

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year.

No. 457.

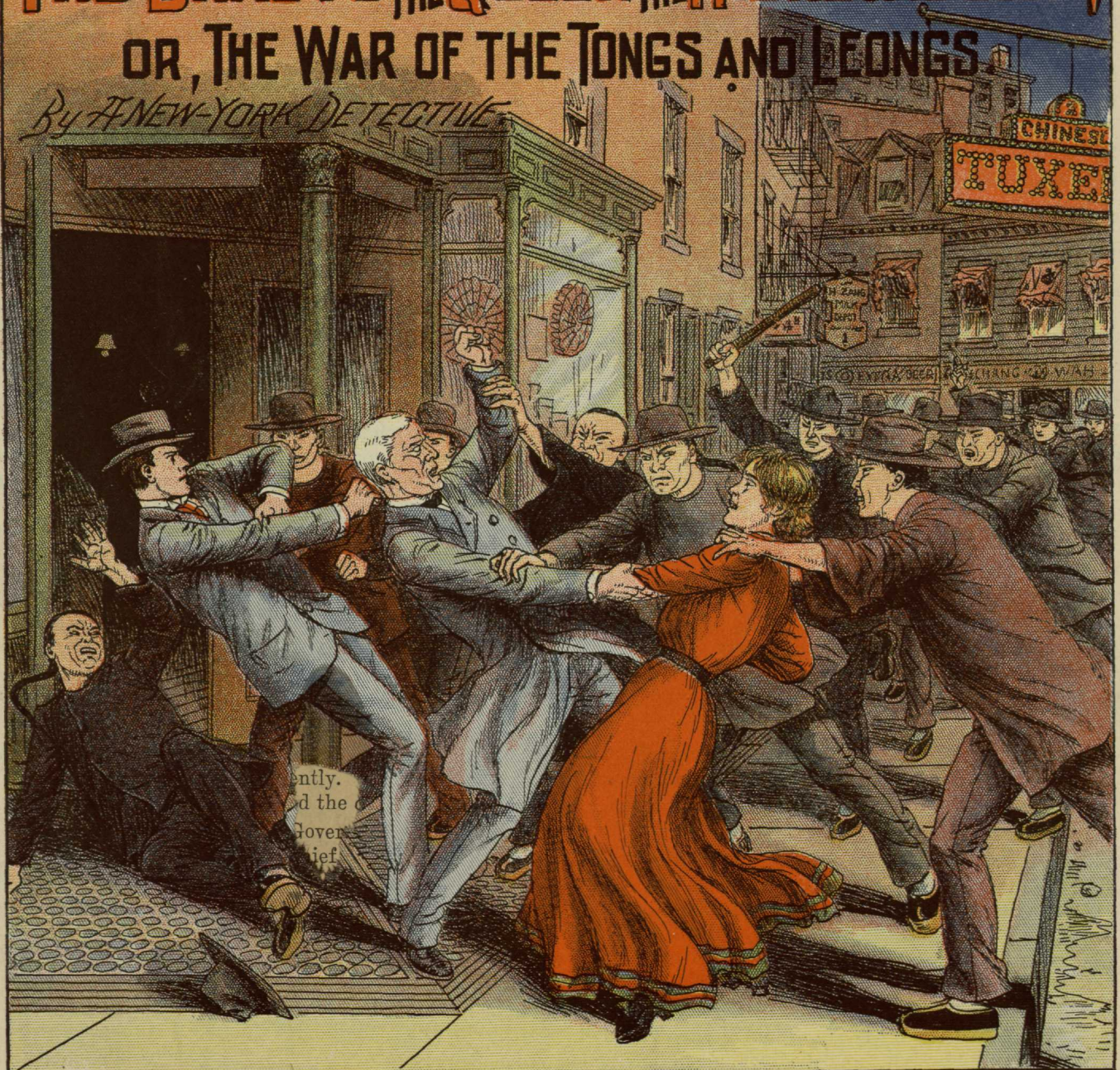
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE QUEEN OF THE HIGHBINDERS;

### OR, THE WAR OF THE TONGS AND LEONGS

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE



The Bradys were having all they could do to hold their own when a mob of armed Chinks came charging down Doyers street. They were Highbinders bent upon the rescue of their queen. The detectives had their hands full now.





# SECRET SERVICE

## OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1907, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 457.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

### CHAPTER I.

#### OLD KING BRADY'S QUIET NIGHT.

Old King Brady stirred the open fire, which he likes to see burning on his library hearth, when he has time to look at it, and lit a fresh cigar.

"And now for a quiet evening, Harry," he remarked to his former pupil, and present partner in the Brady Detective Bureau. For once we have the slate clean—not a case on hand, either Secret Service or private. I just feel to-night as though I could rest. I'll play you a game of chess."

"And I'll go you, Governor; but, just the same, I'd like to bet that this will be no quiet evening."

"Because I made the remark?"

"I am superstitious enough to answer yes."

"Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime. Of course, as a matter of fact, we get too little rest. But let the cases come. I'll attend to them while I last, which won't be much longer, I fancy."

"What is the sense in talking that way? I never knew you to be in better health."

"I'm thoroughly tired, Harry. What I need is a good, long rest."

"Then, why in thunder don't you take it? Go away somewhere and don't let any one know where you go. Alice and I will run the business."

The allusion was to Alice Montgomery, the accomplished female partner in the Brady Detective Bureau.

Since she associated herself with the Bradys the fame of this gifted girl has been ever on the increase, and the success of several of their most important recent cases has been largely due to her skill.

"We shall see," replied Old King Brady. "Now, get out the chess board and we will have our game."

They had three, and the third ended at half-past nine.

Just as they were starting in on the fourth came the end of the Bradys' quiet night.

The telephone bell rang violently.

Harry jumped up and answered the call.

"Washington wants to talk, Governor," he said.

Now, Washington meant the chief of the United States Secret Service Bureau or some one representing him.

Old King Brady arose with a sigh.

He felt, and rightly so, that this was the end of his quiet evening.

Harry listened closely to the one-sided conversation, but could make little of it.

It was mostly: "Yes;" "Very well;" "I'll attend to it," and similar remarks.

When the old detective hung up the receiver his face presented a picture of resigned despair.

"We shall probably have to charter a tug and go down the bay to-night," he said.

"What—in all this storm?" cried Harry.

Well might he say, "All this storm."

It was a wild night in the latter part of November.

The rain was pouring in torrents and the wind blowing fifty miles an hour, more or less.

"It's a shame!" Harry added. "Confound the Secret Service work!"

"Can't be helped—that's certain," replied the old detective.

"What's the case?"

"The chief has caught on to a big lot of opium coming up from Havana on the Roanoke in charge of one Joe Jin, who represents a Chinese syndicate."

"How did they get next?"

"Couldn't say. Our orders are to board the steamer as she comes up the bay, arrest Joe Jin and his white wife. We are to recover the opium at any cost. It is also suspected that there are diamonds concealed in the opium, but this is not certainly known."

"Has the Roanoke been reported?"

"Don't know. She may be in, for all I can tell. Call up the Herald Ship News office and ascertain. If she has not been reported ask them to kindly telephone us the instant she is spoken."

Harry obeyed.

The report was that the Havana steamer had been spoken and was then at anchor off Quarantine, where she would remain until daylight at least.

"Call up Trebo and engage a tug," ordered Old King Brady. "We will go right down."

Harry did so, and got the answer that no tug could be had before eleven o'clock.

"Tell him to have one ready then," said Old King Brady.

"It will make but little difference, I fancy," he added.

"Whatever was intended to be done in the matter probably has already been done; but we will go, just the same."

"Strange the Bureau could not have notified us a little sooner," said Harry.

"Perhaps they didn't know about it themselves," replied Old King Brady, mildly. "I think I will go upstairs and lie down for half an hour, Harry. It will rest me, even if I don't sleep. Call me at half-past ten and we will make a start."

Before Young King Brady could reply there came a violent ring at the doorbell.

"Somebody is in a hurry!" growled Harry. "I'll see who it is."

He had not gone half the length of the parlor when a shot rang out.

It almost sounded as if it was in the house, it was so loud.

Some one was heard running down the steps.

Then it was another shot, and by that time Harry got the front door open.

A man lay in a heap at the foot of the steps.

A revolver had slipped from his hand and lay on the pavement.

"By jove, Governor! Some one has committed suicide on our stoop!" Harry cried.

"I don't know about that," replied Old King Brady. "I heard some one run around the corner of Waverly place."

The Bradys live, he is understood, on West Washington Square, in the City of New York, in an old-fashioned, brownstone house, where they have kept bachelors' hall for a number of years.

"Shall I follow?" demanded Harry.

"Have a look—yes!"

Young King Brady ran down the steps and chased around the corner, but he could see nobody moving in haste on the block ending at Sixth avenue.

Indeed, save for a woman under an umbrella and a drunken man, who was taking up the whole sidewalk, there was no one at all, which was not to be wondered at, when one stopped to consider the rain.

Meanwhile Old King Brady turned his attention to the man on the stoop, at whom Harry had not even stopped to look.

As he raised the fellow's head he saw that he was a Chinaman.

For the moment Old King Brady thought the man was dead.

Later he came to the conclusion that he had fainted from sheer fright.

As it was, he revived even as Old King Brady lifted his head.

"I'm shot!" he gasped. "I'm killed!"

"No," replied the old detective. "Brace up—stand on your feet!"

He lent a hand and pulled the fellow up.

"Where were you hit?" he demanded.

"Don't know—somewhere."

"Whose pistol is this?"

"Mine."

"Did you fire that second shot?"

"Sure. He fired at me just as I rang your bell. Was I going to stand still and let him kill me? No! You wouldn't. I chased down the steps and fired at him. He chased around the corner."

"Who was he—a Chinaman, like yourself?"

"Yair."

"Know him?"

"No; I never seen him before."

All this time the Chink, who was a comparatively young man, had been holding on to Old King Brady with one

hand and clinging to the iron railing of the stoop with the other.

"Come upstairs," said Old King Brady. "Come into my house. Here, Harry, lend a hand. Did you see anybody?"

"No. He got out of sight, whoever he was."

They helped the Chinaman into the library.

He was the nattiest-looking Chink they had seen in some time.

His American clothes were neat and expensive. The umbrella which he had dropped at the head of the stoop had a gold handle. His hat and shoes were in the latest style.

In short, he was one of those Chinese dudes who are frequently seen at the racetracks in these days.

He dropped into a chair and seemed about to faint.

"Give him a drop of whisky, Harry," ordered the old detective, and it was done.

The Chinaman gulped it down eagerly, and seemed relieved.

"What is your name?" demanded Old King Brady.

"No matter."

"Well, did you not ring my bell?"

"Yair."

"You came here to see me on business?"

"Yair."

"Then, why——"

"It's no good now. They have tracked me here. I don't want to talk now. I don't even want to tell you my name."

"Very well. Suit yourself. Shall I send for a doctor?"

"No—no!"

"But where were you shot?"

"I dunno—somewhere. May I take off my clothes? You can see."

"Certainly. If the bullet did not enter too deeply I can take it out."

"Yair. Dat is why I hear dat Old King Brady is almost as good as a doctor."

His English was nearly perfect. He seemed to be a very intelligent man.

He now removed most of his clothing and Old King Brady examined him; but he could not find a scratch on his person, much to the Chinaman's relief.

"You have been badly scared. That's what's the matter with you, my friend," the old detective said.

"Yair. I guess so," replied the Chinaman, his face the picture of relief. "How much do I pay?"

"Pay to who?"

"To you."

"Why should you pay me anything?"

"I take up your time."

"There is nothing to pay. If I can help you in any way I will. You are perfectly safe here. Don't be afraid to talk."

"No; I am afraid. I see now that I made a mistake in coming here. It will cost me my life if I talk to you."

"Very well. Have it your own way. If at any time you see fit to change your mind, let me know. You need not come to me; I can come to you in disguise."

"That might do. I will think of it. Do me one more favor, please?"

"What is it?"

"You have a telephone—call a cab. It will not be safe for me to go away from here on foot."

Old King Brady agreed with him.

The cab was accordingly called, and the Chinaman departed, carrying the mystery of his visit with him.

Alas, for Old King Brady's proposed half hour of rest!

The time had already passed, and it was now time for the detectives to start for their tug.

But this was not to be, either.

Just then a cab whirled up to the door and some one ascended the steps and pulled the bell twice, in quick succession.

"The Chink, back again!" said Harry.

"Perhaps," replied the old detective. "Open the door. I am afraid we are up against some new delay."

At the same instant the telephone bell rang sharply.

"Things are certainly keeping us jumping to-night," growled Harry; but Old King Brady, without a word, answered the call.

It proved to be the chief of the Secret Service Bureau again.

"Is that you, Mr. Brady?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the old detective. "The Roanoke is at Quarantine. We are just going down to board her now."

"I am glad I am in time, then, for you don't have to. It was all a mistake. Cablegram misunderstood. It was the San Carlos, and not the Roanoke. She has been in for a week."

"Oh! And what are we to do?"

"The best you can. I doubt if anything can be done about the matter now; but you can get down to Chinatown to-morrow and see if you can get any clue to the opium. Now, I want to talk to you about another matter. I am sending a lady to you, who wishes to consult you on an important case. You may consider it Secret Service business. She desires that she shall not be known, even to you, so humor her in that regard. Show her every possible attention. The Bureau is responsible for her bill, but if she chooses to pay it herself, let her."

"Very well. What is the nature—hello, hello!"

It was no use.

The chief shouted, "Goodbye!" and rang off.

Old King Brady turned away from the telephone to see Harry coming into the library, accompanied by a large, stout woman, expensively dressed.

She was ablaze with diamonds, and wore upon her face a pink vizard mask, such as ladies wear at masked balls.

"Ha!" thought the old detective. "Here is the chief's mysterious friend now!"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LADY WITH THE PINK MASK.

"A lady to see you, Mr. Brady," said Harry, with a peculiar look at the old detective.

Old King Brady placed a chair.

"Be seated, madam," he said.

"No," replied the woman, with a marked foreign accent, "I veel not seet meinself unteel I can so satisfied be mit von t'ing—yes? You haf a lady to dalk py me in mein own tongue, yes—no?"

"Yes," replied Old King Brady. "Sit down."

The masked woman dropped into a chair.

She opened a little handbag and presented Old King Brady with a sealed letter.

This proved to be nothing more than an introduction from the chief of the United States Secret Service Bureau.

It gave the name of the presentee as "Madam Blank."

"You wish to talk with our female partner, Miss Montgomery, I take it?" said Old King Brady.

"Yes. I gannot talk vit no von else."

"She does not live in this house, but she lives near by. I will call her on the telephone."

"Do so. But stay! She spiks de Russian?"

"Not Russian."

"Ah, bah! De cheef man by de police militaire, how you gall him, Segred Shervice? Ach! dees parparous Ing-leees! He tell me dees voman spik all tongues—yes, even Shinee."

"She speaks Chinese, but not Russian. Can you speak no other language freely?"

"French."

"Miss Montgomery speaks French as freely as she does English."

"Ah! Ciel! Gall her, den. Vy do you vait, man?" cried the mask, imperiously, tapping her foot on the carpet as she spoke.

"Certainly this woman must consider herself a pretty important person," thought the old detective, as he went to the telephone, and called up Alice, whose rooms were on the other side of Washington Square.

"She will be here shortly," he said, as he hung up the receiver.

The masked woman did not even deign to answer.

Taking Harry by the arm, Old King Brady walked out into the hall.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" whispered Harry. "It is past our time now to board the tug."

"We are not going on the tug," said Old King Brady, and he proceeded to explain.

"We ought to let the tug people know."

"We can't until we can get at the telephone. I don't want to intrude upon that woman."

"I don't wonder. She is the most insulting old hag I ever met. You ought to have heard her at the door."

"Hush! hush! She is a foreigner. She may hear you. Was she masked when you opened the door?"

"Just as you see her now."

"She is some attache of the Russian Embassy, I dare say; but Alice will know how to handle her."

"She certainly will. Leave the dear girl alone for that."

The arrival of Alice put an end to the talk.

Old King Brady briefly explained the situation.

"Take her upstairs into the spare chamber," he said.

"I don't want her in the library."

Alice nodded and passed into the parlor, while the Bradys walked through to a little room at the end of the hall.

They heard the woman go upstairs with Alice.

They returned to the library, notified the Trebos that the tug would not be wanted and then settled down to wait for Alice to return.

A full hour passed before they heard the woman leaving the house.

Alice came into the library and flung herself down, wearily.

"Another Chinese case!" she exclaimed.

"Bother!" echoed Harry. "I am sick and tired of having you going in among the Chinks!"

"Business," said Old King Brady.

"You see, Harry, that your wishes are not to be consulted," laughed Alice.

"Play ball!" retorted Harry.

They were always sparring thus, these two.

Not but what they are good friends.

Truth told, Harry is desperately in love with his fair partner.

While Alice certainly returns his affection in a way, Harry has never been able to bring her to commit herself, and she always resents any attempt to control her movements on his part.

Thus they take it out in word fencing, which often irritates the old detective not a little.

"Well, I suppose you want to know who that woman is, but as she did not tell me, I can't tell you," began Alice.

"Her story runs thus: She lived at Dalmy, in Manchuria, before the Japanese War. She says she is a Russian, but I am inclined to think that she is a Siberian, with Chinese blood in her veins, married to some Russian officer."

"Very likely," replied Old King Brady. "There is that about her figure which is decidedly Chinese."

