

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. 433.

NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE OPIUM KING; OR, BRAVING THE PERILS OF PELL STREET.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



Quick as lightning Alice seized the Chink by the pigtail, giving it a yank. As he staggered back he lost his hold on the revolver. Harry made a rush for him. Old King Brady tackled the man with the rope.

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CHAPTER I.

DR. LEE FUNG "CHUCKS A BLUFF."

"And so," said Mr. Clemens, United States Secret Service Commissioner in New York City, "the sooner you get down there the better. It would be a big feather in all our caps if we could trap the famous Opium King, and it is my belief that he will be on hand personally. So lose no time, gentlemen, if you hope for success."

These remarks of Commissioner Clemens were made in the elegantly furnished offices of the Brady Detective Bureau on Union Square, in the city of New York.

There were present with the commissioner the world-famous detective, Old King Brady, and his partner and pupil, Young King Brady.

Alice Montgomery, the female partner of the Brady Detective Bureau, had not put in an appearance when Commissioner Clemens left, but she came a few minutes afterward.

"Is there anything on hand for to-day?" she asked as she passed Old King Brady's office on the way to her own.

"There is," replied the old detective. "Our friend, the Secret Service commissioner, has just given us a job."

"And what may that be?"

"Let Harry tell it, for I still have the mail to look over, and must give it my attention now."

"Why, it is an opium smuggling case," said Young King Brady. "It seems that the Secret Service people have got wind of the fact that Dr. Lee Fung, of San Francisco, otherwise known as the Opium King, is in town. They also know for a fact that he is expecting a large consignment of opium on the steamer Whitford Castle, which grounded on the bar beyond Jones's Beach, on the south side of Long Island, in the storm of yesterday. Mr. Clemens had made arrangements to watch the steamer if she made the port without mishap. Now he thinks that Dr. Le Fung will make an attempt to get the opium off, and he wants us to watch for it and capture him with the goods if possible. The government cares less about capturing the opium than about putting Dr. Fung permanently out of business. He has placed the matter in our hands."

"Which spells another Chinese case," said Alice. "Do I go along?"

"If you wish, yes."

"How and when do we go down there?"

"That rests with Old King Brady. I haven't heard him say what he intends to do."

This conversation took place in the second office of the suite, which is Harry's.

Just then Old King Brady's bell rang twice.

This was a signal that both partners were wanted in the old detective's office.

They hurried there, and found a gentleman seated beside Old King Brady's desk.

"I cannot promise to undertake your case, sir," Old King Brady was saying, "but as it happens we are just beginning work on a Chinese case for the United States Secret Service Bureau. It is not impossible that this may lead us into Chinatown; it certainly will take us among the Chinese. If you care to go to the trouble of stating your case I and my partners will bear it in mind, and if we can work it up on the side we shall certainly do so."

"I shall be only too happy to have the services of the Bradys in any way I can secure them," replied the gentleman.

Old King Brady then introduced him to his partners.

The man was Mr. Skillman, manager of the Azalia theater, it appeared.

"My case is soon told," said Mr. Skillman. "You have probably heard of Miss Estelle Duprez?"

"The soubrette actress appearing in the play now running at your theater?" inquired Old King Brady.

"Not now appearing, unfortunately," said the manager, "although she should be. If you had followed up the theatrical news you would know that Miss Duprez has not been on the boards in a week. She has been reported sick to the public. Actually she has disappeared."

"You spoke of your case as concerning Chinatown," said Old King Brady. "You suspect some Chinaman as being at the bottom of this disappearance?"

"I do, indirectly. Estelle is, I regret to say, addicted to opium. It is ruining her constitution. She got into the habit of smoking in the joints while slumming in San Francisco a few years ago, and of late it has grown upon her, although this is the first time it has ever seriously interfered with business. I believe her to be locked in somewhere in Chinatown. She may be ill there, or she may simply have prolonged her opium debauch beyond the usual limits. At all events, I want to get her if she is to be had."

"Any clew as to her whereabouts?" demanded the old detective.

"Not the slightest. I know her usual haunts. The po-

lice detectives declare that she has been seen in none of them."

"Probably she has transferred her patronage to some uptown joint."

"It may be so. I cannot tell."

"She is a very beautiful woman," remarked Alice. "I should scarcely suppose she would take to the Chinatown joints."

"And that is just where you are mistaken," replied the manager. "I regret to say that she has shown a wonderful partiality for the Chinese joints, and there is where you will have to look for her. All I can tell you is that she left the theater in a cab after the evening performance on Wednesday last. Since that time nothing has been heard of her. She did not go to her rooms."

"And the cabman?" asked Old King Brady.

"Put her down at the 42d street station of the Third avenue elevated, on the downtown side."

"Had she much money about her?"

"That I don't know. Very likely she had. I pay her enough to make it quite possible. I know very little of her private affairs. But I must have her at once, or a piece which has been the success of the season will have to be taken off."

"Very well, Mr. Skillman," said Old King Brady; "we will see what we can do."

The manager after a few further remarks left.

"Case strictly on the side," said Old King Brady, "we cannot waste a minute over it."

"How do we go down to the wreck?" asked Harry. "With this wind the sea must be running very high. I see by the paper that no boat has been able to reach the Whitford Castle, and that they expect her to go to pieces."

"It's a toss-up whether to go down on a tug or to take the noon train," said the old detective. "Telephone to Luckemeyer, and see if he has let out any of his big tugs to a Chink. You might also ask if he could let us have one, and what the chances are of getting to the Whitford Castle in case we should want to do so."

Harry left to obey this order.

He had scarcely departed when a clerk announced a new visitor at the Bureau.

"Jack Wilding," said Old King Brady, as the clerk gave the name. "I don't know the man. What does he want?"

"He says you don't know him, and he declines to tell his business to anyone but yourself," was the reply.

Of course, the business of a detective bureau is different from any other.

All kinds of queer people call on the Bradys on all kinds of queer errands. Very few are willing to tell their business to clerks.

"Show him in," said the old detective.

Alice retreated to her own room.

The person who now entered the old detective's office was a young man of about twenty-five, wearing a seedy

suit of fashionable make, which had probably been purchased on the Bayard street old clothes exchange.

His face was very thin and yellow, his eyes unnaturally bright, and very red under the lids.

His fingers were yellow from cigarette smoking.

Old King Brady sized him up as an opium fiend at a glance.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"If you are Old King Brady, yes, sir," was the reply.

"I am Old King Brady. "What do you want?"

"Do you buy information?"

"Sometimes."

"I have information to sell which will interest you. What will you pay for it?"

"Young man, don't put fool questions. You might as well ask me what I will pay for a house and lot. Your information concerns the Chinese?"

"It does. How did you know that?"

"Because you are a hop-hitter. You are in the habit of smoking opium in the Chinatown joints."

"You are sharp."

"The dullest detective in New York could tell that by merely looking at you. But be quick, for my time is valuable."

"It is about a gang of Chink opium smugglers."

"Who sent you here to chuck a bluff at the Bradys?"

"No, Mr. Brady. You wrong me. I am down on these fellows, who have helped to ruin my life. I happened to overhear a conversation——"

"Can you understand Chinese?"

"Enough to catch on to what is being said, in a way."

"Well?"

"But the price. I'm not here for my health."

"Ten dollars if your information amounts to anything."

"Make it twenty-five."

"I'll make it what I said. You get your cash right now. You may get more if the information is of any real use to us."

"Well, all right. You have been ordered to take up the case of Dr. Lee Fung, alias the Opium King."

"Who told you?"

"I was set to shadow this office, and see if the Secret Service commissioner called here. He came."

"Have you so reported to Dr. Lee Fung and the gang?"

"No; I came up here."

"To sell out to me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I want to get square with Dr. Lee Fung."

"You were very slow about it. It is half an hour since the commissioner left."

"It took me a little while to make up my mind."

"What else?"

"It is about the opium on the Whitford Castle, the English tramp steamer what went ashore down on Long Island yesterday."

"Well?"

"The hop is aboard of her."

"Well?"

"It is a big consignment. There's twenty thousand dollars' worth."

"Well?"

"Dr. Lee Fung and his friends go down there to-day to try to get it off."

"When will they start?"

"They go by the noon train from Hunter's Point."

"Anything else?"

"That's all."

Old King Brady rang his bell.

"Give this man ten dollars," he said to the clerk who appeared in answer.

"Aw, soy, boss, make it twenty-five bones—come!" said Jack Wilding, breaking into the Bowery slang.

But Old King Brady turned to his desk without reply.

As soon as Wilding had gone Harry came in.

"You heard all that?" demanded the old detective?"

"All that was coming after I got into my office and you touched the button. Then I went to the listening-hole," was the reply.

"What did Luckemeyer say?"

"Two Chinks hired a tug of him this morning. They have already started for Jones's Beach."

"As I supposed. Harry, this is a bold piece of business."

"It is indeed. Still, the Chinese are always bold when they set out to do anything. They want that opium. They don't intend to be interfered with, either."

"That's what's the matter. Do we get the tug from Luckemeyer?"

"Yes, if we want it."

"What's the name of the Chink's tug?"

"She is the Oscawanna."

"One of the heaviest tugs afloat in this harbor. She is good for a trip around the Horn. I hope we get as good a one. Go and telephone for it now."

At half-past eleven the Bradys and Alice Montgomery turned up at Coenties slip.

Here they went aboard the tug T. J. Luckemeyer, and started for Jones's Beach.

Had Old King Brady been sure that the Oscawanna would land her Celestial passengers at any special point instead of going on the chase he would have been at that point ready to meet them.

There was no telling where the Chinamen were to be landed, and no way of reaching the tug captain.

Mr. Luckemeyer would cheerfully have ordered the delivery of the Chinamen over to the detectives if he could have done so, he declared.

He asserted that they had told him that they had friends on the wreck, and were afraid they would be abandoned on account of their nationality.

Whether this was true or not, the Bradys neither knew nor cared.

They had secured from Luckemeyer what they wanted,

and that was an order for Captain Bolton of the tug Luckemeyer to stop the Oscawanna by a secret signal.

But the Opium King had obtained several hours' start of the detectives.

It was quite impossible to tell how the affair might end.

CHAPTER II.

THE BRADYS SCORE A FAILURE.

"There she is!"

"It is certainly so!"

Harry made the exclamation, and Old King Brady answered it.

The Luckemeyer had nearly accomplished her run.

Long Beach had been passed, and Jones's Beach was in sight.

The Whitford Castle, stuck on the bar, was plainly to be seen without the aid of a glass.

The sea was still running high, and a stiff westerly breeze was blowing.

But conditions about the wreck had so much bettered that several large tugs had been able to get out to her.

That one was the Oscawanna the Bradys knew, for she flew the house-flag of the Luckemeyers, the best-known tug owners in New York.

But to make sure Old King Brady went and put the question to Captain Bolton, while Harry and Alice remained looking out over the sea.

"She is on the move," exclaimed the latter.

"That's what she is," replied Harry. "If she will only come this way we may accomplish our purpose. Hold on! They are loading cargo aboard of her, as true as you live."

Harry got out his glass.

"That's what they are doing," he said. "I am greatly afraid, Alice, that there is nothing doing for us."

"I never supposed there would be," replied Alice, quietly.

"That's right! Say 'I told you so.'"

"Well, didn't I? Look here, Harry, I know the Chinese character better than either you or Mr. Brady."

"You ought to. You were born among them, and speak and read their language."

Old King Brady now returned.

"That fellow Wilding has evidently given us the double-cross," he said. "The Oscawanna is taking on cargo. She has already landed her Chinks somewhere, no doubt."

"I question that," said Alice quietly. "You know what I told you, Mr. Brady?"

"What you said was that, as everyone knows, the Chinese always do the opposite to everyone else, and that in this case we ought to have followed Wilding's story."

"Exactly. The sending out of the Oscawanna was only part of the bluff. Depend upon it that this Opium King,

knowing that you would go directly opposite to what his creature told you, actually came down here by rail, and probably last night. The hiring of that tug was just a part of the bluff."

"I admit now that you were probably right, Alice. So I say those Chinamen have already been landed somewhere. Don't you understand?"

"I see what you mean now—yes."

"Do we go ahead, then?" demanded Harry.

"Yes, I want to hear what Captain Bailey, of the Oscawanna, has to say."

They steamed ahead at full speed.

Soon they came up alongside of the Oscawanna.

Captain Bolton now turned over his wheel to the mate, and joined the detectives.

"Do you want to see Bailey personally?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Old King Brady. "Can you get him aboard here?"

"Certainly. My orders are to inform him that he must favor you in every way."

"We don't want any more help. We have tugs enough," shouted a man in oilskins from the steamer's deck.

"Wait till you are asked," roared Captain Bolton. "We are here on other business, my friend."

"Pity you ever gave him that satisfaction," said Old King Brady. "Get your captain as quickly as you can."

Captain Bolton gave a hail.

In a few minutes Captain Bailey jumped aboard.

"Well?" he demanded. "Let's cut this short. I've got my hands full."

"It is about the two Chinks you took out, captain," said the old detective. "Are they aboard the Oscawanna now?"

"No, they are not. I landed 'em below here. They were fearfully seasick, and said they couldn't stand it any longer. I was glad enough to get rid of them. I came on to the wreck and got a job. That's all."

As Mr. Luckemeyer had assured Old King Brady that he could believe whatever Captain Bailey told him, the old detective did not question this.

"Where did you land them?" he asked.

"East Rockaway," was the reply.

"That's all, captain."

Captain Bailey went back to his tug.

"You were dead right, Alice," said the old detective. "What would you advise me to do?"

"There is no doubt whatever that the job is to be pulled off to-night," said Alice. "If you want my suggestion our scheme is to lay around here and watch. I can think of no better way."

"Very well," replied Old King Brady. "That spells disguise."

He rejoined Captain Bolton, who was still in the dark as to the detective's intentions.

But now Old King Brady told him exactly what the case was.

"Is there any place around here where you can run in

and land us?" he asked. "It would have to be where we can get a boat in any case."

"I can fix that all right," replied the captain. "Or I can run the tug up an inlet here and stay by you."

"I thought of that, but it won't do. If the tug was to be seen——"

"As it would surely be," broke in the captain.

