

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

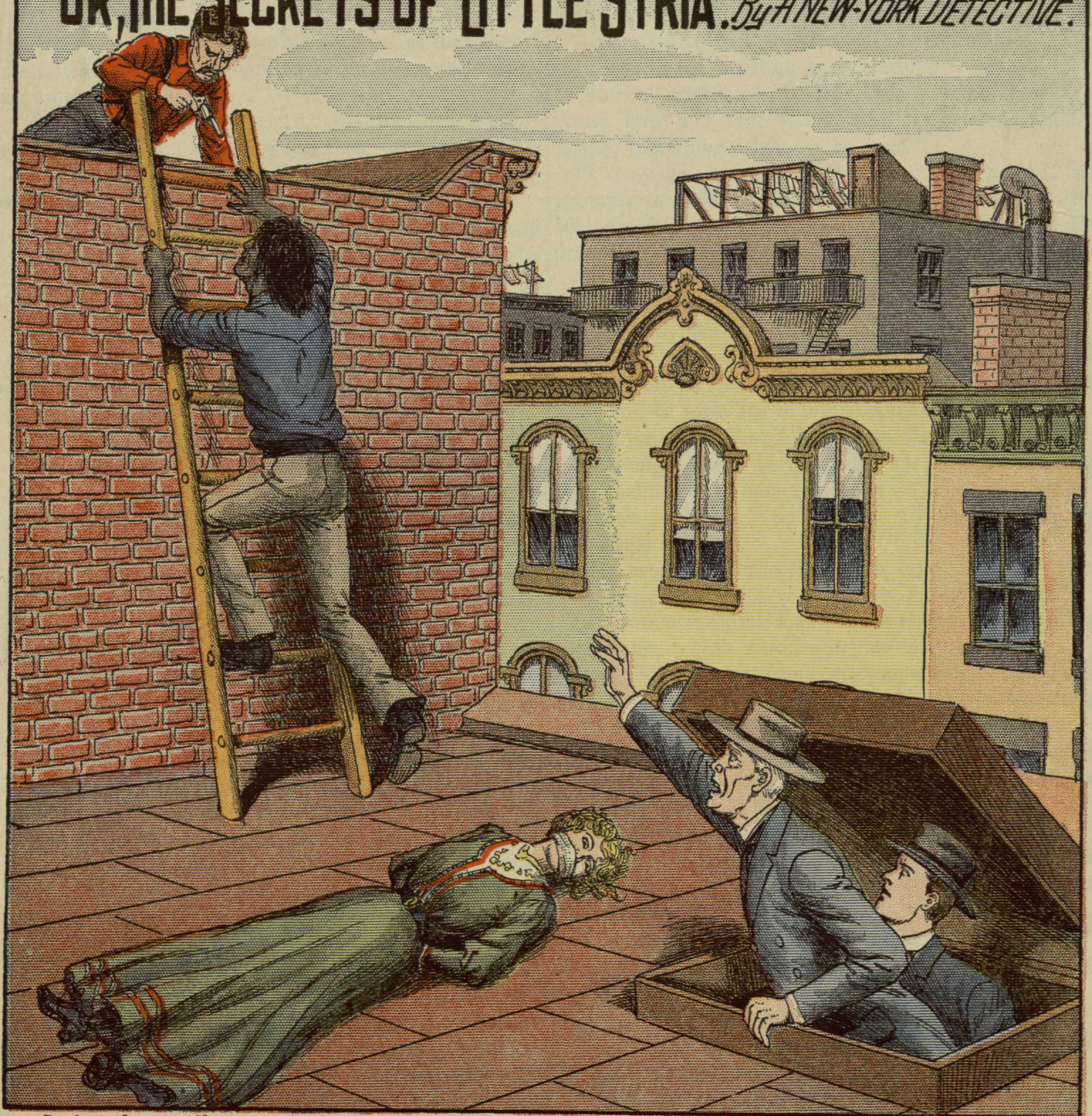
Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year.

No. 470.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1908.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE BLACK GIANT; OR, THE SECRETS OF "LITTLE SYRIA." *By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



Seeing the scuttle-top raised and catching sight of Old King Brady's hat, the black giant started up a short ladder which connected with the roof above; but it was only to find himself confronted by a man with a revolver.

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 1908, in the office of the Librarian of Washington, D. C., by Frank Tessey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 470.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1908.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMBS.

Train No. 24 on the Erie Railroad has long been noted for the queer people it brings to town.

Although it makes its start from Port Jervis, this train connects with others from "Wayback;" the wilds of Pike and Luzerne Counties, Pennsylvania, and Sullivan and Ulster Counties, New York, contribute "Rubes" and "hayseeders"—is there any difference?—to 24's quota of oddities, for the trains which leave these remote regions in the morning are usually late, and their passengers, instead of reaching New York in the early afternoon, as they should do, come down on 24 and are landed in the metropolis, in the winter time, after dark.

One cold, January afternoon, a few years since, the passengers in a certain car on 24 had their attention particularly attracted to two passengers from "Wayback," who were neither "hayseeders" nor "Rubes."

These were two young girls, both under twenty, and evidently twin sisters, for the resemblance between them was most marked; indeed, they were exactly alike as to face and figure, save for one important particular.

While both were pronounced blondes of the type so generally imitated by artificial means, one had big, expressive, blue eyes; but the eyes of the sister were closed to the light of day forever.

The unfortunate girl was blind!

They came aboard the car at Port Jervis, but any one could see from their homely dresses, cheap straw suitcases and countrified hats that they belonged much further back than that flourishing railroad centre.

They sat together near the middle of the car, holding each other's hands, and two seats behind them sat a dark, swarthy man, with straight, black hair, and very foreign appearance.

This man also got on the car at Port Jervis, and during the entire three hours' run to New York he kept watching the sisters.

Watching, watching, always watching, until the more observant passengers on the car grew nervous, and kept saying to themselves or to each other that there was danger for these two innocent girls when they should strike the great, wicked city, and that something ought to be done.

But what is everybody's business in nobody's business, and nothing was done, of course.

When Jersey City was reached and the girls went aboard the ferryboat, landing at Chambers street, New York City, the dark man closely shadowed them.

The eyes of several of the male passengers in the car were upon him, and if he had attempted to speak to the girls no doubt some of them would have interfered.

But he did not.

Instead he placed himself opposite to them in the women's cabin and continued to eye them.

Watching, watching! Always watching!

It was like a wolf watching his prey.

But now some one was watching the wolf, some one whose business it was to watch wolves in human form and to prevent them from preying upon society.

Two persons came on board the ferryboat and seated themselves opposite the dark man in the women's cabin.

They were a young gentleman and a young lady, both of pleasing appearance, and both, as it seemed, equally well versed in the ways of the world.

Although they had not come on the Port Jervis train, they took in the situation at a glance.

"Harry," whispered the lady, "do you see those two young girls and that fellow, who keeps eying them? Really, something ought to be done."

"I'm awake, Alice," replied the young man. "If he attempts to make trouble for them, either here on the boat or after we get to New York, something will be done."

"What beautiful faces, and so innocent looking! The one this way must be blind."

"Evidently she is."

"Where do you suppose they have come from?"

"Away up country somewhere. It is to be hoped that there will be some one to meet them at the boat."

"Do you think that fellow is an Italian?"

"He might easily be taken for one, but I should be more inclined to imagine that he was a Greek or a Syrian. Go down in Little Syria and you will see hundreds of such faces as his."

"He can't know who those girls are."

It would seem to be very unlikely, to say the least."

Meanwhile the dark man kept watching, watching, always watching, like a wolf watching his prey.

And the young man and the young lady, whose business it was to watch—for they were detectives—carefully watched the wolf.

But it all went differently from what might have been expected when the boat landed its passengers on the New York side of the Hudson.

Here there was some one else watching.

He was a young man, well dressed, but of dark, sinister features, who looked as if he also might have been an Italian, a Greek or a Syrian.

As soon as he saw the sisters coming out of the ferryhouse he stepped up to them and, raising his hat politely, said something to the one who could use her eyes.

She smiled and responded, with an air of relief.

Then she handed the young man the straw suitcase, and he also took the one her sister carried.

Meanwhile the wolf passed on his way.

He was no longer watching.

He did not even glance in the direction of the trio.

"No excuse for us to butt in now, Alice," remarked Harry. "Evidently that girl was perfectly satisfied with what that fellow said:

"It looks so," replied Alice. "But at the same time my woman's instinct tells me that something is wrong."

"Your instinct is seldom wrong, Alice, yer how can we interfere? We might see a case every time we crossed the ferry with which we would have as much call to interfere as with this. If that fellow had attempted to put them into a cab I would have showed my shield and asked him where he was taking those girls; but see, they are evidently intending to walk to the elevated or the subway. There can be nothing wrong."

"Speak to them, Harry. Make sure. What harm can it do?"

"Very well," was the reply. "We will take the Sixth avenue 'L.' We will follow them that far. If they don't go on the train then I will speak to the fellow and see what he has to say for himself."

So the two detectives trailed after the ill-assorted trio as far as the elevated station at the corner of Chambers street and West Broadway.

The two girls and their conductor kept right on up Chambers street.

In a few seconds the detectives were at their side, and Harry laid a heavy hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Look here!" he said, displaying his shield. "We are detectives. Where are you taking these girls?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," added Alice, addressing the girl who could see. "We only want to know that you are in safe hands. You are evidently from the country, and New York is a bad town."

The dark, young man took it far more quietly than might have been expected of one of his appearance.

"I work for Judge Goldtwaite," he said in good English. "These are his nieces. I am taking them to his house."

"Oh, it's all right, I assure you," added the girl, sweetly. "It was understood that my uncle would send a young man to meet us at the ferry."

"Did this young man mention Judge Goldtwaite's name?" persisted Harry.

"Certainly," replied the girl. "How else would we have known that he was the right person? We are strangers in New York, and my uncle in his letter cautioned me to be very careful. Of course, I was so, especially on account of my sister. She is blind."

Harry raised his hat, and he and Alice, falling away, returned to the elevated station, and went uptown.

But it was not all right; it was all wrong, as will be seen.

If the detectives had persisted and continued to trail these people they would have very soon found reason enough for their interference.

Judge Goldtwaite was one of the best-known lawyers in New York City, a man who had long since retired from the bench.

His great wealth was known to every one, as was his closeness in money matters.

It would have been just like such a person not to send a carriage for his nieces.

As Harry happened to know, the subway had a station very close to the Judge's house.

He supposed that it was the intention of their conductor to take them uptown that way.

But they kept right on up Chambers street after crossing Broadway and passed the subway station in the City Hall Park.

Reaching Park Row, they turned north and kept on to Roosevelt street.

This narrow thoroughfare, named for the ancestors of our Chief Magistrate, is one of the worst and most dangerous in New York.

It passes through the Greek quarter, and contains many old dwellings which are hangouts for petty crooks and thieves.

It was a strange way to get to Judge Goldtwaite's house on Park avenue.

But these poor girls knew no better.

The one accepted her guide's explanation that they would pass into a better street in a minute.

To the other, poor soul! no explanation was necessary, for she was blind!

Half way down the block two cabs stood drawn up at the curb, a short distance apart.

Two men stood beside each cab.

All four were dark and foreign-looking, and might have been either Italians, Greeks or Syrians.

One—he stood by the furthestmost cab—was just a big, black giant.

His height must have been six feet six or seven inches, and his features were as dark as a Hindoo Lascar's. Indeed, his long, straight, black hair made it seem possible that he might have been of that race.

As the girls came abreast of the first cab the two watchers suddenly seized one and, dragging her away from her blind sister, forced her, screaming, into it.

"Oh, Jennie! Oh, sister! What is it?" cried the other. "Help, somebody! Oh, please help, for I am blind!"

Help!

There was no help for her there on Roosevelt street. If a policeman might have been within hearing aid might have come, but there was none.

The young man threw one of the straw suitcases into the cab, the men were already in, the door was slammed, and the vehicle went whirling away in the darkness.

Meanwhile the black giant had seized the blind girl and was dragging her to the other cab.

His companion stifled her screams, and they tumbled her in and were off on the instant.

The young man, throwing in the other suitcase, took to his heels.

The cabs took opposite directions, one going toward the New Bowery, the other turning out of Roosevelt street uptown.

Dozens saw this bold action, but not a hand was raised to interfere.

And that is New York—one side of it!

It is not personal violence that people fear, but arrest as witnesses and long, weary weeks of imprisonment in the house of detention.

Until the absurd law which makes this outrage possible is repealed, people will continue to mind their own business in New York, and such outrages as this will remain possible.

For a few minutes the affair was discussed on the block, and then it was forgotten.

Meanwhile what was to be the fate of the poor girl who had been whirled uptown—ominous words!

What that of the other, who had fallen into the clutches of the black giant—the one who was blind!

After it was all over out from a dark doorway came sneaking the "Wolf."

He was no longer watching!

There was a smile of triumph on his evil face, for his purpose had been accomplished, and on the morrow money would flow into his pockets in pay for the dastardly job he had engineered to success.

But the wolf has nothing to do with our story.

He was merely a paid hireling.

It is with a "man higher up" and another lower down with whom we have to deal.

And thus ended the episode of the wolf and the lamb. But it was nothing!

Such episodes in some form or another happen in New York every day.

The pity of it was that Harry and Alice had not persevered.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER TWO WEEKS.

The "Alice" and "Harry" of the preceding chapter were two quite important personages in their way.

The latter was, in fact, none other than Young King Brady, pupil and partner of the world-famous detective, Old King Brady.

The former was Miss Alice Montgomery, the talented female detective.

Both were partners in the Brady Detective Bureau, of Union Square, New York, and there, in company with Old King Brady himself, they might have been found one morning, about two weeks later, engaged in a general discussion.

For business was very dull with the bureau.

In fact, they had come to a point where there was no case on hand and none offered, something very unusual for this noted firm.

They were seated in Alice's private office, the best of the suite, which overlooks the Square.

Harry and Alice were talking about their own affairs, which afforded them a broad field, for those two are on the most intimate terms.

Indeed, it is not Young King Brady's fault that Alice is not his wife, as he has long been in love with her.

But Alice is devoted to her business, and thus far has declined to listen to any proposition which involves the cares of married life.

Old King Brady, pulling out of the conversation, took up the morning paper and began looking it over.

"I see that Judge Goldtwaite's will is held up in the

Probate Court by Senator Black of Pennsylvania," he remarked. "He has left a pile of money, the old skinflint! This account puts it at \$25,000,000. It wouldn't have surprised me if it was a great deal more."

Alice and Harry exchanged glances.

Their part in the episode of the previous fortnight naturally occurred to both.

"Is Judge Goldtwaite dead?" demanded Harry.

"Why, yes," replied Old King Brady. "If he wasn't dead why would Senator Black be holding up his will? He died over three weeks ago."

"Alice, you were right," said Harry. "We made a big mistake."

"What about that?" demanded Old King Brady. "What are you two talking about, anyway?"

Harry related what he knew of the episode.

"Certainly very suspicious," remarked the old detective; "but inasmuch as the girl declined your assistance I don't see how you could have acted differently from what you did."

"Oh, but, Mr. Brady, she was such an innocent thing!" put in Alice. "The poor, blind sister, too! Really, I feel very much troubled. If their uncle was dead at the time, surely there must have been something wrong."

"Very likely there was; but it is too late now."

"Is it, really? Seeing that we have nothing to do, why can't Harry and I investigate the matter?"

"Go ahead, if you wish."

"But how?"

"First thing I should do would be to go to the Surrogate's office and learn how the Judge's will reads."

"Will you go, Harry?" demanded Alice.

"Why, certainly," replied Young King Brady, who would have gone anywhere or done anything she asked.

And so it was to the Surrogate's office next, where any one can see a copy of any will by paying for the privilege.

They had not been gone an hour before Old King Brady had a caller.

He was a sturdy-looking, old gentleman, who came with a letter of introduction from the chief of the United States Secret Service.

Now, while not actually in the employ of that bureau, the Bradys handle many cases for it, and hold themselves in readiness to respond to Secret Service calls at any time.

This was one.

The letter introduced Senator Black of Pennsylvania.

It also requested the Brady Bureau to take up the case for the Senator, the particulars of which he would give them.

Of course, Old King Brady was all attention.

Equally, of course, he surmised that the case had to do with the holding up of Judge Goldtwaite's will.

And so it proved.

"While this is personal matter, Mr. Brady, I shall expect you to devote as much attention to it as if it was strictly Secret Service business," began the Senator, in a pompous way.

"All cases receive equal attention with us, Senator," replied the old detective. "Tell your story, and then we shall see what can be done to help you out."

"If you follow up the papers closely, you have doubt-

less observed that I have held up the probate of the will of the late Judge Goldtwaite?"

"I have."