"Exactly. She can speak some Chinese, too, she admitted as much to me. But to get back to the point. She has lost her only child—a daughter—aged nineteen, and, according to her, a very handsome girl. It seems that while she and her husband lived at Dalmy they had a Chinaman for a servant, one Joe Jin, who grew very fond of the daughter as a child.

"Three years ago this woman came to Washington—she declined to tell me in what capacity her husband is connected with the Russian Embassy, but that he is connected with it there is no doubt. They brought their daughter with them, and after they had been there a few weeks Joe Jin turned up, and was engaged as butler.

"To cut her long-winded story down to the smallest possible compass, after a few months Joe Jin and the girl eloped and carried away with them sixty thousand dollars in diamonds, that being the value of the stones alone, to say nothing of the settings. Detectives were employed to track the couple, but nothing came of it. Now the parents learn that they have recently been seen in Havana, and they believe they are about to come, or already have come, to New York. The woman says that Joe Jin looks very little like a Chinaman, and speaks perfect English and perfect Dutch, which he learned at Batavia, Java,

where he lived as a child. He has repeatedly passed as a Javanese, she says, and she is sure that he would have no difficulty in landing at New York. That is about all, except that her greatest anxiety seems to be to recover her diamonds or their value. She says that she will take her daughter back again, however, if she is willing to leave her husband and come to her."

"And so that is the case?" said Old King Brady. "Did the woman state her daughter's Christian name?"

"Yes; it is Carlotta."

"What reason has she for thinking that the diamonds have been preserved intact?"

"She says that Joe Jin has made a fortune by opium smuggling, and that he has also gained large sums by playing the races. As a rich man, she claims that he would not sell the jewelry."

"Did she say how she learned that the pair were in Havana?"

"Yes; it was through an official in the Secret Service Bureau, whom she claims is a friend of hers."

"And that is all?"

"It is all I think of, Mr. Brady. Question me if the case is lacking on any point."

"Does she think the couple have been living in Havana right along?"

"No. She thinks they have been living in New York's Chinatown most of the time."

"That is all. Now to connect you up with the rest of the happenings of this interesting evening."

And Old King Brady told of the call of the Chinaman and the contradictory orders of the Secret Service Bureau.

"It is all one case," remarked Harry.

"I am inclined to think so myself," replied Old King Brady. "I wish the Countess of Tobolsky, or whatever she is, could have seen that Chinaman. Did she leave her address?"

"Care of Secret Service Bureau, Washington."

"She evidently does not intend that we shall get next. Well, there is nothing doing to-night, certainly. Harry, you better see Alice home."

They talked further, and Harry made hot chocolate.

It was nearly twelve o'clock before Alice found herself ready to depart.

She was just putting on her wraps when the telephone bell rang.

"Another call," said Old King Brady. "We don't get off so easily. Harry, see who it is."

Harry took up the receiver and said:

"Well? Who is this?"

"Me," came the answer.

"Who is 'Me'?"

"Is this Old King Brady?"

"Young King Brady."

"Oh, hello, Harry! Don't you know me?"

"Can't say I recognize your voice—no."

"Pete Jackson."

"Where are you?"

"On de Bowery."

"Oh! You are Pete, the Lobbygow?"

"Yair."

"I know your voice now. Fire away, Pete!"

"Say, Harry, dere's a Chink what tole me to call youse up. He says come to see him right away quick, like you promise. He says you'll know."

"What's his name?"

"He didn't gimme no name an' as I never seen him afore I can't tell yer. Youse is to go to No. — Pell street, top floor, back room. Knock twict and he'll let youse in."

"All right, Pete. Much obliged."

"How many times have I got to tell you, Harry that the name you call, 'Lobbygow,' is really three distinct words?" said Alice. "It is Low Gui Gow—and means the faithful messenger."

"Oh, I know," replied Harry. "Everybody calls it Lobbygow, and I've fallen into the way of it."

"Who was it?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Pete Jackson. He says he was told to call us up. We are to go to No — Pell street, top floor, back room, as you promised that Chink, if he wanted you."

"But stay ! How are we to know that it is the same Chink?"

"Pete's words were: 'Come to see him right away, like you promised.'"

"That would seem to be conclusive."

"Shall you go?"

"Certainly. At once. It may prove to be the starting point in this case."

"Am I in?" demanded Alice.

"I would rather not," replied Old King Brady. "It is a rough night. I should feel better satisfied if you would go to bed."

And, for a wonder, Alice consented, having a cold and not caring to expose herself to the storm.

So Harry put on old clothes and got umbrellas.

Old King Brady made no change from his usual, peculiar costume.

When not in disguise the old detective invariably wears a long, blue coat, with brass buttons; an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big, white, soft hat, with an extraordinarily broad brim.

The detectives called no cab. They seldom do, unless in some emergency.

Taking an Eighth street car, they rode to the Bowery and changed to a Third avenue car, which took them to Chinatown.

It was well on toward one o'clock when they got there.

But even at this late hour, and notwithstanding the pelting rain, there were many persons on the street.

New York's Chinatown is never deserted—day or night.

The number in question was just beyond the famous Tuxedo restaurant.

It was one of the old rookeries common in Pell street.

The Bradys climbed to the top floor and, passing to the rear, knocked twice upon the door.

Immediately there was a shuffling sound, and then the door was opened by the same Chinaman who had been shot at on the Bradys' steps.

His face grew black as he looked at the old detective.

"You promised me to come in disguise," he whispered,

fiercely. "You have not done so. Now I wish you had not come at all!"

The detectives stepped into the room and the Chinaman closed and locked the door.

"My friend, you are right," said Old King Brady. "The fault is mine. I entirely forgot that part of my promise. But I am so often seen in Chinatown dressed thus that it can hardly matter."

"It may matter a great deal. It may even cost me my life. You have not forgotten what happened at your house to-night, I suppose?"

"We can go right away."

"No. Now that you are here you may as well remain. Sit down. Wait."

He pushed through a pair of red curtains into another room, leaving the Bradys to themselves.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FIGHT OF THE TONGS AND THE LEONGS.

It was almost dark in the next room, and the Bradys began to have their suspicions that all might not be quite right for themselves, the Chinaman was gone so long.

At last he threw aside the curtains violently and entered the room, with an angry gesture.

"You may as well come in," he said. "You seem to be mixed up in everything. Only don't talk and don't ask questions. I thought to have got through with this business before you arrived."

"You speak good English, my friend. May I ask where you learned it?" said the old detective, thinking to bring him into better humor by the compliment.

"No matter," was the reply. "No matter about anything until I get ready to talk. If you think you won't get paid for your work——"

"But I think nothing of the sort," broke in Old King Brady. "I was never yet done out of my pay by a Chinaman."

"You can't say as much for your white clients, or customers, or whatever you call them."

"I can't, indeed."

"So the despised Chink has some merits, after all. But enough of this. Follow me."

He led them into the adjoining room.

And here conditions were peculiar, to say the least.

The room was bare of furniture save for a table, a cot bed and a couple of chairs.

These had been all huddled over into one corner, and the centre of the room was occupied by an old, old man, a Chinese, who sat cross-legged on a cushion upon the floor.

His face was a mass of wrinkles, and his pigtail snow white, as was his long, drooping mustache.

His eyes were half closed, and his lean body kept swaying from side to side.

Before him was a low table, upon which lay many slips of red paper, covered with Chinese characters.

The Bradys recognized the outfit at a glance, having often seen such doings before, both in New York and San Francisco.

This was a Chinese fortune teller, busy at his work.

"Stand where you are, and say nothing," whispered their Chinaman.

The old man kept swaying slowly for five or six minutes.

Then, suddenly, he made a grab for a certain slip.

Holding it close to his eyes, which were concealed behind a pair of big-eyed, horn-rimmed spectacles, he read off the words written on the slip.

The other spoke a few hasty words and pointed to the Bradys.

But the fortune teller, or wise man, as his Chinese name signifies, literally translated, paid no attention to them whatever.

Producing an ivory wand, he stirred up the slips, mixing them thoroughly, as one would shuffle a pack of cards.

Then he closed his eyes and began swaying again.

At last he made another dive, grabbed a slip and read it off.

This seemed to satisfy the Brady's Chinaman better.

He gave a chuckle and talked rapidly in Chinese.

The wise one did not answer him, however. He merely looked wise.

Again he shuffled the slips and repeated the swaying process, grabbed a slip and read it as before.

This was done four times, and then, gathering up all his slips, the old fellow put them in his pocket and got on his feet.

The other Chinaman handed him five one-dollar bills and showed him out.

"You don't believe in that sort of thing?" he remarked as he came back into the room.

"I don't know anything about it," replied Old King Brady. "I don't understand Chinese."

"No matter. You would call that man a fortune teller." "Yes?"

"Did he tell your fortune?"

"He told me what I wanted to know."

"What we want to know is what you want of us."

"I want revenge!"

"How can we give it to you?"

"I will explain. Be seated, gentlemen. It will take a few minutes for me to tell my story."

"He placed chairs and resumed.

"No matter what my name is; no matter what my business is, I know that you are Secret Service detectives, and I suppose that if I was to tell you that a large amount of opium had just been smuggled into New York you would make it your business to seize it?"

"We certainly should."

"If I told you that the opium had been smuggled by a notorious Highbinder, who is married to a white woman of good family and that her people are anxious to get her away from her husband and would pay a big reward to the detectives who did it, you would arrest the woman and go for that reward, I suppose?"

"How could we arrest her, when she is the man's wife?"

"She smuggled the opium, and I can prove it."

"In that case we should certainly arrest her."

"And let her people know?"

"Yes."

"If I was to tell you that this woman robbed her people of a big lot of diamond jewelry, which she sports about Chinatown, and which has given her so much influence with the Highbinders that they call her their Queen, you would take the stuff away from her, I suppose, and restore it to those to whom it belongs?"

"We certainly should, if we could get it."

"Then that would be my revenge. I am a man high up in the On Leong Society. I want to break up the influence of this white queen of the Highbinders, and put her out of business, and if you will take hold as I direct the thing can be done to-night."

"You refer to Joe Jin and his wife, Carlotta, who have just come up from Havana on the steamer San Carlos, of course," said Old King Brady, carelessly.

"What! You know?" cried the Chinaman. "That's what he said!"

"What who said?"

"This wise man—the fortune teller."

"So?"

"Is he right?"

"You can judge for yourself. You heard what I just said."

"But, how did you find out——"

"That is my business. You are not telling yours to-night. I don't see why you should expect me to tell you mine."

"You will arrest this woman if we take you to her?"

"Now?"

"Right now."

"You can show us the opium in her possession?"

"I believe that I can."

"You speak doubtfully. On what do you base your belief—upon something the wise man has just told you?"

"Yes."

Old King Brady shook his head.

"We shall have to have better evidence than that, my friend," he said, "but if you will tell me your name——"

"That I will not do."

"But who is to act as a witness against these people?"

"I will supply the witnesses. Two—yes, three—of them."

"In that case——"

"You will make the arrest?"

"I will arrest Joe Jin and his wife, wherever and whenever I find them, providing I know that they are actually Joe Jin and this Queen of the Highbinders."

"Good! Suppose I take you to a place where you can see this woman presiding over a Highbinders' meeting, will that be proof enough?"

"Where we can see and hear, without being seen?"

"Yes."

"It will be ample proof. We can soon ascertain that the woman is actually the Queen of the Highbinders in that case."

"But you will not be able to understand what is being said. The talk will all be in Chinese, remember."

"There will be one with us who understands Chinese."

"I had rather not."

"Not what?"

"Rather you did not take a Chinaman there."



"That is unreasonable. However, this person will not be a Chinaman."

"Do you mean to tell me that you know a white person who understands Chinese?"

"I do."

"That is unusual."

"Does not your Queen of the Highbinders understand it?"

"Very little; and she was brought up in China at that."

"The party I refer to can speak and read the Cantonese language perfectly."

"Then that is all that is necessary."

"What shall we do about it?"

"I will take you to the place now. I will show you a room in which you can hide to-morrow night. It is a secret room, and if you are careful you will be perfectly safe there."

"What time does the meeting come off?"

"To-morrow evening at eight o'clock. I will give you full instructions what to do."

"Very well. I am ready to go with you."

"If you were only in disguise. I don't like to be seen with you on Pell street, dressed as you are."

"That can easily be arranged."

"How?"

"Are you satisfied with my partner's dress?"

"I suppose he is known to Chinatown as well as you."

"Yes."

"Then we will both make a change."

"But it is too late to go to a costumer's. You can't do it now."

"We can't, eh? That is all you know about the Bradys, my friend. Just watch and see."

And then and there, right before the eyes of the astonished Chink, the Bradys made one of their lightning changes, for which they are ever prepared.

The work completed, Harry looked for all the world like one of the young toughs who hang about Chinatown, while Old King Brady resembled some ancient panhandler, who, seen on Pell street, might have been supposed to have blown in from the Bowery.

The Chinaman was simply delighted.

"That's great!" he exclaimed. "And how quick you do it!"

"It is merely part of our business. Every man to his trade," replied the old detective, adding:

"Shall we go now?"

"No; I have to make my change. We need not walk together. You are simply to follow me."

"Very good. You are up to everything, I see."

The Chinaman then did his change act before the Bradys.

It was a slow process.

When he had finished he stood in complete Chinese dress and looked as if he had just landed.

"We go now," he said, blowing out the lamp and opening the door. "You follow me, and do just as I tell you and to-morrow night these people will be in your hands."

"Confound the fellow and his secretiveness!" thought Old King Brady. "There is little to be learned by pumping him."

They descended to the street.

Looking warily up and down, the Chink hoisted an umbrella and started in the direction of Doyers street.

The Bradys trailed after him.

They had not yet reached the corner, when there was an uproar and a bunch of a dozen or more Chinamen came rushing around the corner.

Every man carried a revolver, and all seemed to be laboring under the greatest excitement.

The Bradys' Chink was caught in the midst of them before he knew it, and they saw him whip a big revolver out of his pocket.

The men made a stand on Pell street, facing Doyers.

"A Tong war!" cried Harry.

"Surest thing you know," answered Old King Brady.

"The other side of the street for ours, boy!"

They darted across, and before they reached the sidewalk the expected happened.

A second bunch of Chinks came charging around the corner.

It was all plain enough.

One bunch were the men of the On Leong, or Brotherhood of Merchants; the other was of the dreaded Hip Sing Tong, or Highbinders' Secret Guild.

Instantly they began firing.

It was: Pop! Pop! Pop!

The Bradys saw it all.

Five Chinks went down, and there is no doubt that several others were wounded and got away.

Then the banging of a policeman's club was heard in the distance, and people began flocking out of the houses, many only half dressed.

The men of the warring tongs, or guilds, melted away like smoke.

Some darted into doorways, others disappeared down cellar steps; some chased up Pell street and others still got back on Doyers street.

But the five did not go at all, for they lay dead or dying upon the sidewalk.

"And what about our man?" cried Harry.

"If he is dead we are back to first principles," replied Old King Brady.

And dead he was!

When the detectives joined the crowd which was now gathering around the fallen tonguers, the first thing they saw was their man, lying on his back.

His eyes were fixed and staring, and the damp of death was on his face.

Old King Brady knelt down and examined him.

"This man is past all help," he remarked as he arose. "He has been shot through the heart!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ALL AT SEA FOR A CLEW.

To the three policemen who came hurrying to the scene the Bradys quickly made themselves known.

"We want to search this body," said the old detective.

"The man is connected with a case we are working on."

"Will you search here?" demanded the officer.

"We should prefer not to. Can't he be taken to the Elizabeth street station, and to the Morgue later?"

"Yes; unless the body is claimed."

"I have an idea that no one will claim it. I think the man is a stranger in town."

"Know where he lives?" asked the officer.

But the old detective, for reasons of his own, evaded this question.

The officer telephoned for the patrol wagon.

Before it came the other bodies had been identified by the Chinamen who gathered in the crowd. Four were dead and one severely wounded.

No one appeared to know the Bradys' Chinaman, and the remains were taken to the Elizabeth street station.

Old King Brady here made his search.

It was most thorough, but nothing came of it.

Not a scrap of writing, either in Chinese or English, was found upon the dead man.

But one thing the old detective did find, and he managed to secret it without being observed by the police.

This was the key of the dead man's door.

Leaving word that he should be instantly informed if the remains were identified, Old King Brady pulled out.

"By gracious! That was sudden!" remarked Harry, when they found themselves on the street.

"The man had a premonition of his fate," replied the old detective.

"But the fortune teller could not have predicted it, then, or he would have kept in the house."

"You can't tell. I'm glad he did not die on our hands earlier in the evening, as he might easily have done."

"Wonder what the fight was about?"

"The Chinks know, but they won't tell."

And no one else will ever know, I suppose. These tong wars ought to be suppressed."

"How can they suppress them, when nobody knows when they are going to break out?"

"That's so, I suppose. But what are you going to do?"

"Get back to the dead man's rooms. We must have a look at what he has left behind him."

"That was a big wad you took off of him."

"There was sixteen hundred dollars in it. It is wonderful where these Chinamen pick up so much money. But the first thing is to identify this man; I doubt, though, if we succeed in doing it. He was evidently a stranger in New York, or some one would have recognized him. There must have been both Tongs and Leongs in the crowd that gathered."

"Perhaps they did not want to recognize him."

"That's so, too. But here we are."

They had reached the Pell street house, and they hurried upstairs, where they let themselves into the dead man's rooms.

Everything was as they had left it.

"What a shame!" cried Harry. "Only a few minutes ago we thought ourselves in touch with the case and that all we had to do was to close in—now we are miles away!"