"I know it. There would be nothing doing. What we want is to trap these Chinese opium smugglers, and the Bradys are good for the job. If they can get out to the steamer so can we."

"There is an inlet beyond here where an old fellow lives who rents boats in the summer time. I daresay he is there now."

"And perhaps the Chinamen, too."

"Very likely. It might be worth while to look into that. There is also another place still further down."

"Let us pay a call at both. Could you spare me a man?"

"Two, if necessary."

"I'll take them both. If we can't get a boat can we have one of yours?"

"Yes; Mr. Luckemeyer told me to favor you in every possible way."

The Luckemeyer now steamed around the stranded steamer, and soon entered a little inlet.

Here, half hidden on the salt meadows by the tall grass, was a small hut with a landing stage in front, to which several rowboats were tied up.

An old beachcomber with hair as white as snow came out of the hut, attracted by the puffing of the tug.

"Friend," called Old King Brady, "have you seen Chinamen around here?"

"No, I hain't," replied the man. "Never seen a Chinaman here in my life, and I've lived in this hut twenty years. Why should they come here?"

He was evidently sincere, for anyone could see that his surprise was genuine.

Old King Brady had been thinking. He resolved to go no further.

From this point the Whitford Castle could be plainly seen.

To visit the next inlet might only serve to give the Chinamen warning that they were being watched.

Old King Brady now went ashore.

He showed his shield, and explained that he was out for opium smugglers.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I'm Captain Hen Sammis," replied the old fellow. "Everybody knows me as Uncle Hank. But, say, it is nonsense to think that anyone could have gone out to that there steamer last night. It couldn't have been done."

"Then it will be done to-night. We propose to stop here on the watch and to use your boats to overhaul these fellows. Any objection? We will pay you well."

Captain Sammis was agreeable.

The Bradys and the two men then took up quarters at the hut, and the Luckemeyer started for New York.

The first thing done was to disguise a bit, the materials for which the Bradys had brought with them.

Alice donned male attire. Harry made but very little change.

With Old King Brady the change was more radical.

In his usual peculiar dress Old King Brady is well known to the Chinese of New York.

These peculiarities consist of a long blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big white felt hat with an unusually broad brim.

As the Bradys were contemplating a trip shoreward, this disguise was all the more necessary.

They now left the hut and their two assistants, and hurried over the narrow foot-path which here ran through the salt marsh until they reached the nearest station on the Long Island railroad.

Here a few guarded inquiries resulted in the information that two Chinamen had left the train there that morning, and started off over the marshes.

Where they were heading for the agent did not know, but he assured the detectives that they had not taken the road to "Uncle Hank's," as he called old Captain Sammis.

The Bradys now returned, and put in what remained of daylight at Uncle Hank's.

Meanwhile the tugs had steamed away with their loads of cargo.

The wind went down with the sun, as the old detective had predicted.

Two boats were made ready, and Old King Brady and Harry remained on the watch.

Alice was lying down in Uncle Hank's room, while the tug sailors and the old beachcomber were indulging in a game of pinochle inside the hut.

It was dreary work for the detectives, but this is something which goes with the business.

At last, at eleven o'clock, their patience was rewarded by seeing a small tug steaming toward the wreck.

She came from the direction of Bellport.

Harry gave an exclamation of disgust.

"They have got a tug, and we are left!" he exclaimed.

"That is certainly right, and I acknowledge it my fault," replied the old detective.

"We should have held on to the Luckemeyer."

"It is plain enough now that such would have been our best course."

"Do you give it up?"

"No. We will take a shy at it, but there will be nothing doing, I am afraid. This is my bad judgment, Harry. I made sure the Chinks would hide in the swamp and come out by small boat."

"Instead of that they have evidently gone on to Bellport and got hold of that tug."

Alice and the men were now called.

Uncle Hank was to row Old King Brady and Alice out. Harry was to go with the men in the other boat.

Not an instant was lost in starting, and if ever there was rapid rowing done it was that night.

Old King Brady got out his night-glass and surveyed the tug.

At the same instant a white light was run up.

This signal was promptly answered from the stranded steamer by the display of a similar light.

"They are signaling each other," said Alice.

"I see," replied the old detective. "We shall accomplish nothing."

"And it's too blame bad, after all your trouble!" remarked Uncle Hank.

"Can't be helped," replied Old King Brady. "Pull away, Uncle Hank. We will do our best."

But Old King Brady's best amounted to nothing on this occasion.

The tug easily outstripped them.

Before it vanished behind the Whitford Castle Old King Brady caught sight of two men in American clothes, who, being undersized, he took to be Chinamen.

Still, of this he could not be sure.

The tug did not tarry long with the stranded steamer.

In a few minutes they saw her come into view beyond it.

She was heading for New York the last the Bradys saw of her.

But by this time they had given it up.

They returned to Uncle Hank's and put in a most uncomfortable night, going back to New York next morning by the first train.

The Bradys had scored a failure.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRADYS START IN TO BRAVE THE PERILS OF PELL STREET.

It was with considerable humiliation that the Bradys were obliged to report to the Secret Service Commissioner that they had utterly failed in the matter of the Opium King.

"Never mind," said Mr. Clemens. "It was a difficult job, and you were called to it at very short notice. If you can overhaul this gang it will be all right. The loss of the opium cuts no figure. It is the arrest of Dr. Lee Fung that we want to bring about."

"Very good," replied Old King Brady. "Dr. Lee Fung shall be arrested. Take my word for that."

"If he isn't already on his way to San Francisco," remarked Harry, when he and the old detective found themselves on the street after their call at the Secret Service office.

"If that proves to be the case we go to San Francisco after him," replied Old King Brady. "The worst is, we

have no good description of this man to go by, and that I greatly regret."

The Secret Service people had been unable to furnish one.

Dr. Fung Lee, it appeared, was a very much Americanized Chink.

He was California born, and was white on his mother's side.

He was, moreover, in the habit of adopting various disguises.

Mr. Clemens had warned the Bradys that the description of the man with which he furnished them was not at all to be relied upon.

And this added complication to the case.

The Bradys now held a council of war at their office.

"There is only one thing to do," declared Alice, "and that is for me to disguise as a Chink and get down among the Chinese."

"Wait," replied Old King Brady. "We will think twice about that."

"If we could only find Jack Wilding," said Harry.

"Oh, I'll find him if he is above ground," replied Old King Brady, emphatically. "I haven't forgiven that young man, rest assured."

"Perhaps Quong Lee can help us," suggested Harry.

Quong Lee was the keeper of an opium joint on Chatham Square, who being under obligations to the Bradys had never failed to recognize the fact and to help them out in their Chinese cases.

"I should not like to ask Quong in this case," replied the old detective. "He may have business dealings with Dr. Lee Fung. It would be hardly fair. I shall not go near the old fellow this trip."

"Then what shall we do?" demanded Alice.

"I think we will try a new scheme," replied Old King Brady. "This case is likely to be a long one. Suppose we shift to the other and see if we cannot find the actress? Incidentally the search may bring us some clew to the Opium King."

"Right," replied Harry. "I was thinking of the same scheme myself. Alice and I will both disguise as Chinamen and we will go together. In that case we can use Quong Lee."

"No; we will cut the old man out altogether. I am determined upon that."

"Well! And what shall you do?"

"Oh, I am after Jack Wilding. Fix yourselves up and prepare to brave the perils of Pell street. In other words, go down there and engage rooms. You are a dummy, Alice can do the talking. She will pose as a rich Chink trying to buy opium. She is just up from the South, or any old place. With a judicious display of money there should be something doing."

"We will try it on, anyhow," replied Harry. "We shall be located on Pell street before night."

Old King Brady left them then, and they made their disguise.

At this Harry and Alice are most expert.

No one could have told them from Chinamen when they left the office.

They adopted the American dress, as by far the majority of Chinamen do in New York.

"We will go down in a cab," said Harry. "We want to start in by cutting a swell."

So Harry called a cab, and they were driven down to Chinatown.

Here they rode slowly along Pell street.

Alice soon ordered the cabby to stop.

This was directly opposite the Chinese restaurant known as "Port Arthur."

Here on an old house was a to let bill in English, with Chinese characters beneath.

Alice read these readily.

They directed the inquirer to the Chinese grocer on the ground floor.

They also stated that the rooms were to be rented furnished, as Alice told Harry by deaf-and-dumb finger talk.

"Just what we want," replied Young King Brady in the same way.

They entered the grocery.

Here an old Chinaman came forward to receive them.

Alice entered into conversation with him, and they kept it up for what seemed to Harry an unusually long time.

At last the old fellow started in to show them the rooms.

They were on the top floor, being the front suite.

Of course, Alice engaged them.

The cab was dismissed, and she got the keys from the grocer.

They then returned to the rooms.

"So you fixed it all right," remarked Harry, as soon as they were alone.

"To be sure. I had not a bit of trouble."

"Where did you claim to have come from?"

"New Orleans, as Old King Brady suggested. Told him that we lost our baggage. He seemed to believe that, and when I told him we wanted to buy smuggled opium he said he thought he could put me next to a cheap lot."

"Good! It may be just what we want. If you could only get him to take you around the joints. Of course, there are some which no detective knows of."

"I have no doubt of it. You don't catch rich Chinamen smoking in places like Quong Lee's, and there are lots of Chinks in New York with barrels of money at their backs."

"Well, let's fix things up here, Alice. We may have to hang around several days. Which room do you take?"

"I'll take the inner room. You will want to have an eye out of the window at all times."

"Right. It would be best. This furniture is not so bad for a Chink's flat. How came it here, do you know?"

"The grocer said that it belonged to a Chinaman who was shot by Highbinders in one of the Tong wars some six months ago. As he hires the whole house, and no one

ever turned up to claim the stuff, the grocer has been renting the rooms furnished."

"Yes, if you will believe all that."

"Never mind. I'm going out now to get some provisions. It will give me a chance to look about a bit. I want to show myself around Chinatown, so that the Chinks may get used to seeing me."

"Right. I'll clean up here. The place needs it. Upon my word, this is quite like housekeeping, Alice."

Harry gave her a sly look as he said it, but Alice only laughed, and going out shut the door.

The fact is, Young King Brady is deeply in love with his handsome partner.

Not only that, but he entertains the highest respect for her superior education and talents.

But thus far Harry has never been able to make much headway with his suit.

The fact is, the Bradys have too much business on hand to have time for love-making.

That has to be done on the fly.

Harry now swept and dusted the rooms.

He then built a fire in the cook-stove in the front room with coal and kindlings brought up from the grocer's.

Alice was gone a long time—so long that Harry began to grow worried about her.

At last she returned with her market basket filled.

"What kept you?" demanded Young King Brady.

"Simply because I stopped to talk to everyone to the limit," replied Alice. "I thought I might pick up a point or two, but I cannot see that I have accomplished a thing. How nice and tidy you have everything here."

"Well, I have done my best. The door leading into the inner room I have locked, and there is the key hanging on that nail. Take charge of it, please."

Alice took the key, and then, as it was nearly noon, she started in to get lunch.

"I will show you how to make chop-suey," she said. "I am quite an expert at it."

But this Young King Brady knew well enough, for he had eaten Alice's chop-suey more than once.

Soon they were seated at a cosy meal.

"This is what I like," remarked Harry. "It is so seldom that you and I get a chance to talk to each other alone."

"That you would actually be willing to remain permanently a Chink if I would only consent to listen to your silly nonsense."

"Try me."

"Perhaps I will some day. But it is cosy."

"It is, indeed."

"Have some more chop suey, Harry."

"Thanks; I will try a little more, if you please."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Somebody was pounding on the door.

"Confound it!" growled Young King Brady. "This is the way it always goes. We never can get a minute to ourselves."

He arose and opened the door.

There stood a young Chinaman in native dress.

He said something in Chinese, and stood gaping about curiously.

Harry pointed first to his lips, and then to Alice, who arose and came forward.

Their conversation was quite extended.

Young King Brady wondered what they were talking about.

At last the Chink went away, and Alice shut the door.

Her face showed now that she was somewhat agitated.

"It is my opinion that we are discovered, and that fellow is a spy," she said.

"What makes you think so? What did he say?"

"He pretended that he wanted to hire the rooms. He asked all sorts of questions—if you were my brother, how long we had been in New York, and what our business was. Then he switched around and said the grocer had told him that we wanted to buy opium, and that if I would meet him to-night he would take me to a man who had a lot for sale. He asked when we left New Orleans, and if we were going back there after we got the opium. In short, he had altogether too much to say."

"Don't you think it is just the grocer's doings?"

"No, I do not. He was altogether too foxy. I believe that the grocer suspected us from the first."

"But how can it be, Alice? Our disguises are perfect."

"Oh, come, Harry. You ought to know by this time how sharp the Chinese are. They have ways of their own for finding out things. How well they knew that we had been put on this case. How finely they fooled us yesterday. I tell you, the office has been watched, surest thing, and we were shadowed to this place. Oh, there is no doubt about it. The only thing for us to do is to decide what course we had better take under the circumstances."

"What did you tell him about the opium?"

"That we would meet him."

"When and where?"

"In front of the Chinese theater on Doyers street was the appointment he wanted to make."

"Why didn't he bring his man here, then?"

"He said he did not dare to, as he was liable to be shadowed by the Secret Service men."

"That certainly looks suspicious."

"Shall you go, Harry?"

"I hardly know what to say. It seems such a plain invitation to walk into a trap, according to the way you put it."

Right here came another rap on the door.

"Heavens! They are right after us," said Alice.

Harry went to the door.

No sooner had he opened it than a ragged, dirty old white man came tumbling in.

Apparently he was very drunk.

So abrupt was his entry that he nearly knocked Young King Brady down.

But Harry is not to be caught napping.

He made no exclamation, but silently grabbed the old fellow, and was on the point of throwing him out through the door when he suddenly let go his hold and pushed the door shut.

"It won't do, Governor," he said. "You came pretty close to doing it, but you can't fool me."

It was Old King Brady in disguise!

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOWS AND THE SHADOWED.

Old King Brady with a chuckling laugh dropped into a chair.

"It is hard," he said. "After all the trouble I was at to get up this beautiful disguise, I don't like the thought of being detected at a glance."

"I never should have known, then," said Alice. "Did Harry get a sign?"

"Not a sign," replied Harry. "It is years since the Governor has been able to fool me. But why are you here?"