"I am acting in the interest of his two nieces, whose dead father was a client of mine, Miss Jennie and Miss Nettie Goldtwaite, of Saylorville, Pike County, Pennsylvania. They are beneficiaries under their uncle's will. The estate is to be equally divided between them and their cousin, Leslie Goldtwaite, the son of another brother. As the will reads, Jennie and Nettie each get a quarter, Leslie half the estate. In case of the death of either sister Leslie gets her share. If Leslie dies the sisters inherit. He cannot will the property away, not even to his children."

"I see. And these two girls are missing?"

"They are. How did you know that?"

"It is my business to know things, Senator. Proceed. I will explain later."

"They left Saylorville, where they have always lived, two weeks ago," continued the Senator. "They are simple, country girls, twins. Nettie, the younger by an hour, was born blind, and has always been a charge on her sister. Their mother died at their birth. Their father, who was my dearest friend, passed out three years ago, leaving them nothing but his debts. Jennie went out to service in a summer hotel and supported her sister. Two weeks ago they left for New York in answer to what must have been a forged letter, purporting to come from Judge Goldtwaite, asking them to visit him. The Judge was then dead, but they knew nothing of it. Learning of this, their friends at Saylorville became alarmed and communicated with me, and here I am, trying to ascertain their fate. I can find no trace of them, and now I come to you for help."

"Exactly. Now, let me ask a question or two."

"Go on."

"Did this letter come to the sisters by mail?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen the letter?"

"No; but I have talked with those who did see it."

"Was there seen at Saylorville a short, dark man, looking like a foreigner, at the time the girls got the letter?"

"Yes. How can you possibly know that?"

"As I told you before, it is my business to know things. What is the story about this man?"

"He inquired about the sisters the first time he came, and then went away without calling on them. He appeared at the hotel again on the day they received the letter, which was three weeks later, and left on the following day by the same train they took."

"Which train ran to Port Jervis and connected with the Erie?"

"Yes."

"You have seen Leslie Goldtwaite?"

"No. I have only been to the Judge's house. Leslie's whereabouts are only known to his lawyers. He was a wild character and left New York between two days, some three years ago, deeply in debt. There may be some criminal charge against him for all I know. At all events, his lawyers decline to furnish his address. They say he will turn up in due time."

"Who are his lawyers?"

"Bagshaw & Bagshaw, No. — Broadway."

"Ha! Yes."

"You know them?"

"Certainly."

"And their reputation?"

"Is bad."

"I was afraid so."

"Suppose both sisters die, does Leslie inherit all?"

"Only for life. At his death the entire estate is devised to various charities; but if he marries either one of the sisters their children inherit all, and he then comes into the full control of his share of the property, his wife controlling her share. Otherwise the control remains with three trustees."

"I see. A very foolish will."

"Especially where the man is a person of bad reputation."

"Yes. Now let me tell you how I came into possession of the very slight knowledge I have displayed in this matter."

"I wish you would."

Old King Brady now told of the experience of his partners.

"It is as I suspected," exclaimed the Senator. "Those poor girls have fallen into bad hands. Their uncle utterly neglected them during his lifetime. They should have consulted me."

"I suppose they are both proper young women?"

"Two saints, Mr. Brady! If you could only know the devotion which Jennie has displayed toward her blind sister!"

"You have told me enough to make me feel the deepest interest in the case, Senator. I shall get right to work. But, another question: Was Judge Goldtwaite a bachelor?"

"He was a widower, with one son."

"Dead?"

"It is not known. The young man, owing to his father's harsh treatment, it is said, ran away from home when he was a boy. He has never been heard of since, and is believed to be dead."

"How does he fare under the will?"

"Badly. It states the belief of the testator that his son is dead. Should he ever turn up, the trustees are ordered to pay him \$2,000 a year out of the estate. The same order applies to Leslie in case he marries his cousin and gets control."

"No provision made to search for the young man?"

"None. He is not made a party to the will."

"And now I think I understand the whole case."

"And your opinion?"

"Well, it looks pretty black for the girls. If they never turn up Leslie gets a big income and no bother in looking after the property."

"That is so. There can be no doubt that the girls have fallen into the hands of Leslie Goldtwaite, in my opinion."

"Impossible to say. To assert that would be jumping at conclusions, but the probabilities are certainly that way."

There was some further conversation.

Senator Black then left, announcing his intention of going to Washington that night and leaving the case in the hands of the Brady Bureau.

Shortly after his departure Harry and Alice came in.

"Well, we saw the will," announced the former.

"It makes little difference now," replied Old King Brady. "The whole matter has been placed in our hands and I have learned all about the will."

He told of the Senator's visit.

"Reason enough for the disappearance of those unfortunate girls," sighed Alice. "I shall never get the sweet look of the sister whom I talked with out of my head. Harry, we were much to blame."

"We must jump right in and work the case up," said Old King Brady. "No use talking about what might have been."

"But after two weeks!" sighed Alice. "There is little hope!"

And so, indeed, it would have seemed to all three of these detectives if they could have known what took place on Roosevelt street that cold night.

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE MYSTERY IN LITTLE SYRIA.

The Brady detectives do not, as a rule, hunt in couples. It is a favorite expression of Old King Brady's that it is "no use in two persons chasing the same dog."

They divided up on this business.

Old King Brady proposed to try his luck with Bagshaw & Bagshaw—not that he looked to see anything come of it, but more with the idea of throwing dust in their eyes, and picking up points, if any were lying around loose.

To Alice was given a more difficult task, which will be explained later.

Harry's work was to look up the record of Mr. Leslie Goldtwaite, of whose past Senator Black knew so little.

And this with no data to start with, seemed a pretty difficult undertaking.

Bagshaw & Bagshaw were not the sort of lawyers who are supposed to look after the interests of heirs to great estates.

They were, in fact, criminal practitioners, men of very shady reputation.

They were sought by crooks, confidence men, thieves and murderers when in trouble.

They were comparatively young men, cousins, it was said.

They had succeeded to the business of a firm which in the old days used to practice exclusively in the Tombs Police Court.

Old King Brady knew exactly what he was up against when he started for their offices.

Any attempt at disguise would have been simply silly, so he sent in his professional card.

He was treated to a long wait—the modern style in New York.

As no one came out of the private office up to the time

the old detective was finally told to go in, he could only conclude that the hope had been that he would give it up and go away.

But this was not his style.

When he entered Mr. Ben Bagshaw, the senior partner, received him with affected cordiality.

"Brady, how-de-do?" he exclaimed, extending his hand. "Sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was dictating. You are looking well; positively you get younger, instead of older. Sit down. What's in the wind?"

"I have just taken up a case which ought to interest you," replied the old detective, preparing to spring his bluff.

"So? And what is that?"

"Certain parties have engaged me to look up the son of the late Judge Goldtwaite, with a view to contesting his father's will."

Mr. Ben Bagshaw's little eyes closed to a mere slit, through which he peered at the old detective.

"So?" he repeated. "And who are the parties, may I ask?"

"That, of course, I am not telling."

"So? You expect me to tell you something, I suppose? Otherwise you would not have come here. What is it?"

"You represent Mr. Leslie Goldtwaite?"

"Yes."

"I want to see him. Is he in town?"

"Not at present."

"When do you expect he will be?"

"Can't say."

"Can you give me his address? I will write him."

"Certainly. His address is here. Care of Bagshaw & Bagshaw. We are his attorneys."

"Very good. I understand that two young women, cousins of his, benefit equally with him under the will?"

"Yes."

"Can you give me their address?"

"Saylorville, Pa."

"I am told that they have left Saylorville, and came to New York."

"Indeed. I had not heard of it."

"Do you know their attorney?"

"Senator Black of Pennsylvania, I understand."

"Thanks. The Senator is in Washington at this season, I presume. I will run on and see him."

Old King Brady arose as if about to depart.

"Hold on," said Bagshaw. "I can see no use in you writing to Leslie Goldtwaite. We are his attorneys. Any proposition you may have to put up to him will simply be referred to us. Why not come right out with it now?"

"Perhaps it might be as well."

"A great deal better. It will save time."

Old King Brady sat down.

"You can tell him from me," he said, "that he had better beware how he handles himself. His part in the abduction of his cousins is known, and unless he produces them at once he may find himself up against trouble."

Bagshaw's eyes shut tight for the moment.

"I haven't the faintest idea what you refer to," he said. "Have these girls been abducted, then?"

"Yes; on the night of their arrival in New York."

"How? By whom?"

"Ask your client."

"But this is absurd. My client is not in town—has not been since long previous to his uncle's death."

"And he keeps away from New York for good reasons, I daresay."

"Probably you know."

"I know many things, Mr. Bagshaw; but I tell only such as suits me. You have my message to your client. Now I will go."

"Wait a minute. Have you or your clients, whoever they are, reason to believe that Jeremiah Goldtwaite, Jr., still lives?"

"I should not waste time looking for him if I had no reason to believe that."

"Even if you found him, what good would it do you? It will be simply impossible to break Judge Goldtwaite's will."

"Perhaps it may not be necessary to break that will."

"What do you mean—that there is another?"

"Draw your own conclusions. Good day!"

This time Ben Bagshaw did not try to stop the old detective.

"Well, I have left you mystified, all right, my friend," thought Old King Brady, as he went down on the elevator. "Now to exercise a little patience, and see if you don't make some move which will give me a clew."

And the old detective posted himself in a doorway which commanded a view of the building in which the Bagshaw offices were located.

He scarcely expected to accomplish anything by this move; still he felt that it was worth the trial.

His theory was that if Leslie Goldtwaite was hiding in New York, fearing arrest for some past crime, it would be unlikely that Bagshaw would want to telephone him.

Therefore, if he regarded the bluff the old detective had thrown of enough importance to communicate to his client promptly he would be apt to do it in person.

That Old King Brady took this view was most fortunate, for from it came a clew, or at least a starting point upon which the whole case was to be built."

Ten minutes had not elapsed before Mr. Ben Bagshaw hurriedly left the office building and started down Broadway.

Keeping far enough behind him for safety, Old King Brady saw him turn down Rector street and walk toward the river, with the quick step of a man who has some definite purpose in mind.

It was necessary to do so, for the old detective, when not in disguise, invariably wears a long, blue coat, with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big, white felt hat, with an unusually broad brim.

This quaint costume, of course, makes Old King Brady a marked man wherever he goes.

It has its advantages and also its disadvantages.

Just now Old King Brady would have liked to have been in disguise, but there had been no opportunity to make a change, which he could have done in a few minutes' time, and so effectively that it would have taken a sharper man than Ben Bagshaw to recognize him.

The lawyer crossed Trinity place, Greenwich street and finally turned north on Washington street.

He was now in the famous Syrian quarter of New York, which many years ago was the finest residential part of the city, and contains even to-day some grand, old Colonial mansions far gone in decay.

Here are now hived in great numbers Syrians, Arabs, Hindoos and other Asiatic people.

But about the distinction of nationality the average New Yorker neither knows nor cares.

He has chosen to dub this the Syrian quarter, consequently every one who lives there is a Syrian.

Actually there are many hundreds of people living on Washington, Greenwich, Carlisle, Albany and lower Rector streets who never saw Syria.

But all are people from the dark and mysterious East, and many strange stories are told of the secrets of "Little Syria," as this quarter has come to be known.

Ben Bagshaw walked on until he came to Albany street, where he turned in, and in a minute entered one of the old Colonial mansions aforementioned.

The ground floor was occupied by a dealer in Eastern wares, shawls, beads, objects of carved olivewood and such other things as Syrian pedlers hawk about the country.

Over the door was a sign in Arabic and English.

The Arabic part Old King Brady necessarily cut out. The English part read:

"Osmur Baruc, Syrian Merchant."

Besides Mr. Baruc's door there was one leading to the upper floors.

Ben Bagshaw chose this, and, passing in, disappeared from Old King Brady's view.

"First clew!" thought the old detective. "The 'wolf,' as Harry called the fellow who eyed those girls, was a Syrian, and Bagshaw was mixed up in the abduction. But my work must not end here."

He hurried back into Washington street.

Here he entered a precisely similar store.

The sign above the door read:

"Mohammed Kebda, Syrian Merchant."

And there was also Arabic connected with it, which Old King Brady did not read.

The shop was packed with goods, and there were several dark-skinned gentlemen standing about a redhot stove, which had the place heated up to the boiling point.

It was like stepping into a Turkish bath with all one's clothes on.

Old King Brady fairly gasped for breath.

Behind the counter was a fine, old boy, wearing a green turban on his head, which told two things to the initiated:

First, that the man was a Mohammedan; second, that he claimed descent from Mohamet, the Prophet.

If Mr. Mohammed Kebda had appeared on the street in his green turban he would have been mobbed; but in his own shop he could do as he pleased.

Old King Brady merely raised his hand and pointed to a door communicating with a back room.

The Syrian made a profound salute.

Old King Brady passed into the back room, and the man immediately followed him and closed the door.

"My friend! My good friend!" he said, in broken English, and, seizing the old detective's hand, he pressed it to his lips.

"Kebda," said Old King Brady, "when I helped you out in your trouble with the police, a year ago, you told me if ever I wanted a favor to call on you. I want one now."

"Anything, Mr. Brady! Take my whole shop. All I own is yours!"

"I wonder what you would say if I was to take you at your word," replied the old detective, with a smile. "But I don't want your shop. Listen! I am following a man, an American. He went into the house on Albany street where your enemy Baruc keeps, by the side door. He is a small man, with a reddish mustache and wears a derby hat. Take off your turban and get upstairs in that house. Find out which room he went to and, instead of walking off with your shop, I'll give you ten dollars—see?"

"I do him, Mr. Brady; I do him now!" cried Kebda. "I will for you play the detective, as you wish. I will succeed."

He whipped off the green turban and clapped on a derby.

"Will you stay here or go out?" he asked.

"I'll go out and stand on the corner. I wish to follow the man after he leaves the place."

They passed out, and the last Old King Brady saw of Mohammed Kebda he was disappearing through the dark doorway which had swallowed up Ben Bagshaw.

Was it too late?

Had the lawyer already left the house?

There was this possibility, of course.

Old King Brady waited more than fifteen minutes, and then Kebda came out of the house and approached him.

"Well?" demanded the old detective.

"He is there, Mr. Brady," said Kebda. "He is in the back room on the top floor, smoking hasheesh with a young man."

"Ha! So? A Syrian?"

"He does not look it. I should say he was a Turk. I pretended to look for a man. I opened every door. I seen him. I makes good detective—yes?"

"Fine, Kebda! Now let me try my luck. Is there a fire escape on the back of that house, do you know?"

"Yes. I live in that house when I first came to New York. There are two back rooms, this is the one on the right. The fire escape is by the half window. You can look into the other window if you lean over, yes. It is great thought. You may see for yourself that I lie not to you."

"Wait here, Kebda. If he comes out before I return let me know which way he goes. Keep your eye on the door."

"Never for an instant shall my eyes leave the door, Mr. Brady."

And off the old detective went, thinking how different was the action of this man from what that of any ordinary person would have been under similar circumstances.

There was no questioning, no trying to find out what

it was all about; but just implicit obedience and a desire to help the man he called his friend!

Old King Brady now boldly entered the dark doorway and ascended the stairs to the top floor.

Here he found a broad hallway, with rooms on either side, and a window at both ends.

He softly raised the sash and stepped out on the fire escape.

Leaning over, he managed to get his look in through the window of the right-hand room.

But the room was vacant—bare of furniture and unoccupied.

"Come! Kebda does not know his right hand from his left," thought the old detective.

He crossed the fire escape and peered in at the other window.

Here he saw a Syrian family—if it was a family—sitting on the floor, two women and three children, engaged in sorting colored rags, such as these people use in weaving cheap rugs.

Old King Brady returned to the street in disgust.

Kebda was still on the job.

"Did you see him?" he demanded.

"No; did he come out of the door?" replied the detective.

"No, I swear it."

"Come with me, Kebda. That room you sent me to is vacant. Did you make a mistake?"

"It was on the right as you go upstairs."

"That's the room. Was there furniture in it? Did you go in?"

"I only opened the door. There were two men sitting by a table, smoking hasheesh. No, there was not much furniture. I would not be sure that there was anything but the two chairs and the table."

"How did you know it was hasheesh they were smoking, by the smell?"

"Yes."

"Well, come. Let us make sure that I looked into the right room."

They went upstairs and Kebda pointed to the door of the room Old King Brady had first looked into.

The old detective, at the risk of being discovered by Bagshaw, tried the door.

It opened at his touch.

The room was bare of furniture, as he had seen it when he looked in at the window.

Kebda grew excited.

"I am no liar!" he cried. "By the beard of the Prophet I tell the truth when I say those two smoking hasheesh were at a table here. You can smell it now."

And this was the strongest expression a Mohammedan can use.

When he swears by the beard of the Prophet he is supposed to tell the truth.

And Old King Brady himself could smell the hasheesh.

He tried the door which led into the adjoining room, but found it fast.

"That is all, Kebda," he said. "I believe you. There is some mystery here. Do me one more favor. Put somebody on the watch. Let me know later when that man leaves this house."