"Never mind. We may find something here which will

start us going again. Get busy. We must leave no stone unturned."

Nor did they.

The two rooms were ransacked from one end to the other.

But nothing came of it.

Not a solitary scrap of writing was discovered.

"That fellow was foxy, all right," said Old King Brady. "He has left no clues behind him."

"Do you imagine that Tom Lee, as head of the On Leong, would know who he is?"

"I shall ask Tom, of course; but nothing can be done about that until to-morrow."

Tom Lee is one of the oldest and most respected men in the Chinese quarter of New York.

Locally he was known for many years as the "Mayor of Chinatown."

The Bradys, of course, knew him well.

Old King Brady lighted a cigar and for some moments paced the floor in silence.

"Harry," he said, at last, "it is of the utmost importance that you should remain here for a day or two. It would seem that some one was bound to call and look this fellow up. I can take a cab, go home and bring you down materials for a Chinese disguise. You are just about that fellow's size, and so is Alice. Seems to me that she could make up to pretty closely resemble him. What do you think?"

"I think it is the only way. We better take up our quarters here for a few days and see what comes of it."

"And you will remain now?"

"Yes."

"Get to bed, then, and be cautious who you let in to-night. I'll return as soon as possible."

"But why to bed?"

"Oh, as you will about that. I thought that in case any one came it would be more natural to find you abed."

"I'll put out the light and lie down on the bed, but I won't undress."

"As you will. Look out for yourself now."

Old King Brady hurried to Chatham Square.

Here he engaged a cab and was driven rapidly home.

Once in the house, he called up Alice, who has a telephone in her rooms, and informed her what had occurred.

"You want to join Harry as early as six o'clock," he said. "Better fix up your disguise there."

"I'll do it here," replied Alice. "I don't think it would be best for me to be seen in Chinatown as a woman."

"As you will. I thought it might be a little awkward for you to be seen in your house as a Chinaman."

"Not at all. These people are used to me in any old disguise. It is now three o'clock. You can tell Harry that I will be on hand at five."

Old King Brady then got together such things as he thought Harry would need, and returned to Pell street.

Harry let him in and reported all quiet.

"No one has been here," he said, "and that only goes to confirm our idea that the man was a stranger in New York."

Old King Brady decided to remain until Alice came, so he went to sleep on the cot and Harry dozed on the floor.

At five promptly Alice's knock was heard upon the door. No person on earth would have imagined that she was anything but a Chinaman.

Alice is the daughter of a missionary and was born and brought up in China.

Her knowledge of the Chinese language and customs has been of the greatest service to the Bradys in their work.

Harry now retired to the other room and made his disguise.

It was equally perfect with Alice's.

When Young King Brady poses as a Chinaman he always passes himself off as deaf and dumb, which, indeed, is the only thing he can do.

Alice has tried hard to teach him Chinese, but Harry finds it slow work, and beyond a few phrases he has made but slight headway.

Old King Brady now left his partners to themselves.

"I shall not come around until night, unless you send for me," he said. "It won't do for me to be seen going in and out, but if the dead man is identified I shall find means to immediately let you know."

But the dead man was not identified.

Old King Brady not only took Tom Lee to the station that morning to view the body, but also Quong Lee—no relative of the Mayor—who keeps the opium joint on Chatham Square.

Both Lees positively affirmed that they had never seen the man before.

Tom Lee was quite certain that he was not an On Leonger.

Quong Lee was equally sure that he was no opium smoker.

Then through Quong, who, being under heavy obligations to the old detective, who considered himself a personal friend, Old King Brady got hold of a Chinaman who had spent many years in San Francisco and had only recently come from "the Coast," to go with him and view the body.

But it came to nothing.

Inquiry for Joe Jin was equally futile.

Both the Lees were sure they had never heard of such a man.

As for the White Queen of the Highbinders, Tom Lee assured Old King Brady that he knew of no such person.

This, however, did not surprise the old detective.

As the head of the On Leongs, Tom Lee would be the last person to know the secrets of the Hip Sing Tong.

It would be necessary to get next to a Highbinder to gain this information.

The Highbinders' tong is simply an organization of professional criminals, men who make a regular business of murder and robbery.

Their meeting places are, of course, secret, and to gain any information about them is about as difficult a job as a detective can undertake.

Towards noon Old King Brady found himself obliged to give it up, and the body of the dead Chinaman was removed to the Morgue.

The old detective now went to the elegantly appointed

offices of the Brady Detective Bureau, on Union Square, where as yet he had not found time to go that day.

Having attended to his mail, Old King Brady went down to the pier on South street, from which the Havana steam San Carlos was about to sail that afternoon.

Here he found everything in the confusion and bustle of sailing day, but he managed to get hold of the captain, to whom he made himself known.

"Yes," said the captain, "there was such a couple as you describe with me up from Havana. The man passed under the name of Josephson, and claimed to be a Javanese merchant from Batavia. There were many who suspected him of being a Chinaman, and I for one agreed with them."

"And the woman?"

"She was certainly a beauty of a certain type—rather coarse. None of the other women would associate with her. But you should have seen her diamonds! It was a wonderful display."

"They are the people I want to get at," said Old King Brady. "You have no idea where they went after leaving the steamer?"

"Not the faintest. I remember, however, that they went away in a cab."

"The same cabs come to the wharf every steamer day?"

"I think so. The wharfsinger would know."

Old King Brady looked up the wharfsinger.

"Old Jimmy knows all the cabbies," he said, when the old detective slipped him a five and made him understand what was wanted. "I have no doubt he can tell you just what you want to know. I'll call him in. He usually helps to place the small baggage in the cabs and closes the doors for the passengers."

So the wharfsinger called an old Irishman, and again Old King Brady described the couple.

"Sure I seen 'em," said Jimmy. "It was Barney Reilly who druv them. Youse have only to see him."

"And where can he be found?" demanded the old detective.

"He stands at de Sout' Ferry except on steamer days," was the reply. "Den he comes here."

Old King Brady felt that he was getting warm.

He hurried to the South Ferry and easily found Barney Reilly.

The man remembered the couple perfectly, and the old detective was inwardly congratulating himself that he was on the eve of success when his hopes were suddenly dashed.

For the cabby informed him that the Chinaman with the white wife had ordered him to drive them to the corner of Worth street and Park Row, and he did so.

There the couple took their suitcases and other belongings and walked up Worth street.

Beyond this Barney Reilly knew nothing, and Old King Brady found himself all at sea for a clew.

## CHAPTER V.

HARRY MAKES A BAD BREAK AND LOSES ALICE.

Harry and Alice went out to breakfast at the Port Arthur restaurant, and were served "a la Chinoise," which, if you please, is after the style of the Chinks in French.



Both having acquired a taste for Chinese cooking, they had nothing to complain of about their meal.

They then returned to the rooms of the dead man, and again took up their tedious watch.

Alice set to work to clean the place up, for it needed it sadly.

"Ah!" sighed Harry. "I wish we were married and had a little flat for you to work in; or, rather, where some one could work for you," he hastened to add.

"You better amend your motion," laughed Alice. "No housekeeping in a little flat for me, if you please, sir."

"As for me, I would even consent to live in Chinatown if——"

"But there is no if. Cut it out, please," laughed Alice, and she began to sing one of Harry's favorite airs.

Alice has a fine voice, and Harry always enjoys her singing, but it did not seem quite safe under the circumstances, and in a minute he checked her.

"Perhaps you are right," said Alice. "Some one might hear me singing in English, which would not help our case much."

"Upon my word I believe there is some one outside the door now," whispered Harry, and the matter was speedily settled when a knock came.

Alice unlocked the door, and in shuffled the old fortune teller.

That was the time Harry's hopes rose high.

Surely this man, if any one, would be certain to know the dead Chink.

Alice, recognizing the man from Harry's description, immediately got to work with her Chinese, and for the next ten minutes the "hinging and honging" kept up.

Harry would have given worlds to know what they were saying, but it was too much for him.

At last the old fellow went away.

"Well," demanded Young King Brady, "and what did he have to say for himself?"

"He claims not even to know the man's name," replied Alice. "He said that he was a fortune teller."

"We know that."

"Let me finish, please?"

"Go on."

"He said that he was in the habit of advertising in the Chinese newspaper."

"The dead wall on the corner of Pell and Doyers street, where the red slips are pasted, you mean?"

"Yes. He said that the dead man came to his place in answer to this advertisement, and made an appointment for him to come here last night, which he did, but that he was a stranger to him, and he refused to tell his name."

"Unfortunate! I thought sure we were going to find out something when I saw him come in."

"I knew you would think so, and I questioned him very closely."

"And what did he come here for?"

"To see if his prophecy came true."

"What was his prophecy?"

"That the matter which was troubling the man would be settled through the coming of the Bradys last night."

"By jove! That's what it was, then. Did he mention the Bradys by name?"

"Yes. He seemed to know who you were. He said you were here last night."

"Do you think he took you and me for Chinks?"

"Oh, I am sure of it."

"What excuse did you make for our presence here?"

"I told him that, like himself, the dead man had made an appointment with us, and that we were waiting for him."

"Did he seem to know that he was dead?"

"He did not say a word about it, Harry, nor did I. I devoted all my energies to finding out the dead man's name, and failed."

"Do you imagine the fellow knew more than he let on?"

"It is impossible to tell. You can never tell with a Chinaman, and especially with a fortune teller. These Chinese wise men, as they call them, are probably the most secretive beings on earth."

"Then we are just where we started and the old fellow's visit counts for nothing."

"For nothing at all, I should say."

The morning passed, and no one else came near the place.

Harry went out and bought provisions and Alice cooked up a nice little lunch.

About two o'clock some one again knocked at the door.

Opening it, Harry admitted a foxy-faced Chinaman in American dress.

He looked as little like a Chinese as any Celestial Harry had ever seen; still he was certainly one.

He addressed himself to Harry, and Alice answered.

The man sat down and they talked for some minutes.

Then Harry got from Alice a secret sign, of which the Bradys have a regular code.

This one meant:

"Shadow him!"

Harry waited a minute, and then left the house and got over on the other side of Pell street.

And this he did with considerable reluctance.

He hated to leave Alice alone with the fellow, but he knew how angry she would be if he refused to obey orders, for, of course, she would not have given the sign if she had not thought the case required it.

And the long wait of half an hour, which followed, tried Harry's patience to the uttermost.

He was still more tried when the man came out, for Alice was with him.

Now there was no hesitancy about shadowing the fellow!

Not for worlds would Harry have permitted him to go out of his sight.

They went to Chatham Square, where the fellow engaged a cab, and, he and Alice getting in, they were driven away up the Bowery.

Harry got next to another cabby in a hurry.

"I want you to follow that cab, which took those two Chinks," he said, showing his shield. "Be sharp, now, and it's ten dollars for yours."

"Trust me, boss," replied the driver. "If I lets dem slip me, den you needn't give me nuthin' at all."

Harry would have liked to get on the box, but, of course, that would not do, so he had to content himself inside.

He now grew very nervous about the whole business.

"What if the driver made a botch of it, and Alice was lost sight of?"

"She is too bold altogether," he said to himself. "If I only knew what induced her to go away with that man!"

They drove up the Bowery and turned east at the Bridge entrance.

"They are heading for Williamsburg," thought Harry.

He dropped back against the cushions with a sigh of relief.

And this must be explained.

Since the setting in of the almost perpetual warfare between the rival tongs in New York's Chinatown, the Hip Sing Tong, or Highbinders, and the On Leong, or Merchants' Guild, many Chinaman connected with the latter organization have pulled out of Chinatown, fearing for their lives.

These have formed a small Chinese colony in Williamsburg, as a part of the Borough of Brooklyn is called, locating principally on North Sixth street.

Thus Harry felt safer on Alice's account than he otherwise would have done, for the On Leongs, left to themselves, are a peaceable lot and always avoid trouble when they can.

"The fellow is probably not a Highbinder, at all events," thought Harry.

They reached the big Williamsburg Plaza and turned north on Roebbling street.

"Headed for the North Side," thought Harry.

This is the district where the Chinese have located.

Suddenly the driver reined in.

"Get out—quick!" he called down from his box.

Harry leaped out of the cab in a hurry.

What had happened now?

Looking ahead, he saw that a cab had broken down.

The wheel was off and two Chinamen were climbing out.

"They broke down," said the driver. "I thought youse had best see it for yourself and decide what to do."

"Right," replied Harry. "This gives me a chance to butt in. Go along slowly, driver, and wait for me at the corner of Grand street, in case I should want you again."

A crowd was collecting about the damaged cab.

Harry hurried forward and got in among them.

And right here he was treated to a surprise.

It came to him as a decided shock, too.

For the two Chinamen who had alighted from the damaged cab were both the real article!

It was not Alice and her companion, but two totally different looking persons.

In his role of a dummy Young King Brady could do nothing and say nothing.

It was even unsafe to stand and watch, for already the boys in the crowd had begun to guy him.

"I can do nothing here," thought Young King Brady.

He hurried on to the corner of Grand street, where he found his cab awaiting him.

Now, the Bradys know a number of the cab drivers who have their stands on Chatham Square.

This man Young King Brady had frequently seen, but he had never had occasion to employ him before.

"You have made a bad break, driver," he said.

"Sure I'm tinkering its dem Chinks what have made the break," retorted the driver. "What's wrong?"

"It's the wrong cab and the wrong Chinks."

"Ah, not at all! Youse told me to folly de cab what took de two Chinks an' dat was dat new feller's cab, so. Him what has just come to de Square, and it's him what's broke down now."

"It was Barney Dunn's cab my people got into."

"It was, hey? Den why de mischief didn't youse say so? You said you saw the Chinamen get into the cab, so I supposed you knew. We have both blundered. There were two cabs and four Chinamen, it appears. What am I to do now, so?" demanded the driver.

"Go on to North Sixth street," replied Harry, jumping in. "Keep an eye open for Barney Dunn."

But nothing was seen of Barney on North Sixth street.

The Chinamen from the broken cab came along on foot after a little, and went into a laundry.

Harry, finding that he was attracting too much attention, ordered the cabby to drive him back to New York.

The whole scheme of his shadowing had proved a failure.

His disgust was intense, but he could think of nothing better to do than to return to the Pell street rooms and wait in the hope that Alice might come back.

"That was the time I missed it," he muttered, as he paced up and down the floor.

"If anything happens to Alice I shall never forgive myself. Not for anything would I have had this occur."

But time passed, and it began to grow dark, and still Alice had not returned.

Such was the situation when there came a knock on the door and Young King Brady opened it to admit a man he knew and was glad to see.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Solomons?" he said.

His visitor was a short, dried-up, old fellow, with a grizzled beard and a tall hat.

"How vas you, John?" he replied. "Vere vas dat oder feller? Runned away und left me without mein rent—yes?"

"Don't you know me, Mr. Solomon?" demanded Harry, and he suddenly removed a Chinese cap, bringing with it a false scalp and pigtail.

This was Young King Brady's cleverest wig.

It had been made for him in Paris, and cost a pretty penny.

The parchment, or whatever formed the scalp, could only be told from human skin by the closest inspection.

It had been carefully painted with minute dots to imitate a closely shaven head.

"Ach! Holy Moses!" cried Solomons. "You vas Young King Brady, de detegtive, den?"

"Nobody else. You are here just in time to help me out."

This man is a well-known character about Chinatown.

Formerly he was a wholesale cloth dealer, but he has for many years done little else than to look after his real estate in Mott, Pell and Doyers streets.

Shrewd always, and keen to read the future, Isaac Solomons, during the early eighties, when the Chinamen began coming to New York, bought up the old rookeries and rented them.

He made bigger interest on his money than he could have made in the Ghetto. He is making it still.

Incidentally, Solomons was an old acquaintance of the Bradys, for whom he entertained an immense respect.

"I hellup you if I gan, Harry, betcher life!" he hastened to say. "But, looker here, I'm out a mont's rent if dat feller what hire dese rooms is gone. He promise to send me Tom Lee's check yesterday. Vat he sends me vas dis! Vere he vas? I don't like to bodder Tom Lee, but I must haf my money! Mebbe it vas a mestage."

And the old house owner produced a long slip of the red paper, which Chinamen so love to write upon.

It was covered with closely painted characters, and certainly was not a check.

But Harry viewed it in triumph.

Perhaps this was a clew to the mystery.

But, alas, for Alice's absence!

The letter, if such it was, was written in Chinese!

## CHAPTER VI.

### MR. I. SOLOMONS FURNISHES A CLEW.

Placing a chair for Mr. Israel Solomons, Young King Brady sat down in another and tried to think.

Meanwhile the old man was ranting on about the trickery of the Chinese generally, and his missing tenant in particular.

One thing was certain, Tom Lee had, for purposes of his own, declined to recognize the dead man.

But for this Harry hardly blamed the old fellow.

The "Mayor" had, for several years, lived in constant fear of assassination by Highbinders.

He seldom left his house in these days, and when he did he was always accompanied by an armed guard.

Very possibly Tom Lee did not dare to recognize the man.

Though he has ever been friendly to the Bradys, it was not to be supposed that he would endanger his own life to further their ends.

"Mr. Solomons," said Harry, "how much rent is due you on these rooms?"

"Twenty dollars," was the reply.

"You get Old King Brady's check for that to-morrow—see?"

"Oh, well, all right, Harry. If you say dat——"

"You have my word for it. We are working on a case. Let me tell you enough to make the situation plain. In strict confidence, mind."

"Oh, you may rely on me, Harry. I'll nefer breathe a word!"

Harry then told as much of the case as he chose, which was very little, but that little included the tong fight of the night before.

