Got Ahead.<br/>                 72 A Bid for a Fortune; or, A Country Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 73 Bound to Rise; or, Fighting His Way to Success.<br/>                 74 Out for the Dollars; or, A Smart Boy in Wall Street.<br/>                 75 For Fame and Fortune; or, The Boy Who Won Both.<br/>                 76 A Wall Street Winner; or, Making a Mint of Money.<br/>                 77 The Road to Wealth; or, The Boy Who Found it Out.<br/>                 78 On the Wing; or, The Young Mercury of Wall Street.<br/>                 79 A Chase for a Fortune; or, The Boy Who Hustled.<br/>                 80 Juggling with the Market; or, The Boy Who Made it Pay.</p> |
|---|--|

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR— Enclosed find..... cents for which please send me:

- .... copies of FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos .....
- .... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- .... " " WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- .... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- .... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- .... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- .... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- .... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....

# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

### MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

### PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

### HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Hafner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



## THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing four-teen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious, and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

**Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

# PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS. PRICE 5 CENTS.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 396 Beyond the Aurora; or, The Search for the Magnet Mountain. By Berton Bertrew.
- 397 Seven Diamond Skulls; or, The Secret City of Siam. By Allan Arnold.
- 398 Over the Line; or, The Rich and Poor Boys of Riverdale Schools. By Allyn Draper.
- 399 The Twenty Silent Wolves; or, The Wild Riders of the Mountains. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 400 A New York Working Boy; or, A Fight for a Fortune. By Howard Austin.
- 401 Jack the Juggler; or, A Boy's Search for His Sister. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 402 Little Paul Jones; or, The Scourge of the British Coast. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 403 Mazeppa No. 2, the Boy Fire Company of Carlton; or, Plucky Work on Ladder and Line. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 404 The Blue Mask or, Fighting Against the Czar. By Allan Arnold.
- 405 Dick, the Apprentice Boy; or, Bound to be an Engineer. (A Story of Railroad Life.) By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 406 Kit Carson, Jr., in the Wild Southwest; or, The Search for a Lost Claim. By An Old Scout.
- 407 The Rivals of Round Top Academy; or, Missing from School. By Allyn Draper.
- 408 Jack Mason's Million; or, A Boy Broker's Luck in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 409 The Lost City of the Andes; or, The Treasure of the Volcano. (A Story of Adventures in a Strange Land.) By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 410 The Rapidan Rangers; or, General Washington's Boy Guard. (A Story of the American Revolution.) By Gen'l. James A. Gordon.
- 411 "Old Put"; or, The Fire Boys of Brandon. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 412 Dead Game; or, Davy Crockett's Double. By An Old Scout.
- 413 Barnum's Young Sandow; or, The Strongest Boy in the World. By Berton Bertrew.
- 414 Halsey & Co.; or, The Young Bankers and Speculators. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 415 Alow and Aloft; or, The Dashing Boy Harpooner. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 416 The Meteor Express; or, The Perilous Run of a Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 417 Buttons; or, Climbing to the Top. (A Story of a Boothblack's Luck and Pluck.) By Allyn Draper.
- 418 The Iron Grays; or, The Boy Riders of the Rapidan. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 419 Money and Mystery; or, Hal Hallerton's Tips in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 420 The Boy Sultan; or, Searching for a Lost Diamond Mine. By Allan Arnold.