Kebda promised and Old King Brady pulled out.

He called upon the Syrian later in the day, and was told that at quarter-past two the small man, with the red mustache, came out of the house.

And if this was Mr. Ben Bagshaw, where had he been all the time?"

CHAPTER IV.

PICKING UP POINTS.

Old King Brady, upon leaving Little Syria, went back to his office.

Here he found Harry awaiting him.

"Alice back yet?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Harry. "And, of course, she may not come back at all to-day."

"I trust she may not, since that will argue some success in her mission. What did you learn at Police Headquarters about Leslie Goldtwaite?"

"Well, I think you will admit that my work was successful in a way. The man was indicted for forgery three years ago. His picture is in the Rogue's Gallery. He jumped his bail. He has not been seen nor heard of since."

"So? I suspected something of the sort. What did he forge?"

He was employed by Hornby & Dillon, the Wall street brokers. He forged a check for \$60 in their name."

"A cheap check."

"Looks so."

"Is it certain that you have the right man?"

"Oh, yes. Judge Goldtwaite went on his bail bond."

"So? Harry, you saw the will, when it was dated?"

"Four years ago."

"Ah, ha! Before Leslie played this trick. Chances are that my bluff about another will may prove to be a fact."

"What do you mean?"

Old King Brady told of his adventures during the morning.

"I thought from the first that the man who eyed those girls so was a Syrian, and I am sure the boy who had them in tow was," said Harry. "But, look here, would a fellow who was weak enough to sell himself for sixty dollars be likely to put up an intricate plot?"

"With Bagshaw & Bagshaw behind him, yes."

"Well, that's so, too."

"Suppose we look in on Hornby & Dillon?"

"Just what I was about to propose, and we will go there right now."

They went.

A little later they entered the Broad street office of these well-known stock brokers.

Mr. Hornby was on 'Change, and they were received by Mr. Dillon.

The Bradys are so well known in the financial district that the mere presentation of his card by Old King Brady was sufficient to secure them immediate attention.

"I want to make some inquiries about a young man

named Leslie Goldtwaite," said the old detective, when they found themselves with the broker in his private office.

"Judge Goldtwaite's nephew?" was asked.

"Yes. He once worked for you, I am told."

"He did."

Mr. Dillon appeared inclined to be reticent.

"I am aware that you had him arrested for forging your firm's name, Mr. Dillon," said Old King Brady. "Judge Goldtwaite is dead, and this young man comes in for a large fortune, as, perhaps, you are aware?"

"I read it in the papers. I don't want to say anything against the fellow. What is the object of these inquiries?"

And as Old King Brady believes in frankness, where it does not interfere with business, he told the broker the whole story.

"Our case was this," began Mr. Dillon, when he had finished. "The Judge was a good customer of ours. He came here one day, about three years ago, and began complaining of his nephew, who, he said, was a lazy, shiftless fellow, who positively could not keep a job anywhere. He said that he was even worse than the son he had chased out of his house, or who ran away, I forget which."

"Ran away, I believe," said Old King Brady. "Go on."

"Well, perhaps. At all events, he said that Leslie gambled and played the races, drank, and so on, but that he had promised to reform, and asked us as a particular favor to make a place for him, adding that we were to pay him twenty dollars a week salary, and that until such time as he proved absolutely worth it to us we were to charge the same to his account."

"And, of course, under those circumstances, you could not refuse."

"Certainly not. We took him in. He was about as near nothing as any one we ever had in our employ. After three months he forged a sixty-dollar check, and, by the Judge's request, we sent a detective after him and had him arrested. His uncle bailed him out, and he skipped."

"And you never heard of him again?"

"Yes. Once. I am going to tell you. It was a year ago last June. He wrote us a pitiful letter from Deadwood, saying that he was sick and starving, and that his uncle would not help him. We sent him twenty-five dollars. That's the last I know."

"Did his uncle ever say anything about cutting him off in his will?"

"Yes; he said he had done it."

"Did he mention who his heirs were?"

"No; but then the Judge was a very close-mouthed man, Mr. Brady, so there is nothing strange about that."

And as this seemed to be the extent of Mr. Dillon's information, the Bradys soon withdrew.

"It begins to look as though it was all Bagshaw & Bagshaw," remarked Harry, and they walked up Wall street.

"Certainly it is hard to believe that Leslie Goldtwaite can cut much ice in the business. But I am going a step further. Come up to Headquarters. We will have the chief of police wire Deadwood and take up the ball there."

And this was done.

The message was rushed through by the request of

the chief, as was the reply, which reached the Bradys about four in the afternoon.

It read as follows:

"Leslie Goldtwaite died on July 6th, 190—, of Bright's disease, brought on by excessive drinking. This is positive. Any one representing him must be a fraud. His uncle in New York was notified, but refused to send for the remains, which were interred here.

"S. Maxwell,
"Chief Police."

Old King Brady read the dispatch and tossed it over to Harry.

"Now we see," he said. "This case grows interesting. Come. Let us go down to Little Syria and find out what my friend Kebda knows."

And that they learned of Ben Bagshaw's delayed exit from the old house has already been told.

Old King Brady drew Harry out onto Washington street.

"We want to find out now about the tenant of that room," he said.

"Who owns the house?" demanded Harry.

"It belongs to the Roach estate," was the reply. "Their office is on Morris street. Come with me."

The Roche estate is one of the many extensive holders of property in New York.

Hundreds of houses on the extreme lower West Side are included in it.

Old King Brady has known the agent, Mr. Dominick Roche, a distant relative of the family, for many years.

Of course, there was no trouble in getting information here.

"Those two rooms go together on that side," said Mr. Roche. I know the back room is unoccupied, but the tenant pays rent for it. Why he keeps it that way I don't know, and it is none of my business."

"Who is he?" demanded the old detective.

Mr. Roche referred to his book, saying that the man was a Syrian, and he could never remember Syrian names. This one proved to be Pasten Byrooter.

"Has he a family?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Don't think so," was the reply. "I have never seen anybody there but himself when I have had occasion to call for the rent."

"Is he old or young?"

"A man about twenty-five, I should say."

"What is his business?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"How long has he been there?"

"About three months. He seems to be a very intelligent person, and very much of a gentleman. He is not at all like the other Syrians I have to deal with."

"I would like very much to have a look at him, Roche. Can't you make some excuse to take us to his rooms?"

"Why, sure. You want to buy the property. I'm showing you the house. I'll go with you right now."

"Just a minute. Let me use your back room?"

"Are you going to make one of your lightning changes?"

"Yes."

Old King Brady was gone but a very few minutes in the other room.

When he came out he looked like a heavy capitalist.

Wonderful are the resources of the old, blue coat, which is capable of being transformed in several ways.

"It beats the band how you do it!" exclaimed the agent.

"Practice makes perfect," replied the old detective, and away they went.

But the Bradys were disappointed about getting a sight of Mr. Pasten Byrooter.

The agent's knock on his door was unanswered.

Roche then proceeded to open the door with a passkey.

The room into which they entered was a little museum of Eastern curiosities.

It was evidently used as a kitchen and bedroom combined, and it was elaborately and expensively furnished.

There were hundreds of books; the walls were hung with pictures, mostly photographs, representing Eastern scenes.

There were four ebony cabinets, one in each corner, and all filled with curiosities.

A guitar leaned against one and a mandolin against another.

These and other things went to show that the tenant was an educated man.

Old King Brady examined several of the books, but all he looked at were in the Arabic characters, so it was impossible even to determine what language they were in.

There was also a collection of curious pipes upon a rack against the wall.

Old King Brady thought that he could detect the smell of hasheesh, but he could not be sure.

There was a small table and several chairs, which could have been readily moved into the other room, so the little mystery of Little Syria did not appear to be much of a mystery, after all.

"If one of us could only get next to that fellow," remarked Harry, after they parted with Mr. Roche.

"There's the fire escape," remarked Old King Brady, quietly. "If any one cares to camp out there to-night he might pick up a point or two."

"I'm the one, if you say the word," replied Harry, promptly.

"We will see if Alice has anything to report," was the reply.

But, although they waited at the office until seven o'clock, Alice did not report.

Nor did she return to her rooms on Waverly place that night.

CHAPTER V.

STRANGE DOINGS AT JUDGE GOLDTWAITE'S.

Alice's mission has not yet been stated.

It was to get into the house of the late Judge Goldtwaite, in some way, and question his servants.

For Old King Brady assumed that the house had not

yet been closed up by something he saw in the newspaper item referring to the Judge's will.

This, of course, was no easy matter.

Alice had no instructions.

She did not need any.

The job was a common one in detective work, and Alice was fully aware of the usual way of going about it.

So she disguised as a servant, and went to Mrs. Rowley's fashionable intelligence office on Fifth avenue.

This woman, so extensively patronized by the "400," often found herself up against detectives, as most intelligence office keepers do.

Thus Alice was perfectly well acquainted with her, and she made herself known and came right out with what she wanted.

"Let me see, Miss Montgomery," said Mrs. Rowley. "I never sent servants to that house, but there may be some one there whom I have placed at some time. I will call the house up on the telephone, and you do the talking, as if you represented me. Any way, you can find out how the case stands.

"Excellent," said Alice. "I shall be greatly obliged."

The call was given, and Alice took the receiver.

At length a voice was heard asking who it was who wanted to talk.

Instructed as to what to say by Mrs. Rowley, Alice went right at it.

"This is Mrs. Rowley's intelligence office," she said.

"Is this Judge Goldtwaite's?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Mrs. Rowley wants to know when the Judge's servants are going to be disengaged. She can place them all. Who is talking?"

It was a woman's voice which came over the wire.

"I am Mrs. Gifford, the housekeeper," was the answer.

"Our people have all gone. I am living in the house alone."

"Do you wish a position?"

"I may later. I have been requested by Mr. Bonner, the Judge's lawyer, to remain here for the present."

"I should think you would find it very lonely?"

"I do."

"Mrs. Rowley can place you any time. She wants a good housekeeper."

"That is kind of her."

"Just wait a minute. Hold the wire. Mrs. Rowley wants to speak to me."

But Mrs. Rowley didn't!

This was a little fiction.

Alice had thought of a scheme.

In a minute she called again:

"Mrs. Gifford?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Rowley has a young woman here who is waiting for a chambermaid's position. She expects a good one in a week or two when the family-returns from Europe. Meanwhile she has nowhere to stay, and is without money. Mrs. Rowley wants me to say that she would be very glad to help you out without pay for a week or so, if you care to have her."

And the bait was snapped up on the instant.

Alice had succeeded better than she dared to hope.

"If she is a nice person I should be thankful for her company," came over the wire.

"You will find her a very nice person. 'Shall I send her up?"

"I will call at Mrs. Rowley's and see her. Of course, I cannot be sure that you are really Mrs. Rowley, you see."

"I am not. I am one of her assistants."

"I will call."

"When?"

"About twelve o'clock."

"Very well. Goodbye."

"Well, you are fixed all right, Miss Montgomery," said Mrs. Rowley, when Alice explained the other end of the conversation.

"I feel satisfied. I shall not be here to meet her, though. You do the talking and sing my praises. Then I can go there with your card, later in the day."

And this plan was carried out.

Mrs. Gifford called on Mrs. Rowley, and later Alice waited on Mrs. Gifford.

The big, four-story brownstone house on Park avenue looked like a tomb.

Mrs. Gifford proved to be a stout woman, well along in years.

Her face had a worn, scared look, as though she had seen her share of trouble.

Alice presented the card and introduced herself as Alice Brown.

"I'm sure I'm glad enough to have some one here with me," she said. "I have been that lonely since the servants left that I was just thinking I could never stand it any longer. I would not have thought of staying here alone only Mr. Bonner was so urgent, and he promised me two months' wages if I would stay here a few weeks."

"It must be terribly lonely," replied Alice. "Were you long in the Judge's service?"

"About three years. It was lonely enough while he lived, for there was no one but himself, and he never received any company, except now and then a man on business; but it's worse now. It has got on my nerves to that extent that I am hearing strange noises all the time, particularly at night. I hope you will be willing to sleep with me, my dear. Mrs. Rowley recommended you so highly that I almost feel as though we had always been acquainted."

Alice assented, although she did not enjoy the prospect.

Mrs. Gifford then took her over the house.

It was expensively furnished in the style of long ago. One room particularly attracted Alice's attention.

It was a typical boy's den, and she so remarked.

"This room belonged to the Judge's son," explained Mrs. Gifford. "He never would have a thing touched. It is just as the lad left it long ago."

"Dead?" demanded Alice.

"I suppose he must be, of course," was the reply. "But I don't rightly know. The Judge never talked about him. He was a very stern man, my dear, and one you could not make free with."

"Did he leave much money?"

"They say he did. I am sure I don't know. There

won't be much for you to do. I'll attend to the cooking if you will help out with the sweeping and dusting."

The day passed principally in listening to Mrs. Gifford's talk.

As far as picking up any points was concerned, Alice saw that it would be quite impossible, for the housekeeper knew nothing of Judge Goldtwaite's affairs.

But Alice determined to put it through, for her curiosity was aroused by what the woman told her of the strange noises heard at night.

This seemed to indicate that some one had been in the habit of prowling about the house since the Judge's death, and it seemed worth while to find out what this meant.

At dark Mrs. Gifford cooked a delicious little supper, and Alice got further into her good graces by telling of her travels, which have been very extensive.

And thus they passed the evening.

Alice tried various schemes to get an opportunity to telephone the Bradys.

But Mrs. Gifford, who seemed to be afraid of her own shadow, gave her no chance.

When bedtime came the woman was insistent that Alice should sleep with her.

The room the housekeeper occupied was on the second floor, in the rear, one of the largest and best chambers in the house.

Alice at last was able to compromise by agreeing to sleep on a lounge in the same room.

The housekeeper now began to prepare for bed.

They had made the rounds of the doors and windows together, and Alice knew that everything had been securely fastened.

Under the plea that she was not sleepy and wanted to read, Alice excused herself from retiring then.

Mrs. Gifford gave her bedclothes, and Alice made up the lounge for the night and sat down under the gas, with a book which she had borrowed from the library downstairs.

Turning in a minute, she saw Mrs. Gifford in the act of taking some drops out of a bottle, which she poured into a spoon.

"Just to make me sleep, my dear," the housekeeper said. "I am so nervous I have to do it."

Alice caught a glimpse of the label on the bottle.

It was "Dr. McMuggles's elixir of opium," a well-known dope obtainable at any drug store.

"No wonder she hears strange noises in the night," thought Alice. "I'm afraid I am wasting time here."

Mrs. Gifford was soon asleep and snoring lustily.

Feeling certain that she could never get asleep with that music playing, Alice settled down for a long read, and as the book was one she had long been looking for she did not mind so much.

Indeed, midnight came before she knew it.

Mrs. Gifford was still snoring, and, to all appearances, completely dead to the world.

The room was warm and comfortable, and as the book still continued to be interesting Alice read on, until suddenly she heard the big clock in the hall downstairs strike two.

"Come. If I am to get any sleep to-night, I better be at it," she thought.

Closing the book, she began preparing for bed, when all at once her attention was attracted by a noise downstairs.

It was a sort of cracking sound, as if some one was breaking wood.

Alice was on the alert in an instant.

There was no use in arousing Mrs. Gifford, for in that case she would only have had a nervous woman on her hands.

Alice hastily slipped on her outer wraps and hat, so as to be ready for the street in case necessity required it.

Then, opening the door, she listened.

There was certainly some one moving about downstairs.

Alice, who is fearless to the verge of recklessness, crept down to the floor below.

Listening at the foot, she caught several sounds.

All came from the direction of the library, which was in the rear of the house.

It seemed to her that some one was boring with an auger.

Then she heard suppressed voices.

"Burglars, probably," thought Alice. "But then it may not be in a case like this."

Very cautiously she let down the chain and unlocked the front hall door, so as to afford herself a chance to escape in case she was cornered.

As the house was only two blocks from the Grand Central Depot, she felt that it ought not to be difficult to get help if she could once get out of the house.

This done she again stopped to listen.

The boring had ceased, but she could distinctly hear whispering.

Looking into the long parlor, she caught a glimmer of light in the library behind.

Alice now glided noiselessly into a little reception room at the end of the hall.

Here the door leading into the library was separated only by a heavy portiere.

Alice got busy behind it and peered into the library.

The sight she saw was startling enough.

The back window, which opened on an extension, had been raised and stood partially open.

In the room were two men of decidedly foreign appearance.

One was a veritable black giant.

His face was blacker than many a negro, but long, straight, black hair and regular features marked him as of the Hindoo race. His height must have been at least six feet six.

His companion was a smaller man, whose face was almost as dark as his companion's, but by the light of the gas jet, which was turned low, Alice saw he was surely a man disguised, and that his face had been artificially colored.

The pair stood by a broad panel between the windows.

Here there had been book shelves when Alice visited the room with Mrs. Gifford.

But the shelves had been pulled out of place, and now stood in the middle of the room.