"So? An' dat man was killed?" cried Solomons.

"What I want is to have you go to the Morgue, so that we can be sure he is the man you rented these rooms to," Harry said.

"I'll do it ride away."

"Didn't you hear about the fight?"

"No. I was away out of town yesterday."

"Tell me the name of your tenant?"

"He gafe de name Ding Ling. He come to mein office und say he vant rooms for a mont' und pay in advance. Negst time——"

"When was this?"

"A mont' ago day pefore yesterday."

"And the next time?"

"He came yesterday morning und say, 'I haf no money, but I vant de rooms anoder mont'. By mail to-day I send you Tom Lee's check. Dees noon, ven I ged home, I find dees."

"It was a mistake, no doubt. Leave that paper with me, Mr. Solomons. We want these rooms for a few days. We'll pay for the month. You get a check for twenty dollars to-morrow, or it may be delayed a day or so, if we are both stuck on this job—see?"

"Dat's all ride, Harry. So you say I geds de scheck, I vant nothin' more."

"Did you ever see this Ding Ling before?"

"Never."

"Did he tell you where he came from?"

"No. He say he vas a stranger in Shinatown, but he didn't say vere he come from."

"Was any one with him?"

"No; he vas all alone."

It seemed to be as far as Harry could get with Mr. Solomons, so Harry rang off and soon the old fellow left, promising to go to the Morgue and to call up Old King Brady's house and tell the result.

He had scarcely departed when Harry heard a familiar step on the stairs, and when he opened the door it was to admit his chief.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "I began to fear that you were never coming!"

"I told you that I should not come till after dark."

"It is dark now. But actually you are on time. It is only because I am so worried that I was impatient."

"What's the matter? Where is Alice?"

"Gone away with a strange Chinaman, who called here. She told me to follow, and I started to do so, but I managed to make a botch of it, and lost her. I have been here kicking myself ever since. If anything should happen——"

"Pshaw, Harry! Alice is perfectly well able to take care of herself."

"Hear the whole story; but first what have you accomplished on the case?"

"Nothing at all. It has been a day wasted. Go on with your story, for I have nothing to tell."

And Harry accordingly told of the events of the day.

"Tom Lee has evidently made up his mind not to recognize that corpse," said the old detective. "It would be no use to try to do anything about it. We must work ahead, just as though Tom was not mixed up in the business. Chances are that this Ding Ling, if such was really



his name, was simply a paid spy of the On Leongs. He is dead, and old Tom has no further use for him, so he reprobates him altogether."

"But would a spy have so much money about him?"

"You can never tell about a Chinaman. The money may not have been his."

"Of course. The fact that he did not pay his rent would seem to indicate that."

"Where is the paper he sent to Solomons?"

Harry produced it.

"This is the time we need Alice's help," remarked Old King Brady. "Well, there is nothing for it but to go to Quong Lee with the thing, and I had just as soon not do that, either, if it could be helped."

"Will you go now?"

"Right away."

"Suppose anybody comes, and I find it necessary to quit this place?"

"Leave me a note if you can. If you can't and you are going after Alice place this chair face to the wall; if for any other purpose push it under the table."

Old King Brady pocketed the paper and hurried away.

He was gone longer than he intended, for, as it happened, Quong Lee was considerably under the influence of opium—something which seldom happened with the old divekeeper—and it was necessary for Old King Brady to dose the man with strong coffee before he could get him in shape to do business.

Quong then read the writing on the paper and Old King Brady jotted down what it said.

It is impossible to render it in English anything like the way it was worded.

Freely translated, it ran thus:

"Seeker for Knowledge:

"You have been recommended to us by the letter of our good brother, Joe Duck, of San Francisco, as a man whom we would do well to initiate into the counsels of the Hip Sing Tong. This we have decided to do. You will be given the first, or stranger's, degree on Thursday night. The committee will wait on you during the day. Concerning the friend whom you recommend, we should like to meet him, but you must understand that we cannot accept as members those recommended by persons who are not members. We will talk with you of this matter when we meet.  
YOUR BROTHER-TO-BE."

The signature was an arbitrary sign, which Quong Lee declared meant "Sly Fox," and was not a Chinese name.

And by all this it looked to Old King Brady as if Ding Ling had been trying to work in with the Hip Sing Tong.

That the man's death had been due to the accident of falling suddenly in with the warring tongs the night before, Old King Brady had no doubt.

But how had he come to make the mistake of sending this paper to Israel Solomons?

Quong Lee suggested too much opium, but Old King Brady preferred to think that the Chinaman must have been laboring under great agitation when he did it.

But, be that as it might, Old King Brady, satisfied with the explanation, hurried back to Pell street and ascended to the top floor.

He knocked on the door, but received no answer.

"Well! Harry is gone, after all," he thought.

He produced his skeleton keys and started to open the door, when he immediately discovered that the key was in the lock.

"What! How is this?" he muttered. "Door fastened on the inside? Has Harry dropped asleep, then?"

Once more he pounded on the door.

But no answer came.

Old King Brady was about to use a small tool by which he can straighten keys in locks and push them out, when he thought he saw an easier way.

There was a window at the end of the hall, in the rear.

Looking out, the old detective saw, as he expected, that there was a common, balcony fire escape on the rear of the house.

It was something of a risk for a man of his years to attempt to climb over to it, but the old detective is well used to such work, and in a moment he was on the fire escape.

Here he found the window of the rear room open; that it had been shut when he left he felt certain.

Climbing in through the window, he pushed on into the front room.

The chair was face to the wall.

Old King Brady looked in vain for the note.

The key was in the lock of the front room door and the door of the back room was bolted, knowing which Old King Brady had not attempted to open it.

Here was a mystery!

What could have induced Young King Brady to leave the room by the fire escape, as, to all appearance, he had done?

But the chair against the wall was conclusive.

Harry had gone on Alice's account, and it was evident that he went in a hurry.

The old detective dropped into the chair and remained for some minutes in thought.

"I don't like this business," he said to himself. "These Highbinders are up to every trick, and Harry, in his love for Alice, may have taken more chances than were wise. I think I will investigate a bit."

He unlocked the door and went out, locking it behind him.

Hurrying to the ground floor, he went through into the yard behind the house.

Here there was an old-fashioned cellar door—the kind that lifts up.

The yard was only a few feet in width, for Solomons owned through to Mott street, and he had recently put up a new tenement there, which extended back upon the Pell street lot, with the evident intention of continuing the structure through to Pell street later on.

Just now a high fence cut off the rear of the tenement.

The yard was choked with rubbish, which had been flung out of the back windows of both tenements.

The ground floor windows of the Pell street house looked out from a Chinese curio shop.

They were barred and old curtains were drawn across them.

Thus Old King Brady found himself alone, and apparently unobserved.

He stood for a few moments scanning the different windows which overlooked the yard, and then he lifted the cellar door.

On the top step lay a white card.

Old King Brady picked it up, and even in the dim light recognized it.

It was one of a set which the detectives carry to drop as clues in a case like this.

Obviously it was the card of a shoemaker on Grand street.

But as soon as he laid eyes upon it Old King Brady was able to say, with certainty:

"Harry went this way."

He listened, and, hearing no sound, descended into the cellar.

Flashing his electric lantern about and, finding the cellar to all appearances deserted, Old King Brady returned and shut down the door at the head of the steps.

"Secret passages, eh?" he said to himself. "Well, it looks so! This must be investigated. It won't do to leave Harry to play this dangerous game alone!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### HARRY AND ALICE FIND THEMSELVES UP AGAINST THE Highbinders.

The game which Harry had started to play was indeed a dangerous one.

To attempt to work among the Chinese in disguise, pretending to be deaf and dumb!

Why, the mere thought of the risk involved is enough to make one shudder!

But, dangerous as it was, Young King Brady had played the same game many times before.

Before Alice was taken into the firm he used to do it right along.

Often he has fallen into serious trouble in that way, but he always managed to work out of it, and was, as a rule, successful in his undertakings in the end.

After Old King Brady left Harry sat idly waiting, wondering what was coming next.

He was thus busily engaged in doing nothing when, suddenly, to his surprise, he saw a fat Chink—a right good-looking fellow from any standpoint—standing between the red curtains which divided the two rooms.

The man was expensively dressed, his trousers were newly pressed and his coat fitted him like a glove.

He wore a heavy gold watch chain, a handsome diamond ring upon the third finger of his left hand, and another diamond of smaller size set in a stickpin in a red four-in-hand tie.

Noiselessly he had appeared in the doorway, and what puzzled Harry was, knowing that he had bolted the door of the inner room with his own hand, how he got there.

For the moment he never thought of the fire escape.

The fellow smiled, but did not speak.

Harry looked him over curiously.

He had never seen a Chinaman before who came so near to being a handsome man.

There was not a trace of the use of opium about his face nor of any other sort of dissipation, for that matter.

Seeing that he was observed, he advanced into the room and handed Harry a slip of red paper with Chinese characters upon it.

At the same time he touched his lips and his ears, nodded and smiled.

Harry pretended to study the paper.

It was a lucky thing for him that the light was good and that he is as quick as a flash to catch on to anything of this sort.

He instantly saw that the tails of the Chinese characters had been fashioned into small English letters.

Reading downward, in Chinese style, he got the following:

"Come to me. I need you.

ALICE."

It was enough!

Young King Brady was ready to follow the handsome Chink anywhere.

The Chinaman beckoned with his finger.

Harry arose and, placing the chair face to the wall, stood looking at him like a man in doubt.

Again the Chinaman beckoned and smiled.

Harry walked towards him and held out his hand.

The Chinaman shook it, and, taking him by the arm, led him to the window and pointed to the fire escape.

He climbed out upon it and signed to Harry to follow.

It looked suspicious enough, this Chink coming in by the fire escape, but Alice's call was enough, and Harry followed the man down to the yard.

Here he raised the cellar cover and again motioned to Young King Brady to descend.

But this time Harry held back.

He wanted to drop the card on the steps for Old King Brady's benefit, so he proposed to go last.

The Chink did not seem to care.

He went down and when at the foot of the steps flashed a small dark lantern.

Harry came down after him, and dropped his card as he descended.

The Chink motioned to him to shut the cover, which he did.

Advancing, then, to the furthest corner of the cellar on the left, he pulled aside two old barrels and revealed a small trap door, which he raised.

This time he did not order Harry ahead, but started down a ladder, again signing to Harry to close the trap.

Reaching the level, they found themselves at the entrance of a narrow passage, boarded up on both sides.

They passed through this; it led under the adjoining house and under the next, as well as Young King Brady could determine.

Here they came to a door which was plated with sheet iron, upon which the Chinaman knocked three times.

There was a brief wait, and then the door was opened by an old Chink, whose face was hideously deformed.

His nose and both ears had been cut off.

Evidently he had been subjected to some barbarous punishment in China.

Harry wondered how such a man could ever have been allowed to enter the country; but none knew better than he that Chinamen have many ways of evading the exclusion law and getting in.

His conductor passed in and beckoned Harry to follow, the deformed man standing to one side.

Just as Harry was about to cross the threshold something fell from above.

It looked like glittering steel, and shot down past his nose like a flash!

Harry stopped short, but betrayed his interest in the occurrence by no other sign.

The old man seized a cord and drew the thing up.

It was a heavy steel bar, sharpened as keenly as a razor on the under side.

If it had ever struck Harry it would have simply sliced his head down to his shoulders.

The Chinaman's eyes were fixed upon him.

He seemed to be studying his face.

Harry ran his hands up the sleeves of his blouse, Chinese style, and stood motionless.

The pair on the other side of the bar exchanged a few words, which he could not understand.

"A test, mostly likely," thought Harry. "They want to see how much courage I possess."

The bar was pulled up, and the young Chink motioned to Harry to enter.

Young King Brady pointed to the bar and then to his head.

The Chink laughed, shook his own head, and, extending his hand across the doorway, caught Harry and pulled him through.

Then, patting him on the shoulder and laughing, he opened a door and ushered him into a large, square chamber. It contained many chairs and at one end was a raised platform, upon which was a handsome porcelain stand and an easy chair of American make.

The old Chink did not follow them into this meeting room, for such Harry took the place to be.

The young man now led the way to the end of the room, unlocked a door and pointed.

This time Harry did not hold back.

But as soon as he had passed through the door the young man, instead of following, closed it behind him, and Harry heard the key turn in the lock.

Thus finding himself virtually a prisoner, Young King Brady began to look about, when he perceived that he stood at the top of a short flight of steps and that there was a light burning below.

He descended and, coming into a small room hung on all sides with red cloth, he saw Alice lying on a bamboo couch, apparently asleep.

There was no mistaking her. It was surely Alice, in her Chinese disguise, but if Young King Brady had not known each article of her dress just as well as he did, he might have been deceived, so perfect was her makeup.

There were several chairs in the room and another couch, but nothing else.

Harry sat down and waited.

Alice appeared to be sleeping naturally; but he felt that in that place she should not have slept at all, and he was glad that he was on hand to watch.

In a moment he got up and began pulling aside the red curtains.

There were rough boards behind them everywhere.

Harry saw that he was in some sub-subcellar, so to speak.

But that such places exist in Chinatown is well known, and their makers always board them up to prevent the caving in of the earth walls.

Perhaps it was the stir Harry made which awakened Alice, but at all events she awoke and when he looked around there she was, sitting on the edge of the couch.

She at once began talking with her fingers.

"So, you have come?" she said. "No need to look at the walls. I have done all that. We are entirely safe here to talk, so far as I can make out."

"As though I could refuse your call!" replied Harry, in his deaf and dumb language. "Very ingenious, that note of yours, but how came you here?"

"That man brought me. He takes me for Ding Ling, the man who was shot."

"How can that be possible?"

"Don't know. I only tell you the fact. They mean to initiate me into the Hip Sing Tong to-night, and I thought you better join me. It appears that they expected me to introduce another candidate, a man absolutely a stranger to them. That gave me my chance, and I took it. Be pleased to remember that your name is Hip Gee."

"Don't see what good it does for me to know my name, since I can neither speak nor write it."

"Well, that is so. I wish I dared speak out. I have so much to say to you, and this is such slow work."

"Don't think of it. Take no chances."

"As you will. I suppose it isn't safe. Did you shadow me here?"

"Shadow you nothing! I lost you completely, and trailed after a cab which went over to Williamsburg and there broke down. It contained two Chinks, and that deceived my driver. But where did you go?"

"Oh, that man blindfolded me. I was driven about for half an hour and we landed back on Pell street. Then he removed the bandage and pulled my hat down over my eyes. We got out of the cab and I was hustled across the sidewalk and into a store. There I was blinded again and led here, but I got a chance to peep out before we left the cab. We are in Pell street, of course?"

"Yes. Three doors above our rooms."

"So close? I got a little turned around, and could not tell just which side of the street I was on. But here we are, up against an initiation into the Hip Sing Tong. It could not have been Highbinders who were after that man, it would seem."

If Harry could only have read the translation of the letter given him by Mr. Solomons he would have understood better.

"I am so glad you got the chance to send for me!" he said, adding:

"But, tell me, how came you to go away with that man?"



"Why, he asked me a few questions and then said that if I expected to join the Highbinders to-night I was to go with him."

"Weren't you surprised?"

"Indeed, I was. I was taken all aback."

"What did you say?"

"Well, the first thing I said was:

"Does my friend come, too?"

"What did he say to that?"

"He replied that it would be decided about my friend later. That if he was to be accepted as a candidate he would be notified; but that I must go, then and there."

"And they talked about me later; when you got down here, I mean?"

"Oh, yes! They asked a lot of questions about you. I made up the best story I could.

"Did me being deaf and dumb appear to be an objection?"

"On the contrary, they seemed to like the idea. There were two of them who examined me, and one remarked to the other that such a man might prove very useful. We are supposed to be North China people, by the way. You are not expected to know anything about the Cantonese dialect; but it is understood that we can talk with our fingers. We learned it at a mission school in Pekin."

"Oh, I see. As long as they don't expect me to talk to them, that's all I care about. You did not see anything of this Queen of the Highbinders?"

"No; nor did I hear of her, either. Two men interviewed me."

"The man who came into the rooms was one?"

"No; the last I saw of him was when they blindfolded me in the store."

"Hark!"

"They are coming into the room upstairs."

"Yes, and there are a lot of them."

"So it would seem. Brace up now, Harry. We have to go through an ordeal which is decidedly dangerous. Upon how we come out of it rests the success of our case."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OLD KING BRADY PLAYS THE SPY.

Old King Brady did not have the slightest difficulty in discovering the secret door—a child could have done that, it was so plain.

But right there his success ended.

Behind the door was another of solid iron, which certainly had not been in evidence when Harry went through.

Old King Brady worked half an hour over that door, and then gave it up.

He simply could not budge it, nor was he able to discover by what manner of mechanism it was worked.

The old detective pulled out and went around to the Elizabeth street station.

Here he inquired for Captain Crowley, who had recently been appointed to the precinct.

Now, as it happened, this man owed his present position

on the police force to a luck arrest made in connection with Old King Brady, some years before.

He had never forgotten the fact that the old detective allowed him to take all the credit for the capture of this noted criminal, and kept himself in the background.

But the captain was not in.

The sergeant at the desk thought that he might be found at his house.

"Where is he living now?" asked Old King Brady. "I know he did live on Seventy-eighth street, but I heard that he moved."

"Yes," replied the sergeant. "You know he has no children and his wife is lame, and never goes anywhere. He wanted to live in his precinct, so he moved to Oliver street. You will find him at No. —"

"Good!" replied the old detective. "If he is only home!"