- 421 Edgewood No. 2; or, The Only Boy in the Fire Company. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 422 Lost on a Raft; or, Driven from Sea to Sea. By Captain Thos. H. Wilson.
- 423 True as Steel; or, Ben Bright, the Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 424 Ed, the Errand Boy; or, Working His Way in the World. By Howard Austin.
- 425 Pawnee Bill in Oklahoma; or, Fighting with the White Chief. By An Old Scout.
- 426 Percy Greville, the Scout of Valley Forge. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon. (A Story of the American Revolution.)
- 427 Bulls and Bears; or, A Bright Boy's Fight With the Brokers of Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 428 The Dead Shot Rangers; or, The Boy Captain of the Home Defenders. (A Story of the American Revolution.) By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 429 Lost in the Grassy Sea; or, Three Years in the Sargasso. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 430 Tom Porter's Search; or, The Treasure of the Mountains. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 431 Through Smoke and Flame; or, The Rival Firemen of Irvington. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 432 Exile No. 707; or, The Boys of the Forgotten Mine. (A Story of Russia and Siberia.) By Allan Arnold.
- 433 Steel Blade, The Boy Scout of Fort Ridgely; or, The War Trail of the Sioux. By An Old Scout.
- 434 From Engineer to President; or, Working His Way Up. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 435 Lucky Luke; or, A Bright Boy's Career in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 436 The Prince of the Prairie; or, The Boy Who Owned it All. By An Old Scout.
- 437 Herman, the Boy Magician; or, On the Road With a Variety Show. By Berton Bertrew.
- 438 Tom Barry of Harrington; or, The Hero of No. 4. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 439 The Spy of Spuyten Duyvil; or, The Boy With a Charmed Life. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 440 Two Yankee Boys Among the Kaffirs; or, The Search for King Solomon's Mines. By Allyn Draper.
- 441 The Arctic Crusoes; or, Lost at the World's End. By Howard Austin.
- 442 Rob Ralston's Run; or, The Perilous Career of a Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 443 Jack Dacre's Dollar, And How He Made it Grow. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 444 The Boy Fire King; or, Barnum's Brightest Star. By Berton Bertrew.
- 445 Fearless Frank, The Brave Boy Fireman, And How He Won His Fame. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 446 Under the Black Flag; or, The Buried Treasure of the Seven Isles. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 447 The Rise of Eddie Dunn; or, The Boy With a Silver Tongue. By Allan Arnold.
- 448 Little Lariat, The Boy Wild-Horse Hunter; or, The Dashing Rider of the Staked Plains. By An Old Scout.
- 449 The Boy Railroad King; or, Working His Way to the Top. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 450 Loyal to the Last; or, Fighting for the Stars and Stripes. By Gen'l. James A. Gordon.
- 451 Dick Decker, the Brave Young Fireman. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 452 Buffalo Charlie, the Young Hunter. (A True Story of the West.) By An Old Scout.
- 453 The Two Boy Brokers; or, From Messenger Boys to Millionaires. By A Retired Banker.
- 454 Under the Turban; or, A Yankee Boy's Trip to Mecca. By Allyn Draper.
- 455 Little Lou, the Pride of the Continental Army. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 456 The Boy Merchant; or, The Pluck and Luck of Harry Graham. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 457 Railroad Ralph, the Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 458 The Boy Pilot of Lake Michigan. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 459 That Boy of Barton's; or, The Luck of a Lad in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 460 Lost in the Blizzard; or, The Snow-Bound School Boys. By Howard Austin.
- 461 Driven Ashore in Lost Latitudes; or, The Strange Story of the Skeleton Island. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 462 The Boss of the Messenger Boys; or, Born to Good Luck. By Richard Montgomery.
- 463 The Irish Rip Van Winkle; or, The Wild Man of the Round Tower. By Allyn Draper.
- 464 Lost at the Pole; or, The Secret of the Arctic Circle. By Berton Bertrew.
- 465 Rupert of Roanoke; or, The Boy Rangers of the American Revolution. By Gen'l. James A. Gordon.
- 466 Castaway Castle; or, The Home of the Lost Explorers. By Allan Arnold.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