They had been torn away from the panel, and the wood

which formed the sides was somewhat split, which accounted for the sounds which Alice heard.

In the panel several holes had been bored, and the younger man—he was also the smaller of the two—held a bit in his hand.

He was talking to his companion in what to Alice was an unknown tongue.

And, to be such it must have been a strange language indeed.

For Alice, be it known, is an accomplished linguist, speaking fluently French, German, Spanish and Italian.

And, strange to add, having been born and brought up in China, she also speaks Chinese like a native, which unusual accomplishment has proved of the greatest service to the Bradys in their detective work.

But the language the black giant and his companion were now speaking was one too many for Alice, and she could not understand a word of it.

But now the younger man suddenly shifted to English.

"Come, Mokko," he said, "let us try again. We have proved that it is hollow behind there, just as I thought. We must get this panel open, if we have to rip the whole house down. If there is another will in existence it is behind there that we are going to find it concealed."

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY, PRYING INTO THE SECRETS OF LITTLE SYRIA, FINDS HIMSELF IN TROUBLE.

Harry said nothing about Old King Brady's hint as to camping out on the fire escape down in Little Syria until after supper.

It was now half-past eight, and the Bradys were seated together in the library of the old house in Washington Square where they have kept bachelor's hall now for several years.

Old King Brady had just attempted, unsuccessfully, to get Alice on the telephone—she has one in her room, connected with the Bradys' house by a private wire.

As he resumed his seat, remarking that Alice must be intending to make a night of it at Judge Goldtwaite's, Harry brought the matter up.

"Well, I don't know what to say," replied Old King Bradys. "It's a sharp night, and the operation will be attended with considerable risk. I must confess that I don't feel able to undertake it on account of the cold I have had hanging over me for the last few days. I hardly like the idea of you trying it alone."

"That's just nonsense," said Harry. "I'm no longer an apprentice at the detective business. I am perfectly willing to make the attempt."

"If I can be sure that you will observe every precaution and take no chances."

"Of course, you can rely on that."

"Well, suppose you try it, then?"

"All right. I am ready. There is certainly something doing in that house. It wouldn't surprise me if those unfortunate girls were prisoners in some secret room down there, and if so we certainly want to know it."

"It may be so. That house is a very old one. Many of those old houses in that part of town had secret rooms. Many years ago there was a house on Morris street where a number of persons who were lured in disappeared. When the police finally got wise to what was going on it was learned that the victims were murdered and thrown into an old sewer which had been in existence since Revolutionary times. The bodies were recovered and the case created a great stir at the time. A man and a woman both went to the gallows on account of it."

"Yes, I have heard you speak of that house before, You need have no fear that I shall run any unnecessary risk."

But Old King Brady was only giving his partner a little dose of caution.

He expected him to take risks, and was willing that he should within reasonable limits, for that is a part of the detective business.

As a matter of fact, the old detective himself is ever ready to take any risk, reasonable or unreasonable, which Harry knows perfectly well.

And so Young King Brady went upstairs and after a little came down again, dressed like a young tramp.

"Will this do?" he asked.

"Well enough," was the reply.

"Shall I stain my face and put on a black wig, to make me look like a Syrian?"

"I wouldn't. I don't see what good it would do, seeing that you can't speak Syrian. If they stripped you the fraud would be discovered, and it would make matters worse for you in the end."

So Harry pulled out as he was, and went down to Little Syria.

There were but few people on the street on account of the weather.

Harry slouched along, playing the tramp to perfection.

He wore no overcoat, but as he had put on two heavy undershirts he did not suffer in the least from the cold.

It was half-past nine when he reached the Albany street house.

For a while he stood in a doorway opposite, watching to see who went in and out.

At last his patience was rewarded by seeing a person whom he recognized come down Albany street and shoot in through the door.

It was the "Wolf!"

Young King Brady knew him instantly.

Here was a point gained.

The pathetic faces of the blind girl and her sister came into Young King Brady's mental vision.

It gave him courage to proceed with his perilous task. The time seemed to have come to take his place on the fire escape.

Watching for a moment when there was nobody on the block, Harry glided across the street and entered the house.

He encountered no one on the stairs, and in a moment he had gained the top floor, where he raised the window and crawled out upon the fire escape.

Previous to doing this, however, he listened for a single instant at the door of Mr. Pasten Byrooter's room.

Within the room some one was playing the guitar in a very skilful fashion.

The melody was a wild, peculiar one, unlike anything which Young King Brady had ever heard before.

Having closed the window, Harry crouched down, leaned over and peered into the vacant room.

It was still vacant, but the door of the room beyond stood open and Harry could look into it.

He could still hear the music of the guitar.

In the middle of the room stood the Wolf smoking a cigarette, but Young King Brady could not see the musician.

Moments passed and the playing ceased.

The Wolf passed out of Harry's range of vision.

A few minutes later a young man dressed in Turkish costume crossed it.

Young King Brady only had a momentary glimpse of him.

He was rather a good-looking person, and to Harry his features did not resemble those of a Turk, although his skin was dark enough.

Just then hearing someone coming upstairs Harry drew back and crouched low.

The newcomer went forward, and in a minute a sharp knock sounded.

It was on Pasten Byrooter's door.

Harry now saw the young man pass before the line of light again.

He was opening the door.

The next instant and Young King Brady was treated to the sight of some black giant whom Alice was to see later on in the library of Judge Goldtwaiete's house.

"A Hindoo Lascar," thought Young King Brady. "My, but he is a big fellow! Queer people these down in Little Syria. Heaven help those two unfortunate girls if they ever fell into that man's hands!"

And just this is what had happened to the blind girl, as the reader knows.

And now there came a good half hour's wait, during which time Young King Brady saw several things.

The three men gathered about a table and drank something which was poured out of a bottle into glasses.

The stuff was green.

It must have been Creme de Menthe or Green Char-treuse.

But at last came a definite discovery.

The light was suddenly extinguished.

The three men came forward into the unoccupied room.

Pasten Byrooter—for the younger man was indeed Mr. Roche's tenant—came first, lighting the way with a round electric flash lantern, the black giant following him and then the Wolf.

And now Harry's suspicions were fully verified.

Byrooter entered a large closet on one side of the vacant room.

He did not come out again.

Neither did the black giant nor the Wolf, who filed in after him.

"Secret rooms," thought Young King Brady. "That's the talk. I knew it would prove to be so."

He waited several minutes, but the singular trio did not reappear.

Now, of course, Harry would not have been Harry if he had held back.

He got through the window into the hall and cautiously opened the door with his skeleton keys.

Closing it behind him and leaving it unlocked, he crept to the closet, turned on his flashlight and started to look for the spring which controlled the movements of the secret panel which he knew must exist.

Never was one found easier, and Young King Brady has had to do with many.

The panel was one of the sliding sort.

Behind was the usual narrow stairway built in an angle of the wall.

For an instant Harry hesitated.

He had made a discovery which, to all appearance, was likely to prove a key to the whole mystery.

Should he wait until to-morrow and come with Old King Brady and the police, or should he take the risk and push his investigation further?

He resolved to go ahead, so passing in on the secret stairs he started to descend.

The stairs went down straight and were very steep.

Young King Brady saw also that they were very old, for deep grooves had been worn in the treads by the passage of many feet.

For what had they been built?

Who, away back in Revolutionary times, when this house was erected, had used these stairs and for what purpose?

It was one of the mysteries of Little Syria, and one which could now never be solved.

And right here let us state that when this house was pulled down last year to make room for a big building these stairs were discovered, as well as the secret rooms to which they led, and the find was much commented on by the papers at the time.

Local antiquarians differed as to the original ownership of the house, and there was a fierce controversy over the matter.

But no one could tell why the secret chambers had been constructed.

Doubtless if the facts could be known it would revive some romance of the long ago.

Harry was able to determine that the stairs landed him at least twenty feet below the cellar line of the old house.

He brought up in a small square vault, from which opened three heavy oaken doors studded with great iron nails.

All were tight locked, and as Harry tried key after key in the lock of the middle door it began to look as if he had come to the end of his rope.

At last one caught on, however, and he heard heavy bolts shoot back.

Harry threw back the door and flashed his light into a narrow passage bricked up on both sides and arched overhead.

The floor was green with mould, and as there were no foot imprints in it, Harry felt that this could not be the way the black giant and his companion had gone.

So he locked the door and tried the one on the right.

This opened more easily, and the reason proved to be that it had a new cheap lock on the inside.

Here was another vaulted passage, but this time there was no mould.

Harry hurried through it, going about twenty feet, when he came into another small vault, octagonal in shape.

From this opened two other passages besides the one he had come through.

Here in each case the brick pavement had been swept clean, and it looked to be a case of Hobson's choice.

Young King Brady struck into one of the passages and covered about twenty feet more, when suddenly a door opened at the end and a bright light streamed out upon the detective.

And in the line of that light towered the black giant. It was a decided jolt.

Young King Brady heard the fellow's sharp exclamation and took to his heels.

He was sure he could get out ahead if he was only quick enough and could lock the door behind him.

But he blundered and never got the chance!

Reaching the octagonal vault, he could not remember in the excitement of the moment through which passage he had come.

But it was a time for quick decision.

He could hear someone running.

Harry darted into the passage which seemed to him most likely to be the right one.

He was wrong!

Before he had gone ten feet he came bang up against a brick wall.

Wheeling about, he started to draw his revolver.

But it was too late!

There, standing at the entrance of the passage flashing an electric light upon him, was the black giant covering him with a cocked revolver.

"Hey, you Johnny!" he cried. "What for you do here by my house—yes? You come here or I shoot!"

CHAPTER VII.

ALICE IN THE TOILS.

Alice, in the reception-room at Judge Goldtwaite's house, was in almost as great danger as Harry in the secret vault.

Indeed, as the event proved, her danger was fully as great, although she did not realize it then, for she felt that she had made retreat possible.

She did not believe that these men would dare to follow her out on the street.

If Harry could have been with her, he would have told her that the small man was Mr. Pasten Byrooter, Mr. Roche's tenant in the old house in Little Syria.

It was he who had spoken in English and had mentioned a will.

Just then Alice was wondering who he could be.

He now went to work on the panel again, boring another hole nearer one of the windows.

The auger was a large one, and after it had been withdrawn Byrooter put his fingers into the hole.

"You get him?" whispered the giant.

"By gracious, Mokko, I believe I have got him," replied Byrooter. "I can feel the bolt which holds this panel in place.

There was a snap and then the whole panel swung outward on hinges.

Behind Alice could see a narrow space containing two shelves.

Upon one were bottles and glasses.

Evidently Judge Goldtwaite had been fond of his nip and had used this as a buffet.

On the other shelf were two japanned cashboxes.

These were evidently what Byrooter was after, for he eagerly seized one of them.

Producing a small cold chisel, he placed the box on the table and proceeded to pry open the lid, which was easily enough accomplished.

The box was stuffed with papers.

"Is him dere?" demanded Mokko. "Jear, is him dere?"

"Give a fellow time, can't you?" growled Byrooter, tumbling the papers about. "Insurance policies, deeds of property over in Brooklyn which I would like to bet the old man's lawyer knows nothing about. Eureka! I have found it, Mokko! Yes, here it is. Last will and testament of Jeremiah Goldtwaite, date only a few months before his death. Bagshaw must see this. It knocks the other will out, of course."

"Look at him, Jear, see what him say," said the giant.

"No, not now. Time enough when we get out. It makes but little difference, anyhow, the way Bagshaw has things fixed, only I wanted to find it just the same. Now for the other box. Likely it contains cash. The old man was not much of a believer in banks. It would be just like him to carry twenty or thirty thousand in cash hidden here in case of emergency."

"Say, Jear, you talk Turkey talk," put in the giant. "You talk English so quick; you talk so many queer words. I no understand."

Byrooter laid the will on the table and, replying in the foreign language, turned to get the other box.

The black giant turned with him.

To Alice it seemed a chance to secure a big scoop in the case if she had the courage to avail herself of it.

And the brave girl never hesitated.

Gliding noiselessly from behind the curtain, she seized the will and drew back, starting for the front door.

But the movement was heard.

A sharp exclamation sounded behind her, and then followed the rush.

Alice gained the door—she gained the foot of the steps—she realized her danger as she ran.

These men were the sort who stick at nothing.

They were close upon poor Alice and not a soul in sight.

Before she could go two feet away from the steps the black giant had her in his clutches.

Clapping a heavy hand over her mouth, he held her in a grip of iron as Byrooter came up.

Their talk was unintelligible.

But a few words were spoken.

At the corner stood an old-fashioned, four-wheel hack, and to this they dragged her.

In an instant she was thrust inside.

Both men followed.

The driver on the box looked the other way and made no motion to interfere.

Quick work followed.

Alice was covered with a revolver by Byrooter.

Meanwhile the giant tied a handkerchief tightly over her mouth and another over her eyes.

The only English words spoken were by Byrooter.

"You're a dead one if you resist," he said.

But in the talk in the foreign language which passed between them Alice caught the words "Albany street."

"I am booked for Little Syria," she said to herself. "I have made a bad mess of this, but just the same they don't get the will."

What had she done with it?

That will develop later.

The only satisfaction the poor girl had was the thought that she had foiled these scoundrels in their purpose.

They tied her hands behind her, and then came a brief wait.

One of them was in the hack.

Alice could hear his heavy breathing, and she heard the other when he went away and when he returned.

Instantly the hack started.

"I've got the other box, Mokko," Byrooter's voice said. "It is stuffed full of money. Big bills, just as I said."

"Talk Turkey talk. Talk Turkey talk," growled the giant.

"I'll talk English to this woman till I find out who she is and what she has done with that will," retorted Byrooter. "Don't you try to boss me." And he removed the gag.

"What did you do with that paper you stole?" he added. Speak out now. I have you covered. I'll blow your brains out if you don't tell."

"Will you, really?" retorted Alice, whose splendid courage is always aroused in such emergencies. "You better not if you want to recover the will."

"You have it with you. Give it up. I know you took it. I went back to the house and looked everywhere. I know that you did not drop it on the way."

"You know so much that it is hardly worth while for me to try to contribute to your fund of information," sneered Alice.

She realized that she was in bad hands, poor girl; she knew that only bluff could save her; she was doing the best she could.

"Give it up or I shall search you," hissed Byrooter, "and you won't like that very well."

"You can spare yourself the trouble, for I haven't got the will," replied Alice.

She made the admission in the faint hope of escaping the indignity of a search.

It availed her nothing.

The search was made.

It was as thorough as it well could be.

Alice bore it like a hero, never uttering a word.

Needless to say Byrooter did not find the will.

But he found other things.

One was Alice's revolver; the other was her watch, another still was her detective's shield.

The watch, the revolver and what money she had about her he took, but the shield he left undisturbed.

Then, as the hack rolled on came the questioning and talk.

"So you are a detective," was the first of it.

"You know it," Alice calmly replied.

"You will be one of the Bradys' people. I was warned against them. I laughed at the warning. I see now!"

"Indeed! And now you find it no laughing matter. Is that it?"

"You have not told me yet whether you belong to the Brady Bureau or not."

"When a man treats a lady as you have treated me, he can hardly expect much from her."

"Oh, cut that out. You are out for business; so am I. Tell me what you did with the will."

"I shall not."

"You got it?"

"If you saw me take it off the table, then you know, so why ask the question?"

"Well, then, I did see you take it off the table, and I do know, so there!"

"All right."

"Where did you put it?"

"Where you will find it if you go to the right place," laughed Alice, mockingly. "Say, What's-your-name," she added scornfully, "you can't make anything out of me. It isn't the least use trying, so you might just as well save your wind."

And here followed more "Turkey talk."

Once more Alice caught the words Albany street.

The prospect was a gloomy one.

If she was to be taken to some den in Little Syria, the chance of the Bradys finding her seemed very slim.

But then, Alice did not know that her partners had already discovered that the case swung around Little Syria.

Presently Byrooter attacked her again.

He threatened, pleaded, coaxed, and finally began to talk money.

"Set me free right now and then put your proposition," retorted Alice. "I am like other people. I have my price, but I'll not discuss the matter with you until I stand in the street a free woman—see?"

"That is impossible. Things have gone too far," was the reply; "but I swear to set you free later if you will tell me what you did with that paper, and I'll give you a thousand dollars besides."

"A thousand dollars!" sneered Alice. "Oh, how liberal, when Judge Goldtwaiter's estate amounts to upwards of \$25,000,000. I should be very likely to sell out for a paltry thousand. Can't you raise the ante fifty dollars or so?"

This seemed to settle it.

After that it was all Turkey talk, and Byrooter did not tackle Alice again.

After a long ride the hack came to a halt.

By sounds from the street, and by her careful following of the general direction taken by the vehicle, Alice was able to determine that they had in all probability come down into Little Syria.

She could feel the salt air blowing in from the river.

She could hear the rumble of the cars on the elevated road.

She knew that the street was a very narrow one by the sounds made by the hack as it passed along. Then there was the wretched cobblestone pavement as another clew.