"I'll let you know in a minute," said the sergeant, and, going to the telephone, he called up the captain's house.

"He's home," he said. "He says for you to come right around."

It proved to be a happy thought which had popped into Old King Brady's head and which sent him to the Elizabeth street station, as will presently be seen.

Oliver street runs off from Chatham Square, extending to the East River.

It possesses one peculiarity. On the south side there stands a row of old-fashioned, three-story brick houses, every one of which, whoever owns them, has been kept strictly up to date and being surrounded on all sides by stores and tenements, they attract the eye of the observer at once.

It was one of these houses that Captain Crowley had succeeded in hiring, and here Old King Brady found his friend and received the warm welcome from him that he knew he might expect.

To the captain he stated as much of the case as was necessary.

"I have every reason to believe that there is to be a Highbinders' meeting to-night in an underground lodge-room on Pell street," he said. "Is there no one on your force who knows of this place? It seems as if there should be. I have no doubt that Harry has been taken in there. If the Chinks has penetrated his disguise he stands in the greatest danger. If he is working a point I want to be on hand in case he falls down and they turn on him."

"And you imagine that Miss Montgomery may be there, too?" demanded the captain, for Old King Brady had told of Alice's disappearance.

"I'm sure I don't know whether she is or not," was the reply. "I think it very likely."

"I know that there must be some such place," said the captain, "but I have not been able to locate it myself. Indeed, I have not particularly tried. If we chase the Highbinders out of one hiding place they will only go to another. But I think I can help you, Mr. Brady; at all events I can try."

The captain went to the telephone and called up the station.

"Send Wardman Moran around at once," he said.

"He is not in," he announced. "But they will send some one out for him. We can make the best time by sitting still here."

In about half an hour the bell rang, and it proved to be the wardman.

Old King Brady knew him, but Moran was not a man he felt like asking a favor of; so he let Captain Crowley do the talking.

"There is such a place, I have always understood," said Moran. "Like enough, it is under one of those Pell street houses, as Mr. Brady says; but for me to go in there, even if I could find it, would be to sign my death warrant and destroy my usefulness in Chinatown, even if I escape a Highbinder's bullet. I don't think it can be worked."

"It must be worked," said the Captain, sternly. "Is there no Highbinder whom you have got the drop on, who would do it for you?"

"Do what? Just what do you want, Mr. Brady?"

"To look in on that meeting, without being seen, if I can," replied the old detective.

"How do you know there is going to be a meeting to-night?"

"No matter how he knows," broke in the captain. "You can't expect Mr. Brady to tell you all his business, Moran. Is there no such man in Chinatown? Considering the length of time you have been on duty there, it would seem as if there might be."

"I might be able to fix it if I could promise that there will be no arrests."

"There will be none, unless I find them killing my partner, or something of the sort," replied the old detective.

"When do you want to go?"

"Right now."

"Well, there is only one man I can think of likely to help us. That is Scarfaced Joe, as we call him. I can pull him in on an old murder charge any time. I might see him."

"He is a Highbinder?"

"Yes."

"Chase yourself, then," said the captain. "Mr. Brady will wait here."

He followed the wardman to the door and used some pretty emphatic language, Old King Brady judged from his tone, although he could not hear the words.

"Will he work it, think?" asked the old detective, when the captain returned.

"If he don't work it there will be trouble," was the reply. "And I gave him to understand that. As for the matter of arrests, suit yourself about that. I am resolved to put down these tong fights. There is war on between the Hig Sing Tong and the On Leong now. They are liable to break out at any time."

Moran was gone an hour, and when he returned he seemed pretty well pleased with himself.

"Joe will take us both to a room where we can see the whole business, if we will go blindfolded," he said. "You were right about the meeting. It is to be pulled off at midnight."

"And it is after eleven now," replied Old King Brady. "So you have determined to go yourself?"

"Yes. I thought I might as well. Joe says there will be no danger, as long as we don't try to butt in on them."

Old King Brady was immensely pleased, of course.

The captain went with them as far as Doyers street, when Moran took Old King Brady upstairs in one of the old houses and introduced him to Scarfaced Joe, about as ugly a looking specimen of a Chink as the old detective had ever seen.

The fellow was one of your taciturn Chinamen, and had not a word to say.

Bidding them to follow him at a distance, he went around on Mott street, entered the basement of one of the old houses, and went down into the cellar.

He was standing just inside the open cellar door when Old King Brady and the wardman came in, and he bolted it behind them when they passed him.

"You gettee trouble den me no blame!" he growled.

"That's right. We sha'n't blame you, Joe," replied Moran. "Bust ahead. Mr. Brady is not the man to make trouble for any one, nor am I."

The Chinaman produced two big cotton handkerchiefs and proceeded to blindfold the wardman.

Thus Old King Brady had time to look about the cellar, but he could see nothing in the shape of a secret door.

His turn came and, when blinded, Joe told him to take hold of Moran's coattail.

There was a momentary wait, during which not a sound was heard except the footsteps of the Chink, who was moving about the cellar.

Then he returned, took hold of Moran's hand and the procession moved.

They went forward a few steps and stopped.

Old King Brady knew the Chinaman went back and closed the secret door through which they had passed, but he did it so noiselessly that there was scarcely a sound.

Moving on again, they advanced about half the width of the block between Pell street and Mott street, and then got the order to look out for steps.

They went down five, and then Joe ordered them to stand as they were until he returned.

A door shut with some force, and all was still.

"This is great!" whispered Moran. "I have often heard of these underground passages in Chinkville, but I was never in one before. I'm going to take a peep."

"I wouldn't," said Old King Brady. "Keep faith with the fellow if you expect him to keep faith with you."

Whether he did or not, the old detective could not tell, but in a few minutes Joe returned and led them on a level.

Doors closed behind them twice and then came the order to take off the handkerchiefs.

They found themselves in the dark, save for Joe's lantern, which showed them a small room, with rough-boarded walls.

Through the middle of the floor a round hole had been cut and there was another in the ceiling.

A stovepipe lay on the floor, which the Chinaman had evidently taken out of these holes. There was nothing else in the room.

"Down dere," said Joe, pointing to the hole. "You lookee so you see ebltying bimeby. You makee noise, Highbinders come; killee you. Keepee still and blimeby

I comee and takee you Mott stleet. You tly go you own self you gettee kill."

All this was plain enough.

Old King Brady handed the Highbinder ten dollars, which he received with a satisfied chuckle.

"Dey flind out me do dliis dlen me gettee kill," he said. "You keepee still—keepee still."

And with this parting injunction the Chink withdrew, locked them in, and the detectives were left in the dark.

And it was dark below as well as above.

"It would be a bad job if we happened to get ketched here," breathed Moran.

"I would not speak a word if I were you," answered Old King Brady. "We don't want trouble, and we are pretty certain to get it good and plenty if we are caught."

They stretched themselves on the floor, where they could look down the hole when the light came.

And it was not long in coming.

In about ten minutes some one was heard moving about below them.

A match was struck and several lamps lighted.

Old King Brady and the wardman, peering down through the hole, which, with the pipe, was evidently intended as a ventilator, looked into the very room into which Harry was first taken.

Its character as a meeting room was easily discernible.

A solitary Chink was moving about, lighting lamps, of which there were several in brackets, fastened to the wall.

He then straightened the chairs, and, picking up a few scraps of paper which lay about, withdrew.

"That's your Highbinders' lodgeroom, all right, Mr. Brady," whispered Moran.

Old King Brady put his fingers to his lips.

Whatever his companion did, he was determined not to talk.

A moment later they heard talk in Chinese below, and two Chinamen passed under the hole.

Others followed.

The room was filling.

The "hinging" and the "hanging" was in full evidence when, all at once, the talk ceased, and a white woman passed under the hole, and ascended the platform and seated herself in the armchair.

"The Queen of the Highbinders!" thought Old King Brady. "She is real, at all events."

The woman was certainly not over twenty.

Perhaps some would have called her good looking, but there was a certain coarseness about her features which was not pleasing.

The one thing which made her identity seem certain was a lovely sunburst diamond pin at her neck.

If Joe Jin, her husband, was present, Old King Brady was not about to distinguish him.

"What can have possessed these Chinamen to put that white woman in authority over them?" Old King Brady asked himself.

But why ask?

What white man can ever hope to penetrate the mystery which surrounds almost everything the Chinese do?

In a moment a decidedly good looking Chinaman as-

scended the platform and took his place beside the throne, standing with his hand resting on the woman's shoulder.

Then a gong was struck nine times, and all the Chinks sat down.

There a brief wait and then came a stir.

A Chinaman was leading another towards the throne.

But when Old King Brady looked closer he saw that the other was Alice in her disguise.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BATTLE IN THE TONG LODGEROOM.

Alice and Harry waited long for the summons, and when it came Alice was taken up to the lodgeroom alone by the same Chinaman who had acted as Harry's conductor.

Hearing what he had to say, she told Harry that he would be summoned when wanted, and upon no account to try to see what was going on in the room above.

For herself, Alice was lined up before the Queen of the Highbinders, whom she at once recognized as such, of course.

The woman looked her over in the most casual manner.

Evidently this Queen was a mere puppet, as far as the ceremonies of the meeting were concerned.

Not so her husband, if the man at her side was such.

He looked at Alice with an expression of distinct surprise.

Then the poor girl found herself up against trouble.

"This man is not Ding Ling! He is a fraud!" shouted the man on the platform, in Chinese.

All hands sprang to their feet.

Instantly the lodgeroom was in confusion.

The Chinks crowded around Alice, with threatening gestures.

The Queen seemed rather to enjoy the excitement, but she never spoke a word.

"Stand back! Let me question this man!" cried the master, as we shall call him for convenience.

Alice put her hands in the sleeves of her blouse and stood calmly facing him.

The brave girl had prepared her mind for this very scene.

Fortunately for her purpose, the Chinaman who had taken her away from the Pell street rooms was not present.

"Who are you?" demanded the master. "How came you here?"

"I am Slow Duck," replied Alice. "I am here because I was brought here. I have but just come to New York with my deaf and dumb brother. We took rooms on Pell street this morning. A man came to me and said that I was wanted by the Queen of the Highbinders; that I was to be initiated into the order of the Hip Sing Tong. I told him that he must be mistaking me for some one else, but he wouldn't listen, so as I have long wanted to join the Hip Sing Tong I let him have his way."

Now, of course, Alice's answer, literally translated,

would not have sounded much like this, but rendered into readable English this was what it meant.

The face of the master grew dark.

"There is some treachery about this!" he cried. "You cannot be admitted to the Hip Sing Tong."

He was going on to say more, when everything was upset, all in a moment.

Old King Brady, who had grown very nervous about Alice, was suddenly treated to a stirring sight.

Loud shouts were heard outside one of the doors of the lodgeroom and a shot was fired.

The Chinamen were instantly thrown into the utmost confusion.

Revolvers were drawn, and they huddled together, and then the door was rudely burst open, and a crowd of armed Chinamen broke in.

"On Leong! On Leong!" the old detective heard the Highbinders shout.

"A tong war, by thunder!" breathed Moran.

Instantly they began firing on both sides.

Old King Brady jumped up and tried the door, bent only on the rescue of Alice.

It was as firm as a rock, however, and he could do nothing with it.

Back to the peephole he hurried.

It was all over!

Three Chinks lay stretched upon the floor.

Alice and the Queen had vanished with the rest.

Sharp firing and wild cries were heard in the distance for a few moments, and then all was still.

"Gee! That's hot stuff!" whispered Moran.

"Evidently the Leongs, learning the Highbinders' secret entrance, have taken them by surprise."

"Yes, but what if Joe is killed? How are we ever to get out of this?"

"He wasn't there."

"He was doorkeeper. He told me so himself. The firing began on the outside."

"I have something more serious to worry me than that, Moran!"

"More serious! We may find ourselves locked in here for life! You could not open the door!"

"It can be opened. I'm thinking of my partner just now."

"Young King Brady?"

"No—my female partner, Miss Montgomery."

"Was that her on the platform?"

"No, no! That is a woman they call the Queen of the Highbinders. Miss Montgomery was the one who stood before her and talked."

"There was no other woman. Are you crazy?"

"Not at all. To you the person looked like a Chinaman. Just the same she was Miss Montgomery in disguise."

"Impossible! No white woman could make up like that. Besides, she talked Chinese."

"Miss Montgomery can speak Chinese like a native."

But Moran still remained skeptical.

He was sure Old King Brady must be mistaken.

The lamps still burned, and the old detective, ordering silence, again applied himself to the peephole.

He had scarcely done so when he saw the master appear.

He looked like a man badly frightened as he hurried down the narrow stairs into the lower room.

Here, if Old King Brady could have seen, were Alice, Harry and the Queen.

At the moment of the attack Alice jumped upon the platform, and, drawing a revolver, placed herself in front of the Queen, the master having jumped down and joined in the firing.

This action Old King Brady, who, it will be remembered, started for the door, did not see.

In an instant the master was back again, however.

"Take her downstairs. Look out for her until this is over, and I shall not forget it," he said.

He hurried them down the stairs and rushed out into the passage, where the tong war was still in progress.

And now he was back again, alone.

"I don't know who you are," he said to Alice, "but I am in trouble, and I want your help. I like your face. I believe I can trust you to look after my wife for a few hours. Detectives are on my track. This charge of the Leongs I believe to be a put-up job for my benefit. Three men have been killed. There may have been detectives in that bunch. The police will come. I cannot take my wife back to my room—for a time, at least."

"I will take her in charge, if you will show me the way to get out of this place," replied Alice.

"I will, and we must go at once."

"What is your name?"

"Joe Jin. I don't understand about you, but you showed yourself a brave man by coming here and by doing what you did just now. I think I can trust you. I'm going to do it, anyhow, for I can't trust any one else. Do you speak English at all?"

"Only a few words," replied Alice, unblushingly.

Joe Jin turned to the Queen.

The woman had maintained a stolid indifference through it all.

Alice was certain she was under the influence of opium in some form.

"Lottie," he said, in English, "you must go with these men. Look out for yourself. If they try any tricks you have your revolver, and don't be slow in using it—understand?"

"Yes, I understand," replied the Queen. "But don't be long, Joe."

"I'll be back just as soon as I can find another place to put you. Give me your pin."

"No, no! Let me keep it. They won't dare to try to steal it. I'll kill them if they do."

"You must! Here, give it up, quick!"

The Queen evidently thought best to obey, for she unfastened her pin and handed it over.

Joe Jin then led the way upstairs.

The warring tongers had entered and gone out by another door, which connected with the Mott street entrance used by Old King Brady and Moran.

Harry, of course, remained silent through all this. Secretly he was triumphant.

"If we can only get this woman to ourselves we may be able to do something," he thought.

They went out by the way he had come in.

Old King Brady saw them go, but kept silent, of course.

When the door closed behind them he got up and tackled the door of their prison again.

But he could do nothing with it.

Nothing short of an axe could have opened their way to freedom.

"This is a bad job," said Moran. I told you we were going to get into trouble, Mr. Brady. What are we going to do now?"

"Wait a bit. It is the only thing we can do."

"The worst is, they will lay it to us if Joe tells about bringing us here."

"If we are patient a few minutes Joe will come and let us out."

But Joe did not come.

An hour passed and the lights still burned in the Highbinders' lodgeroom, but still no one turned up.

At last sounds were heard below, and the detectives saw two Chinamen enter.

They looked down at the bodies and talked for some time, after which they passed out by the other door.

"They have a problem on their hands to know how to handle those corpses," said Moran.

"If we get out all right you will report the matter, I suppose?" added Old King Brady.

"I suppose I ought to."

"You certainly should."

"Just the same it will injure my standing with the Chinks."

"Did you know any of them?"

"Sure. I know half of them at least."

"The Highbinders, or both sides."

"Both sides."

"Well, that part of it is your funeral, and I don't know that I can help you. Mind, it is none of my business what you do, and I shall keep my mouth strictly shut."

"If you promise me that, I sha'n't interfere. My idea would be to let the Chinks attend to their own affairs."

"Have it so, then. It is no concern of mine."

"Hush! By gracious! here comes Joe now."

"Joe or somebody else. There is certainly some one outside of the door."

And the next they knew the door was opened.

A Chinaman with a lantern stepped in.

Behind him were two others, carrying a dead man between them.

It was the corpse of Scarfaced Joe!

Of course, the detectives were on their feet in an instant.

The Chink who opened the door gave a yell and jumped back, while the others, in their surprise, almost dropped the corpse.

And drop it they did, when they recovered from their astonishment.

Three revolvers, instead of one, were thrust into the faces of the detectives then.

"You Molan! You traitor! You no good!" cried one.

"Now, let up, Sing!" growled Moran, who knew one

of the trio, it seemed. "We came here to oblige the dead man you are carrying. No matter why. It's all over now that he is dead. Let us go and we keep our mouths shut—see?"

But the Chinks did not see.

Keeping the detectives covered with their big revolvers—a Chinaman always buys the biggest revolver he can find—they chattered away among themselves.

Old King Brady would have been inclined to jump on them and take his chances if there had been any certainty that they could find their way out of the place.

But there was none, and he could not even be sure of sufficient backing from Moran.

So he remained quiet and when one of the three started in to search him he did not interfere.

The man took away his revolver and another from the wardman, who kept on arguing with his Chinese acquaintance, but to no purpose, for the man scarcely answered him.

"You plisners! You plisners!" he said, crossly. "Plaps me lettee you go moller; but not now."

Their hands were then tied behind them and, with two cocked revolvers at their heads, they were marched along the underground way.