"Because I believe you two to be in the greatest peril," replied Old King Brady. "You have been shadowed from the moment you left the office in your Chinese disguises."

"I believe that. But how can you be sure?"

"Oh, I take no chances. Before I left I stationed one of our assistants to watch outside. He caught on to my friend Jack Wilding snooping about. Jack tracked you to the cab you hired. The moment you entered it he rushed to the nearest telephone and called up Pete Grogan's saloon on the lower Bowery. Then he started downtown."

"He did, eh? Well, I feel quite called down not to have caught on to this."

"I caught on. It was reported to me at once. I made my disguise and started after you. Through a Low Gui Gow, one of those boys who run errands for Chinatown people, I easily located you here. I watched the place, and saw Alice go in. A little later a Chinaman who had evidently been shadowing her went into the grocery store. I looked in through the window, and saw him talking excitedly with the grocer. Then he came upstairs here. When he came down I shadowed him to a certain house on Mott street. Then I returned here to warn you. Such is my story up-to-date."

"This gang is up to snuff, Governor," said Young King Brady.

"So much up to snuff that I strongly suspect they are making a deliberate attempt to put the Bradys out of business."

"It may be. Listen to what Alice has to tell."

"It is a trap, of course," said the old detective, after Alice had told her story. "It is perfectly plain."

He lighted a cigar, and leaned back in his chair.

"You want us to keep that appointment?" demanded Harry.

"Not at all. It is too dangerous."

"What shall we do, then?"

"Lock up your rooms. Go somewhere beside the office or the house, and adopt another disguise. At the appointed time we will all be in front of the Chinese theater—you two together, I as I am now. We will see how Mr. Chink handles himself."

"You are right. To follow his lead would hardly pay."

"Perhaps it won't be necessary. The point is for you to shake these people. Although I cannot positively assert it, I have no doubt that this house is being shadowed at this very minute."

"It would be well to ascertain that," said Harry. "Let me watch at the window for a few minutes and see if I can catch on to anything."

"Go ahead," replied the old detective.

He and Alice began to talk while Harry stood at the window.

"I think we had better call this game off," said Old King Brady. "Before I could get out I had a telephone talk with Manager Skillman. Nothing has been heard of Estelle Duprez yet. He seemed overjoyed when I told him that we had gone actively at work on the case."

"You have something to suggest," replied Alice. "What is it?"

"Suppose we change the whole scheme. You are not afraid of the Chinks under ordinary circumstances. By that I mean if you were to come here as a lady in a cab inquiring for your missing sister you would have nothing to fear?"

"That's all right, Mr. Brady. I am perfectly willing to do that."

"Suppose you do it, then. There is no sense in three of us chasing the same dog. Make the rounds of the regular opium joints, all of which you know. You can disguise enough so as not to be recognized."

"Would you talk to them in Chinese?"

"Certainly not, Alice. No doubt there will be talk go on in front of you. Here is a photograph of Miss Duprez which Mr. Skillman sent me. You can show it to the joint-keepers and listen to what they say."

"I think it is an excellent idea, Mr. Brady, since our scheme of locating in Chinatown has failed."

"It has not failed. It has brought us around to this. Harry and I can attend to this Chink, and I can trust you for the other job alone. See any objection, Harry?"

"None at all," replied Young King Brady; "but I would much rather that Alice took somebody with her, and I don't see that it could do any harm."

"Let her hire a Low Gui Gow to go about with her in the cab. It would be the safest possible plan."

"That will do first-rate."

"Caught on to anything yet, Harry?"

"I think I have. Want to see?"

"Not at all. Not on any account will I show myself at that window. What is it?"

"There's a Chink standing in the doorway of the Port Arthur restaurant who has been sizing me up right along."

"He has, eh? Alice, did your Chink who called give a name?"

"No; but you know Chinamen are not much on names. Half of those which they go by in this country are assumed."

"Oh, I know. Since we have agreed to divide, Harry, you get out and see if this Chink shadows you. If so, shake him as soon as possible, and go to the office. Take him in, Alice, so that we may slip out as soon as Harry goes, if the coast is clear."

Alice went to the window, and Harry pointed the fellow out.

"All right. Go ahead," said Old King Brady. "We will take care of this end."

And such was the abrupt finish of poor Harry's pleasant housekeeping on Pell street.

He left now, and Alice watched at the window.

"The man is after him," she announced in a few minutes.

"This is deeper business than shows on the surface," said Old King Brady. "It is the sort of case I like. Watch and see if anybody takes that fellow's place."

Alice did so, and soon announced that she could not see anybody."

"I'll sneak out," said the old detective. "If the coast seems clear you can soon follow."

Alice continued her watch for half an hour.

Nobody seemed to be on the watch at the end of that time, so she left, taking the key with her, after locking up the rooms.

She went downtown as far as the Wall street station on the subway, and then, feeling certain that she had not been shadowed, she went uptown on the train.

Harry in the meanwhile promptly caught on to his Celestial shadow.

As it was absolutely necessary to shake him, Young King Brady determined to make the job effectual.

The Brooklyn Bridge is about as good a place as any for this sort of business.

Here the trains for the Brooklyn elevated start every few minutes.

As they go in all manner of directions there are always people standing around on the platform waiting for their particular train.

Young King Brady, without looking behind him after he left Pell street, went up on the platform and waited.

In less than half a minute the Chinaman was there, too.

Harry walked up and down carelessly, glancing at him.

He was certainly not the man who had visited the Pell street rooms.

The fellow eyed him closely, but made no attempt to speak.

Harry allowed three trains to go out, and the Chinaman did the same.

There could be no doubt about the shadowing business. At last Young King Brady saw his chance.

A Metropolitan avenue train stood on the track. Its time was almost up.

As Harry had shown no sign of boarding it, Mr. Chink walked back away from the train.

Suddenly Young King Brady made a dive through the gate.

He knew that he only had an instant, and he made the most of it.

Hurrying through the car he slipped off at the other end just as the bell clanged.

Bang went the gates!

Young King Brady stood quietly on the platform, and let the car pass him.

It was as he thought.

He could see the Chink through the window.

Harry's shadow had been caught like a rat in a trap, and was being whirled away to Brooklyn.

"That's all right," chuckled Young King Brady as he went leisurely downstairs. "That's the time I got him. It's all right now."

But it was necessary to make certain.

In order to do this Young King Brady turned down Nassau street. His intention was to walk away downtown, where Chinamen are seldom seen.

Scarcely had he reached Beekman street, when, upon looking around, he saw to his intense disgust another Chinaman trailing after him.

"These people are simply tremendous," thought Young King Brady. "Shall I never shake them?"

Without looking around again Harry walked to the corner of Wall and Nassau street.

At Wall street Young King Brady once more looked back.

The Chink was still on the trail.

Harry now pushed on to 40 Wall street.

This tall building has an entrance on Pine street.

You can pass right through the basement from one street to the other.

Harry pushed through the swinging doors and stood for some minutes studying the directory boards.

As yet the Chink had not entered.

Evidently he knew nothing of the passage through to Pine street.

Supposing that Young King Brady would have to come out the same way he went in, he was patiently waiting outside.

Harry shuffled through to Pine street, went down to Pearl, and thence to Fultor, where he went up on the platform of the elevated railroad.

Here he stood until three trains had passed, and then,

seeing nothing of his shadow, he boarded a train and went uptown.

His ruse had been successful.

At last he had given his Celestial shadows the slip.

Old King Brady was at the office when Harry came in.

"I'm back," Harry said, "and a deuce of a time I had getting here."

He told his story, and Old King Brady chuckled.

"Well, I had no one after me," said the old detective, "but I am satisfied that the office is being watched from Union Square."

"And a beautiful chance they have to do it."

"Of course! I have always regretted having hired these offices on that account. But say, Harry, an idea has occurred to me since we parted. Suppose I tackle that Doyers street appointment alone? You get out and see if you can't get next to our shadower on the Square. He may be that fellow Wilding. If you could get next to him it would be great. Do you remember how he looked?"

"Perfectly, although I only had a glance at him."

"What do you think of my plan?"

"It strikes me as a good scheme if you think you can manage Doyers street alone."

"Why, of course I can. I doubt if there will be anything doing there anyway, when the Chinks find that you and Alice have abandoned the rooms as they surely will."

"All right, I'll tackle the job."

Harry went to the costume room and soon appeared with his appearance completely altered.

He now looked for all the world like a cheap skate who had blasted his prospects by hitting the hop.

"How about it, Governor? Will I pass muster?" he asked, looking into Old King Brady's room.

"Excellent," replied the old detective. "Couldn't be better. You look enough like him to be his twin brother. I wish you all success."

Young King Brady now left the building, and walked over to Union Square.

There was the usual outfit of buns upon the benches.

He could not, however, make out that either one of them was Jack Wilding, but he did see a Chinaman walking through the Square.

And this, if the Chink was on the shadow, was all he could do.

To have sat down upon a bench would have brought him into trouble in short order.

Harry went all the way around the Square, and then looked again.

As far as he could see no one was following him.

He went in on the Square, and walked slowly past the benches.

He had not gone far before he saw a fellow who certainly resembled Jack Wilding in every way.

Still, as he had only seen Wilding once, he could not feel quite certain of his man.

"I'll chance it anyhow," thought Harry.

He walked over to the bench, and dropped in the vacant seat beside the suspected one.

Suddenly he turned and looked at him attentively.

The man seemed to resent this, and turned away.

"Hello, Wilding," said Harry in a low voice. "How's the hop?"

CHAPTER V.

NIGHT WORK IN CHINATOWN.

Old King Brady changed his mind about going down to Doyers street in the same disguise he had previously adopted, as soon as he saw Harry made up as the opium fiend.

"That's my cue," he said to himself, "if I can only get up to it as well as the boy has done."

He came back to the office after supper, and tried his hand in the costume room.

He had seen Alice started on her mission in the meantime.

Harry had not returned.

Old King Brady saw him on the Square talking to his man from the office window, and by the aid of his glass he positively identified the fellow as Jack Wilding.

When he looked again they had gone away.

Old King Brady's fear was about his face.

The use of opium with those on in years produces a gaunt look, and a yellowish, parchment-like skin.

The old detective had the gaunt look naturally, but whether he could work up the true opium skin or not was a question.

He spent more than an hour over it.

When finally he looked in the glass he felt satisfied with the result.

"I guess I'll pass all right," he said to himself.

He looked the picture of a once respectable man who had fallen even below the level of a Bowery bum.

And to the Bowery Old King Brady now took himself, although it was not yet ten o'clock.

So he shuffled down the Bowery, taking a bird's-eye view of everything, so to speak.

Nobody paid the least attention to him.

Such figures as his are far too common on this dismal thoroughfare to attract the least attention.

At Bayard street he turned into a saloon which is a well-known resort for sneak thieves and panhandlers.

Here he sat mooning over a glass of beer for some time, listening to the talk which went on around him.

Failing to get next to anything of the least interest, he went on to Chatham Square.

In front of Quong Lee's cellar joint stood a stylish cab.

Old King Brady watched for a few minutes, and was rewarded by seeing Alice in the company of a colored boy come up the steps.

"The girl is right on the job," he thought, "but I won't interfere with her, I think."

So he did not even attempt to attract her attention as Alice got into the cab and was driven around into Mott street.

Now it was Mott to Pell street, and Pell to Doyers, and around by the Square back into Pell again.

Old King Brady could not discover that he was being shadowed.

He felt entirely satisfied with his disguise.

Again and again he made the rounds.

At midnight Old King Brady was on the job.

Now he might have been seen leaning against the side of a building on Doyers street opposite the Chinese theater.

His head was bent, and he was trembling all over.

Anyone would have mistaken him for an opium fiend.

The theater was not yet "out," but many Chinks had come out already, and a few hung about the door.

Old King Brady could not make out that either one of these was his man.

But right here was the great trouble in shadowing Chinamen.

All look so much alike, especially the younger ones, that it is very difficult to tell them apart.

A policeman passed for the second time.

He caught Old King Brady by the chin and lifted up his head.

"Say, youse better be gettin' inside somewheres," he said. "You'll be asleep on de sidewalk next ting you know."

"No, Shannon," whispered Old King Brady, "I'm not one of the sleepy kind."

As he spoke he cautiously showed his shield.

"Gee!" said the officer, "who are youse? Not Old King Brady?"

"Old King Brady."

"Excuse me buttin' in, Mr. Brady. I didn't know."

"Of course not. It is all right."

"Workin' on a Chink case?"

"Yes, looking for an actress who has disappeared."

"A hop hitter?"

"Yes."

"I heard about dat. Miss Duprez, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Know anything?"

"Not a blame ting; no more does the wardman, nor any of our detectives. Dey tink she's jumped de town, but I'll tell you one ting, Mr. Brady, and I wouldn't tell it to everyone so. I seen dat dame many a time along wit a half-breed Chink—a dandy lookin' feller who you'd have to look twict at to guess he was a Chink at all. Dere's no doubt she was dead stuck on him, but den dat was a year ago."

"So? Thanks for the information. Now, do me a favor, Shannon."

"Sure. What is it?"

"Take me by the shoudlers, give me a push, and tell me to move on."

With a chuckle Officer Shannon obliged the old detective, who turned, and shaking his fist at the policeman broke out into a torrent of abuse.

"Ah, g'wan!" cried Shannon. "G'wan wit youse, or I'll run youse in."

Old King Brady shuffled to the end of Doyers street and took up his station by the Chinese "newspaper."

This is a dead brick wall, upon which one always finds pasted strips of red paper bearing Chinese characters.

It is actually a bulletin board upon which the news of Chinatown is daily posted.

Scarcely had he taken up his position here when Old King Brady saw his man come out of the theater.

He was positive that this was the right Chink.

The fellow stopped, and taking one sweeping glance around, walked slowly toward the detective.

Just then another Chinaman turned in from Pell street.

They stopped directly in front of Old King Brady and had a long talk.

And this was the time the old detective would have given much if he had been possessed of Alice's gift.

At last the pair turned into Pell street.

Old King Brady instantly got busy.

Evidently they had not the slightest suspicion.

As Old King Brady shuffled after them they never once looked around.

They passed Port Arthur and crossed the street.

Old King Brady saw them enter the Chinese grocery store.