"They have taken me to Albany street all right," thought Alice. "Now I wonder what is coming next."

She now tried one appeal to her captor, but with no belief that it would work:

"Beware how you make me a prisoner," she said. "There are those who will surely follow me up and find me. Then your troubles will begin."

"They will never find you where I am taking you to," was the sneering response. "You had your chance and let it slip. You get another to-morrow. I don't want you, I want Judge Goldtwaike's will. After you have stopped a day or so in the cage where I am going to put you, then you will be ready to tell me what you did with it or I miss my guess."

The giant was on the street by this time, and Byrooter, seizing Alice by the arm, told her to get out of the hack, which she did.

The giant seized her, and she was dragged across the sidewalk and hurried up two flights of stairs.

Then they passed into a room with a bare floor.

Next Alice was pushed through a narrow opening.

"Stand still," ordered Byrooter. "The stairs which you are about to descend are very steep and narrow. I am going to untie your hands so that you may help yourself down. I don't want you to fall and break your neck."

This was done and Alice descended.

At the bottom of the stairs the eye bandage was removed.

"Come," said Byrooter. "Mokko, you follow. Shoot her if she turns her head."

Alice was led through vaulted passages.

It was the same road Harry had traveled in part.

From the octagonal vault they took the passage on the right.

A heavy wooden door was opened at the end, and Alice was pushed through.

The door slammed behind her and was locked.

Alice now found herself in a small apartment fitted up as a bedchamber.

The furniture was antique and curious.

Lying in a big, four-post bed in one corner was a girl, dimly seen by the light of a lantern which hung suspended from the ceiling.

She roused up as the door slammed and put up her hands pleadingly.

"Oh, not to-night, please!" she cried. "I am really ill. I am suffering. Not to-night!"

And then Alice knew her.

It was the blind girl who had been watched by the Wolf!

CHAPTER VIII.

PRISONERS IN LITTLE SYRIA.

Young King Brady, cornered by the black giant, had to do quick thinking.

"I'm a dummy," popped into his head, and he proceeded to act upon the idea.

He pointed to his lips and then to his ears, and made the whining sound of the deaf mute, which he can imitate to perfection.

This and because he was dressed like a tramp probably saved him.

The black giant lowered his revolver and flashed the lantern at Harry, at the same time talking to himself in his own language, whatever that might have been.

Harry put up his hands pleadingly and pointed down the passage.

"Please let me go," was what he intended this to mean.

The giant gave a horrible smile, displaying his glittering white teeth.

He strode up to Harry and, catching him by the collar, dragged him back into the octagonal room.

His strength was simply enormous.

To have resisted him would have been impossible.

Here he opened one of the doors and flung Harry through with such force that he went sprawling on the floor.

The door was then locked behind him, and he found himself alone.

The room was a small one, dimly lighted by an oriental hanging lamp studded with false gems.

And this lamp matched well with its surroundings.

It was an Oriental room in every particular.

A superb rug covered the floor, in the corners were piles of cushions covered with richly-colored material banked up.

A guitar and a mandolin leaned against the wall, which was hung with some gold-spangled material wrought in stars, crescents and glazing ruins; even the ceiling was covered with the same stuff.

There was no furniture except two low Turkish stools.

A second door opened from the room concealed by portieres partly drawn.

Harry picked himself up and stared about.

A queer smell pervaded the atmosphere, but it was not the smell of opium; he could not make out just what it was.

Passing into the other room, which was about the same size, he found what appeared like a costumer's shop.

Suspended from hooks were all sorts of gay costumes, mostly of Oriental appearance.

They were for both men and women; among them was one with huge wings made of pasteboard and covered with feathers.

There was a great gilt crown studded with false gems and many other curious things.

It was difficult to imagine to what use all this truck could be put.

There was a door opening from this room also, but it was locked.

"I'm up against it now," thought Young King Brady, "but I can't believe he means to kill me, or he would have done it offhand."

He went back into the first room and waited.

About ten minutes passed before there was anything doing, and then the door opened and the black giant came in and with him the young man who had accom-

panied the Goldtwait sisters on the night of their disappearance.

But he was differently dressed now.

He wore a pair of green Turkish trousers and a little red jacket with the edges gold-embroidered.

On his head was a snow-white turban.

The giant pointed to Harry and said something in his own language to which the boy—he was certainly not over eighteen—responded.

Then the giant left the room, locking the door behind him again.

The boy took out a little memorandum book and a pencil.

Then he produced a revolver and flourished it in Young King Brady's face.

Harry put up his hands as though to protect himself.

While alone he had slipped his own revolver upon a shelf in the costume room.

He felt that he was sure to be searched, and to have his revolver found would be apt to make trouble. The only thing which would save him was to carry out the part he had assumed.

Having impressed upon Harry that he was liable to be shot if he did not behave himself, the young man wrote in the memorandum book and held it up to Harry.

"What made you come here?" it read.

But Harry shook his head.

He preferred to be just the poor, ignorant tramp.

Perhaps someone would come along who could talk English, and if talk was made before him points could be picked up.

The boy looked puzzled as he put up the book.

Then he made as though he was going to undress himself and pointed to Harry.

Harry pointed to himself and looked at the boy questioningly.

He nodded.

Harry took off his coat and vest.

The boy pointed to his shoes and then to his trousers.

Harry removed both, wondering what was coming next.

Then the boy went into the costume room, and came out, carrying a pair of yellow Turkish trousers, a green jacket and a pair of fancy Turkish slippers.

And these Harry put on.

The boy took his own clothes and carried them into the costume room.

Then he beckoned to Harry to come in, and the inner door was opened, and Young King Brady was ushered into another little room where there were two cot-beds.

The boy pointed to one and blew out a little lamp which lighted the place.

Harry heard him fling himself on the bed without undressing and pull the blankets over him.

Feeling that he was expected to do the same, he wrapped himself in blankets and lay down.

He was not so anxious to get out, now that he had seen this boy.

For here was a chance to learn the fate of the Goldtwait sisters, perhaps.

Besides that, Young King Brady had become immensely interested in these singular underground rooms.

He was determined to see the adventure through.

The boy had locked the door, and he carried the key. After about an hour Harry thought he would see what was going to happen if he got up.

He had no sooner put his feet on the floor than he heard the boy stirring, so he crawled back on the bed again and was soon asleep.

Some time in the night he was disturbed by voices outside, and again he heard the boy stir.

After listening for a minute the fellow got up, lighted the lamp and left the room, locking the door behind him.

He came back after a little and, blowing the lamp out once more, lay down and appeared to sleep.

And Harry slept, too, which he would not have done if he had known that the noise he had heard was the black giant and Mr. Pasten Byrooter bringing his beloved Alice a prisoner into this underground den.

Meanwhile Alice was in her prison with the blind girl.

Here there was a small lamp burning, and she had the advantage of Harry in being able to see what she was about.

"My dear," she said, approaching the bed, "don't you worry. I am a prisoner here like yourself. You need fear no harm from me."

"Oh!" said the girl with a sigh of relief. "You are a woman! I am so glad to have you here for my sake, but oh, dear me, I am very sorry for yours."

"Don't you worry about me," replied Alice. "I am very well able to take care of myself, Miss Nettie Goldtwait."

"You know me! You know my name!" cried the girl, sitting up in bed. "Oh, how I wish I could see you, but I cannot. I am blind."

"Yes, I know," replied Alice. "I know all about you, my dear. Where is your sister Jennie?"

"Ah, if I only knew! They took me away from her that night and brought me to this dreadful place, and I have neither seen nor heard of her since. But I know you now. You know we blind folks are very acute. I recognize your voice. You are the detective lady who spoke to us that night in the street. Am I not right?"

"You certainly are, my dear, quite right."

"Oh, if you had only come to take me away from here! But you say you are a prisoner yourself."

"I am."

"Was it through looking for me that you fell into the hands of these dreadful men?"

"No, no, not at all. But now I am going to lie down beside you, and you must tell me all about this place and what these men do to you here."

And as Alice took her place on the bed the girl replied:

"Well, they certainly haven't hurt me. I can't claim that. I have had plenty to eat since I have been here, and no one has even spoken to me but Osmur. He is the boy sister and I were with that night. He brings me my food, and tells me what to do when they make me sing and pose. But it frightens me so, and I am so tired of it and so worried about sister. I just felt that I could not do it to-night, and that is why I called out the way I did when you first came in."

"Sing and pose?" questioned Alice. "What do you mean?"

"That is what they make me do," replied Nettie. "If

you ask me why, I can't tell you. I have to put on all kinds of costumes. At first I refused, and then Osmur threatened to shoot me. There are men smoking there. The place smells just dreadfully, whatever it is they put in their pipes, but they never speak a word to me, only Osmur. It is dreadful to be alone, with no woman about. Osmur tells me we are deep underground. Do you believe it? When they brought me here I was unconscious, for they chloroformed me in the carriage. But I haven't even asked you who you are yet. I have just been talking about myself."

And Alice, as they lay there, told the poor girl all about the Goldtwaite case, and learned from her such other points about what happened on the night of her arrival in New York as she had to give.

"I wish they would take all the money and give me back Jennie again," sighed the blind girl. "Oh, Miss Montgomery, what do you suppose they can have done with her? Isn't it just dreadful! We were never separated before in all our lives. I see now what a terrible mistake we made in leaving Saylorville."

"It can't be helped," replied Alice, "and don't you worry. The Bradys are very skillful detectives. They will leave no stone unturned to find me, and then you will be rescued, too."

But Alice worried a bit herself that night, for she did not know that the attention of the Bradys had been drawn to Little Syria.

"How will they ever know where to begin looking for me?" she asked herself.

Yet she was sure that Old King Brady would find some way.

And so the night passed and morning came.

It found both Harry and Alice still prisoners.

It also found Old King Brady in bed and likely to stay there.

He had been seized in the night with an attack of lumbago.

He could not move, and had to send for a doctor.

Neither Harry nor Alice turning up, he grew alarmed, and sent for a detective whom he knew and instructed him to go to the Albany street house and see what he could make of the unfurnished room.

But later in the day this man returned with word that he had examined the room carefully for a secret panel but could find nothing of the sort.

The day closed in, and still neither Harry nor Alice returned.

Old King Brady resolved to nurse himself through the night and to take hold in the morning, lumbago or no lumbago.

He had confidence in Harry's ability to take care of himself.

As for Alice, he was not so much alarmed, for, of course, he did not know of her mishap, and thought that likely enough she was simply at Judge Goldtwaite's and had been unable to get away.

CHAPTER IX.

STILL TRYING TO MAKE ALICE TALK.

Breakfast was served to Alice and Nettie by the boy Osmur.

He did no talking whatever.

Indeed he even refused to answer Alice when she spoke to him.

After the breakfast was over he cleared up the dishes and departed.

The day dragged by, and except at noon, when Osmur brought in more food, the two prisoners neither saw nor heard anyone.

And with Harry it was much the same.

He was kept locked in Osmur's room and was well fed, but he saw no one else until afternoon.

What happened then we shall now tell.

About four o'clock, as nearly as Alice could figure it out, the door of her cell opened and the black giant appeared.

"You come with me," he said, pointing to Alice. "The other girl, she stay where she is."

The blind girl shuddered and clung to Alice.

"Oh, I hear the voice of that dreadful man who tore me away from my sister!" she moaned. "Don't take her away! Let us stay together! Oh please!"

"You shut, woman," snarled Mokko. "You shut your head!"

He seized Alice roughly, and began dragging her across the room towards the door where Osmur, armed with a revolver, stood.

"You keep your hands off of me!" flashed Alice. "Don't you dare to touch me. I'll go."

Mokko let go his hold and gave a chuckling laugh.

"You better," he said. "We shoot you if you don't."

Alice followed him, and the door was locked behind her.

But as she left the blind girl gave a scream and fell to the floor in wild hysterics.

This poor unfortunate had been tried beyond her capacity to bear.

If Alice could have looked into the room a few minutes later she would have been horrified to discover that Nettie's reason had given way under the strain.

She left behind her a girl temporarily insane!

The black giant took Alice into the room where the divans were.

Here she found two persons lying off upon the cushions.

One was Mr. Pasten Byrooter, while the other wore a white silk handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face.

As Alice had never seen the man before, she would not have recognized him even if he had not gone to that trouble.

But Old King Brady, in spite of the handkerchief, would have recognized Mr. Ben Bagshaw by his clothes and general appearance, for the lawyer this man actually was.

Byrooter was dressed in a bizaare Oriental costume.

Red silk Turkish trousers, a yellow silk vest and a green coat.

Upon his head was a Turkish fez.

But in spite of all these things which helped to make the fellow look like a Turk, Alice, now she came to see him in a better light, was satisfied that the fellow was no Turk, but a man whose face had been stained and whose black hair was a wig.

And another thing the sharp eyes of this most skillful detective caught on to.

This was a striking resemblance between Mr. Pasten Byrooter and Nettie Goldtwaite.

But these were only her thoughts.

She stood there motionless, with her hands folded, and the black giant stood facing her with a revolver in his hand.

The boy Osmur had not followed her into the room.

"And now, Miss Alice Montgomery, we have decided to have a little talk with you," said Byrooter. "If you are wise, you will accede to our wishes, for let me tell you there is going to be worse come your way than just being locked in with a blind girl, and don't you forget it."

"I hear what you say," replied Alice. "Finish up this business as quick as you can and let me get back to the blind girl, whose abduction is going to cause you a whole lot of trouble, and don't you forget it, my burglarious friend."

And Alice's tone was as sarcastic as her words would imply.

"That's all right for you," sneered Byrooter. "But just wait until I get my grip on you, my lady. Now, for instance, know that if I ordered Mokko to shoot you, all that would be necessary in order to dispose of your body would be to raise a trap-door and send you headlong down into a sewer."

"Cut it out," said Ben Bagshaw. "No use in making threats. This lady understands the situation, I am sure. She is too sensible to hold out against us. I'll do the talking now."

"I prefer to talk to a man who isn't ashamed to show his face," said Alice, coolly. "I don't mind his threats."

"I'll give her one more and then quit," put in Byrooter.

"See, Miss Montgomery," he added; "look at Mokko! He is a Lascar; know what that means?"

"I am not so ignorant, Mr. Burglar. I know what a Lascar is."

Mokko grinned and showed his teeth, as Byrooter continued:

"Listen! In a day or two Mokko leaves me. He has shipped on an English tramp steamer, and he is going home to India. On that steamer the crew are all Lascars; perhaps if you refuse to help me I shall decide to let Mokko smuggle you aboard at night. They may hide you in the hold, and when the steamer gets in midocean drop you overboard. Eh, Mokko? Can that be arranged?"

"Sure yes," grinned the giant.

Alice made no reply to this terrible threat for the instant, and then she said with all possible calmness:

"If that's your plan better tell Mokko to put up his revolver. Three men against one lone woman is pretty cowardly business, my friend, and your last threat is worse than death by shooting."

"Enough," said Bagshaw. "I oppose so much talk. Miss Montgomery, answer my questions. You acknowledge your identity, I suppose?"

"I certainly shall not attempt to deny it. You appear to know who I am."

"You are Alice Montgomery, of the Brady Detective Bureau."

"Yes."

"Why did you go to Judge Goldtwaite's house?"

"Business."

"I will tell you why you went. Judge Black has retained your firm to look up the blind girl and her sister."

"You are well informed, sir. I should doubt being able to supply you with any information."

"Don't waste your sarcasm on me, woman. What did you do with that will?"

"That will! This man assumes I stole a will which he himself had just stolen. I neither admit nor deny it. I have no will, and that is all there is to it."

"Tell what you did with it—once!"

"Not I."

"Tell what you did with it—twice!"

"Never."

"Tell what you did with it—three times, or——"

"Let it be or!" cried Alice, whose stubbornness is only equaled by her courage under such circumstances.

"Shoot her, Mokko!" cried Bagshaw.

Instantly the black giant fired.

Alice really thought her end had come.

But the shot flew over her head, if there was really anything but a blank cartridge fired, and yet this brave girl never turned a hair.

"You've got true grit, all right," said Bagshaw, admiringly. "We'll ring off on this for a few minutes. Suppose we go on the other tack?"

"All right," said Byrooter. "Say," he added in a half whisper, "let's put her through one of our seances—it would be great."

"I don't mind," replied Bagshaw. "I am growing tired of the blind girl."

Byrooter said something to Mokko in Turkish, or Syrian, or whatever the language was they spoke.

The giant put up his revolver and passed into the costume room.

In a few minutes he came out again, pushing Harry before him.

And here was a real test for both detectives.

Ben Bagshaw's keen eyes were watching them.

Harry's heart sank when he saw that Alice was evidently a prisoner in the hands of these people.

Yet his face never changed.

As for Alice, she stared at him curiously, but betrayed her recognition by no sign.

"Know that young man?" demanded Bagshaw, after a minute.

Evidently he thought if he gave them time they might give themselves away.