## CHAPTER X.

### TRIUMPH AND TROUBLE.

Alice and Harry were led out onto Pell street by Joe Jin by another way, which opened off of the secret passage.

They came out through a Chinese curio shop, routing a man out of bed in the back room to open the door for them.

The man expressed no surprise and asked no questions. Joe Jin said something to him, which even Alice could not understand, and it seemed to fill the bill.

"Now, where do you live?" asked Joe Jin.

Alice pointed out the house, and they ascended to the rooms.

Harry opened the door with his key, and they went in.

"The front room is at the lady's service," said Alice.

"You can rely upon it that we don't interfere with her."

She and Harry then passed into the back room and lighted a lamp, having done the same in front.

"What shall we do?" demanded Harry, with his fingers. "I was in hopes we should find the Governor here, but he don't seem to be around."

"We ought to get her to the house, it seems to me, and hold her there, if we can, until we can see Mr. Brady," Alice replied.

"But we have no right to hold the woman a prisoner against her will."

"That's true."

"Joe Jin seems to have the diamonds in charge. If we could only lay our hands on those now!"

"But we can't."

"Hush! Here he comes."

Enter Joe Jin.



The Chinaman's face had lost the look of excitement and assumed the usual stolid expression of his race.

"Mind," he said, "I trust you. If you go back on me I shall never forgive you. That woman has brought good luck to the Hip Sing Tong. If anything happens to her through you every Highbinder from here to San Francisco becomes your enemy."

"It is all right," said Alice, quietly. "Nothing will happen to her through us."

Then Joe Jin went away.

"I shadow," Harry said, with his fingers.

"Yes. Good!" replied Alice, in the same way.

And Harry stole downstairs after Joe Jin.

For a long time all was silence in the other room.

Alice would have given a lot to be able to talk with the woman in English, and find out how she really felt.

At last she ventured to take a peep and, to her surprise, saw the Queen of the Highbinders on her knees beside the cot bed.

She was praying and telling her beads.

"I've a great mind to do it," thought Alice.

But she concluded to await Harry's return.

If the Queen had no wish to leave her Chinese husband then a word might ruin all.

Meanwhile Harry was trailing after Joe Jin.

To find his hangout was of the highest possible importance.

Young King Brady had not lost sight of the smuggled opium.

This, as real Secret Service work, he regarded as of more importance than the recovery of the masked woman's diamonds.

But he had started on a longer trail than he was aware.

Joe Jin pulled right out of Chinatown.

He walked up the Bowery to Grand street, constantly looking over his shoulder, but as Harry was shuffling along on the other side of the way, his suspicions were not aroused.

Here he climbed the elevated stairs on the uptown side and boarded a train.

And Young King Brady went with him.

But not as a Chinaman!

To get rid of his pigtail and hat was easy, for he had a cap concealed about him and a place prepared for the outfit.

His blouse covered a short coat and he threw it away, making the change under the shadow of the elevated stairs.

Fortunately there was time for all this before the train came along.

If there had not been, Young King Brady was determined to let the man go, for he did not dare to leave Alice too long.

When he got on the train he was sufficiently changed to avoid suspicion on the part of Joe Jin, and he took his seat in the same car and watched his man until they reached Sixty-sixth street, where the Chinaman left the train.

Harry now trailed him down Third avenue, a block or two, where he stopped at a Chinese laundry and pounded on the door.

The name on the sign was "Gee Woo."

It took time to get in, but at last the door opened and Joe Jin passed inside.

Harry was disgusted in a way, for he could do nothing further.

But, after all, in that very laundry, he felt, that the smuggled opium might be concealed.

The more he thought of the idea, the better he liked it.

"It's a chance, and I'd be a fool to throw it over my shoulder," he said. "I'm going to arrest Joe Jin."

Harry hurried to the nearest police station, and made himself known to the sergeant.

"Sure, you can have all the men you want," replied the sergeant. "How many do you need?"

"Better make it four," replied Harry. "There may be three Chinks in there, but, whatever you do, be quick! This man is wanted by the Secret Service for smuggling a large lot of opium. I have him cornered for the moment and I don't want him to slip me!"

"Right away," said the sergeant, ringing his bell.

It was with considerable doubt that he was acting wisely that Young King Brady started back to the avenue.

But he felt that if Joe Jin was gone and no opium was discovered the laundry Chinks need never know the cause of the raid.

A light burned in the back room of the laundry when they reached the place.

The police threw themselves against the door and burst it in.

A rush was made for the back room, Harry in the lead.

And the raid was a complete success.

Joe Jin and one Chinaman, half dressed, rushed out the moment the door went in, and were captured on the spot.

A sleepy Chink was also captured in a bunk.

The laundryman was furious, and loudly demanded to know the cause of his arrest.

"You are the man we want," said Harry to Joe Jin. "I am a Secret Service detective. You are the man who smuggled in opium on the San Carlos from Havana. You will give up the goods if you are wise."

Joe Jin was the picture of astonished rage.

"You are away off," he said. "You have got the wrong man."

"I have got you, Joe Jin, and you are the right man," replied Young King Brady.

"My name is not Joe Jin. You are all wrong."

Harry began to wonder.

Of course, he could not actually be sure; but he had the fellow's own admission, made to Alice, that he was Joe Jin.

"We search this place, officers," he said. And he proceeded to handcuff Joe Jin.

The search settled it.

Hidden in a closet, the opium was discovered.

There were many packages of the stuff.

Young King Brady was triumphant, for he saw that the value was great.

As for Joe Jin, he did what any other Chinaman would

do when cornered and caught with the goods—that is, subsided into sullen silence.

One thing Harry noticed, and that much to his own satisfaction, the fellow did not seem to entertain the least suspicion that he was the deaf and dumb Chinaman of the Pell street rooms.

"This man has about him a stolen diamond sunburst pin belonging to a lady in Washington," Harry said to the sergeant. "Old King Brady wants that held."

Joe Jin's face was a study when that came out, but he never said a word.

They searched him and the pin was found.

No other diamonds were in evidence, however.

Just as they were about to take the fellow to the cell he asked to be allowed to speak to Harry in private.

The request was granted, and they were shown into a private room.

As the fellow's revolvers had been taken away at the laundry, Young King Brady did not fear attack.

He seated himself on the edge of the table, and waited for Joe Jin, who stood before him, to speak.

"Who put up this job on me?" demanded the Chinaman.

Harry shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

He wanted the name of the masked woman; and he got it, too.

"Was it my mother-in-law?" demanded the smuggler, whose English was as perfect as Harry's.

"If you tell me the name of your mother-in-law I'll be able to tell you," was the reply.

"Madame Resky, of Washington?"

"That's the party who started the ball rolling."

"The fiend! She has no right! My wife is not her daughter. She owes her nothing but hate! She is legally married to me."

"I know nothing of your private affairs, Joe," Harry said.

The Chinaman was fairly bursting with rage, but he managed to restrain himself.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Harry Brady."

"You are Young King Brady?"

"Yes."

"Look here! I will work out of this."

"I hope you may."

"I will! I have a bigger pull than you think."

"Well?"

"If you will help me in one thing I'll do what's square by you."

"Well?"

"If you don't why, then——"

"Look here, Joe, don't you threaten me. That's the time you will fall down. I'll help you in any way I can, but no threats."

"I don't want my wife arrested."

"She is already arrested."

"No!"

"Oh, yes, she is! The Brady Detective Bureau has her in charge. But, listen! We are under orders not to hold her. If you will give up the balance of the diamond jew-

elry you—or perhaps it was Mrs. Jin—stole from Madam Resky, I have no doubt your wife can be at once set free."

"Then she has not been turned over to the police?"

"No; as I told you, she is in charge of the Bradys."

Joe Jin thought for a few moments.

"Will you write to Madam Resky for me?" he asked.

"Certainly. What shall I say to her?"

"Say that if she will get me out of this opium snap and will leave my wife alone she gets her diamonds."

"I will send the letter at once. Anything else?"

"I want to see my wife."

"I will see if it can be arranged."

"Do so, then."

"All right. I will bring about the meeting if I can. Anything else?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"That fellow Slow Duck, was he one of your detectives?"

"I don't know any Slow Duck," replied Harry, coldly, "but I do know that I should be a big fool if I gave you any hint as to how we worked this job."

"I suppose that's right."

"Of course. Come, now; be sensible. Give me an order on your wife for the diamonds."

"No. You do as I tell you."

"All right. I'm going to ring off now."

"I'm done."

Harry opened the door and turned the prisoner over to the policeman who stood guard on the outside.

Well satisfied with his work, he hurried back to Chinatown.

Reaching Pell street, he ascended to the top floor and knocked on the rear door.

There was no answer.

He produced his key and entered.

All was as he had left it, but the rooms were vacant.

Alice and the Queen of the Highbinders had disappeared.

It was now nearly four o'clock.

Harry hastily looked for some communication from Alice.

He found it in the shape of a red slip hanging on a nail by the sink.

It was in Alice's writing.

"Am next to the Queen. We are going for the diamonds. May not be back. If not here by three o'clock look for me at the house, for I shall try to take her there. A."

Harry locked up and made for Washington Square, but when he got into the house he found nobody but Julius, the Bradys' colored man of all work, who reported that he had neither heard anything of Alice nor of Old King Brady.

And thus Harry passed rapidly from triumph to trouble.

"Alice may turn up any moment," he said to himself.

"But what has become of the Governor? Has he fallen in the soup?"

And when Harry turned up at the offices of the Brady Detective Bureau on Union Square at nine o'clock and

learned that nothing had been seen or heard of his partners it began to look very much like trouble all around.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ALICE GETS NEXT TO THE QUEEN.

Old King Brady and Wardman Moran, if they had prepared their minds for a long journey underground, were doomed to disappointment, for after they got downstairs to the level of the Highbinders' lodgeroom the length of their journey was not fifteen feet.

Here two boards in the rough partition which lined the passage were pulled away and they were pushed into a dark enclosure.

The boards were restored, and a piece of scantling nailed across them.

At last they went away, leaving their prisoners in the dark to shift for themselves as best they could.

"What can we do in the dark?" grumbled Moran.

"Have you no flash lantern? I have, then, if I could only use it."

The place, as they had seen, was simply a partially furnished underground chamber.

It was about ten by fifteen.

Four posts driven in the earth held up a rough board ceiling, through which there was a round hole for ventilation.

The rest of the work of making a presentable room out of the vault remained to be done.

"We could easy break through those boards."

"Yes, and run into the arms of the Highbinders and be shot. No, no, my friend; for the present at least ours is certainly a waiting game. Besides, the boards, as you call them, are actually planks. We won't try it, for we should not succeed."

It was a fact, and this Old King Brady had ascertained at a glance when they first entered the place.

And now came a long, tedious wait.

At last, when his watch marked eight o'clock, some one was heard outside the partition.

"Molan! Molan!" a voice called.

"Hello!" said the wardman.

"You waitee little longer and we bling you bleakfast."

"Bring it quick, then. We are almost starved. Open this place and let us out if you know when you are well off."

There was no answer.

The speaker was heard shuffling away.

"Another fluke!" snarled Moran. "I thought there was something doing."

"He just came to see if we were all right here," said the old detective. "He'll not be back in one hour or two. There will be nothing doing until night unless we do it ourselves."

"But what can we do, with our hands tied?"

"I go to show you, my friend; but let me ask, do you, as a detective, see no chance of getting free and leaving this place?"

"No; I'll be blamed if I do."

"Well, you have not been in the business as many years as I have, so probably you are excusable; but let us see what can be done. First, to get free."

Seen by the Chinaman's lantern, when they first came in, their prison looked secure enough.

But Old King Brady's sharp eyes had observed several things, and among others was a nail driven in one of the posts.

He had accurately located this by feeling, later.

Now he backed up against it, and worked the stout cord which secured his hands against its head.

"What are you doing?" demanded Moran.

Old King Brady explained.

"You can never do it," declared the wardman.

But, just the same, Old King Brady did do it, and in a few minutes his hands were free.

"How are you getting along?" demanded Moran.

"Getting along? Why, it is done," was the reply. "Let me set you free."

And this Old King Brady did with his knife on the instant.

Then he got out his flashlight and looked around.

"Those boards above us hang loose," he said. "It must be all open beyond them. See, one of those which is cut to make half the ventilator hole rests but lightly on that joist which runs from one post to the other. You get on my shoulders, Moran. You can easily pull it down."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"If I can only get up on your shoulders."

"Oh, you are a lightweight. I am sure you can; put your arm around my neck, rest your foot on my hipbone, then pull yourself up and grab the hole. It is easily done."

Harry would have attended to the job in a moment, and Moran, after three attempts, did succeed in balancing himself on Old King Brady's hip and getting the ventilator board away.

It fell with a crash, and down came the wardman with it.

"Hurt?" demanded Old King Brady.

"No, no; I'm all right. I'm not used to this business, that's all."

"Take the flashlight and try it again."

Moran did it and reported open space above.

He grabbed the boards and pulled himself up; they creaked beneath his weight, but bore up.

It was over in a minute, and they stood together on top of the boards, with heads bent low, for the height of the place was only about four feet.

It was part of a narrow passage.

Old King Brady, who had his bearings perfectly, moved in the direction of Mott street.

In a minute they came to its end, and here there was a square opening in another partition, through which they crawled, finding themselves in a still narrower passage at the end, in which they could stand upright.

They advanced about fifteen feet, when the passage suddenly ended at the foot of an exceedingly narrow stairway, set in the angle of two partitions.

"This is a step ahead," remarked Old King Brady. "This stairway will take us above earth, at all events."

"If we only had a revolver!" sighed Moran.

"Here's mine!"

Old King Brady produced a small revolver.

"Oh, you had two?" said Moran.

"Certainly. One in a secret pocket. You ought to be better equipped, my friend. But, come on. We will continue our explorations. We are doing pretty well, I thank you, so far."

They started up the steps, passed between two stone walls and then entered the narrowest sort of an enclosure.

Old King Brady saw that these secret stairs had been constructed in the rear angle of the walls of the house.

There were doors opening on each floor.

At the third floor the stairs came to an end.

Old King Brady had listened at each of the other doors. Behind both he heard the voices of Chinamen talking.

But when he listened at the third all was still for the moment.

"We will try it here," he whispered. "The people on the top floor are less likely to be familiar with the secrets of this place than those below."

He had scarcely uttered the words, when he heard a voice speak behind the secret door.

"Kill me, if you wilt!" was said in English. "It will do you little good!"

"Alice!" thought the old detective.

He had recognized the voice on the instant.

That was the time he was thankful for the spare revolver.

"Stand by for a fight, Moran!" he breathed. "That's my partner!"

And Old King Brady laid his hand upon the secret spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was, indeed, Alice who had spoken, and her presence behind the secret door must now be explained.

After the peep behind the red curtain, which showed the Queen of the Highbinders at her prayers, Alice continued to listen.

Her first idea of awaiting Harry's return before making a move speedily changed.

The woman began to weep.

She was praying in some language unknown to Alice.

She assumed it to be Russian, but she could not tell, for Russian happens to be one of the few European languages which Alice does not understand.

But the tears gave her the cue.

"That girl is sick of the life she is leading," thought Alice. "I believe there is a chance for me here."

She was so certain of it that she resolved to make the attempt to get next to the Queen.

Most educated Russians speak French, in addition to their own complicated tongue.

Alice had brought female clothes with her—not her usual suit, but enough to enable her to pass as one of the white women of Chinatown.

She slipped back into the room and changed to it.

Then, throwing aside the red curtain, she entered the room beyond.

The Queen had now thrown herself upon the bed and lay face downward upon the pillow.

She did not hear Alice's light step apparently, and when the hand was laid upon her head she gave a start.

Seeing a strange woman, she sat up on the cot and stared in a frightened way, muttering something in Russian.

"You speak French, my dear?" demanded Alice.

The Queen replied in that language that she did.

Then Alice tackled her.

"I am the Chinaman in whose care your husband left you," she said. "Then I was in disguise. Actually I am a detective. I see you are in trouble. Can I help you? Speak freely—I am your friend."

The Queen burst into tears.

"If you could get me away from my husband—from these horrible Chinese—you would be performing the greatest service possible for me," she replied.

"Take you to your mother?" demanded Alice. To tell you the truth, it was she who engaged me to look for you. See, here is my detective's badge, so that you may know that I am not deceiving you."

"Yes, take me to her, even, although she is not really my mother," moaned the Queen.

"I know all," continued Alice. "Can you—will you—return the diamonds you stole?"

"Some of them—yes. Some were sold; some Joe Jin has; but what I have I will give up to you if you will only take me home."

"It shall be done. Where are the diamonds?"

"In my room on Mott street, if it is safe for us to go there. Joe didn't think it was."

"You fear the Highbinders?"

"I fear both the tongs. The On Leongs would get me away from the Highbinders, if they could."

"Will you go with me to your rooms now? Your husband is away. If we can get the diamonds I will at once take you to my house, where you will be safe."

"I will go anywhere with you," replied the Queen. "You have a good face; I believe I can trust you. Anything to get away from the life I have been leading the last few months!"

Alice said nothing about the smuggled opium. That, she felt, would come later.

Writing the note to Harry, in company with the Queen of the Highbinders she left the house.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

The Queen led her to one of those shabby, old houses on Mott street.

They entered the basement and made their way upstairs, unchallenged and unseen.

The Queen held tight on to Alice, trembling all the while.

She seemed but a poor specimen of a monarch for a band of desperate murderers and thieves.

But the Chinese are steeped in superstition and Alice could readily understand the situation.