Then he knew that he had made no mistake.

After a while they came out again and the grocer with them.

They turned in at the side door and went upstairs.

"Upon my word, I believe those two are Highbinders, and mean to do Harry and Alice up," thought the old detective.

And he congratulated himself for having put his partners out of the way when a minute later he saw a light flashing behind the window of the front room on the top floor.

In a few minutes all three were down again and talking excitedly on the street.

At last they appeared to give it up as a bad job, and the grocer went back into his store.

The other two went up on Pell street with the old detective at their heels.

They entered a dark doorway on the left, close to the junction of Pell and Mott streets.

Old King Brady felt that his work was done.

To follow the chase up any further that night appeared to be hardly practicable.

He went around on Mott street and thence back to Chatham Square.

He was just about to board a Third Avenue car when he heard a voice call:

"Three for one!"

This, be it understood, is one of the Bradys' secret signals.

It simply means that one of the firm is at hand, and wants to speak with the other.

Old King Brady stopped short and looked around.

He saw a woman's hand projected from the window of one of the cabs standing in the Square.

"Alice!" he thought. "She has done pretty well to catch on to me."

He went over to the cab, and Alice opened the door.

"Get in," she said. "I want to talk to you."

Old King Brady slipped into the cab.

"Where are you going?" asked Alice.

"Home. And you?"

"Same place."

She ordered the cabby to drive to Washington Square.

"I have been waiting for you, Mr. Brady," she then said.

"I saw you earlier in the evening, but you did not seem to want to talk to me then."

"I did not. It would have been bad for us both. Have you accomplished anything?"

"I think so. And you?"

"Your Chink was on the job. When he didn't find you and Harry he went away and joined another. They went to the Pell street grocer and all three went up into your rooms."

"What do you think?"

"For an opinion they are a bunch of Highbinders, and meant to do you up."

"Very likely. Now about my work. I went from joint to joint, and showed my photograph. It worked out just as you said. In Hop Wen's, on Pell street, I was told, as I was everywhere else, that they had never seen such a woman, but the Chink in charge called another and showed him the photograph. This man immediately said in Chinese, 'Lee Fung's girl.' The other assented, and the talk ran something like this: 'Lee Fung must be told.' 'This woman is probably a detective.' 'I will go and tell him.' 'Do so. It would be a shame to have the House of the Nine Delights raided.'"

"Good enough, Alice! Upon my word, your knowledge of Chinese is a great thing for the firm!" the old detective exclaimed.

"That isn't all. I got out as quick as I could, and watched in the cab. The Chink came out and went along Pell street, entering the very house your supposed Highbinders disappeared in, as near as I can judge from your description."

"There was a butcher's shop on the ground floor."

"That's the place."

"Well, that's my report."

"It is excellent. You took it that the Duprez woman is in New York?"

"So it would seem."

"You have connected our cases, which is all right. Now, all we have to do is to go right ahead and feel that we are neglecting neither."

"I did not see how I could do anything more to-night."

"You couldn't. What sort of a place did you take this House of the Nine Delights to be?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Probably an opium and gambling joint combined."

"It may be. The Chinese are great on these flowery names, however. It may be any old thing."

"Very well. Now we will wait for Harry's report, and by to-morrow we ought to be ready to make a move."

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY GETS NEXT TO JACK WILDING.

Old King Brady left Alice at her boarding-house on Waverly Place, and went around to his own on the other side of Washington Square.

Here he hoped to find Harry, but in this he was disappointed.

As it was now nearly two o'clock he gave it up, and went to bed.

There were excellent reasons for his not finding Harry.

Young King Brady found plenty of occupation that night.

He started in by throwing his bold bluff to the fellow on the bench in Union Square.

It did the work.

"My name is Wilding, but you have got the best of me," was the reply. "I never saw you before."

Young King Brady was satisfied.

Here was one point gained.

He had made no mistake in his man.

Opium fiends have notoriously bad memories.

Knowing this, Harry knew that he was perfectly safe in claiming anything.

"My name is Harry Thomas," he said. "Don't you recollect the night we hit the pipe together in Quong Lee's about three months ago?"

"No, I'll be blest if I do."

"Strange you should forget. Next thing you'll tell me that you never hit the pipe."

"No, I shan't. You know that as well as I know you do. Your face is as bad a give-away as mine."

"It does show on a fellow's face, don't it? You smoke in Quong Lee's sometimes?"

"Sure I do. I might have run against you there. I've got a poor memory."

"Same here. It's the hop, I suppose."

"I s'pose it is. I wish I could cut it out."

"Do you, really? Sometimes I do, but I don't seem to be able to muster up the courage. Say, I wish I had a smoke right now."

Jack Wilding seemed mildly interested.

"I suppose you haven't got the price," he said.

"That's where you are dead wrong."

Jack Wilding's interest suddenly took an upward turn.

"I suppose you know Chinatown pretty well?" he asked.

"Not so very. I belong over in Boston. I only drift in here once in a while. This time I struck luck."

"How?"

"Oh, never mind."

"Don't you be afraid of me. I'm out for good graft."

"So?"

"Yair; and you?"

"Oh, I'm all there."

"I thought so. How heavy did you hit it up?"

Harry sneaked his fake roll out of his pocket. There was a good twenty dollar bill on top.

Jack Wilding pulled out a package of cigarettes.

"Try one," he said.

Harry helped himself.

He knew now that he had interested his man, all right.

He felt that Wilding would never rest satisfied until he got the roll.

"Strange I can't seem to place you," said the hop hitter after a moment.

"Oh, that cuts no ice. We were both pretty well doped that night."

"Your memory is a blamed sight better than mine, Thomas, that's one sure thing."

"Come, let's go and have a ball," said Harry. "Then we will hike down to Chinkville and try a pipe at Quong Lee's again."

"Can't do it now, but I will later on if you can wait."

"Oh, I've got nothing to do but to kill time. But what's the matter with you? Why can't you go now?"

"Because I am working," laughed Wilding, "and you wouldn't think it. I have to wait for my relief to come."

"Oh!" said Harry.

He did not think it wise to press the subject.

Probably it was the best way, for Wilding opened up after a minute.

"Fact is," he said, "I'm doing detective work. I won't tell you who I'm watching for; that wouldn't be business, but I'm getting paid for sitting on this bench, I want you to understand."

"You are, eh? I wish someone would pay me for sitting on a park bench. Many a night I've slept on one when I didn't have the price."

"Oh, we've all been there. But say, how much is in that roll? Now, don't get your back up. I'm not the kind to offer to swipe it or to do you for your dough, but I know a thing or two about our little old Chinkville that everybody don't know. I could put you next to something great if you only had sand enough."

"Well?"

"You haven't answered my question yet."

"Well, I guess I could cough up an even hundred if I tried."

"You could, eh? Well, then, that's enough. There's to be a Chinese lottery pulled off down on Pell street tonight. I can get a chance to go in on it, which is more than many other white men can say in this town. What do you say to trying your luck?"

"Is there any show against the Chinks?"

"Any show? Say, that shows how little you know them. They are the squarest people on earth. That's dead right. If you win they pay, and make no mistake."

Harry reflected.

He concluded that it would be worth a hundred dollars to humor the fellow.

"I'll go you," he said, after a brief silence. "What's the price?"

"The slips are all one price, a ten-spot takes one."

"And the prizes?"

"Fifty to a thousand. Five prizes altogether."

"What's the scheme?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. They shake the slips up in a sealed box before a dinky little joss. But I've been there. I've won twice. Once I got five hundred. That's the second prize."

"I'll go two tickets, and back you two if you'll go halves."

"Done. You're the real goods, Thomas. Gee! I wish that feller would come."

But no one came up to five o'clock, when Jack Wilding got up and announced that his day's work was over, and that he would have to go and make his report.

But he was not to be called upon to do this, it appeared.

Before they could get away from the bench a young Chinaman in American clothes came up.

Wilding took him aside and they talked for a few minutes in an undertone.

Harry saw the Chinaman give him money.

Then Wilding joined him.

"Now, I'm free," he said. "We'll get a drink and a feed, and hike ourselves to the House of the Nine Delights."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, that's where the lottery is to be pulled off."

"You seem to be right in with the Chinks in this town."

"That's what I am. But I'll tell you one thing, if I had a real game feller to back me I'd soon be ready to shake them, and with a full pocket, too."

"Graft?"

"Sure."

"Tell me about it."

"Not now. I don't know as I ever opened up to a stranger like I have done to you. You know yourself it's running a big risk. You might be a detective, for all I know."

"Huh!" said Harry. "That's just what I take you to be, my friend."

"Well, say, you are not so far out of the way on that. I

have been doing a bit of detective work for the Chinks."

"What about?"

"I'm not telling. It's their private business."

"You are right, and I had no call to ask you. Forget it."

They went to a Third avenue restaurant, and had supper.

The next was Pell street.

"What time is your lottery to be pulled off?" asked Harry.

"That's just what I don't know," replied Wilding, "but we will soon find out. Now for the House of the Nine Delights."

"You spoke of that before, but you did not tell me what sort of a joint it was."

"Didn't I? Well, it's easy told. It's the most select opium joint in Chinatown, for one thing; it's where they do the heaviest gambling, for another. Besides that, they do a big business in queer hop."

"Oh, I see. Has it been running long?"

"No; only a few weeks. It's run by a rich Chink who was burned out in San Francisco. He has done business here for several years, but his headquarters were in Frisco; after the quake he came to New York. He means to stay here, I guess."

"What's his name?"

"Now, don't ask me that, Harry. He's the man I am working for—he's my boss."

"I see you don't trust me yet, Jack. No matter; you will in time."

"How can you expect it?"

"I don't expect it. All the same, I'm dead straight."

"I believe that, all right. If I didn't I wouldn't be with you now. We go in here."

They turned in at the identical doorway located by Old King Brady and Alice.

Jack Wilding led the way up to the second floor, where he gave a peculiar knock.

The door was opened by a very much Americanized Chink.

"Hello, Jack," he said. "Who's him?"

He eyed Harry suspiciously.

"Friend of mine, who's all right," replied Wilding.

"If the boss says yes," was the reply.

They entered, and Harry found himself in a cheaply furnished room, where several Chinamen sat around a table.

They were playing some game with queer little cards.

They glanced at the newcomers, after which no further attention was paid to them.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," said Jack. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

He passed behind a curtain which cut off the rear room.

In a little while the curtain was pushed aside, and a stylish young man peered out at Harry.

He scarcely looked like a Chinaman.

As the curtain dropped Harry felt satisfied that he had seen Dr. Lee Fung.

"It will be settled in a second now," he said to himself.

But it was fully fifteen minutes before Jack Wilding reappeared.

He beckoned to Harry to follow him out, and they went down upon the street.

"It's all up with me—I'm rejected," thought Young King Brady.

He was entirely wrong.

"It's all right, Harry," said Wilding, taking his arm familiarly. "I had a hard job to persuade them to let you in, but I won out in the end. Now, let's get down to Quong Lee's and hit one pipe; no more, mind you, for we want to have cool heads to-night."

Young King Brady promptly assented.

He has a way of his own of pretending to smoke opium without drawing in a single whiff.

They passed on to Chatham Square, and went down into old Quong's cellar.

The old man was not in evidence, much to Harry's relief, for he surely would have recognized him at a glance.

Harry and Wilding got into one of the bunks together.

"Who shall be cook?" demanded Jack.

"Just as you say," replied Harry. "I can cook a pretty good pill."

"Do it, then. I hate cooking the hop."

The layout was brought and Harry cooked his pill.

Jack Wilding got a double dose on that occasion.

It was not enough to do more than make him slightly drowsy.

He dozed off for a few minutes and then rousing up began to talk.

Now, an opium fiend at this stage of the game will not only tell all he knows, but will also draw on his imagination for a lot.

"We pull together all right," Jack said to Harry, in a low whisper.

"Sure we do."

"Say, Harry?"

"Well?"

"I'm going to put a proposition to you."

"Put it."

"You saw that man what looked out at you from behind that curtain?"

"I did, of course. Is he your boss?"

"That's who he is. His name is Dr. Lee Fung."

"Dr. Lee Fung? Never heard of him," replied Young King Brady drowsily.

"He is the man I was telling you about. He is known to every Chink on the Pacific Coast as the 'Opium King.'"

"I don't care," mumbled Young King Brady, pretending to be badly doped.

"Brace up! Say!"

"Lemme alone."

"Hold on now. We've got business to attend to."

But Harry was snoring.
He felt that Jack Wilding's proposition would keep.
There was time enough.
In the meanwhile it suited his purpose to play the doped hop-fiend.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD KING BRADY DECIDES TO TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS, AND CALLS ON THE OPIUM KING.

When Old King Brady looked into Harry's room upon rising next morning he was not particularly surprised to find that he had not come in during the night.

"He has probably been obliged to tie to that fellow," he said to himself. "He'll turn up during the day."

But Harry was not at the office when Old King Brady got there, nor had he come in when Alice arrived.

Still, there seemed to be no cause for uneasiness.

At ten o'clock Manager Skillman called.

"Have you met with any success?" he asked the old detective.

"Nothing definite."

"Matters are growing pretty serious. The public don't take to Duprez's understudy. I have had a falling out with the young doctor who pretends to be visiting her. He declines to give out any more fake bulletins. I am at my wit's end to know what to do?"

Old King Brady told of Alice's search.

"Why can't we go down there and pull that place?" demanded the manager. "I am sure if I could once get a sight of Duprez I could persuade her to come back."

"We can."

"Do you think it will do any harm?"

"If you ask my opinion, I think it will result in Miss Duprez being carried away from the city altogether."

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Brady! If she is in that house we shall find her."

"Not against her will or that of Dr. Lee Fung."

"Who is Dr. Lee Fung?"

"A Chinese who is probably her husband. Have you never heard of the man?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I have. He became acquainted with her in San Francisco, but she assured me she had shaken him."

"I have every reason to believe the contrary."

"And you think she is with him now?"

"I do. I firmly believe it."

"Just the same, I say let us go down there boldly. Demand to see her, and find out what comes of it. We can only fail."

"Very well, Mr. Skillman: if you say so, that is what we will do."

"You think we will fail?"

"It is my belief that Miss Duprez is concealed in some

secret room under the house, and that we will fail to find her."