"Never saw him in my life before," replied Alice coolly.

"Upon my word, I believe you," said Bagshaw, "although I had an idea that he might be one of the Brady detectives."

"You are miles away from the mark. But why don't you ask him who he is? Why don't he speak for himself?"

"He claims to be deaf and dumb."

"He looks stupid enough to be that. What about him? Why do you dress him up like a monkey?"

"Have a care or I'll dress you like a monkey!" flashed Byrooter. "That remark was really meant for me."

"If the cap fits, put it on," laughed Alice. "You do look about as monkey-like as he."

"Enough of this nonsense," broke in Bagshaw. "I understand, Miss Montgomery, that you are a highly accomplished linguist. Do you happen to include the deaf and dumb language in your repertoire?"

"Sure," said Alice. "Want me to talk to him?"

"Yes, try it. Find out who he is and how he happened to come here."

"Certainly. Any little favor like that I am perfectly willing to grant. Just order Mokko not to shoot me again until I am through, will you?"

"You are safe from Mokko," laughed Bagshaw. "Go on."

Well satisfied that neither of these men understood the finger talk, Alice began.

"What in the world brought you here?" she asked.

"Business," replied Harry. "I butted in down here and was unlucky enough to be caught by that black giant."

"When?"

"Last night. But how came you here? This has broken me all up."

"Business, too. I was caught by the giant at Goldtwaite's. He and that disguised man stole a will, but I got it away and hid it. Now they are trying to make me tell where."

"You are in the greatest danger."

"You don't have to tell me that. Does Mr. B. know where you went?"

"Sure. I can't understand why he has not been after me."

"That blind girl is here."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes."

"And the other sister?"

"She does not know where the other one is."

Alice had gone as far now as she thought safe.

Turning to Bagshaw, she began to throw her bluff.

"He says his name is Pat Ryan," she said. "He says that he is deaf and dumb and that he wandered in here because he happened to find the way open. I think he is a young sneakthief, if you want my opinion."

"I think you are right," replied Bagshaw, "but it seemed to take you a good while to get that little out of him."

"He would not answer at first. He wants to know when you are going to let him go."

"Well, he won't get that information at present. Ask him if he can play on any musical instrument."

"A deaf man? That's absurd."

"Ask him?"

Alice with her fingers said:

"What do they mean by their seances?"

"Don't know," replied Harry.

"He says he can't play anything," said Alice.

"Cut it out," remarked Byrooter. "Of course he can't if he is deaf and dumb, and there seems to be no doubt of that."

"How about yourself?" demanded Bagshaw.

"What about myself," retorted Alice.

"Playing, singing, dancing?"

"I can play the guitar."

"So?"

"I can warble a little."

"Without your notes?"

"Yes."

"Good! We are about to give you a chance to try, Miss Montgomery. Listen. You know the boy Osmur?"

"Certainly. The dog knows the hand that feeds him; but incidentally let me say I don't admire your cooking here."

Just then the door was opened slightly.

Mokko with an enraged cry called out something in "the language."

It was Osmur.

He was greatly excited.

"Shut up, Mokko. What is it, Osmur?" said Byrooter. "Speak English."

"The blind girl!" cried Osmur.

"What about the blind girl?"

"She's gone dippy! She's knocking her head against the wall and hollering to beat the band. You ought to let the other lady go in and see if she can't quiet her down, I think."

"I'll have a look at her myself first," replied Byrooter, and he arose and left the room.

CHAPTER X.

OLD KING BRADY EXPOSES SOME OF THE SECRETS OF LITTLE SYRIA.

Old King Brady awoke next morning to find that his lumbago had yielded to his own treatment.

Instead of sending for the doctor, as he was afraid he should have to do, he got up and dressed and reported himself ready for business.

He had made up his mind just what course to pursue.

The Little Syria mystery must be brought to a head. But first he intended to know definitely what had become of Alice.

He went to her rooms right after breakfast.

Here he got the report that Alice had not been in for two days.

Taking a cab then, the old detective was driven to Judge Goldtwaite's.

His ring was answered by a man.

"Are you the butler here?" demanded Old King Brady.

"No, I am the caretaker," was the reply. "The servants have all gone. What is it you want?"

Old King Brady showed his shield and gave his name.

"My partner, a lady, is supposed to have been here night before last," he explained. "Since then she has been missing. I called to look her up."

"Mrs. Gifford, the housekeeper, might be able to tell you more than I can," replied the man. "She has been living here alone ever since Judge Goldtwaite's death. That night she took in a young lady from Mrs. Rowley's intelligence office, I disremember the name, but she disappeared during the night, and in the morning Mrs. Gifford found that there had been burglars in the house."

She thinks the young woman was in with them. She was so scared that she threw up her job. Mr. Bonner, the Judge's lawyer, then sent me here to look after things."

"The young woman was a detective and my partner," said Old King Brady. "It looks as if the burglars might have carried her off. What did they take?"

"Why, that's the strange part of it," replied the man. "They didn't take anything, but just tore things to pieces in the library. You can come in and see for yourself."

And Old King Brady followed the caretaker to the library.

"Ha! A secret compartment," he said. "Was nothing found in it except these bottles and glasses?"

"Mr. Bonner told me that they left a box of papers behind them," said the man, "but they were gone when I got there."

"Looking for another will," thought Old King Brady. "This is a putup job of Bagshaw's, surest thing."

But Alice!

Thoroughly alarmed for her safety, Old King Brady left the house.

He drove directly to police headquarters.

Here he obtained three well-known police detectives and an order on the station captain in whose precinct Little Syria is for policemen.

Half an hour later four policemen took their stand in front of the Albany street house, and Old King Brady and his detectives filed up the stairs.

His intention now was to arrest Byrooter on sight.

But when they broke into the young man's room they found no one.

Everything was in order, but the bed had not been slept in.

Inquiry of the Syrian family across the hall brought the intelligence that Byrooter had not been seen since the day before.

The detectives now tackled the unoccupied room.

Old King Brady found no difficulty in opening the secret panel in the closet.

"This is our road, gentlemen," he said. "Now follow me."

They descended to the secret rooms.

Here all doors stood on the latch.

There was not a sound to be heard.

The detectives drew their revolvers and pushed about, coming in a moment to the room with the cushions.

A peculiar smell pervaded the place, and one of the men remarked that it smelled like a hop joint.

"It is not opium," replied Old King Brady. "Somebody has been smoking hasheesh here."

It was then that he threw open the door.

Stretched upon the cushions were two men.

One was Byrooter, the other Mr. Ben Bagshaw, with his face no longer concealed.

Upon the little Turkish stools beside each lay a peculiar-shaped pipe.

"Here's your dope joint all right, Mr. Brady," said the detective who had spoken. "Great Scott, those fellows look almost as if they were dead."

"They look as they are, unless I greatly mistake," replied Old King Brady, bending down over Bagshaw.

He placed his hand upon the lawyer's forehead.

"Dead and cold," he said, "and it is the same with the other."

And it was so!

What had happened to this precious pair?

Not then was the truth to be revealed.

Old King Brady pushed on through the rooms.

In the costume room he found things tumbled about.

Harry's prison behind was vacant.

So was the room in which the blind girl and Alice had been confined.

There was one other room, which appeared to have been used as a kitchen, but there was no one in it.

But upon the table stood a small bottle labeled "Cyanide of Potassium."

"Those men have probably been poisoned by this stuff," Old King Brady said.

Of course there was a lot of talk.

But talk would not serve the old detective's purpose now.

"I know both those men," he said. "One is the person I told you of who called himself Byrooter, the other is a lawyer named Bagshaw. I'm going to make a search of the bodies, and you keep still about anything I take away or the coroner will be kicking up a fuss."

They returned to the death-chamber.

Here Old King Brady got busy.

He took possession of several letters found in Bagshaw's pockets.

Upon Byrooter there was nothing of interest to him. But he turned up the dead man's sleeves and bared his back.

The skin was perfectly white.

"No Syrian," said Old King Brady. "He stained his face to make himself look like one. He was a man disguised."

Leaving the detectives to report the case and take charge, Old King Brady hurried around to Morris street and, entering Mr. Dominick Roche's office, told that gentleman of his discoveries in the Albany street house.

"I never supposed there was anything of the kind under that house," said Mr. Roche, "but it is not so surprising. When we pulled down No. — Greenwich street twenty-odd years ago we found three such underground rooms. In one were four skeletons, all of women. Goodness knows how long they had been hidden there; but I must look into this matter at once."

"If you will wait a minute till I read these letters I will go with you," said Old King Brady. "I found them in Bagshaw's pocket, and they may have something to do with the case."

They had much to do with it, but they were not all letters.

One was a sort of contract, and read as follows:

"New York, —, —.

"I hereby declare that I, Jeremiah Goldtwait, otherwise known as Pasten Byrooter, am the only child of the late Judge Jeremiah Goldtwait, of the city of New York.

"I hereby agree to transfer to Mr. Benj. Bagshaw one-half of my late father's estate, or of such portion of the

same as he may recover for me in return for services rendered and value received.

"Jeremiah Goldtwaite."

"Humph! A club to shake over his head in case he got rusty," thought Old King Brady. "They were to put him forward as his cousin, Leslie Goldtwaite, but the plot never would have worked out to a finish if the Judge's executor had been half sharp."

But, as he well knew, old Mr. Bonner, the Judge's lawyer, who was also his sole executor, was not even half sharp, but just an honest old fossil who might easily have been deceived.

Pocketing this important paper, Old King Brady opened the next, a letter, which read as follows:

"Haslam Heights, N. J., Jan. —.

"Mr. B. Bagshaw, New York City:

"Dear Sir—I hereby notify you of the safe arrival of J. G. We have had more or less trouble with her, and for the first two days she was very violent. I have been looking for the check you promised to send. Understand, my dear sir, I have been at great personal risk in this business, and am still in the same situation. Don't delay.

"Yours truly,

"J. Duffett, M. D."

This letter was written upon paper bearing the printed heading:

"Haslam Heights Sanitarium,
"Haslam Heights, N. J."

It told the story plainly enough.

"The wretch has locked the Goldtwaite girls in a private madhouse," thought Old King Brady. "Bold business this!"

The three remaining letters bore no relation to the Goldtwaite case.

Old King Brady now returned to Albany street with Mr. Roche, and once more the secret rooms were examined.

They afforded no trace of Harry or Alice.

Of course Old King Brady had no means of knowing that the blind girl had ever been in the place.

Leaving Mr. Roche to handle the coroner, the old detective hurried away and telephoned to the office in the hope that Harry or Alice might have reported, but they had not.

He then called up the chief of police and requested that Isaac Bagshaw, Ben's partner, might immediately be arrested and held on the charge of conspiracy, promising to call and give particulars later.

This done, Old King Brady boarded an Erie train and started for Haslam Heights.

His first idea was to arrest Dr. Duffett, but as he thought matters over on the way out, he concluded that pure bluff would serve his purpose best, for, after all, what he wanted was simply to rescue the Goldtwaite girls.

Then perhaps Harry and Alice had also been sent to this sanitarium, he thought, although this seemed improbable enough.

Reaching the little Jersey town, the old detective found that the sanitarium was located on top of a range of hills,

three miles out, so he hired a surrey and driver and was taken to the place.

It proved to be quite a large building surrounded by extensive grounds, with no other house near.

Before Old King Brady could alight a man came out on the piazza and stood waiting.

"What is it you wanted?" he asked in no very pleasant tone.

"To see Dr. Duffett. Is he in?"

"What did you want to see him about?"

"About placing my wife in his charge."

"Yes, yes. Walk right into the office," replied the man, changing front at once. "I'll send Dr. Duffett to you right away."

The office was attractively fitted up, and from the number of attendants moving about the halls it was evident that Dr. Duffett did an extensive business.

In a moment he entered the office, a large, well-fed, red-faced fellow who looked as if he would stick at nothing to gain his ends.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said. "You sent up no card. What is your name, please? I am Dr. Duffett."

"And I, Doctor, am Old King Brady, the detective," was the reply. "I am here to inform you that Mr. Ben Bagshaw is dead and that I know all. I am after the Goldtwaite sisters. You will deliver them up to me at once or consider yourself under arrest."

CHAPTER XI.

ALICE LOST AGAIN. HARRY ESCAPES WITH THE BLIND GIRL.

And now to explain the ending up of the business in the underground den and to see what became of the prisoners.

Byrooter was gone some little time when he went out to see the blind girl in answer to Osmur's announcement.

Osmur went with him, and they had no sooner departed than the lawyer gruffly ordered the black giant to put Harry back in his room and then to get out.

And that was the time Alice and Harry had their first inkling that all was not harmony in this mysterious den.

The look which came over Mokko's face was positively fiendish.

Both detectives saw it, but Ben Bagshaw, who had evidently been imbibing to some extent, did not notice anything.

But Mokko obeyed, and Young King Brady was dragged back to his prison and locked in.

If poor Harry had been troubled before, he was doubly so now.

Not only was Alice on his mind, but there was also the blind girl.

What to do he did not know, and he flung himself on the bed in despair.

"She must be forced to quit this dangerous business," —meaning Alice—he said to himself. "She must marry me and give it up. She has escaped serious trouble again

and again, but there will come a time when she won't escape, that is one thing sure."

Meanwhile Alice found herself with her hands full.

No sooner was she alone with Ben Bagshaw than the rascally lawyer began making love to her, just as she expected.

But Alice is an expert at handling men under such circumstances.

Bagshaw got his face slapped, and heard a few things which were far from complimentary.

But the sum of it all was this:

Why could not Alice join hands with him and quit the detective business?

He had the biggest thing ever on foot.

In a few months at the latest he would be worth millions, and he wanted a smart girl like her to help him spend them. If she would only marry him, well, then he would show her what life was, etcetera, etcetera.

And while this sort of talk was going on Alice saw the door slightly opened, and Mokko's black, evil face peered in for a single second.

Such another look of fiendish hate she had never seen on the face of mortal man.

But Bagshaw's back was turned, and he saw nothing of this.

So deeply impressed was Alice with the man's danger at the hands of the giant that she would have cautioned him if she had been left alone with the fellow a few minutes longer, but she was not, for just then Byrooter returned.

But what was singular was the fact that Alice never once thought that there might be danger for herself at the hands of this black giant, whose strength was so enormous that if he once started to run amuck after the manner of the Malays nobody could have stood up against him.

"Well, and what's the word?" demanded Bagshaw.

"The girl has run mad all right," replied Byrooter. "I have just given her a dose of morphine. She will sleep now for awhile, and like enough awake in her right senses. Only thing for the present is to let her alone.

"But come, Ben," he added, "if we are going to have our seance, we may as well get at it. I don't suppose you want to stay here all night."

"Can't," replied Bagshaw. "I have important business to attend to to-night."

Little did the villain dream that he was destined never to leave the place alive.

Byrooter pulled a bellcord.

In a moment Osmur appeared.

"Pipes, hasheesh, Osmur," he said. "Then help this girl to dress."

Osmur backed to the door, where he paused.

"Well, and what now?" demanded Byrooter. "Why don't you go?"

"Mokko wants to know if he will be wanted to-night," was the answer.

"No; tell him he can get out."

"Boss, he's awful mad about something."

"Hello! Well, he's always getting on his ear. I'll talk to him later. I've no time now."

And this message probably sealed the fate of this mad adventurer, as will be seen.

Osmur departed.

As the two men now lay sprawling on the cushions, Alice thought it was about time to speak.

"What part am I expected to play in this hasheesh debauch?" she asked.

"Oh," said Bagshaw, "you want to know, do you? Well, it isn't much, Miss Montgomery. Do you know what effect hasheesh smoking has on a man?"

"I know what I have heard."

"Let me explain. The smoker, after his first pipe, goes in a fool's paradise. Every sound, every sensation is enormously intensified. You play the guitar, for instance, while we lie dreaming. We hear a hundred guitars. You sing, we hear a vast chorus of seraphic voices if you sing well, or the other way if you don't. You dance in costume, and we see hundreds of beautiful women dancing before us, and so it goes."

"And do you never get the other end of it?" demanded Alice. "Instead of paradise, do you never get a look into purgatory during these debauches?"

"Well, we do; but we won't talk of that now, or we may get it to-night. Don't fret, Miss Montgomery. No harm will come to you to-night. All we ask is that you afford us a little entertainment and make the dummy help out as best he can. If the fellow proves good for anything, we may hold him here for awhile."

"And my fate if I prove good for anything?"

The entrance of Osmur with a gilded box and two pipes of peculiar shape prevented the necessity of replying to this question.

And now the "seance," as these debauchers chose to term it, began.

The drug, in the form of a paste, was placed in the pipes and smoked much as opium is.

The odor was particularly disagreeable to Alice.

Once they began smoking the pair never uttered a word.

As soon as they had finished their pipes they lay back on the cushions and appeared to doze.

Osmur, who stood watching, signed for Alice to follow him into the costume room.

Here he showed her a white robe and told her to put it on.