Reaching the top floor, back, the Queen almost fainted.

"If Joe should happen to be in here he will kill us," he breathed.

"Courage!" replied Alice. "It will be all over in a minute. Once in my house you will be perfectly safe."

"Do you live far from here?" asked the woman. "I know nothing of New York."

"Not far. Only a short distance. We will go in a cab."

The Queen produced a key and opened her door.

It was just a plainly furnished apartment, fitted up as a kitchen, with a dark bedroom beyond.

"How could this girl be so blinded as to give up her home for that Chinaman?" Alice asked herself.

But who can answer such a question?

"What will a woman not give up for a man she loves—or thinks she loves?"

The Queen stepped into the dark room.

"No, he is not here," she said. "We must be quick. I—"

Just then the door, which had not been fastened, opened slightly and the head of a Chinaman came in.

The Queen screamed, but the head was instantly withdrawn, and the door was closed.

"Lock the door," said Alice; and it was done.

The Queen lighted a lamp and passed into the dark room.

Here she raised one corner of the carpet and then a little sliding panel in the floor.

"Joe has money here, too," she said. "Shall I take that?"

"As you will. It is nothing to me."

"You will take me to Mrs. Resky? You promise me that?"

"Your mother?"

"My adopted mother."

"Yes."

"I promise."

The girl drew out a little box and was about to place it in Alice's hand when a slight sound was heard in the other room.

Instantly the girl thrust back the box, shut the panel and restored the carpet.

Alice sprang to her feet, drew her revolver and ran into the other room.

There stood a Chinaman; a second was just coming through a secret panel set in the wall.

"Back, or I fire!" cried Alice.

But the man rushed upon her.

Alice fired, missing him, and the next instant the pair had her down, and had the revolver away.

The Queen was useless in the emergency, for she fell to the floor in a dead faint.

And that was the time Alice missed it.

The Chinamen were big, powerful fellows, and she, poor girl, proved no match for them.

They tied her hand and foot and let her lie on the floor.

The Queen, when she recovered, was served in the same way, and not until this was done did one of them speak.

"You talkee—she talkee?" demanded one of the pair then.

To his surprise, Alice answered him in Chinese.

"What do you want? Why have you made us prisoners?" she demanded.

They made it plain enough.

They were On Leongers; they were part of the gang who had descended upon the Highbinders' lodge.

They had in some way learned of the Queen's diamonds and they wanted them—that was all!

It was enough to make a whole lot of trouble for Alice and the Queen.

"Joe Jin has the diamonds," said Alice, in Chinese. "I am this woman's sister. If you harm either of us Joe will fix you."

Then in French she called to the Queen upon no account to disclose the secret hiding place.

But the Chinamen scoffed at her threats.

They informed her that the house was being watched by the On Leongs, and that Joe Jin was to be shot if he attempted to enter it.

They told her also that it was a matter of indifference to them how long they waited; that they were satisfied that the diamonds and also a lot of smuggled opium were concealed somewhere in the room, and they proposed to get both.

Of course, the Chinamen searched the place for themselves when they found Alice would not give up the secret.

As the Queen could speak neither English nor Chinese, they could do nothing with her.

The search over and every threat wasted on Alice, the two Chinks sat down to wait.

Alice listened to their talk.

Twice the name Ding Ling was mentioned, but in a connection which she could not catch on to.

Some hours passed, and still there was no change.

At last the Chinks grew threatening again.

It had long since turned broad daylight, when one of the Chinamen arose and, pointing his revolver at Alice, exclaimed:

"Comee now; you tell! Telle or I shootee—yes!"

"Kill me, if you will," replied Alice, in a loud voice. "It will do you little good!"

It was Old King Brady's cue!

Oh, what unspeakable relief to see the old detective and Wardman Moran come bursting through the secret panel, as they did!

The two Leongers were taken completely by surprise.

Both knew Moran, and one at least knew Old King Brady, for he muttered his name.

The detectives threw themselves upon the fellows. They put up no sort of a fight.

Disarming them, Old King Brady opened the door and drove them out, for Moran did not want to arrest them, nor did he.

Alice hurriedly explained the situation, and the Queen was introduced.

The secret hiding place was opened, and the diamonds were recovered.

Alice took charge, and hid the jewelry about her person.

No money and no opium was found.



"Now, you come with us," said Alice to the Queen in French. "Your troubles are all over. Mr. Brady will see you safe home."

They started down the stairs, Moran going first.

There were many Chinamen hanging about on the block. One started to run as soon as Old King Brady and the two women emerged from the house and whipped around on to Pell street.

Old King Brady, holding the Queen by the arm, hurried her down Mott street.

Alice and Moran went ahead to engage a cab.

For the situation began to look a bit alarming.

The Chinks were falling in behind them.

As Old King Brady learned later, they were the On Leongers.

Whether they had been gathered together by the two thieves or not, they were certainly determined to capture the Queen of the Highbinders.

Old King Brady always believed that it was merely a matter of revenge against the Hip Sing Tong.

At the corner of Chatham Square Moran came running up.

"The cab is this way," he said, adding:

"Gee, but this crowd of Chinks looks ugly!"

"Chase yourself to Elizabeth street. Bring out the reserves!" said Old King Brady. "They mean mischief, surest thing!"

Moran started on the run.

He was just turning into Pell street, when he ran into Harry, whom he knew.

"You are wanted back there!" he cried. "Old King Brady has captured the Queen of the Highbinders. The Chinks are all around him. Be quick!"

Harry, who had come down to Chinatown to see what could be done, lost not an instant.

He had been to the Elizabeth street station, and there reported Alice and his chief missing.

He found Captain Crowley in a great state of excitement over the disappearance of his wardman and Old King Brady.

Harry at once offered to lead them to the secret rooms on Pell street, and it was agreed that he should wait at Pell and the Bowery for the police, who were to come, a dozen strong.

Thus he met Moran, and if the wardman had only known it the police were even then on their way.

Harry shouted after him to go up the Bowery, but he did not hear him.

Running down Doyers street, Young King Brady saw his chief, surrounded by Chinamen, who were gesticulating and threatening him, trying to get away the Queen, who had lost her hat in the melee.

He jumped in to help.

A Chinaman instantly attacked him.

Harry knocked him down, and another jumped at him.

The Bradys were having all they could do to hold their own, when a mob of armed Chinks came charging down Doyers street.

They were Highbinders, bent upon the rescue of their Queen.

The detectives had their hands full now.

Revolvers were flourished and the Chinamen attacked the detectives with clubs and their fists.

Alice from the cab saw it all.

But the coming of the Highbinders, instead of making matters worse, improved the situation:

The men of the Hip Sing Tong attacked those of the On Leong.

The tong war was on again.

Shots were fired, and several fell, wounded; two were killed outright.

Just then the police came charging down the Bowery, and the Tongs and the Leongs scattered like sheep.

Captain Crowley was with them, and it was he who helped the Bradys escort the Queen to the cab.

Promising to explain everything later, the detectives drove the woman away.

Once in the cab, Old King Brady, as soon as he could get his breath, listened, with immense satisfaction, to Harry's explanation of what he had done.

"Couldn't be better," he said. "You and Alice have won the day, while I have merely floundered about in the case from first to last."

"Yes," said Alice; "but if you had not happened to flounder my way, there is no telling what would have become of the Queen and me."

And so the case closed in.

Mrs. Joe Jin was taken to Washington by Harry and Alice.

There she was delivered to her adopted mother, Madam Resky, the wife of an attache of the Russian Ministers' staff, as it proved.

But neither Harry nor Alice saw the woman, who seemed determined to keep herself concealed to the last.

The diamonds, including a sunburst pin, were turned over to the Chief of the Secret Service Bureau, who heartily thanked Harry for the quick and effective work the Bradys had performed in both cases.

The Government seized the opium, but Joe Jin, for some mysterious reason, was not held, and the Bradys never saw him again.

Who Ding Ling really was, and who killed him, remained a mystery.

A check for a large sum was received from Madam Resky, and Old King Brady gave Wardman Moran a share of the reward.

Many arrests were made among the Tongs and the Leongs, but, as usual, there were no convictions.

But peace reigned in Chinatown for some time after the close of the case of THE BRADYS AND THE QUEEN OF THE HIGHBINDERS.

#### THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE FLOATING HEAD; or, THE CLEW FOUND IN THE RIVER," which will be the next number (458) of "Secret Service."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

## SECRET SERVICE

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1907.

## Terms to Subscribers.

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	.65 "
One Copy Six Months.....	\$1.25
One Copy One Year.....	2.50

## Postage Free.

## How To SEND MONEY.

At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Sq., New York.

## ITEMS WORTH READING.

Calais laces in some form or other are to be seen on nearly every woman in the United States and Europe. Single invoices, covering shipments of the product to America, often amount to as much as \$60,000. The lace industry of Calais, which for three-quarters of a century has been the most profitable French industry, broke the record in the year just passed for lace-making for all previous years. The amount of lace from this great lace-making centre shipped to the United States last year alone was valued at \$9,000,000. This country has always been considered the most liberal purchaser of Calais lace, which consists principally of Chantilly and Valenciennes, but within the last few years the products of Calais have been meeting with great favor in European countries, as well as in South American States, the result being that the importance of the industry has increased to such an extent that recently nearly one hundred new lace factories have been put into operation, in order to meet the demands.

Twenty-one sons of Presidents of the United States have grown to manhood and ten of them have become National figures, the Chicago Post reminds us. Of the famous sons, John Quincy Adams, himself a President, was the most famous. Then comes Charles Francis Adams, publicist and statesman; Robert and Richard Tyler, big figures in the Southern Confederacy; John Van Buren, entering National politics as death cut short his career; Robert Todd Lincoln, Cabinet minister and ambassador; Frederick Dent Grant, diplomat and major-general; John Scott Harrison, son of one President and father of another, and finally the two "Garfield boys." James R. Garfield is now secretary of the interior, and his brother, Prof. Harry A. Garfield, was recently chosen president of Williams College. In accepting the presidency of such an institution as Williams, Prof. Garfield does not fall short of the record established by other sons of noted sires. And it cannot be said that Presidents' sons, as a class, compare unfavorably with any other second generation which the country has to offer.

Since corsets are generally regarded as exclusively destined for feminine wear, it may come as a surprise to many readers to learn that the annual corset bill of many a smart man is much larger than that of the average smart woman. This is, nevertheless, a fact. A leading corsetiere in England who supplies most of them puts down a good customer's bill at \$750 a year. Let no one imagine that it is only fops who wear them. The majority of wearers are military men, who I learn, require a greater amount of padding than civilians. Others are ordinary well-dressed men, given to manly sports, and by no means effeminate. A man's figure has to be gradually coaxed into shape and is, first of all, put into a soft silk corset with scarcely any bones, until he attains by degrees to the full glory of the perfect figure. This process usually takes three months, and five special makes of corsets are em-

ployed in the development, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the "repression" of the figure. The corsetiere to whom I am indebted for this information is loud in praise of her male clientele. They are not fidgety, they have good taste, and, no matter what other bills they leave unpaid, she is always sure of her money, possibly because few men would dare face a summons from such a quarter.

Scientific method is now beginning to affect every phase of human activity. Books are written, telling how we may live the perfectly healthy life, as directed by the latest dicta of hygiene. Other books tell how to live "happily though wedded," and there is indeed a tremendous amount of literature, still growing at an amazing rate, all relating to that magical "How." All of which mostly affects grown-ups. Regarding child-life, one would think that play is the simplest and most natural of juvenile actions, and that the old games that have done duty for hundreds of years might still suffice, such as "London Bridge Is Falling Down," "Here Comes Three Jolly, Jolly Sailor Boys Just Lately Come on Shore," "Ring Around a Rosy," and those dear old familiars. But we are slowly leaving the good old traditions behind us in America, and in England and France as well. Here, a great many games serve to teach the children lessons or train them in some particular faculty. At Shoreditch, England, there is in operation a society organized specially to teach the children how to play. It has been eminently successful, and the children enter with great ardor into the play. These games have for their purpose not only the normal and natural enjoyment of the children, but with them is combined such a course as will develop a child in both mind and body. So, it is while the youngsters are rollicking in apparent play they are also being instructed without knowing it.

## WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

First Tramp—Run, run, Jake! Second Tramp—Eh? Has that farmer got a gun? "No; he's got a woodpile."

Wigwag—Colonel, what was the bravest thing you ever did? Colonel Fireater—Well, I once acted as judge at a prize baby show.

"Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son, your mother has none." And then she said, sweetly, that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late.

"Over the Alps Hes Italy," the graduate had written. "The Alps are traversed by the Simplon tunnel now," corrected the teacher of composition, being a stickler for accuracy.

"Can you cut your own meat, Charlie?" asked the hostess. "Rather! I've cut quite as tough meat as this at home," explained Charlie, and then was very much puzzled as to why everybody laughed.

"Ah, me!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagget, "my shopping was most unsatisfactory to-day." "Huh!" grunted Nagget; "trying to get something for nothing, I suppose." "Yes, dear. I was after a birthday gift for you."

The steamer rolled and pitched in the waves. "Deah boy," groaned Cholly, at the end of the first hour on shipboard, "promise me you will send my remains home to my people!" A second hour passed. "Deah boy," feebly moaned Cholly, "you needn't send my remains home; there won't be any."

Hostess—Of course the dinner is given for Miss Purdy, but I can't let you take her in, because you never will take the trouble to be agreeable except to a pretty woman. Reggy Westend—Whom do I take in, then? Hostess—Mrs. Farris. Reggy Westend—But she's uglier than Miss Purdy. Hostess—I know that, but she's married and used to being neglected.

## SHUT UP IN A TRAP.

By KIT CLYDE.

The greatest case of feminine bravery and devotion that ever came under my notice, said my friends, who had been a prominent detective in his day, was that of Margaret Whitley, the daughter of the doorkeeper of the Messrs. Bangshaw Brothers, bankers, in a small town, about the year 1864.

On the eventful night in question, Margaret's father had been sent out of town on business for the firm, and she was the sole occupant of the rooms in which they dwelt, directly over the bank. She had fallen asleep upon a lounge, and was aroused by the sound of stealthy approaching feet over the carpeted stairway just outside her door.

She arose hurriedly, but somehow never thought of burglars, inasmuch as the little town had enjoyed a singular immunity from such visits for many years. Nevertheless, she hesitated as she took the lighted candle from her work table and approached the door, for the sounds, if, indeed, she had not imagined them, had suddenly ceased. Then, with a sudden impulse she threw the door wide open.

She had no sooner done so than two masked men suddenly sprang upon her. The light was dashed from her hand, their strong arms held her in a vise-like grip, and before she could utter a cry, a voice whispered:

"Make the slightest sound and you're a dead woman! Do as you are told, and no harm shall befall you."

Margaret Whitley was as brave as steel. She felt the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against her forehead, and a hundred agitated speculations as to how they had effected an entrance through the carefully secured lower doors surged through her mind, but she accepted the situation at once, and, retaining perfect self-control, she replied in a low voice:

"Only release me and tell me what it is I must do."

They released her after a moment's consultation, and re-lighted the candle, by which she could see that their faces were covered with black crape veils in which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth, and they seemed shod with some felt-like material that deadened the sound of their footsteps considerably.

One of the men quickly and silently searched the room, while the other stood guard-over her. The former presently returned, dangling a bunch of keys.

"Whose keys are these and what do they open?" was asked the girl in a low, commanding voice.

"They are my father's keys," said Margaret, "and they open the different rooms and places downstairs."

"Do they open the cellar and the strong-box in which the money is kept?"

"No; one of them opens the door at the top of the cellar stairs. The key of the door at the bottom of the cellar steps and the key of the strong-box are not upon that bunch."

"Where are those two keys?"

"One pass-key is in the possession of the elder Mr. Bangshaw; the other is in the possession of Mr. Hosea, the cashier. No one can obtain admission to the cellar during their absence."

"Come downstairs with us," said the man, holding immediate guard over her.

And clutching her firmly by the wrist, but in other respects acting with perfect politeness toward her, he led her down till they reached the ground floor of the bank, the second man following closely behind.

As they went down the lower flight, Margaret was surprised to see another figure—who further lighted their progress with the slender ray of a lantern in her hand.

"Is it not possible," said Margaret's chief captor, when they had reached the foot of the stairs, "that one or other of the pass-keys may be locked in the desk of their private office?"

"It is possible, but not likely," was the calm reply.

At the leader's command, Margaret pointed out the key that opened the door of the private office, and the desk at

which the Bangshaw Brothers generally sat, one facing the other.

A small jet of gas, commonly used for melting sealing-wax, was then lighted; a bag, containing a number of house-breaking implements, swathed in thick folds of flannel, was next produced, and the desk drawers were speedily forced open and searched. But no key was to be found.

"Five minutes' honest labor lost," muttered the chief robber, turning away with an imprecation. "We must try the persuasive powers of our flannel-clothed friends."

He consulted in whispers with his companions a moment, and then requested Margaret to point out the key that opened the top cellar door, saying that they would have to burst open the lower one. She indicated the proper key, when he said:

"I must compliment you on your sensible conduct in this affair. Now, however, you must excuse me if I am compelled to make you a prisoner for awhile. Dear friend, the cord."

The last words were addressed to the masked woman, who up to this time had been a mere looker-on, but who now started into sudden activity. She placed Margaret with her back to a large iron pillar which supported the ceiling, and then, producing from some hidden pocket a coil of long, thin cord, she proceeded to tie Margaret firmly to the pillar. Her arms were left at liberty till the last, when they were bound together at the wrists with a band of some strong woven stuff which held them as securely as if they had been riveted there.