"Oh, pshaw! I don't believe in these secret rooms in Chinatown; that's all newspaper talk."

"It is, eh? You ought to wander about the ruins of Chinatown, San Francisco, once, and see the underground rooms the fire has exposed."

"Still, I want to try it."

"Very well. It shall be as you say. We will take my female partner, Miss Montgomery, with us. It may be that Miss Duprez will consent to see a woman, where she would decline to see a man."

"It is a good idea. Suppose you do."

"Excuse me a moment. I have to call up a party on the telephone."

Old King Brady went to the telephone and called up Commissioner Clemens.

"I have got so far along with my case that there is a possibility of my seeing Dr. Lee Fung to-day," he said. "What about arresting him off-hand?"

"Can't be done," replied the Secret Service man, promptly. "We don't want him unless we can get evidence enough to convict him of opium smuggling at the time of the arrest."

"Very good," replied Old King Brady. "I merely put the question. I don't absolutely despair of getting evidence, but I am afraid it is going to prove a very difficult matter."

"Go ahead. Fail if you must. We don't want the man without the evidence—see?"

Old King Brady went into Alice's office and told her of Mr. Skillman's plan.

"It seems to me that it will be very foolish to make any move until Harry reports," Alice declared.

"It would seem so to me also; but, on the other hand, it is absolutely certain that Dr. Lee Fung knows we are after him. I don't think it can do a bit of harm to go at him boldly, so prepare yourself. It is a queer way of doing business, I know, but I have determined to make the attempt."

"Very well. How shall we go?"

"In an automobile, with as much parade as possible."

Alice said no more, well knowing that once Old King Brady's mind is made up it is impossible to turn him.

So the automobile was summoned, and the old detective with Alice and Mr. Skillman rode down to Chinatown.

Now, the appearance of an auto on Pell street in the daytime is an uncommon sight, although they are frequently seen there at night loaded with "slummers."

The "rubber-neck wagon" went up Pell street just ahead of them, every seat filled with "jays" bent upon seeing New York.

The young man with the megaphone, as he looked back at his audience, caught sight of Old King Brady.

And this was the time the old detective wished for other clothes.

"And right behind us, ladies and gentlemen," roared

the young man through the megaphone, "you may see, if you care to look around, the famous detective, Old King Brady! Doubtless he is visiting Chinatown for the purpose of arresting Hang How, the King of the Highbinders, who shot five members of the rival tong, the On Leong, dead in this street last night!"

Old King Brady was furious.

As for Alice, it was all she could do to keep from exploding.

"You will know him by his big white hat!" was bel- lowed through the megaphone, as every rubberer turned and looked at the auto. "One of the most remarkable characters we have in New York."

And the rubberneck wagon rolled heavily on as the young man pointed out a certain house and informed his audience that on every floor were rooms filled with "white slaves," held prisoners by the Chinese!

"This is outrageous!" cried Mr. Skillman. "That fel- low ought to be arrested."

"We might as well have come down here with a brass band," growled Old King Brady. "But I told you how it would be."

The rubberneck wagon turned into Mott street, and the automobile drew up before the suspected house.

Women rubbered out of the windows, Chinamen stop- ped and stared.

Old King Brady jumped out, and giving his hand to Alice helped her to alight, Mr. Skillman following.

"Great Scott, Mr. Brady!" he grumbled, "we seem to have secured publicity enough, if that is going to help us out any. "Do we go in here?"

"Follow me," said the old detective. "Alice, you do the talking. Introduce Mr. Skillman. Demand to see Miss Duprez. If that is refused, insist upon seeing Dr. Lee Fung."

"Excuse me, Mr. Brady, but don't you think it will be best for you or I to do the talking?" said Manager Skill- man.

"No."

"But——"

"Miss Montgomery speaks Chinese."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes."

"In that case——"

"We will let it stand as I have arranged it, please."

"Oh, certainly."

Old King Brady thundered on the same door through which Harry and Jack Wilding had gone.

It was opened by a young Chinaman who was the only occupant of the room.

The Chink almost fell dead with surprise when Alice spoke to him in Chinese.

The conversation lasted several minutes.

It is always slow work getting anything out of a China- man, for they are as roundabout in their speech when they talk their own language as they are direct when they speak English.

At last Alice turned to the detective and said:

"He utterly denies that Miss Duprez is in this house. He says that he never heard of Dr. Lee Fung."

"Tell him that if he does not send Dr. Lee Fung to us within five minutes that we will have the police in and ar- rest everyone on the premises," said the old detective, flashing his shield at the Chinaman.

Alice translated.

The Chinaman gabbled back at her, and pushing aside the curtain, disappeared within the other room.

"What did he say?" demanded Mr. Skillman.

"He said he would tell the boss," replied Alice.

"Did you tell him that Old King Brady wanted to see Dr. Lee Fung?" inquired the old detective.

"Oh, he knows you all right," replied Alice. "He spoke your name."

"Well, I didn't hear it then."

"He doesn't call you Old King Brady."

"What, then?"

"The old policeman with the big hat."

"Oh, pshaw!"

"It's just as I tell you, Mr. Brady."

They waited fully ten minutes.

Old King Brady grew more and more impatient.

"Come, we will search the house," he said at length.

"I can stand this no longer."

He started for the curtain. But before he could reach it the curtain was pulled aside and out stepped a stylish young fellow. He was evidently a Chinese half-breed. He was also the man Harry had seen peering out at him the evening before.

"I am Dr. Lee Fung," he said in excellent English.

"What do you wish with me?"

"We want Miss Estelle Deprez," broke out Mr. Skill- man. "I am the manager of the Azalia Theatre. I am satisfied that she is in this house."

"The lady you are inquiring for happens to be my wife," replied Dr. Fung with a great deal of dignity. "At present she is confined to her bed by a temporary illness. It will be impossible for you to see her."

"Why, she is under contract with me. She has dam- aged me thousands of dollars!" cried the manager. "I can have her arrested for breach of contract, and I will."

"I think not, Mr. Skillman," replied Dr. Lee Fung. "I am partly one of the despised Chinks, it is true, but I happen to know something about American law. You can sue my wife for breach of contract, but you cannot have her arrested, as you know very well."

"Let the lady see her, doctor," said Old King Brady quietly.

Dr. Fung gave him a curious look.

"You are Old King Brady, the detective?" he said.

"I am."

"I hope you had a pleasant trip down on Long Island day before yesterday?"

"Doctor, I enjoyed it immensely."

"I am glad. Will you take a drink with me? I have

everything in the house from beer to whisky. I should be very happy to oblige."

"Doctor, we will cut that out; and if you are wise you will accede to my request that this lady be allowed to see Miss Duprez."

"Mrs. Fung, if you please, sir."

"Mrs. Fung it is, then."

"This lady is who?"

"Miss Montgomery."

"Your partner?"

"My partner."

"You are not afraid to trust her with me?"

"Not at all. I have sized you up as a man of sense. Whatever your intentions may have been towards me when you set spies to watch my office, I am satisfied that you will not be fool enough to interfere with the freedom of my partner on this occasion."

Dr. Lee Fung gave a peculiar smile.

"Certainly not," he said. "You have sized me up correctly. Wait and I will see what Mrs. Fung has to say."

He backed behind the curtain and disappeared.

"A very remarkable Chink that," said Mr. Skillman. "I wonder if Estelle has actually been fool enough to marry him?"

"Hard to tell," replied the old detective.

"Alice," he added, "you are not afraid to go?"

"Not in the least," replied Alice. "He knows well enough that if it was necessary you would pull the house down to get me back."

"If you see her," said Mr. Skillman, "tell her that she is ruining me. Tell her that she just must come out of this. She is a woman with more than the usual sense of justice. Go at her on that line."

Dr. Lee Fung now returned.

"My wife has consented to see you, Miss Montgomery," he said, "but I must tell you one thing. I do not care to take strangers through my house. You must allow me to blindfold you, miss."

Alice looked at Old King Brady.

"I am trusting you, Dr. Fung," said the old detective. "If you make me trouble, then prepare yourself for trouble in return."

"I shall make you no trouble, Mr. Brady. Nor shall I interfere with Mrs. Fung's freedom. I am doing this to oblige you more than anything else, and I hope you will have the good sense to call off your dogs and leave me alone."

"We shall see about that."

"If you don't, let me warn you that you will find Pell street a perilous place for you and yours."

"Cut all that out, doctor, and get down to business."

"Miss Montgomery consents to be blindfolded?"

"Yes."

Dr. Lee Fung went to a bureau which stood in one corner of the room, and opening a drawer, took out a clean white handkerchief.

"I am going to blindfold you, miss," he said.

"Go ahead," replied Alice.

The Chinaman tied the handkerchief over her eyes and took her hand, saying:

"Follow me, and no harm shall come to you."

Alice passed behind the curtain.

"And now to await results," said Old King Brady, dropping into a chair.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHINESE LOTTERY IN THE HOUSE OF THE NINE DELIGHTS.

Harry pretended to wake up after a minute.

"What were you saying, Jack," he asked. "Why in thunder don't you talk?"

"You went to sleep."

"No, I didn't."

"Sure you did."

"Well, what about it?"

"I was going to put a proposition to you."

"Put it. Go ahead."

"Do you want to pull in a big pot of money?"

"Sure. How can it be done?"

"Dr. Lee Fung is an opium smuggler."

"You said that before."

"He has just run in a big lot of the hop. There's near thirty thousand dollars' worth, he says, and I believe it."

"Well?"

"I think you and me can swipe that same hop if we are sharp."

"Do you?" demanded Harry, raising himself on one arm.

"Yes."

"How?"

"I'm pretty sure I know where it is hidden."

"Well, if there is any show to turn the trick I am game to try it."

"Even at a big risk?"

"What's the risk? Getting pinched?"

"Pinched nothing! Dr. Lee Fung will simply kill us if he catches us on the job."

"That's taking big chances, Jack."

"I know it, but I am so sure that we can succeed that I am willing to take them."

"Tell me more about it."

"Well, then, you must know that this house of Nine Delights is underground."

"Can you get into it?"

"Sure I can. And I'm not the only one. But the main thing is to find some place where we can sell this hop quick, for if the Secret Service people get on to us we are dead ones sure."

"Don't you know anybody who would take it off your hands?"

"Lots; but I should want cash in advance, and I don't know anyone who would trade that way."

"Well, then, I think I know the very man."

"You? I thought you were a stranger in New York."

"I don't live here and I suppose in your eyes that makes me a stranger. But I know people here, among them is this man."

"Well, who is he, then?"

"An uncle of mine who lends money. He's got bags full of it."

"A pawnbroker?"

"Not at all. Really my uncle."

"Who is he? What's his name? Where does he live?"

"Oh, you're asking a deuce of a lot of questions. The old man doesn't want everybody to know where he hangs out. He has his regular customers."

"Is he a fence?"

"Something like that. But say, Jack, I'll tell you, he lives in Lewis street near Grand, but his name I won't tell yet. I should have to see him in advance. He's got the dough all right. All that's needed is to show him a chance to make a little money and he will cough up any amount."

"Then he is just the fellow we want. When could you see him?"

"Any time. He very seldom goes out, but what could we do with the hop in the meantime?"

"Oh, we won't think of touching it to-night. We won't take it until we are ready to close it right out. But, come, let's get in there. We'll think this over later. Are you through with your smoke?"

"Sure. I don't want any more."

They pulled out of the joint then and went around on Pell street. Jack Wilding led Harry back to Dr. Lee Fung's. This time they were promptly admitted and allowed to pass behind the red curtain. The room on the other side was vacant. Jack opened a door which communicated with a flight of stairs. They were very narrow and ran between the main hall of the house and the back room. Young King Brady saw that they must have been put in place by the Chinese. They descended lower than the cellar level, where they entered a very small room, which was elaborately furnished in Chinese style.

Here, standing and sitting around, were several sporty-looking white men. A young Chinaman stood on guard at an inner door. The men were smoking cigarettes and talking together in low tones. Young King Brady took them for either gamblers or green goods men. The face of each man betrayed a fondness for opium. He had no doubt that all were hop fiends. Jack did not seem to know them. He drew Harry over into a corner and whispered:

"We shall have to wait a bit. They pull off three lotteries to-night. One is on now, I suppose. Let's have a smoke."

He produced a package of cigarettes and they began to smoke.

"Who are these people?" whispered Harry.

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer. "The opium king has a big following. Besides, this place had been running long before he took hold of it. He ran the same kind of a joint in San Francisco. They say he means to sell out here. Really, Harry, I don't know so very much about the man except that he is good pay."

Others came in, a party of four men. The Chink promptly opened the door for them, which the others did not seem to mind.

"How about that?" demanded Harry. "Why do they get in ahead?"

"They are hop hitters. They are going into the smoking room," was the reply.

"Oh, I see."

Two more men came in. These waited. Then it was another party for the smoking room. Business appeared to be rushing. At last there was a knock on the inside of the door. It was promptly opened and nine Chinamen and four white men came filing out. Just then four more Chinks came down from upstairs. A gong sounded somewhere on the inside.

"Ready!" whispered Jack. "Follow me."

The white men and the Chinks who had just entered cut in ahead of them. They all filed along a passage, which Harry saw must lead through to Mott street. Harry saw that several doors opened off from it. He caught the stench of burning opium. At the end of the passage were two doors. One stood open and a Chink all in white bowed to each man as he passed in. The room into which Harry entered was not large, but it was elaborately furnished in Chinese style. At one side was a small altar upon which stood an ugly little idol with various offerings before it in china cups in the usual style. In front of the altar was a table upon which stood a carved wooden box. Over in one corner was a sort of counter behind which stood Dr. Lee Fung in an expensive Chinese dress. The buttons of his blouse were each one a diamond. In the top of his round silk cap was a big brown topaz, which glittered like a star. On the table under a weight was a great pile of greenbacks. There were two or three other Chinamen standing about the room. The white men shook hands with the opium king, but the Chinaman did not say a word.

Jack Wilding took Harry up and introduced him. Dr. Fung shook hands cordially and told Harry that he was glad to see him. Young King Brady watched his face closely. If the opium king suspected anything he showed it by no sign.

Two more white men and three Chinamen came in and then the door was closed.