He then retired to the other room.

Alice got into the robe.

In a moment Osmur came in and, taking the wings, proceeded to fasten them to Alice's back by an ingenious device.

He then gave her the jeweled crown and told her to put it on.

Alice now looked like the typical angel to a certain extent.

"Do I go in and play now?" she asked.

"Not until he calls," replied Osmur. "There is no telling how long we may have to wait."

"And this is what the blind girl had to do?"

"Yes, only I had to dress her."

"Don't you take the dumb man in?"

"Not until I get orders."

The call for Alice came in about twenty minutes.

Byrooter gave the word in the foreign language.

Alice was then led out.

Osmur handed her the guitar and told her to play and sing anything she happened to know so long as it was not comic.

And as Alice is a beautiful singer and can play the guitar to perfection, the chances are these two hasheesh fiends got what they wanted.

But they showed it by no sign.

They simply lay there with half closed eyes, apparently dozing; they did not even speak to each other, but occasionally Byrooter would speak to Osmur.

After the first song Harry was brought out and made to pose with Alice in several different fancy costumes.

Alice sung four times, and then she and Harry danced, which, as they had often done this particular Spanish fancy dance before, it is not surprising that they did it well.

Soon after this both smokers seemed to fall into a profound sleep.

By this time the room was filled with the fumes of burning hasheesh.

All felt it.

Alice found the smokers immensely magnified and also the height of the room, which looked like some vast hall.

Harry confessed afterward to seeing a dozen Bagshaws and as many Byrooters.

He even saw himself and Alice multiplied, and the place was filled with heavenly music—and this when Alice was neither singing nor playing.

The fact is, Harry was hard hit.

Again and again he came near shouting and thus giving himself away.

Perhaps it was the repression he put upon himself which did it, but be the cause what it might, hasheesh was directly responsible for it. He suddenly collapsed and fell helpless to the floor.

And yet he knew what was going on about him in part.

First it was Alice and Osmur bending over him. Then they faded away, and on the instant it seemed—but Harry knew afterward that he must have slept for a considerable time—the black giant came stealing into the room.

He was now differently dressed and looked like a sailor.

In his hand he held a cup and a pair of tweezers. His face wore a fiendish expression, and he crept towards the sleepers like a cat ready for a spring.

Harry saw him take something which looked like sugar out of the cup with the tweezers and put it into Byrooter's mouth.

Then he did the same with Bagshaw.

Turning then on Harry, he gave him a kick which failed to arouse him, although in his semi-conscious condition Young King Brady saw all.

The giant then set down the cup, took a small box out of his pocket, and from it drew a black pill which he forced down Harry's throat.

And though he knew his danger, and thought then that this meant death, Young King Brady was still unable to make a move.

Harry knew nothing for many hours, and when consciousness did return it came complete.

He awoke safe and sane and sprang to his feet.

Where was Alice? What had been happening while he lay there? How long had he actually been lying there?"

These and many other questions flashed across his mind. Then he turned to Byrooter and Ben Bagshaw.

One glance, the briefest kind of an examination, and he knew the truth.

The men were dead and cold!

He had seen the black giant poison them as they lay there deep in the drugged sleep.

Harry opened the door.

He pushed about and came into the kitchen, where he found the boy Osmur asleep on the floor.

Shaking him up, the boy was aroused without much difficulty.

As soon as he saw Harry he cried out:

"Oh! Oh! Oh say! Didn't Mokko kill you? I thought he did. I thought he had done for me. But I forget you can't hear."

"Listen, Osmur," said Harry, "I can both hear and speak. Do you know that Mokko has poisoned Byrooter and Bagshaw?"

"What! No!"

"Yes. Speak up! Where is that lady?"

"The blind one or the other?"

"The other."

"Mokko took her away. He told me that he was going to take her to Syria. He's a fiend! I knew it would come to this some day. I told the boss so, but he would not listen."

"Osmur, I am not what you think. I am a detective. We must get out of here at once. Stand by me and I'll pay you well."

They hurried to the hasheesh room.

Osmur's grief over his master's death was pitiful. But Harry checked him as soon as he could.

Osmur now produced Young King Brady's clothes at his request.

"See if the blind girl is still here while I dress," said Harry. "We must get out of here quick."

In a moment Osmur was back again.

"She is here," he said. "She is all right, but she was crazy last night. I suppose it was the smell of the Chang."

This is the Hindoo name for hasheesh.

Realizing how it had affected him, Harry was not surprised that that delicate girl should have been made temporarily insane by it when he came to see her.

And with Osmur and Nettie Goldtwaiete Young King Brady now left the place, after one of the most remarkable experiences he had ever passed through.

They reached the street in safety, seeing no one.

It was then a little before ten o'clock in the morning.

Harry got up on Broadway, called a cab and started for Washington Square, for it was necessary first of all to see the blind girl safe.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

Dr. Duffett stood like a man dumfounded.

Then his usually red face grew redder still with rage.

For the moment the old detective thought the man was going to have a fit of apoplexy.

And this was the time Old King Brady's peculiar costume came right in play.

For Dr. Duffett knew him, and Old King Brady knew that he knew him.

"Listen, Dr. Duffett; and if you are a sensible man you will heed what I say. I have your correspondence with Bagshaw. This whole business is going to drop into the hands of the police if you hold out against me and you drop with it. On the other hand, if you answer my questions frankly and deliver up your prisoners, I shall not expose your part in this crooked business. Not but what you deserve it, but as a matter of time saving. Help me out now and you are forgotten so far as I am concerned. Refuse and within an hour your place shall be pulled and your business exposed in the papers. You will be arrested on sight, and I fancy what's left of your business won't amount to much after I get through."

"Will you return my letters to Bagshaw?"

"Later, yes."

"How did he die?"

"He was found dead in an underground hasheesh joint in Little Syria."

"I yield. You hold too many cards for me."

"Wise man. You have the Goldtwaite sisters prisoners here?"

"I have one of them."

"The blind one."

"I know nothing of any other than the one I have. This woman is not blind. I was asked to hold her for a time, and she is here now."

"Has Bagshaw sent others to you, my two partners—a man and a woman?"

"He has sent no one else. You can go all over the place if you don't believe me."

"I'll take your word for it, for I see that you are a man of sense. When can I have Miss Goldtwaite?"

"Right now. I see you have a carriage outside. Take her away just as quick as you can."

He rang a bell and directed an attendant who answered to bring No. 87 to the office ready to depart.

And it was Jennie Goldtwaite who came, and with Old King Brady she departed.

On the way back to New York the girl told the old detective what little she had to tell.

All she knew was that she had been chloroformed in the cab, and when she came to herself she was in a private madhouse, where all inquiry as to her sister's fate was treated as one of her insane fancies.

"I wish I could restore your sister to you," said Old King Brady, after he had explained to Jennie the position in which she really stood, "but I know nothing of her fate. But don't despair; seeing that you were not killed, I can hardly believe that your cousin would kill her. If we can find her, and I am sure we shall, you two can soon forget your troubles, for you will quickly be put into possession of many millions."

But Jennie, womanlike, burst into tears, saying:

"Only restore Nettie to me and let them keep the money—I don't care."

But the girl's grief was soon changed to joy.

For Old King Brady took Jennie to the old house on Washington Square, and there they found the blind sister in the care of an elderly woman, who sometimes helps the Bradys out in such emergencies.

The meeting was most pathetic.

The old detective had to wait some time before he could draw Nettie's story from her.

And then he learned that Harry was safe and Alice missing, as well as some details of the remarkable doings in the hasheesh den in Little Syria.

But Old King Brady did not press the afflicted girl then.

He hurried to his office, reaching it at a little after three.

Ten minutes later Harry came in.

Together again at last, the Bradys had their usual comparison of notes.

"The situation is most grave," said Old King Brady, when Harry had finished his story. "What have you done about Alice? You say it was ten o'clock when you got out of there. You have had hours to work in, and of course I know how hard you must have worked."

"I searched Little Syria from one end to the other with two ward detectives who knew all the ins and outs of the quarter. Besides that, I have put the boy Osmur Baruc on the track of the black giant, and I believe he will not play me false, for he appears to have loved this fellow Byrooter—Goldtwaite you say he is. I saw Mr. Roche and heard of your raid. I thought I would run up here, hoping that I might meet you; if I had not done so, I was intending to go right back again."

"And where is this boy to report?"

"Here if he can't find me in Little Syria. He is bright and intelligent, and I am sure will do his best."

They were still talking when a clerk announced that a boy wished to speak with Harry.

It proved to be Osmur Baruc.

"Well?" demanded Harry, when he came into the private office.

"I have found him," replied Osmur. "I worked for hours, but I have found him at last."

"Where?"

"No. — Carlisle street, in a sailors' boarding-house."

"And Miss Montgomery?"

"I didn't see her, but I heard from a Syrian boy that Mokko brought a woman in there last night who was unconscious, and that he has her now a prisoner in a room on the top floor. You want to be quick. He has shipped on the steamer Rangoon. He will take Miss Montgomery on board to-night, sure thing. The crew are all Lascars like himself."

No need to tell the Bradys to be quick!

They flew downtown as fast as the Subway express could take them.

"Don't take me down there," pleaded Osmur. "I shall get into trouble sure."

"Where will you go?"

"I don't know; now the boss is dead, I don't know where to go or what to do."

"You are a Turk?"

"An Egyptian. I met him in Cairo."

"How long has he been in New York?"

"It is almost a year now. He lived in Little Syria all the time."

"Will you stand by us and help us to get Mokko punished for his crime?"

"Indeed I will."

"Trust him," said Old King Brady. "Leave him at Roche's office. We can pick him up there when we are through."

And it was so arranged.

Osmur took the detectives around on Carlisle street and there pointed out the sailors' boarding-house.

It was a desperately bad place, as Old King Brady well knew.

"We pull out for the minute," he said. "We must have help here. I once took a sailor out of that house, and another, who was wanted at the time, gave us the slip by climbing on to the roof of that higher building next door; there is a ladder leading up to it. We want to cover that means of retreat."

Harry realized the wisdom of this, although in his anxiety he would have butted right in.

But it seemed best to be on the safe side, so the Bradys took Osmur Baruc around to Mr. Roche's office and, leaving him there, went to the station and procured the services of four policemen and one plain-clothesman.

This person was one of the men who had been with Young King Brady earlier in the day—Mullins by name.

"Why, it isn't use. We went all over that house before," he said. "The boy is lying most likely."

"We did not go on the roof," replied Harry, "and that is what we should have done."

And so they started back for Carlisle street.

Waiting until Mullins and his policeman had a chance to place themselves, the Bradys and their policeman butted into the sailors' boarding-house on the ground floor.

The place was kept by a dark-skinned individual, who might have been a Syrian or any old thing for all the Bradys knew or cared.

Seated about the stove and hanging over the bar were a dozen or more black-skinned sailors.

Of course the whole place was up in arms in an instant.

"We want the white woman who was brought in here a prisoner last night," thundered Old King Brady. "Where is she? Speak!"

"No white woman here," protested the boarding-house keeper. "I tell dat feller same ting once before to-day. He no believe me. Do I have to go and ketch a white womans to satisfy you?"

This man's kind always resort to a policy of silence.

"Hold that man, officer," said Old King Brady to one of the policemen. "We will search this house."

They began with the cellar and continued their search to the roof.

But it was unavailing.

No trace of Alice could they discover, and every one whom they questioned in the house professed entire ignorance of any such person as Mokko, the black giant.

Harry was in despair when they came down off the roof.

"There is a window in the next house which opens on to

that roof. Alice may have been carried up this way and through that window. It's the next house for ours, Harry, and that is the way we will go."

And if Old King Brady could have been on the roof at that moment he would have known how closely he had hit the mark.

For at that very instant Mokko was in the act of lifting Alice, gagged and bound, out of said window.

He heard the excitement on the roof and saw the Bradys.

He was taking this opportunity to secure his prisoner.

Laying her down on the roof, Mokko, who was dressed like a sailor, stopped to look over his ground.

And at that instant the Bradys started for the roof again.

Seeing the scuttle-top raised, and catching sight of Old King Brady's hat, the black giant started up a short ladder which connected with the roof above.

But it was only to find himself confronted by a man, with a revolver.

It was Mullins, and his policeman was right behind him.

So were the Bradys' men, and Mokko was cornered.

The detectives made short work of him.

Alice was instantly freed.

She was quite unharmed.

She told Harry that she had been taken out of the underground den unconscious, and had remained in that condition most of the time.

But her fate would have been sealed if rescue had not promptly come, for Mokko had told her that she was to be taken aboard the Rangoon that night.

The black giant was rounded up at the station, and later on he rounded up in the electric chair, convicted of a double poisoning by the testimony of Harry, and later proved guilty by his own confession.

Bagshaw's cousin protested ignorance of the whole affair and finally went free.

Papers found in Byrooter's room fully proved him to be Judge Goldtwaiter's son.

The Goldtwaiter girls came in for all their uncle's vast estate under the will captured and hidden by Alice.

Senator Black took charge of their affairs, and rewarded the detectives most liberally for their work.

Osmur Baruc went back to Egypt, and, as we have said, the old house on Albany street was soon after pulled down.

And with its destruction ends our story of "The Bradys and the Black Giant."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND LITTLE CHIN CHIN; or, EXPOSING AN OPIUM GANG," which will be the next number (471) 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, JANUARY 24, 1908.

Terms to Subscribers.

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	.05 "
One Copy Six Months.....	\$.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.

There once lived a youth who was possessed of an overweening ambition to write one of the six best-selling books of the year. His proud parent was equally ambitious for the literary success of his son. "Listen, my boy," he said. "To become a really great writer, one must learn to establish a standard of comparisons. If you remain in Squedunk, this can never be done. I wish you to look upon life in all of its phases. Therefore, take this letter of credit"—the old gentleman was well endowed with worldly goods—"and travel in foreign lands for as long a period as you find it necessary, returning home to make a thorough tour of your own country before settling down to write your book." With tears of gratitude in his eyes, the youth accepted his father's generous offer. At the end of the first year abroad he wrote, "I feel as though I had only begun to see life." At the end of the second, "I have seen a great deal of life, but there still remains much for me to do in that line." At the end of the third, "The panorama of life continues to unroll itself before my dazzled eyes." It was at the beginning of the fourth year that he received a letter from his indulgent parent, which read, "Gather up your belongings and take the next steamer for Squedunk. Old Farmer Green's son Jabez, who has been working on the place since you left, has written one of the year's best six sellers." Moral: Too many broths spoil the cook.

Very few historic periods that are so near are so little understood as the Reign of Terror—probably because it has commonly been represented in so partisan a manner. Horrible as it was, it was less horrible than is commonly thought. It did not last nearly as long, nor were so many people killed, as most people believe. The Terror proper began with the execution of Marie Antoinette, (Oct. 16, 1793,) and ended with the beheading of Robespierre, (July 28, 1794,) who was really the head and front of its barbarous offending. It continued nine months and twelve days, though the popular opinion was that it extended through several years. The number of its victims has been greatly exaggerated, having been reported as high as 10,000, 12,000, and even 20,000. The number has never been, and never can be, exactly ascertained; but it was between 3,900 and 3,600, so far as can be computed—being probably nearer the former than the latter figures. Frenchmen are still quarreling over the cause, characteristics and results of their great revolution, each judging of it by his bias of temperament and political opinion. Some esteem it to have been a dreadful slaughter without any compensation; others pronounce it to be one of the most inspiring events of history. Robespierre has been generally portrayed as a monster of cruelty, but he was amiable in private, absolutely incorruptible, rather callous than actively cruel, and acquiesced reluctantly in the atrocities for which he had been held responsible. Another century must be far advanced be-

fore reasoning mankind can hold any harmonious view of the French Revolution.

A registered letter is a mighty effective bait. The Seventy-eighth street woman nibbled at it at the first throw. "Of course it is for me," she said. "That is my name, and that was my address before I moved here." "Yes, that part of it is all right," the postman admitted, "but this says 'Esq.' You are not Esquire." "No," sighed the woman, "but I am sure—" "Of course you are sure," he put in, "but I can't leave the letter. This is a registered letter, and we have to be very careful of registered mail. The best I can do is to give you the name and address of the writer; then you can make inquiry and ask to have the letter directed properly." The woman eyed the valuable-looking missive yearningly, but since the compromise offered was the best obtainable she accepted it. The situation was puzzling. The name of her benefactor was totally unknown. Fortunately, he was situated in a downtown office building, so immediately after luncheon she attempted to elucidate the mystery of the registered letter. Once inside the office she recognized her correspondent as the manager of a concern to which she had owed \$2 for typewriting supplies for the last six months. She mentioned the letter. The man produced a bill. "It was a copy of this," he said. "You had moved—we couldn't find you—mere oversight on your part, of course—still, in order to keep accounts square—you understand—" The woman was so mad she wasn't sure whether she understood or not, but she paid the bill. When she had gone the manager treated himself to a fresh cigar.