"You see, I would not cause you unnecessary pain," said the courteous burglar, when all was made fast; "and to have fastened your arms down to your sides for a couple of hours would have been the refinement of cruelty. But one point still remains. You must give me your word of honor that you will not cry out, or in any way call for assistance while here; otherwise I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of having you gagged."

"I give you my word," assented the doorkeeper's daughter, after a moment of silent thought, "not to cry out while I remain here."

She began to breathe more freely when they left her to herself, as they now at once did, with no other company than the tiny, faintly-burning gas-jet already mentioned, by which she could just make out the familiar features of the old-fashioned, but richly-furnished private office of the banker brothers.

A few desperate efforts to free herself only served to convince her of their futility. Then she resigned herself to her bonds, and began to think. She knew that before a single dollar in the Bangshaw Brothers' strong-box could be touched the burglars would have to force open two iron doors of immense strength; and knowing but little of the modern improvements in the science of housebreaking, she had no doubt that those doors would prove impregnable to all attempts.

Her chief anguish of thought lay in the impression that the robbers would give up their efforts at daybreak and leave her release to those who would open the bank at the usual hour—ten o'clock; and eight or ten hours of this sort of imprisonment she was now suffering were terrible to look forward to.

These and other thoughts were still in her head when the masked woman came gliding noiselessly back into the office for the purpose of seeing that her prisoner was still safe.

"You have been trying to escape, and find that you cannot," said she, readjusting a knot or two. "Take my advice and rest quietly. At such a time as this we do not stick at trifles."

And she again stole out of the office, leaving Margaret wondering who she could be. Many more dreary minutes passed, and her cramped attitude and the tightness of the cords that bound her gradually caused her such intense pain that she could scarcely refrain from crying out.

Suddenly, in the midst of her torture, a thought flashed into her brain that left no room for anything else but surprise and delight. There, right before her eyes, was suddenly revealed to her at one glance a sure and speedy mode of escape.

The pillar to which Margaret was tied was within a short yard of the desk that had been broken open, and right upon the edge of this desk was the upright gas-pipe from which

sprang the small jet, still burning, of which mention has already been made.

By stretching out her arms Margaret could hold her wrists directly over the desk and let the flame burn away the band by which they were bound together.

She knew the terrible scorching pain that it would inevitably cost her, but she did not hesitate an instant. She at once thrust out her hands with a swift movement, and so held them extended, while the jet of bluish flame played on her wrists and the bands that secured them.

She shut her eyes, held her breath, locked her teeth, and her eyebrows came together in a wreathing frown of supreme anguish. Over and round the delicate skin and beating pulse the scorching fire-snake wound and wound, with its searing bite, its excruciating embrace, and presently the encompassing band burst into flames. Even then she did not falter, though it seemed that her very soul would shriek forth from its tene-ment.

In a few moments—moments that seemed hours—the blazing ligature gave way. Her hands were free, but blackened, blistered, almost cindered, they fell helpless to her sides. Then she gave a great sob and almost fainted. But the returning knowledge of her peril, and of the great work she had set out to do (her father's retention of his situation in the bank might depend upon it), renerved her, and with a great effort she began to pull herself together.

In spite of the pain in her wrists, she began with nimble fingers to loosen one of the knots in the cord by which she was fastened to the post. This offered no great opposition to her efforts; and the first knot loosened, the rest quickly followed. In two or three minutes more Margaret Whitley was free.

She breathed a deep, silent prayer of thanksgiving, though it was some time before she could move her limbs with freedom. The next thing to do was evidently to make her escape from the bank without alarming the thieves in the treasure cellar, if that were possible, and then raise such an alarm as would cause their arrest before they could make off with their booty.

Taking off her shoes, she stole out of the office to the head of the cellar stairs, up which a faint ray of light was shining, and peeped down. Before reaching this point she heard voices—broken, faint and hollow—issuing from below, with now and then a dull, solid thud, like the muffled blow of some heavy implement.

Now, as she looked down, she saw that the door at the foot of the stairs had been forced open, and that the burglars were working upon the great safe itself. One of the men was busy with a flannel-swathed crowbar, which he was using as a lever to pry open one of the safe-doors; the second man was drilling holes in the other door with a very strange-looking implement, the like of which Margaret had never seen before, while the woman was lighting these operations with a lamp, held aloft in one hand. These had their backs to the staircase.

This entire picture Margaret's eyes took in at a glance. They took in one thing more—the bunch of keys with which they had opened the door at the head of the stairs. The bunch of keys was lying on the lower landing, close to the cellar door that had been forced open. Could she but obtain possession of it, she saw not only a way of escape for herself, but a way by which the thieves might be caught in their own trap.

The peril was tremendous! the chance apparently but one in a hundred, of her being able to creep down so softly as not even to cause them to turn a glance in her direction (which of course would seal her fate), and then creep back with the keys and close the trap upon them by means of the heavy spring-lock door at the top.

But it was the only course open to her, desperate as it was, and she adopted it with characteristic boldness and fearlessness.

Slowly, inch by inch, and with no more sound than a shadow, she stole into the doorway, and then down the staircase, step by step, counting them one by one by the palpitation of her own heart as she proceeded.

She reached the bottom of the steps, fifteen in all, without causing them to turn a look.

The next difficulty was to pick up the keys, which were threaded on a steel ring, without detection.

Even this difficulty was conquered at last. She took the keys up from the floor without so much as a rustle, and had proceeded three steps on her perilous upward journey, when a scream from the woman in the cellar, mingled with a shout-command for her to stop, told her that she was discovered, and she fairly fled up the remaining steps.

There was a sharp report of a pistol, and, as Margaret set foot on the topmost step, she felt something strike her near the shoulder-blade. But she staggered forward into the corridor, wheeled quickly around, and flung herself—heads, arms, body—against the oaken door, which, yielding to her strength, turned on its well-oiled hinges, and, with a little triumphant click, shut up, as a trap, the three thieves below.

Without the keys, this door, which locked of itself when pushed to, could neither be opened from one side or the other; with the key it could be opened on either side. Hence the necessity for Margaret to obtain, at every risk, the bunch of keys, which, beside several others, contained the particular one belonging to this oaken door.

She had hardly closed it securely before she heard the two men inside tearing and beating at it like madmen, in their desperate efforts to get out.

She knew they could not do so in a hurry, however, and, as she was now left completely in the dark, she groped her way along the corridor and back into the private office, where the small gas-jet was still burning.

She stood there a minute or two bewildered, not knowing which way to turn next. Then she experienced an odd, numb sensation in her left shoulder and, putting her hand up to it, withdrew it marked with blood.

This was almost more than she could bear, and it was only her strong sense of a duty unfulfilled that kept her from fainting.

Still holding her bunch of keys, she ran out of the office and down a passage that led to the side entrance of the bank. She was trembling all over now, and had hardly strength enough remaining to unfasten the heavy outer door. At last she flitted out and sped down the silent street in search of assistance.

Fortunately, upon reaching the first corner she nearly tumbled into the arms of a policeman, who was coming from the opposite direction. What sort of an incoherent story she told him she could never afterward quite remember; but it must have been to the purpose. The policeman at once summoned some comrades to his assistance, and a strong posse of officers reached the bank and took the thieves into custody.

It turned out that the rascals were none others than a certain so-called Major Woolford, his wife and his servant, who had some four months previously become the tenants of an empty house that stood next door to the bank. Of course they were subsequently tried, convicted and sentenced.

As for brave Margaret Whitley, she not only became the heroine of the hour, but more substantial advantages accrued to her and hers through her heroism and devotion.

Her father was considerably advanced in the employment of the bank, and she herself was rewarded so liberally by the grateful Bangshaw Brothers that she was enabled at once to marry an honest fellow who had long loved her, and been loved in return, their mutual poverty having heretofore been the only obstacle to their union.

"I saw Margaret about two years after that adventure," said my friend, the detective, in concluding his narrative. "Her husband was doing thrivingly as a small storekeeper, and she was a happy wife and mother, though her wrists still bore the scorching scars of that terrible ordeal of fire, to which she so unhesitatingly submitted herself in the cause of honor and duty.

The wound in her shoulder had quickly healed, and I am sure that, were a record kept of the brave and self-sacrificing deeds of young women, her name would stand high upon the list."

# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH; OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

### MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

### PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

### HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



## THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parouquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drafraw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

**Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

# 👉 Latest Issues 👈

## “WORK AND WIN”

CONTAINING THE GREAT FRED FEARNOT STORIES.

COLORED COVERS

32 PAGES

PRICE 5 CENTS

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>457 Fred Fearnot and the Water Wizard; or, Beating the World's Champion.</p> <p>458 Fred Fearnot's New Motor Boat; or, Out to Win the Cup.</p> <p>459 Fred Fearnot at Ranch 10; or, The Search for the Branded Man.</p> <p>460 Fred Fearnot on the Gridiron; or, The Opening Game of Football.</p> | <p>461 Fred Fearnot and the Drunkard; or, Saving a Good Man From Ruin.</p> <p>462 Fred Fearnot's Star Quarter-Back; or, The Trick that Won the Game.</p> <p>463 Fred Fearnot and "Railroad Jack"; or, After the Train Wreckers.</p> <p>464 Fred Fearnot Playing Half-Back; or, Winning the Game by Grit.</p> |
|---|--|

## “THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76”

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>349 The Liberty Boys and "Captain Jack"; or, Learning the Enemy's Plans.</p> <p>350 The Liberty Boys at Basking Ridge; or, The Loss of General Lee.</p> <p>351 The Liberty Boys Holding Quintan's Bridge; or, Repulsing Rangers and Regulars.</p> <p>352 The Liberty Boys on Barren Hill; or, Fighting with Lafayette.</p> | <p>353 The Liberty Boys Under Fire; or, the "Rebel" Girl of Carolina.</p> <p>354 The Liberty Boys' Hard Times; or, The Massacre of Buford's Command.</p> <p>355 The Liberty Boys and the Mad Provost; or, Caught in the Reign of Terror.</p> <p>356 The Liberty Boys' Crack Shots; or, The Capture of Philadelphia.</p> |
|---|---|

## “PLUCK AND LUCK”

CONTAINING STORIES OF ALL KINDS.

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>483 Newsboy Nick; or, The Boy with a Hidden Million. By Howard Austin.</p> <p>484 North Pole Nat; or, The Secret of the Frozen Deep. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.</p> <p>485 Thirteen White Ravens; or, The Ghostly Riders of the Forest. By Allyn Draper.</p> <p>486 Little Dead Shot; or, The Pride of the Trappers. By An Old Scout.</p> | <p>487 Shiner, The New York Bootblack; or, The Secret of a Boy's Life. By Allyn Arnold.</p> <p>488 Whistling Walt, The Champion Spy. (A Story of the American Revolution.) By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.</p> <p>489 The Boy Maroons; or, Cast Away for Two Years. By Richard R. Montgomery.</p> <p>490 Fred Flame, The Hero of Greystone No. 1. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.</p> |
|---|--|

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** **24 Union Square, N. Y.**

### IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... “ “ WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... “ “ WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... “ “ THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... “ “ PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... “ “ SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... “ “ FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... “ “ Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Price 5 cents.

32 Pages.

Colored Covers.

Issued Weekly

**LATEST ISSUES:**

- 392 The Bradys' Race With Death; or, Dealings With Dr. Duval.
- 393 The Bradys and Dr. Sam-Suey-Soy; or, Hot Work on a Chinese Clew.
- 394 The Bradys and "Blackfoot Bill"; or, The Trail of the Tonopah Terror.
- 395 The Bradys and the "Lamb League"; or, After the Five Fakirs of Wall Street.
- 396 The Bradys' Black Hand Mystery; or, Running Down the Coal Mine Gang.
- 397 The Bradys and the "King of Clubs"; or, The Clew Found on the Corner.
- 398 The Bradys and the Chinese Banker; or, Fighting for Dupont Street Diamonds.
- 399 The Bradys and the Bond Forgers; or, A Dark Wall Street Mystery.
- 400 The Bradys' Mexican Trail; or, Chasing the "King of the Mesa."
- 401 The Bradys and the Demon Doctor; or, The House of Many Mysteries.
- 402 The Bradys and "Joss House Jim"; or, Trailing a Chinese Opium Gang.
- 403 The Bradys and the Girl in Blue; or, After the Maiden Lane Diamonds.
- 404 The Bradys Among the "Hill Billies"; or, A Case From Old Kentucky.
- 405 The Bradys and the Gold Miners; or, Working a Wild West Trail.
- 406 The Bradys' Mysterious Shadow; or, The Secret of the Old Stone Vault.
- 407 The Bradys and "Mustang Joe"; or, The Rustlers of Rattlesnake Run.
- 408 The Bradys' Snapshot Clew; or, Traced by the Camera.
- 409 The Bradys and the Hip Sing Tong; or, Hot Work on a High-binder Case.
- 410 The Bradys and "Mr. Mormon"; or, Secret Work in Salt Lake City.
- 411 The Bradys and the Cellar of Death; or, Ferreting out the Boston Crooks.
- 412 The Bradys' Lake Front Mystery; or, A Queer Case from Chicago.
- 413 The Bradys and the Dumb Millionaire; or, The Latest Wall Street Lamb.
- 414 The Bradys' Gold Field Game; or, Rounding up the Nevada Mine Brokers.
- 415 The Bradys and Dr. Hop Low; or, The Deepest Mott Street Mystery.
- 416 The Bradys and the Beaumont Oil King; or, Three "Bad" Men from Texas.
- 417 The Bradys and the Prince of Persia; or, After the Tuxedo Crooks.
- 418 The Bradys and Captain Darke; or, The Mystery of the China Liner.
- 419 The Bradys and the Canton Prince; or, Working for the Chinese Minister.
- 420 The Bradys and "Diamond Don"; or, The Gem Smugglers of the Arctic.
- 421 The Bradys and Banker Banks; or, Caught on a Wall Street Clew.
- 422 The Bradys in Little Frisco; or, The Case of Ting Long Lee.
- 423 The Bradys and the Check Raisers; or, After a Wall Street Gang.
- 424 The Bradys and the Bad Land Bears; or, The Bone Hunters of South Dakota.

- 425 The Bradys and the Car Crooks; or, Working for the Frisco Line.
- 426 The Bradys and the "Queen of the West"; or, Trailing the Arizona Gem Thieves.
- 427 The Bradys and the Wall Street Money Fakirs; or, The Mysterious Mr. Mix.
- 428 The Bradys and the Chink Smugglers; or, The Hurry Call to Canada.
- 429 The Bradys and Kid Joaquin; or, The Greasers of Robbers' Canyon.
- 430 The Bradys and Gump High; or, The Mystery of the Ruined Joss House.
- 431 The Bradys and the River Pirates; or, After the Dock Rats' Gang.
- 432 The Bradys and the Silent Five; or, The Secrets of Shadyside Hall.
- 433 The Bradys and the Opium King; or, Braving the Perils of Peli Street.
- 434 The Bradys' Bleecker Street Mystery; or, The House With a Hundred Doors.
- 435 The Bradys Among the Frisco Gold Thieves; or, The Black Band of Old Dupont Street.
- 436 The Bradys and the Doctor's Death League; or, The Mystery of the Boy in Red.
- 437 The Bradys and the Man Trappers; or, Hot Times on Whirlwind Lake.
- 438 The Bradys and the House of Skulls; or, The Strange Man of Five Points.
- 439 The Bradys' Daring Deal; or, The Bargain With Dr. Death.
- 440 The Bradys and the Coffin Man; or, Held in the House of the Missing.
- 441 The Bradys and the Chinese Dwarf; or, The Queue Hunter of the Barbary Coast.
- 442 The Bradys Among the Handshakers; or, Trapping the Confidence Men.
- 443 The Bradys and the Death Trunk; or, The Chicago Secret Seven.
- 444 The Bradys and Mr. Magic; or, After the Thumbless League.
- 445 The Bradys' Double Trap; or, Working the Night Side of New York.
- 446 The Bradys and the Gun-Boat Boys; or, Unraveling a Navy Yard Mystery.
- 447 The Bradys and "Old Foxy"; or, The Slickest Crook in New York.
- 448 The Bradys and the Fan Tan Players; or, In the Secret Dens of Chinatown.
- 449 The Bradys and the Three Black Stars; or, The Million Lost in the Meadows.
- 450 The Bradys' Church Vault Mystery; or, Tracking the Bowery Fakirs.
- 451 The Bradys and "Gum Shoe Gus"; or, Hunting the White Way Crooks.
- 452 The Bradys and the Belfry "Owls"; or, Traded to the Tombs.
- 453 The Bradys and the Chinese Juggler; or, The Opium Fiend's Revenge.
- 454 The Bradys After "78X"; or, Caught by a Sing Sing Clew.
- 455 The Bradys and the Telegraph Boy; or, Exposing the League of Three.
- 456 The Bradys' Six Bell Clew; or, The Masked Men of Magic Mountain.
- 457 The Bradys and the Queen of the Highbinders; or, The War of the Tong and Leongs.
- 458 The Bradys and the Floating Head; or, The Clew Found in the River.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, N. Y.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. . . . . 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find . . . . . cents for which please send me:

- . . . . . copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos. . . . .
- . . . . . " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos. . . . .
- . . . . . " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos. . . . .
- . . . . . " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos. . . . .
- . . . . . " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos. . . . .
- . . . . . " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos. . . . .
- . . . . . " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos. . . . .
- . . . . . " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos. . . . .

Name . . . . . Street and No. . . . . Town . . . . . State . . . . .