"Buy your slips, gentlemen," said Dr. Fung. "We will now proceed to draw the lottery. Try your luck with the god Foo Kee."

He followed this with some remarks in Chinese. One of the Chinamen then brought the carved box to the counter, after holding it up before the idol, bowing and kneeling. Dr. Fung took the box, shook it and then

opened it. He took out a number of red cards, each bearing a picture of the dinky little idol and a Chinese character. He took up each card, examined it and wrote something on the paper.

"He is making up the sheet," whispered Jack.

"Is it dead straight?" asked Harry in the same low tone.

"That's what I believe it to be," replied Jack. "I've seen it pulled off a couple of times. As I told you, I seen a white man pull out the second prize of five hundred once."

When the opium king had finished his sheet he called out something in Chinese. Then in English he added:

"First prize, one thousand, gentlemen; second prize, five hundred; two prizes, two-fifty each; three prizes, a hundred each; five prizes, fifty each. Tickets ten dollars, not less than two sold to one person, but any one can buy as many as he pleases. Two hundred tickets in the box."

Harry saw that the bank had every advantage in this singular arrangement. The sale of tickets then began. Some of the Chinks bought several, one taking ten. The white men for the most part contented themselves with the required two, but one bought five. Harry's turn came at last. He slipped Jack fifty dollars.

"Buy five tickets," he said, "and I will do the same. I will go a hundred dollars, as I told you I would. We can square up later if you win."

So they bought five tickets each.

Dr. Lee Fung put his slip in a drawer before the sale began and turned every ticket upside down, mixing them thoroughly. Thus no one had a chance to pick out any particular ticket. It all seemed to be fair enough so far as Young King Brady could see. After the sale of the tickets begun no one was admitted, but several more came in before that. Dr. Lee Fung placed the money received on the general pile and made change from a drawer in the counter. After all was over he put the remaining tickets in the wooden box, which one of the Chinks placed open upon the table in front of the altar.

Each man then filed past the table and threw his tickets into the box, receiving from the Chink in charge a slip of paper with a Chinese character upon it. This, Jack told Harry, was simply a number and indicated the number of tickets the gamblers had paid for. Thus the box was again filled. Dr. Lee Fung now handed up a much larger box, with two long, round wooded handles attached. These handles were fitted into a frame which was so contrived as to allow the box to be tumbled over and over.

Dr. Fung came out from behind the counter, and, bowing three times before the idol, began a harangue in Chinese. It was brief. Then one of the Chinks touched a gong. Dr. Fung immediately began to tumble the box over and over. He did this one hundred times, according to Harry's count. The lid was then removed from the box and Dr. Fung, pointing to one of the white men, said:

"Go draw!"

The sport drew out two tickets. Dr. Fung went to the

counter and spread out his sheet. The man presented the tickets. The opium king compared them with the sheet.

"You lose!" he called out in a loud voice.

The sport simply had to trust him. The next was a Chink with three tickets. He lost. Then came the white man who bought five tickets.

"You win fifty!" cried Dr. Fung, after comparing them with his sheet.

"This thing is a big fake," thought Harry.

Two Chinks pulled out a hundred each and neither had bought but two tickets and thus had two draws each from the box. At last Jack's turn came. He pulled out two hundred and fifty and came back all smiles. Harry followed. One of his five tickets paid fifty dollars, and this was the last prize drawn. There was a lot of talk going on among the sports during the drawing, but none of them said a word against the honesty of the thing.

"Pull out," whispered Jack, who was jubilant over his luck.

"Now for another smoke and we'll take it here," he said when they found themselves in the passage.

"I'll just look in," replied Harry, "and then I am going to see my uncle and arrange for that other business. You are sure it can't be pulled off to-night?"

"Dead sure. Won't you smoke?"

"No, I don't care to. I should get thoroughly doped if I hit another pipe."

"All right. Here's your fifty; that makes you whole and leaves me two hundred to the good."

This was pretty cool. But Young King Brady accepted the money without protest.

"Where can I see you?" he asked.

"I've got a room on Oliver street," replied Jack, and he gave the number.

"You will find me there in the morning," he said. "I shan't do the detective act again for Lee Fung, not while this money lasts."

"Nor afterwards, if we carry out our plans," whispered Harry.

"I should say not," replied Jack as he knocked on the door adjoining that of the lottery room.

It was immediately opened by a Chinaman and Young King Brady found himself looking into an opium joint very elaborately fitted up. Many hop hitters were in the bunks. Young King Brady parted with Jack at the door and hurriedly left the House of the Nine Delights. He tipped the Chinese doorkeeper in the outer room and went out on Pell street. It was now almost daylight.

Well enough satisfied with the discoveries he had made, Young King Brady hurried away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STRANGE CONDUCT OF ALICE.

Alice was gone about half an hour and then the red curtain was pushed aside and she came back into the room alone.

"I am ready to go now," she said, and there was some-

thing peculiar about the way she said it and about her looks. Old King Brady noticed this instantly, but Mr. Skillman did not appear to.

"Well, did you see her?" demanded the stranger.

"Yes," replied Alice. "I will tell you all about it when we get outside."

She still spoke in the same peculiar, constrained way.

"What is the matter?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Aren't you feeling well?"

"It is the heat down there," replied Alice. "It was terribly stuffy. The smell of opium is so strong that it made me sick."

"Come, let us get out," said the old detective, "unless Dr. Lee Fung wants to speak to us again."

"I don't know. I haven't seen him since," replied Alice, and they went down onto Pell street and got into the automobile.

"What did she say? What is she doing?" demanded the manager.

"She was in bed," replied Alice. "She is dreadfully doped. She told me to tell you that she would brace up to-night and come to the theatre in the morning."

"It is to be hoped she will, then, or I'm a ruined man."

"Oh, not so bad as that, I hope, Mr. Skillman," said the old detective.

"Well, perhaps not quite so bad as that, but my loss has been heavy enough."

"We have made some headway. If Miss Duprez does not turn up in the morning we will see what can be done about getting her out of that place."

"Did she say anything else, Miss Montgomery?" demanded the manager.

"Speaking to me?" asked Alice.

"Yes; I asked you if she said anything else."

"I daresay she did. I don't remember."

Even Mr. Skillman noticed her manner now.

"You are sure you saw the right woman?" he asked.

"Yes. She said she was Miss Duprez."

"Will you please describe her appearance?"

Alice did so, going into some detail.

"It would seem all right," said the manager. "If you will run over to Broadway, Mr. Brady, and put me down there, I shall be obliged. We will wait until morning and see how it turns out."

"Certainly," replied Old King Brady.

"I don't see how we can get her if Dr. Lee Fung is really her husband," sighed Mr. Skillman.

"It will be impossible, I fear. Did you ask her anything about that, Alice?"

"I asked her if she was married to him, and she said yes," replied Alice. "That is all I know."

They let Mr. Skillman out at the corner of Broadway and Canal street. As soon as he had departed and they were again under way Alice said:

"May I go home and lie down, Mr. Brady?"

"Certainly. If you don't feel well it is the very best thing you can do," the old detective replied.

"I feel dizzy and faint."

"Did you eat or drink anything down there?"

"No, indeed. I think it is the smell of the opium. It has made me real sick."

"You had better drink a strong cup of coffee at once. We will stop at a restaurant."

"Please no. I want to go home. I will make coffee for myself over my gas just as soon as I get into the house."

"Tell me all that happened, Alice."

"Nothing happened."

"Was the room where you saw this woman underground?"

"Yes. It was all underground. He took me down a long flight of stairs."

"Did he take you directly to her?"

"No. I had to wait in a little room, and, oh, it was so hot and stuffy! I thought I should go to sleep."

"Are you quite sure you didn't go to sleep?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Did this opium king remain with you in the room?"

"No. He went away and then came back again. But it is all right, Mr. Brady. I am feeling a great deal better."

"I hope so. Don't think of doing anything else for the rest of the day."

"Oh, I shall be at the office all right later on."

But she was not. At six o'clock Old King Brady called at the boarding house to inquire for her. Alice sent down word that she was in bed with a slight headache, but was otherwise all right and would be on hand in the morning.

When he got home the old detective found Harry sitting in the library.

"Where on earth have you been all day and all last night?" he asked.

"Well, I feel quite ashamed of myself, Governor," replied Harry. "I was up all night working on Pell street. I stopped to take a bath and get a shave after I left there in the early morning and I got in here just after you had gone. Feeling a bit sleepy, I went upstairs to lie down, and, if you will believe it, I have slept the whole day."

"Why, Harry, what in the world ails you? I never knew you to do such a thing before."

"That's right. I never did do such a thing before, but I was very tired."

"Do you feel all right now?"

"I feel fine. There is nothing at all the matter with me, Governor. You needn't be so concerned."

Old King Brady concluded to say nothing about Alice's peculiar condition. As for Harry, he had been working very hard for a long time and there was nothing strange in his feeling the need of extra sleep. So the detectives compared notes in their usual style.

"You have done great work," said Old King Brady, "but I must confess I am sorry that you missed your appointment with Jack Wilding."

"You are not a bit more sorry than I am. I feel heartily ashamed of myself."

"You don't think you were doped, Harry?"

"Certainly not. There is no possible chance of it. I was just overtired, that's all. And now what is to be done? I meant for you to go to your friend, that queer old fellow on Lewis street near Grand. I was going to bring Wilding and the hop there if we were lucky enough to get it."

"It is just as well you didn't try it then, for my old friend has left Lewis street. I don't even know where he has located."

"Then that would not have worked. What can we do on the case to-night?"

"I don't see that we can do anything. Like enough, Jack Wilding continued his hop spree all day and never even went to his room. Alice was feeling pretty tired when I left her. I think we will call it off for to-night and stop home."

But this is just what they did not do.

Things seldom go as they are planned in the detective line. They had supper and were just settling down for a comfortable evening when the bell rang. Harry went to the door and came back into the library with a stout woman, whom we shall introduce into this story as "Mrs. Smith," although such was not her name. This lady was the keeper of the boarding house in which Alice lived.

"It's Alice!" cried Harry. "There is something wrong."

"I don't want to alarm you, Mr. Brady," said Mrs. Smith, "but I do actually think there is something seriously wrong with Miss Montgomery. It is not often that I get nervous about her. But a detective's life is dangerous for a woman, and——"

"Is she worse?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Has she been sick? Why didn't you tell me?" cried Harry before Mrs. Smith could reply.

"She is no worse, or wasn't when I saw her at seven o'clock," replied Mrs. Smith. "She sat up in bed and drank a cup of tea, but she would not eat anything. Half an hour later I went up again to see if I couldn't tempt her to take a bite and I found her gone."

"Gone!" cried Old King Brady. "There is surely something wrong!"

Harry said nothing. He did not understand the case at all, so he decided to wait until Mrs. Smith had taken her departure, knowing that Old King Brady would explain everything then.

"Oh, I guess it is all right," said the old detective, contradicting himself after a minute.

"Well, I hope so," replied Mrs. Smith.

"She probably remembered some business which she had to attend to," said Old King Brady.

"Perhaps," replied Mrs. Smith, "but let me tell you, gentlemen, Miss Montgomery was in no shape to attend to business. I just thought I ought to come and tell you, so here I am."

"And quite right, Mrs. Smith. I thank you very much."

All this was torture for poor Harry. Old King Brady

worked Mrs. Smith to the door and got her out as soon as he could.

"Governor, what on earth is the matter? Why didn't you tell me of this?" cried Harry as soon as the old detective came back into the room.

"Take it easy, Harry. I'll tell you all about it now. I just didn't want to disturb you. I had no idea that Alice would dream of going out to-night."

"Tell it. Tell it!"

And Old King Brady told of the peculiar state in which he found Alice after her interview with Estelle Duprez.

"She has gone off on one of her wild tangents. She thinks she can accomplish something alone," Harry exclaimed.

"I am afraid it's worse than that," said Old King Brady. "She has evidently been doped in some way. It is wonderful how the Chinese manage it. But they know of all kind of drugs of which we are ignorant."

"But you say Alice declared that she neither ate nor drank while she was away."

"She told me so positively."

"Could they have turned some gas or fumes in upon her while she sat in that room waiting?"

"You have voiced my thoughts, Harry. She complained of the stuffiness of the place and of the terrible smell of opium."

"We must get down to Chinatown at once."

"Without an instant's delay."

And this was the end of the Bradys' quiet night. They made no effort to disguise. Old King Brady had been thinking. He had resolved to bring the case to a head.

"Mr. Clemens or no Mr. Clemens," he said, "I'm going to arrest Dr. Lee Fung. We will overhaul this House of Nine Delights. If we find opium in original packages there we shall be safe enough to hold the man."

"And Jack Wilding?" questioned Harry.

"Oh, we can get him any time. His kind never leave New York."

They hurried down to Pell street.

"We will tackle the opium king quietly at the start," said Old King Brady. "I can go at him with a pretended message from Mr. Skillman to the Duprez woman. As to our next move, we will be governed by what he says."

So they went up the now familiar staircase and rapped on the door. There was no answer. Old King Brady tried the door. It was locked. Twice again he knocked, and the last time he simply thundered upon the panel.

But even this strenuous attack brought no one.

"This is very strange," said Harry. "I'm afraid we have scared him away, Governor. What a fool I was to allow myself to sleep as I did!"

"Never mind about that. I don't think the doctor could have suspected you or he would not have acted the way he did. But this door has got to come open, and that's all there is to it."

Old King Brady got out his skeleton keys now. These will open any ordinary lock, and in a minute the door flew

back. The room had been stripped of its furniture and stood vacant.

"We have got the wrong house!" cried Harry.

"I don't know where you went," replied Old King Brady, "but this is the room in which I sat all right."

They passed into the next room—there was no red curtain now.

Harry looked for the door which communicated with the staircase, but in its place there was only a dead white wall.

CHAPTER X.

BACK AMIDST THE PERILS OF PELL STREET.

"They have skipped!" cried Harry.

"Evidently," replied the old detective; "but where did you go downstairs into the room where the lottery was pulled off?"

Harry pointed to the partition. Old King Brady flashed his dark lantern upon it and examined the partition long and earnestly, sounding it again and again.

"It has evidently been set in there as a whole," he said. "You can see for yourself how little there is to it between the window and the end of the wall, and the plastering is entirely distinct from that of the side wall."