- ....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- .... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- .... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- .... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- .... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- .... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- .... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- .... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 359 The Bradys and the Death Club; or, The Secret Band of Seven.  
360 The Bradys' Chinese Raid; or, After the Man-Hunters of Montana.  
361 The Bradys and the Bankers' League; or, Dark Doings in Wall Street.  
362 The Bradys' Call to Goldfields; or, Downing the "Knights of Nevada."  
363 The Bradys and the Pit of Death; or, Trapped by a Fiend.  
364 The Bradys and the Boston Broker; or, The Man Who Woke up Wall Street.  
365 The Bradys Sent to Sing Sing; or, After the Prison Plotters.  
366 The Bradys and the Grain Crooks; or, After the "King of Corn."  
367 The Bradys' Ten Trails; or, After the Colorado Cattle Thieves.  
368 The Bradys in a Madhouse; or, The Mystery of Dr. Darke.  
369 The Bradys and the Chinese "Come-Ons"; or, Dark Doings in Doyers Street.  
370 The Bradys and the Insurance Crooks; or, Trapping A Wall Street Gang.  
371 The Bradys and the Seven Students; or, The Mystery of a Medical College.  
372 The Bradys and Governor Gum; or, Hunting the King of the Highbinders.  
373 The Bradys and the Mine Fakirs; or, Doing a Turn in Tombstone.  
374 The Bradys in Canada; or, Hunting a Wall Street "Wonder."  
375 The Bradys and the Highbinders' League; or, The Plot to Burn Chinatown.  
376 The Bradys' Lost Claim; or, The Mystery of Kill Buck Canyon.  
377 The Bradys and the Broker's Double; or, Trapping a Wall Street Trickster.  
378 The Bradys at Hudson's Bay; or, The Search for a Lost Explorer.  
379 The Bradys and the Kansas "Come-Ons"; or, Hot Work on a Green Goods Case.  
380 The Bradys' Ten-Trunk Mystery; or, Working for the Wabash Road.  
381 The Bradys and Dr. Ding; or, Dealing With a Chinese Magician.  
382 The Bradys and "Old King Copper"; or, Probing a Wall Street Mystery.  
383 The Bradys and the "Twenty Terrors"; or, After the Grasshopper Gang.  
384 The Bradys and Towerman "10"; or, The Fate of the Comet Flyer.  
385 The Bradys and Judge Jump; or, The "Badman" From Up the River.  
386 The Bradys and Prince Hi-Ti-Li; or, The Trail of the Fakir of Frisco.  
387 The Bradys and "Badman Bill"; or, Hunting the Hermit of Hangtown.  
388 The Bradys and "Old Man Money"; or, Hustling for Wall Street Millions.  
389 The Bradys and the Green Lady; or, The Mystery of the Madhouse.  
390 The Bradys' Stock Yards Mystery; or, A Queer Case from Chicago.  
391 The Bradys and the 'Frisco Fire Fiends; or, Working for Earthquake Millions.  
392 The Bradys' Race With Death; or, Dealings With Dr. Duval.  
393 The Bradys and Dr. Sam-Suey-Soy; or, Hot Work on a Chinese Clew.  
394 The Bradys and "Blackfoot Bill"; or, The Trail of the Tonopah Terror.  
395 The Bradys and the "Lamb League"; or, After the Five Fakirs of Wall Street.  
396 The Bradys' Black Hand Mystery; or, Running Down the Coal Mine Gang.  
397 The Bradys and the "King of Clubs"; or, The Clew Found on the Corner.  
398 The Bradys and the Chinese Banker; or, Fighting for Dupont Street Diamonds.  
399 The Bradys and the Bond Forgers; or, A Dark Wall Street Mystery.  
400 The Bradys' Mexican Trail; or, Chasing the "King of the Mesa."  
401 The Bradys and the Demon Doctor; or, The House of Many Mysteries.  
402 The Bradys and "Joss House Jim"; or, Trailing a Chinese Opium Gang.  
403 The Bradys and the Girl in Blue; or, After the Maiden Lane Diamonds.  
404 The Bradys Among the "Hill Billies"; or, A Case From Old Kentucky.  
405 The Bradys and the Gold Miners; or, Working a Wild West Trail.  
406 The Bradys' Mysterious Shadow; or, The Secret of the Old Stone Vault.  
407 The Bradys and "Mustang Joe"; or, The Rustlers of Rattlesnake Run.  
408 The Bradys' Snapshot Clew; or, Traced by the Camera.  
409 The Bradys and the Hip Sing Tong; or, Hot Work on a High-binder Case.  
410 The Bradys and "Mr. Mormon"; or, Secret Work in Salt Lake City.  
411 The Bradys and the Cellar of Death; or, Ferreting out the Boston Crooks.  
412 The Bradys' Lake Front Mystery; or, A Queer Case from Chicago.  
413 The Bradys and the Dumb Millionaire; or, The Latest Wall Street Lamb.  
414 The Bradys' Gold Field Game; or, Rounding up the Nevada Mine Brokers.  
415 The Bradys and Dr. Hop Low; or, The Deepest Mott Street Mystery.  
416 The Bradys and the Beaumont Oil King; or, Three "Bad" Men from Texas.  
417 The Bradys and the Prince of Persia; or, After the Tuxedo Crooks.  
418 The Bradys and Captain Darke; or, The Mystery of the China Liner.  
419 The Bradys and the Canton Prince; or, Working for the Chinese Minister.  
420 The Bradys and "Diamond Don"; or, The Gem Smugglers of the "Arctic."  
421 The Bradys and Banker Banks; or, Caught on a Wall Street Clew.  
422 The Bradys in Little 'Frisco; or, The Case of Ting Long Lee.  
423 The Bradys and the Check Raisers; or, After a Wall Street Gang.  
424 The Bradys and the Bad Land Bears; or, The Bone Hunters of South Dakota.  
425 The Bradys and the Car Crooks; or, Working for the Frisco Line.  
426 The Bradys and the "Queen of the West"; or, Trailing the Arizona Gem Thieves.  
427 The Bradys and the Wall Street Money Fakirs; or, The Mysterious Mr. Mix.  
428 The Bradys and the Chink Smugglers; or, The Hurry Call to Canada.  
429 The Bradys and Kid Joaquin; or, The Greasers of Robbers' Canyon.  
430 The Bradys and Gump High; or, The Mystery of the Ruined Joss House.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, N. Y.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct, in the following manner: Write out plainly which libraries you want, giving the NUMBERS (not the titles of the stories). Send your order to us, with the price of the desired books, and we will send them to you by return mail, postage free. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Write your name plainly, giving the street, number, town and state.

## WE PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING WEEKLIES:

"WILD WEST WEEKLY" "PLUCK AND LUCK" "SECRET SERVICE"  
"THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76" "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY"  
"WORK AND WIN" "WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY"



WHEN ORDERING BY MAIL



send a money-order or registered letter for amounts exceeding one dollar. Money sent any other way is at your own risk. When sending silver, wrap it in a piece of paper to prevent its edges cutting, and use a strong envelope, addressed to

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York City.**