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

She—Do you think women as a rule are fickle-minded? He—Not necessarily. I have noticed that when a woman reaches a certain age she sticks to it.

Tommy—Ma, Willie Jones sez he saw— Mother—Hush, Tommy, you interrupted me while I was speaking. Tommy—Well, ma, you jest intrupted me, so we're even.

"John's done right well up in the city, after all." "Do tell." "Yes; I've jes' hearn that he's recovered from one appendicitis, two ortermobiles, one heart failure an' three business ones."

"What did old Gruff say when you told him you would like him to find you an opening in his office?" "He showed me the door."

Mrs. Highbridge—Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnham—Much more. I find my husband does not eat half so much as when we had a cook.

"This is a queer world," sighed Mr. Splurgit. "While I was wondering where I was going to get the money to pay the rent this month, I happened in the kitchen and heard the washerwoman say she'd just paid down \$1,000 on a new house."

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this package?" "Not very," replied the still belligerent wife, indifferently. "Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world." "Ah! I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."

An old lady met a neighbor in the street one day, and was telling her about a recent bereavement. "Yes," she said, "our Bill died last week. That's five out of seven gone, and now there's only me and old Joe left." Then she added, pathetically: "Only two left. I suppose I shall be the next to go." "Ah," said the neighbor, "I suppose you will. At any rate, cheer up; if you ain't, you'll be the next but one."

LIFE AMONG THE LIONS;
or, Two Boys' Adventures in South Africa.

By COL. RALPH FENTON.

We were two very old friends, Jack Macy and I. My name was Harry Morton. We had been at school together at our home in England, and had run away together from that school. We had a little money, but not much to spare, so we wisely decided to use it sparingly. As we wanted to go abroad, our only chance was to work our passage.

Not at all particular as to our destination, we took the first opportunity afforded us and both shipped on board the good ship *Empress Queen*, bound for Port Elizabeth, in South Africa. I was the cabin boy, and Jack helped the cook in the galley. Well, you may be sure we had to rough it; not that we expected anything else.

After a quick passage we landed in Africa. We then found to our amazement that the captain concluded we had shipped for the voyage out and home. He maintained this, and apparently had law on his side.

Naturally we didn't run away from England in order to go back again immediately. We therefore took the law into our own hands.

Packing up all our belongings—they weren't many—we left Port Elizabeth and joined a party who were on their way to the diamond fields at Kimberley. There we went into the diamond digging business ourselves. We were fairly successful, and got together a few hundred pounds. Possibly if we had remained at work we might have become rich men. But it was too monotonous, and we longed for a change.

Just at this time people in Africa were in a fever of excitement about a country called Mashonaland, lying far away.

The British South Africa Company had got possession of an immense territory. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that they had appropriated this territory. The next step was to take possession. Imagination pictured it as a land of milk and honey. Gold and precious stones were said to exist in plenty. There were also lions in abundance, and all sorts of wild animals.

To cut my story short, Jack and I determined to sell up all we had in the world, and with the proceeds—a part, at any rate—to buy guns and full equipment for a great hunting expedition.

The prospect of mining for gold had no charms for us.

"Harry," said Jack, "no more digging for me—time enough for that when we are older. Now's the time for sport," to which sentiments I cordially agreed.

The company had arranged to dispatch a long train of wagons right up to Mashonaland, and we decided to go with them, if we could fix terms.

This was done without any difficulty, and one fine morning we started with a large number of wagons loaded with stores and a mounted escort.

Progress was necessarily slow. After a few days' journey we found ourselves in a new country. Roads had to be made in some fashion before the train could move along. Rivers had to be bridged over. All this took time.

The rivers were literally alive with crocodiles. Woe betide the unfortunate animal that attempted to ford the streams.

Well, after journeying along for about five weeks, Jack and I, in accordance with previous arrangements, left the party when we came to the river Ngemyi.

We were to strike right into the interior of the country in a small canoe we had brought with us. Nothing was settled about joining the train later, it being understood that we should

probably be back in a few months, and would be sure to fall in with some party going either to or from Fort Salisbury.

Just after leaving our friends, a feeling of depression came over us at finding ourselves alone in the vast bush. But this soon wore off. There was a multitude of game of every kind, and the footprints here and there of buffaloes and hippopotami, which we saw on the river's brink, promised us sport of a most exciting nature.

Our baggage was of the very lightest description. Plenty of ammunition and a blanket apiece to wrap ourselves in at night were the principal items. These, with a few other articles, were stowed away in the canoe.

For some hours we paddled along. In places the water was so thickly overgrown it was with difficulty we could proceed. At length it began to get dusk, and we looked about for a convenient place in which to pass the night. This was soon found.

The first thing we did after landing was to light a huge fire. In the first place it kept off the savage beasts who were prowling about, and secondly its warmth was not to be despised.

Those who have not been in Africa can scarcely realize how delightful it is even in this hot region of the earth to enjoy the warmth of a good fire at night.

Tired out with our exertions, we were soon asleep, our rifles by our sides.

That night, notwithstanding the fatigue, I was very restless, and well for me I was.

I had a feeling of being in a horrible dream, with a gigantic snake creeping toward me. But it was no dream. I was awake and saw a huge monster crawling slowly and gradually along to where we lay.

For an instant I was spellbound. I couldn't move. Then I realized the awfulness of the situation. I seized my gun, raised it to my shoulder, waiting until the snake raised its head, then I discharged the gun full at it.

The shot blew the creature's head half off. He gave a few convulsive movements, and was dead.

Jack woke at the noise, which naturally alarmed him. He was even more so when he saw the cause of it. The dead monster was a gigantic python, measuring about eighteen feet in length. I need hardly say there was no more sleep that night. We sat up and talked until the dawn, when we had breakfast. We reckoned after this meal to keep our table supplied with game we shot, what we had brought with us having been eaten.

After breakfast we started off right into the bush. We were well armed, having each a rifle, plenty of ball cartridges, and a good hunting knife. Moving along was difficult. The grass was very long and the ground in many places very swampy. Soon we got in the open country.

We saw huge footprints on the ground. What beast or beasts—for there were many had passed that way—they were we were not certain. Our inexperienced eyes could not detect the difference. Now we should have some sport. We resolved to follow the trail.

We moved along cautiously, till at length we came to a small clump of trees. We had got through to the outer edge, when to our amazement grazing right in front of us were five huge hippopotami.

They were about a hundred yards away, with their bodies turned toward us. To aim at them would be useless. The bullets would simply drop off their tough hides, and the consequence of disturbing them in this manner might be unpleasant to ourselves. Still we meant to have a shot at them. How to do so was the question. Jack suggested going right around the belt of trees and getting in front of them. As they were going in that direction they would pass close to us if we

concealed ourselves in the bushes. We carried out this plan and lay perfectly still. Then we saw through the bushes, which were not very thick, the herd coming slowly and lazily toward us, the male leading. Jack singled out this one, and I selected another for my victim. They crashed through the bushes just a few yards to our left. As they got exactly opposite at the same moment we both fired. Jack's shot struck the monster right in the ear, and he dropped almost instantly with scarcely a struggle. I heard my bullet hit some part of the brute I aimed at, but it took not the slightest effect. We got ready for a stampede, for we expected an attack, but they all made off as fast as they could, their huge bodies and short legs giving them a ludicrous appearance.

We cut off part of the beast and cooked him over the fire in the evening. But his flesh was as tough as leather.

Well, day after day we had plenty of sport. The forest literally swarmed with game of all kinds, and we kept our table supplied without the least difficulty.

But we were very disappointed because we did not come across a lion. Two months ago we were delighted if we shot an antelope, and now we turned up our noses in disgust at a hippopotamus or a leopard. Nothing less than the king of beasts would satisfy our ambition as sportsmen.

We were now far up in the forest, where we had good reason to believe that lions were fairly numerous. Indeed, we had seen the footprints of them.

It is rare to meet with a lion in the daytime. As a rule, nothing less than great thirst or hunger will drive him out of his lair. He does his hunting at night, and prefers a dark night to a moonlight one. And natives never fear danger to their goats and oxen on a moonlight night, but they keep them closely guarded when it is a dark one.

When we saw the footprints of the lion we determined to follow them up. They led to a pool of water which was deep down in a ravine, with tall trees and thick bushes overhanging it.

Nothing was more probable than that the lion was in the habit of coming here for water. So well armed on two successive nights Jack and I took up our positions behind the trunks of two big trees at the entrance to the pool and waited. All night we stayed there, but no lion came. We therefore concluded that he had found some new watering place. So we watched no more for him.

Jack was getting quite irritable about our bad luck. He even said, notwithstanding the marks we had seen, that he didn't believe there were any lions about.

He was soon undeceived. That night we were awakened from our sleep by the loud roaring of an animal we knew to be a lion. Even Jack was convinced. No other animal could bring forth such a deep, majestic note. It was quite awe-inspiring. I should think he must have been more than half a mile away. We sat up that night by the fire, heaped more wood on it, and smoked our pipes, talking all the time of the monster who had disturbed us.

Next morning, fully armed, we started out into the forest. We were unusually careful now that we expected to see a lion. But the roaring last night showed there were lions in the neighborhood, and that caution was necessary. We shot two wild boars, which are the nicest eating of any animals we met with. And these can be found in plenty.

Traveling was difficult. We pushed our way along through the dense wood and the long grass, looking out all the time for game. I was leading a little, but we were walking in a parallel line, Jack two or three yards away from me being in the rear.

And at once, to our amazement, we came face to face with a full-grown lion. Immediately I raised my gun to my shoulder. I should think the lion was about twenty yards away.

He glared fiercely at us, and lashed the ground with his tail, waving his black mane about angrily. Then he emitted a roar the like of which I never heard. It commenced with a low, rumbling sound, then swelled and ended like a clap of thunder. The earth seemed to shake.

I am usually very cool. And I don't mind admitting that on this occasion some of this quality had deserted me.

I stood with my rifle at my shoulder covering the savage brute. But I seemed unable to pull the trigger.

I was to fire first. This was the arrangement. Jack was to keep his gun for emergency.

And this, though it takes long to describe, only lasted a few moments. If I had fired when I first covered the lion with my gun I should have had a capital chance of striking him in a vital part.

I lost my opportunity. All lions, as is their habit when attacked, crouched down like a cat, exposing only the upper part of their head. As the bushes were rather high not much of him was visible.

The difficulty now was how to get a shot at him. He would not attack until after a shot had been fired. There we stood facing each other. I moved three or four paces to one side. By this means I was able to get a chance of aiming at his temple. If I could hit him between the ear and the eye he would be killed instantly.

Not a word had passed between Jack and me, but he stood in readiness to back me up.

I had got round so as to obtain a good view of the lion's head, and was just taking aim. All at once, Jack caught his foot in the undergrowth which was very thick. He stumbled and fell forward. As he did so his gun, which was cocked, went off with a loud report.

In a moment the lion rose to his full height and pounded toward us. Instantly I fired. My shot hit him and he gave a howl of pain.

Then he crouched down as if about to spring, having his head embedded between his paws. Our position was desperate.

Both guns had been fired, and we appeared at his mercy. Strange to say, at this critical moment, all my nerve and coolness returned to me. I immediately slipped a large hunting-knife over my wrist, and prepared to load my gun without delay, keeping my eyes fixed all the time on the ferocious animal. Jack was lying where he had fallen with the bushes partially concealing him. He had hurt his leg, and it was a fortunate thing for him it was so. If he had arisen he would have been a dead man.

For at this moment the lion made a terrific spring. He miscalculated the distance and passed clear over Jack's body, alighting three or four paces beyond on the other side.

Instantly I wheeled round to face him, and as he turned, taking good aim, I fired. The ball lodged just over his eye, and he fell dead. What a magnificent creature he was, fully eight feet long, with gigantic limbs and muscles.

Our escape, but especially Jack's, was miraculous, and we were heartily glad when the episode was over.

Then we skinned the monster and took his skin back in triumph to the camp.

After this we had great sport, killing altogether five lions, but, fortunately, we had no more hair-breadth escapes. The sport was quite dangerous enough without.

Then we started on our homeward journey. Our canoe was loaded with our trophies. We had five lions' skins aboard, several leopards' skins, and some tusks of hippopotami.

When we got right down the river to the place where we had left the train of wagons we pitched our camp. About two weeks after a party came along from Fort Salisbury. We joined them on the homeward journey. We were returning well pleased with our hunting expedition.

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 conjurors 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, Æolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden, either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. 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, parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

* No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince 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

“ W I D E A W A K E W E E K L Y ”

CONTAINING STORIES OF BOY FIREMEN.

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>85 Young Wide Awake's False Alarm; or, The Fire Captain's Narrowest Escape.</p> <p>86 Young Wide Awake's Mysterious Fire; or, Almost at Death's Door.</p> <p>87 Young Wide Awake Over a Volcano; or, The Trick of the Mad Provost.</p> <p>88 Young Wide Awake and the Frozen Hydrant; or, Fire-Fighting in a Blizzard.</p> <p>89 Young Wide Awake's Well Won Medal; or, Winning Fire Department Honors.</p> | <p>90 Young Wide Awake's Call for Help; or, Shut off from His Comrades.</p> <p>91 Young Wide Awake at the Firemen's Ball; or, Parading in the Face of Death.</p> <p>92 Young Wide Awake's Daring Dive; or, Hot Work at a Mill Fire.</p> <p>93 Young Wide Awake Beating the Flames; or, The Fire at the Gas Works.</p> |
|---|---|

“ F A M E A N D F O R T U N E W E E K L Y ”

CONTAINING STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>109 The Boy Gold Hunters; or After a Pirate's Treasure.</p> <p>110 Tricking the Traders; or, A Wall Street Boy's Game of Chance.</p> <p>111 Jack Merry's Grit; or, Making a Man of Himself.</p> <p>112 A Golden Shower; or, The Boy Banker of Wall Street.</p> <p>113 Making a Record; or, The Pluck of a Working Boy.</p> <p>114 A Fight for Money; or, From School to Wall Street.</p> <p>115 Stranded Out West; or, The Boy Who Found a Silver Mine.</p> | <p>116 Ben Bassford's Luck; or, Working on Wall Street Tips.</p> <p>117 A Young Gold King; or, The Treasure of the Secret Caves.</p> <p>118 Bound to Get Rich; or, How a Wall Street Boy Made Money.</p> <p>119 Friendless Frank; or, The Boy Who Became Famous.</p> <p>120 A \$30,000 Tip; or, The Young Weazel of Wall Street.</p> <p>121 Plucky Bob; or, The Boy Who Won Success.</p> |
|---|--|

“ W I L D W E S T W E E K L Y ”

A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC., OF WESTERN LIFE

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>266 Young Wild West After the Mexican Raiders; or, Arietta on a Hot Trail.</p> <p>267 Young Wild West and the Navajo Chief; or, Fierce Times on the Plains.</p> <p>268 Young Wild West Chasing the Horse Thieves; or, Arietta and the Corral Mystery.</p> <p>269 Young Wild West and the Mine Girl; or, The Secret Band of Silver Shaft.</p> <p>270 Young Wild West Exposing the Express Robbers; or, With Arietta in Gold Dust City.</p> | <p>271 Young Wild West and the Cowboy Trailer; or, The Ranchman's Revenge.</p> <p>272 Young Wild West and the Missing Scout; or, Arietta and the Madman.</p> <p>273 Young Wild West Doomed to Death; or, Arietta and the Rifle Queen.</p> <p>274 Young Wild West on a Golden Trail; or, The Mystery of Magic Pass.</p> <p>275 Young Wild West Fighting the Indians; or, The Uprising of the Utes.</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:

- 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 Mine 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' Hall.
432 The Bradys and the Silent Five; or, The Secrets of Shadyside Gang.
433 The Bradys and the Opium King; or, Braving the Perils of Pell 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, Trailed 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 the Magic Mountain.
457 The Bradys and the Queen of the Highbinders; or, The War of the Tonges and Leongs.
458 The Bradys and the Floating Head; or, The Clew Found in the River.
459 The Bradys After Captain Death; or, Saving a Million in Rubies.
460 The Bradys and the Witch Woman; or, The Mystery of Mulberry Bend.
461 The Bradys and the Blind Peddler; or, Working in the Dark.
462 The Bradys Chasing the "Queer" Makers; or, The Missing Secret Service Man.
463 The Bradys and the Hop Crooks; or, The Hidden Man of Chinatown.
464 The Bradys' Double Death Trap; or, After the St. Louis Seven.
465 The Bradys and the Trunk Tappers; or, Solving a Railroad Mystery.
466 The Bradys' Church Clew; or, The Man in the Steel Cage.
467 The Bradys and the Six Skeletons; or, The Underground House on the Hudson.
468 The Bradys and the Chinese Fire Fiends; or, Breaking Up a Secret Band.
469 The Bradys and the Stolen Bonds; or, A Tangled Case from Boston.
470 The Bradys and the Black Giant; or, The Secrets of "Little Syria."

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