"We can get the police and break it down."

"Of course; but, look here, Harry, from what you tell me I should suppose that there was almost no doubt that these underground rooms run through to Mott street."

"We have been up against the same thing before."

"Yes, and more than once. Let us go just a bit slow."

"And Alice?"

"That is the worst, but we must use common sense. To burst in here with the police would be only to send our Chinese rats out by the other end of the trap. Patience, patience! We shall work out of this all right in the end."

"For heaven sake, Governor, suggest something definite."

"Then my suggestion is that we go to that Oliver street house and see if we can't find Jack Wilding. Come on."

They left the place. As they passed out they saw a Chinaman whom they had not previously observed standing at the door. He gave them a peculiar look and shuffled off down Pell street.

"Now you see I was right," said Old King Brady; "that fellow is stationed there to steer the patrons of the House of the Nine Delights beyond all doubt. Wilding can get the secret out of him and to Wilding we must go."

"If we can find him," retorted Harry, "which I very much doubt."

They crossed Chatham Square and went down Oliver street. The house of which Harry had the number proved to be an old-fashioned three-story brick dwelling of which there are still several remaining on Oliver street.

A tin sign nailed up alongside the door announced

rooms to let. Old King Brady tried the door and found it on the latch. They ascended to the top floor and knocked on the first door they came to. A slatternly-looking woman appeared in answer.

"Mr. Wilding?" she said. "Front hall bedroom."

"Is he in?" demanded Harry.

"Don't know," replied the woman in a tone which also announced that she didn't care.

Old King Brady knocked on the door of the front hall bedroom. There was no answer, but, after several applications, a muffled voice was heard to ask:

"Who's there? What do you want?"

"It's me, Jack," called Harry.

"Thomas?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll open the door."

They heard him get out of bed.

"Oh, thunder!" he snarled when he caught sight of Old King Brady.

He would have slammed the door, but the old detective threw his weight against it with so much force that Wilding tumbled back on the bed. As he only had his undershirt on, he cut a pretty figure. But he lost no time in getting under the covers. The Bradys saw that they were in the room of a true opium fiend. Such another dirty little den they had seldom penetrated. As for Jack, he was in a pitiable condition. His eyelids were red and he was shaking all over. He seemed to recognize the fact that Harry and his late friend, Thomas, were the same person and he broke out with foul abuse.

"Hold on, my friend," said Old King Brady. "Such talk won't better this business a bit. Of course you know who we are. Take it easy if you are wise."

"You are the Bradys, I s'pose!"

"As you know very well. You are shaking to pieces with the dope."

"Not with it, but for the want of it," growled Jack.

"What do you talk such rubbish for when you know that the truth lies just the other way? But what would you say if I gave you a couple of opium pills to brace up on?"

"Will you do that?"

"I will if you will be good."

"You couldn't do me a greater favor, old man. Have you got 'em with you?"

"I have."

"Then for heaven sake trot 'em out, and I'll bless you. Am I arrested? I suppose yes?"

"Nobody said so. Perhaps nobody will say so if you will only show yourself a man of sense."

Jack Wilding, after the pills began to work, was a very different person.

The trembling ceased and an unnatural light appeared in his eyes.

"Come, out with it!" he cried. "What do you want of me? I've been a goat all right. To think that I should

have been on the job shadowing the Bradys and then let one of them get next to me."

"Pshaw," said Harry. "That's our business. But now look here, Jack, we've got nothing against you. Listen to Mr. Brady and do as he asks and it may be money in your pocket. I don't imagine you have very much of that \$200 left."

"Not a blame cent. I was robbed of it by Lee Fung himself, blame him! I seen him go through my clothes, but I was too deep in the dope to do anything about it."

"Ready to sell him out?" demanded Old King Brady abruptly. "Come, young man, it's a hundred dollars for yours if you will join in with us."

"Done!" cried Jack. "What's wanted?"

"Dr. Lee Fung and proofs that he smuggled opium on the tramp steamer Whitford Castle."

"I know he did it, but I can't give you the proofs."

"He has a woman, an actress, Estelle Duprez, concealed in the House of the Nine Delights. We want her."

"You'll have to want, then, for he married her in Frisco a year ago."

"The Pell street entrance to the House of the Nine Delights is closed up and the Chinks have moved away. What do you know about that?"

"Nothing. I've been in this bed since early morning."

"Upon my word, it begins to look as if you could not be of much use to us, after all."

As Old King Brady said this his eyes were right on the dope fiend's.

He saw a look come over Jack Wilding's face which satisfied him that there was something to be learned from the fellow.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Jack. "You happened to hit me just right, boss. I am in the mood to throw the opium king over all right, all right. Perhaps I could work you into the House of the Nine Delights, even if the doctor has seen fit to close up the Pell street end."

"Well?"

"When do I get my cash?"

"When the job is done."

"What guarantee do I get that I won't get pinched when the job is done?"

"My word. It's enough for any crook who really knows me."

"Oh, I know all about you. Well, I'll go you. There's an entrance on Mott street. But the opium king may have skinned out altogether. He was pretty well rattled over the Bradys being on his trail."

"And so he hired you and some others to go on ours?"

"That's about the size of it."

"You will show us how to get in there by Mott street?"

"Yes."

"Look here," said Harry, "why can't that little opium ball of ours be pulled off just the same as if nothing had happened?"

"I s'pose it might, but——"

"Well?"

"It will cost more."

"There will be more coming your way if we succeed in getting the hop."

"How much more?"

"What do you say, Governor?" demanded Harry.

"Another hundred," replied Old King Brady, "and with that your friend here ought to be able to dope himself to death."

"No, he won't," laughed Jack. "He has made up his mind to shake the dope forever if he can once get rid of this load without dying of the yen-yens. But seriously, gentlemen, now that I come to think it all over, I am glad you came."

"Get up and dress yourself if you are going to work with us," said Old King Brady. "We want to get down to business right now!"

"Well, go outside and give me a show."

Old King Brady went to the window, opened the blinds and looked out on Oliver street.

"Oh, I shan't jump out the window," growled Jack. "You needn't be afraid."

"I think not. It is best to make sure."

"I'll put this job through. Don't you worry."

"What did Dr. Lee Fung want us shadowed for?"

"I don't know. I never asked him."

"He hired you to do it, though?"

"He didn't. One of his Chinks did. I don't know just what he is driving at, Mr. Brady. They say he's got a steam yacht hired and that she's all provisioned and ready to sail. He is up to something, but just what it is I don't really know. I heard that he has bought a plantation on one of the West India Islands. He's got bags of money."

"Would he abandon the House of the Nine Delights?"

"I hear he has sold it out already. He starts these places, gets a run of trade built up and then sells out. He's a very slick card, I want you to understand."

"Hurry with your dressing," said Old King Brady, closing the blinds.

He and Harry then went out into the hall and waited.

"A thoroughly debased young man," remarked Old King Brady. "You see what opium will do for one who follows it up."

"Do you believe what he says about Dr. Lee Fung's plantation and yacht?"

"I believe nothing that any opium fiend tells me. They are the biggest liars on earth, and yet it might be true."

"We must bring this case to a head to-night."

"That if possible. We have got so twisted up between us amongst the perils of Pell street that it is about time to put on the finishing stroke. We want Alice; that is our first business now."

And this sentiment Harry fully endorsed, of course.

He had kept as quiet as possible about Alice, although inwardly in a fever of excitement over the matter, for he realized that to give way to his feelings would only be to block the work. After a while Jack came out.

"I've got to eat something and I've got to drink a cup of coffee," he said. "Until that is done I'm no good."

"I realize that," replied Old King Brady. "Come up on the Bowery and I'll attend to it all, but before we start tell me definitely, do you know how to get into that place from Mott street?"

"I know that there is a way they go out and I can steer you to the house where they come out, but I was never through that way myself."

"As I thought. Well, if you want to earn that hundred, you had better hump yourself and do your best."

They walked up the Bowery and turned in at a cheap restaurant. Old King Brady gave Jack Wilding a dollar and told him to get what he wanted.

"We will stay outside," he added. "Be as quick as you can."

The Bradys took up their stand under the elevated railroad and waited for Jack.

"Harry," said Old King Brady, "it won't pay us to use that man."

"What do you mean?"

"We can't get in by the Mott street way without raiding the place. It is hopeless."

"I was thinking the same thing myself, but I did not like to interfere. If it was for me to say I could suggest getting a couple of axes and just cutting our way through the partition in that Pell street house."

"That is precisely what I propose to do. Stay here. I'm going over to the Summit Hotel, where I am acquainted. I'll get the axes and have them so wrapped up that no one will suspect what they are. We will stick to the perils of Pell street and leave Mott street alone."

"And Jack?"

"Do you think he is sincere in his pretended hatred of Dr. Lee Fung?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"If I thought he was I would set him to watch the Mott street house."

"I guess we had better keep him with us."

"I am inclined to think so, too."

Old King Brady started after the axes and was back again before Jack came out.

"What have you been buying?" demanded the opium fiend, looking at the bundle curiously.

"Never mind," replied Old King Brady. "Do you feel better?"

"Yes, for the moment, but it won't last long."

"Show us your Mott street house."

Jack led them to the place.

"We mustn't stop here. It won't do for us to be seen," he said.

"We will go right along," replied Old King Brady.

The house was an ordinary old-fashioned brick dwelling given over to the Chinese, such as one sees everywhere on Mott street.

A Chinaman was stationed at the entrance, but the

Bradys saw no one passing in or out and Jack Wilding declared that the Chinaman was a stranger to him.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "Aren't you going to try to get in there?"

"No," replied Old King Brady.

"I thought you'd sidestep when it came to the finish," chuckled Jack. "You two would never get out of there alive."

"Your wits are brightening," said Old King Brady. "You didn't mention these things before."

"I was dopey. I didn't realize. Where are you going?"

"Back to Pell street."

"You might stand some show there. I don't believe the House of the Nine Delights is running to-night."

They turned in at the Pell street house and went upstairs, encountering nobody. Once within the inner room, Old King Brady locked the door with his skeleton keys and produced his axes, while Harry held the flashlight.

"Oh, you mean to cut your way in!" cried Jack.

"Yes."

"Well, that may prove a go."

"Hold the light, Harry," said the old detective. "I'm going to cut my way through here if it brings every Chink in Pell street down upon us."

As he spoke Old King Brady raised his axe. But before he could strike a blow the whole partition swung aside.

There in the opening stood Alice holding a lantern in her hand.

"I thought I recognized your voices," she exclaimed. "Get busy quick! The Chinese are right after me. There will have to be a fight!"

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALICE.

Alice knew when she talked with Old King Brady and Mr. Skillman in the automobile that she had been doped by the opium king, and foolishly—we must admit—she was ashamed to own it. Just how it happened she never fully understood. Her belief was, however, that some invisible gas or fumes had been pumped into the little room where she sat waiting for the return of Dr. Lee Fung. And this, it will be recalled, was also Old King Brady's theory. The Chinese are up to all such tricks.

Alice thought she would be able to fight it off. The worst part of her condition she did not tell Old King Brady. This because she would not for worlds have had Harry know how she felt. And it is almost a breach of confidence to tell it now, but the progress of our story demands it. Alice felt an overpowering desire to return to Pell street. She felt creeping over her a horrible fascination for the opium king. It seemed as if she just must go to him. It was all she could do to fight the feeling down. Not that she really wanted to do anything of the sort. Her feeling towards the man was one of the deepest

repugnance, and yet mingled with it was that same terrible attraction. Another would have seen something of hypnotism about it, but Alice was too well acquainted with Chinese methods to be thus deceived. She knew that she had simply been drugged. And this was why she went to bed and locked herself in her room. Fight it off she did successfully for a while, although the craze continued to increase in intensity. The drug was evidently one of the slow acting kind. At last Alice fell into a deep sleep.

She dreamed that she got up, dressed herself and went out of the house. Or at least she thought she dreamed this, although afterward she was inclined to believe that she was really in a state of semi-consciousness all the while. And her dream, or drugged semi-trance—which ever it was—ran thus:

Once in the street she walked rapidly to Sixth avenue and went over on to Greenwich avenue. She seemed to know just where she was going and why she went. It was to meet the opium king. And there on Greenwich avenue she actually did meet him. A cab was drawn up at the curb and the poor girl went directly up to it as a magnet draws the steel. The cab door opened and Alice got in.

Next moment she was wheeling downtown seated beside Dr. Lee Fung. Then she awoke, or perhaps it would be better put if we say: From that moment she distinctly remembered all that occurred. The doctor treated her with the utmost politeness, raising his hat as she entered the cab.

"Ah, Miss Montgomery, so you had to come to me?" he said. "This is well. Now we will talk in Chinese."

"And who told you that I can speak Chinese?" demanded Alice, feeling that she could not get away from the man if she tried.

"Oh, I know. I know all about the Bradys," replied Dr. Lee Fung. "I have heard a lot about the wonderful accomplishments of Miss Alice Montgomery, and I propose to know more. You will have to go along with me."

This was said in Chinese. Alice's reply was in the same language. After that they talked nothing else.

"You saw my wife this afternoon. What did you think of her?"

"I thought her very beautiful. I also think that she will soon die unless you take away her dope."

"What you think is right; but, listen. I married that woman a year ago in San Francisco. I love her devotedly. She now hates me as deeply as she once professed to love me. The only way in which I can get her to tolerate my presence is to keep her under the influence of opium."

"In other words, you hold her as a white slave?"

"Put it that way if you wish, Miss Montgomery. Now about yourself. I am a rich man. I have made a fortune out of the opium smuggling business and by running Chinese lotteries. I want to retire and to live at peace with my wife. This last lot of opium I smuggled has been sold to one Chow Kee. He will succeed me as opium king of New York's Chinatown. He has also bought the joint I

had fitted up, which we call the House of the Nine Delights. I am on the move to-night."

"And where?"

"Where? To the Island of Martinique. There I have bought a plantation and I intend to live the life of a gentleman. Estelle shall accompany me, although she has refused to do so. She goes aboard my yacht doped. Then I will cure her of her opium habit. I am really a doctor. I studied my profession in Hong Kong and I have forgotten more than half of your American doctors will ever know. You are to go with her, Miss Montgomery. You will be treated with every respect. You will be a companion for my wife and your knowledge of Chinese will make you invaluable to me. You will be——"

"Another white slave," broke in Alice. "Yes, I will go. I shall have to go."

She said it, but she did not mean it. It came strongly upon her now that her condition was changing. The drug was fast losing its hold.

There was more talk along the same lines. It is not necessary to detail it all. At last the cab rounded up on Mott street. Dr. Lee Fung got out and told Alice to follow him. To her disgust as soon as she stepped upon the sidewalk Alice felt her former sensation return with full force. Again she felt that she would simply have to follow Dr. Lee Fung. And she did it. They entered the building which Jack Wilding had pointed out to the Bradys. Passing along the main hall, they descended into the basement and from there into the cellar. It was the old business. Here a secret passage led to the underground rooms of the House of the Nine Delights.

Alice was rounded up in the room where Dr. Lee Fung's wife had been visited in the afternoon.

"Cheer her up," whispered the doctor before they entered. "Help her to get her things together and pack up. The carriage comes at ten o'clock and then we start. You must do as I say."

"I must," replied Alice, and she meant it then, but when she entered the room, into which the doctor did not follow, the strange sensations once more began to weaken.

In a short time they had left Alice altogether. But this she kept to herself. The actress was in bed when Alice entered. She was awake, but her nerves were in a pitiable condition and her mind so muddled that she scarcely knew what she did or said.

Apparently she did not recall Alice's visit, for she did not seem to recognize her. Alice told her that she was there to help and that it was necessary for her to get up and dress. She was with her for a long time, but what passed between them is of little importance. Enough to say that Alice got the unfortunate woman up and dressed her and then helped her to pack a few belongings into two dress-suit cases. Then Dr. Lee Fung came in. Estelle greeted him affectionately.

"Are we really going away to-night, Lee?" she asked.

"We are," replied the opium king, "and this lady is going with us. Do you like her? Are you glad?"

"I don't know," replied the actress. "I don't care. I don't care for anything. I want to smoke."

"You shall have a smoke right now, my dear," replied the doctor. "I'll fix all that. Better times are coming. Cheer up, birdie! We leave this place to-night and we shall never be separated again."

She did not answer, but seemed to drop off into a doze, as indeed she had been doing right along. Dr. Lee Fung opened the door, and beckoning to Alice to follow him, took her out through the long passage into the little room where she had sat during the afternoon.

"You will remain here a little while, Miss Montgomery," he said, touching a match to a lamp which stood upon a table. "I will call you when you are wanted."

He retreated through the portiere which answered instead of a door. Alice looked around trying to remember just what had happened to her when she was in the room before. But she felt the influence yet, although there was so little left of it that she no longer felt afraid of its return unless she should be unfortunate enough to get a second dose. The stairs opened directly out of this room, it will be remembered. Alice seized the lamp and ascended. Not that she hoped to escape, but she was anxious to understand conditions as they were. This was the time she came up against the closed partition. She scarcely had time to glance at it, for her sharp ears caught the sound of voices below. But that one glance showed her that it opened outward and was easily operated. Back down the stairs she hurried. Two men were talking in Chinese in the passage outside the curtain. Alice caught just one sentence:

"We want to keep dark for a few weeks on account of the disturbance this case has made."

They shuffled away. Alice slightly drew the curtain, but could see nobody.

"They have closed this place up on the Pell street side," she thought. "It is now or never. Perhaps I can escape."

She caught up the light and rushed up the stairs.

"She goes again! We must fix her!" she heard a voice below call in Chinese.

At the same instant a voice on the other side of the partition said:

"Hold the light, Harry. I am going to cut my way through here if it brings every Chink in Pell street down upon us!"

"Old King Brady!" thought Alice with a sigh of relief, and then she threw open the secret door, as has been told.

"Let him go," said Old King Brady. "How many down there, Alice?"

"I've only seen one, Dr. Lee Fung, but heard others talking. The place is practically closed," was the reply.

"And the Duprez woman?"

"Is there."

"We will tackle the Chinks here. Wait!"

But no one came as the minutes passed. The Chinese are never the sort to rush into danger.

"We shall have to go after them if we want them," said the old detective at last. "Come!"

He took the light from Alice and descended the stairs, with Harry close behind him. There was no one in the room.

"Stand on the stairs, Alice, and listen," said Old King Brady. "If you hear anyone coming into the room above sing out."

He was just about to push aside the curtain when two Chinamen burst in through the door. They came upon the Bradys with such force that both their hats flew off and went into corners. One had a revolver, while the other held a coil of rope. This Old King Brady got over the head full force. Harry struck the other a stinging blow and hurled him back against the stairs.

Quick as lightning, Alice seized the Chink by the pig-tail, giving it a yank. As he staggered back, he lost his hold on the revolver. Harry made a rush for him.

Old King Brady tackled the man with the rope. At the same instant the curtain was slightly moved aside and Alice saw the opium king give one hurried glance into the room.

"Look out, someone behind the curtain!" she screamed.

The curtain dropped on the instant. Meanwhile Harry had succeeded in handcuffing his man, thanks to Alice's help in pulling his pigtail unmercifully. Old King Brady had the other down and was tying his hands. Harry seized the revolver and dashed into the passage.

Clang!

A heavy iron door was heard banging. Harry was back in an instant.

"He has cut us off," he said. "He has swung an iron door across the passage."

"You want to be quick," said Alice. "He is going away. It may be that he is ready to go now."

"Keep those men covered. Harry, give her the revolver."

Old King Brady rushed through the passage. It was as Harry had stated. There was an iron door cutting off further advance. It was no use to try to budge it. The thing was as firm as a rock. There were two other doors, one opening on either side of the passage. Old King Brady gave the righthand door a tremendous kick and burst it in.

"Ah, ha! Here's what we want," he exclaimed. "We are in luck!"

He had come upon the hiding place of the smuggled

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

The sudden appearance of Alice and her remarks threw such a scare into Jack Wilding that he darted out of the room and rushed off downstairs.

hop. There it was in this closet-like room, all in the original packages, which the Bradys know so well.

"This is something, even if we get nothing more," said the old detective. "We want to run this stuff out quick. To the Elizabeth street station with these Chinks, Harry. We will carry what we can!"

They loaded themselves down with as much of the opium as they could handle and then returned to their prisoners. They were as mild as new milk now, as Chinamen always are once they are cornered.

In a few minutes the Bradys had run them into the Elizabeth street station, with a crowd trailing behind them. It took but a moment to explain the situation to the sergeant and officers were sent to bring away the rest of the opium, which we may as well mention right here they got. Meanwhile the Bradys, with Alice and three policemen, hurried around on Mott street prepared to raid the House of the Nine Delights from the other end.

But Old King Brady entertained little hope of securing the opium king. The most he looked for was to get Mrs. Lee Fung out of the place. But when they got in front of the house someone touched the old detective's arm.

It was Jack Wilding.

"He's gone," whispered the opium fiend. "He went away in a cab and took the woman with him. I followed them. They have gone to the Long Island railroad ferry, at the foot of James's Slip."

"Hold close to us," said Old King Brady. "You may earn that hundred yet."

He spoke to the sergeant, who had come to superintend the raid in person.

"You attend to this job," he said. "I've got to get busy after my man, who has given us the slip."

The Bradys and Alice now pulled away. Jack joined them half way down the block.

"I s'pose you think me a blame coward," he said apologetically, "but my nerves are shaken all to pieces by the hop."

"Cut that out," replied the old detective. "What do you know about this yacht? Where does she lie?"

"At Hunter's Point, near the lumber yard wharfs just south of the railroad station."

"Her name?"

"Don't know. A little mulatto boy, a Low Gui Gow, who is to act as cabin boy to wait on Mrs. Fung, told me that she was there."

"They mean to sail to-night," put in Alice. "They are off for the Island of Martinique. If I could only get a chance to speak, which is more than I have done yet since we met, I'll tell you all about it."

"Fire away," said Old King Brady. "We will chase for the Thirty-fourth street ferry. The boats on the James's Slip ferry run at long intervals at this time of night."

And Alice told as much of her story as she cared to give out before Jack Wilding.

"Do you think we got this Chow Kee?" asked Old King Brady.

"I think we did," replied Alice. "I think he was the man you tied up. His voice was the same that I heard say that they would have to keep the House of the Nine Delights closed for a short time."

"I know Chow Kee," said Jack.

"Describe him."

Wilding did it. The description perfectly fitted the man with the rope.

They boarded the elevated and started uptown. Changing at Thirty-fourth street, they were fortunate enough to catch a boat and were soon in Long Island City.

Old King Brady tackled the man at the ferry gate.

Had he seen a cab with a Chinaman and a white lady in it?

The gatekeeper had not, but when Jack Wilding described the cab and the appearance of the driver he declared that such a vehicle had passed off the James's Slip boat. But this was as far as the information extended.

The gatekeeper could not tell the direction taken by the cab.

"We will look over by your lumber yard, Wilding," said the old detective. "It's a miserable place to take a lady at night, however."

"I'll go home if you say so, Mr. Brady," remarked Alice.

"No," replied the old detective, "I want you. Just fall behind a moment, Wilding. I want to speak privately to Miss Montgomery."

"Alice," he said then, "my plan is this: If we locate this yacht our chance of getting our man will be infinitely increased if we can catch him off his guard."

"I suppose it will. But how can I——"

"Wait. We will hide. You advance alone and ask for the opium king. If you are successful, why, go boldly into the cabin with him. Tell him that the mysterious influence is still upon you and that you just had to come to him."

"Good! I see your drift. That scheme is all right."

"Hold him in conversation," continued Old King Brady, "and we will follow you right up and catch him unawares. You understand?"

"Perfectly. Now to find the yacht."

They found themselves cut off by a gate which was closed a moment later. Old King Brady rattled the gate and shouted; for there seemed to be no other way. After a little a watchman with a lantern appeared on the inside.

"We are looking for a small steam yacht which has been chartered by a Chinaman," said Old King Brady, showing his shield. "It is supposed to lie at one of the wharves inside here. What do you know about that?"

"She was here, boss, but she's gone," the watchman replied.

"Gone!" cried the old detective. "Do you mean that she has just sailed?"

"No, she changed her berth. We needed the room, so the Chink was closed out. He was a friend of one of the bosses or he wouldn't have been here at all."

"Where did she go?"

"I heard she was lying just this side of West Sixth street by the asphalt docks."

They had gone in exactly the wrong direction. This was just so much time lost. It was now necessary to retrace their steps. Fortunately the Bradys know the Long Island City water front perfectly.

Harry was sent ahead to reconnoiter, the others following slowly. At last they met Harry returning.

"She is there all right," he said. "I can take you right to where she lies."

"Good!" replied Old King Brady. "Is she about ready to sail?"

"I don't think so. I only saw one man on deck. I have no idea that they mean to sail before morning."

They pushed on, and Harry pointed out the pier at which the yacht lay.

"Now go ahead, Alice," said the old detective. "We will stand behind this fence, where we can watch you until you are in the cabin. We shall follow you right up."

So she left them and walked down on the pier. They saw the man on deck talking with her. But she did not go immediately aboard. The man went to the cabin door and then returned. In a moment a man came out of the cabin and spoke with Alice.

As nearly as they could make out, he was Dr. Lee Fung.

After a brief conversation, Alice was seen to ascend the gangplank and disappear within the cabin.

"Now we are all right," said the old detective. "I'll give her two minutes and then we will make a move."

It was indeed Dr. Lee Fung who came out to Alice. His surprise at seeing her was genuine and great.

"You here!" he exclaimed in Chinese. "How did you dare? How did you find me? Who told you that I was here?"

"How could I help but find you?" demanded Alice. "Did I not go to you on Greenwich avenue when you were waiting for me in the cab? I had to find you. I had to come. I told you that I would follow you to the end of the earth."

"But you helped the detectives raid my place. I saw you."

"I know. But as soon as it was over the spell you have put upon me began its work again. I pulled away from the Bradys and came here."

"You are alone?"

"Quite alone."

Dr. Lee Fung gave a quiet chuckle and looked all around. He could not see anyone. The coast seemed clear.

"Come into the cabin," he said. "We need you. I am glad you came."

And Alice followed him meekly.

In the cabin, which was very comfortably furnished, the opium king tackled her again.

"What occurred after I left?" he demanded, still sticking to his Chinese. "Tell me all, and I command you to tell me the truth."

She went on to tell of the arrests and of the finding of the opium. As to what happened afterwards it is needless to say she was beautifully vague.

The opium king chuckled.

"I'm glad they got Chow Kee and the hop," he said. "The wretch drove a hard bargain, and it serves him right. But enough talk now. Mrs. Fung is in this stateroom. I had trouble enough getting her here, so we will not disturb her, but to-morrow—ha! What's all this?"

It was his finish. The cabin door was rudely burst open and the Bradys and Jack Wilding came tumbling in.

"You are under arrest, doctor!" cried Old King Brady, thrusting a revolver under the nose of the opium king.

Of course he didn't take it quietly. His rage was fearful. Both Alice and Jack Wilding came in for their full share of the abuse. But there was only one man aboard the yacht and he fled at the sight of the detective's shield.

So it was all day with Dr. Lee Fung.

The Bradys got a cab and carried him to New York handcuffed, landing him at the Elizabeth street station.

Estelle Duprez went with them, of course, but the woman was too deeply under the influence of drugs to know much about it. The detectives took her to her rooms and left her in the hands of a doctor and her maid.

And this ended the case.

Commissioner Clemens warmly congratulated the detectives on their success. Mr. Skillman did more—he paid them a handsome fee.

Within four days Estelle Duprez was able to appear again. Later she called on the Bradys and expressed the deepest gratitude for what they had done for her. She admitted that she was Mrs. Fung, but declared that she intended to renounce opium forever and to at once apply for a divorcé.

Dr. Lee Fung got his sentence for smuggling and went to the Albany penitentiary.

Chow Kee and the other Chink slipped out of their trouble; the Secret Service had no use for them.

Old King Brady gave Jack Wilding his hundred dollars.

They never saw the fellow again.

Later the Secret Service fees were collected and that was the last of the case of "The Bradys and the Opium King."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS' BLEECKER STREET MYSTERY; OR, THE HOUSE WITH A HUNDRED DOORS," which will be the next number (434) of "Secret Service."

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