

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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

No. 471.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1908.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND LITTLE CHIN-CHIN; OR, EXPOSING AN OPIUM GANG. *By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



The trap dropped and Old King Brady came with it. The Chinamen jumped to catch him. "Now, you see!" cried Harry's captor. "We gettee you all!" Harry and Alice were in despair. They wanted their chief, but not this way.

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CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON JAMAICA BAY.

Old King Brady, the world-renowned detective, shut the window and pulled down the shade.

"It is indeed a terrible night," he remarked. "It is snowing harder than ever. There is one thing certain, Alice must not go."

"And so I am to consider my fate sealed," replied Miss Montgomery, the accomplished female partner in the Brady Detective Bureau of the city of New York. "In that case who is to do the translating between you Secret Service men and the Chinks?"

"Perhaps they will be all English speakers," suggested Young King Brady, who was hugging the stove, as well he might, for it gave out no heat and the room was miserably cold.

"How foolishly you talk, Harry. That is just said to make me willing to remain behind. Was there ever a Chinaman who would utter a word of English when it comes to an opium-smuggling case? You know perfectly well what I say is true."

"Don't squabble," said the old detective. "Business is business. We have this matter on hand, and Harry and I simply have to go. But Jamaica Bay in a raging January snowstorm is no place for a lady, so translating or no translating, Alice must remain behind."

The Brady Detective Bureau was in session at Kreizer's Hotel, located in that remote corner of the city of New York known as Canarsie.

The "hotel" was simply a restaurant and saloon with a few rooms upstairs, situation almost at the water's edge, and now, in January, practically closed to business; but as its proprietor was also its owner and lived in the building with his family, Kreizer's Hotel was open for such as chose to patronize it all the year around.

It was the last of January, 190—, and the hour was nine P. M.

The Bradys had come to Canarsie in response to a Secret Service order from Washington which came over the telephone.

The order ran:

"Be at Kreizer's Hotel, Canarsie, at seven P. M. tomorrow ready to assist special posse in an opium-smuggling case. Our men will come from New York on a tug. You will be called when they signal and taken out to them. Officer Mackin will be in charge, and will tell you what to do. It is desirable, if possible, to have Miss Montgomery accompany you, as this gang is probably controlled by Chinese, and she will be needed as an interpreter."

Now these orders were received by one of the clerks of

the Brady Detective Bureau during the absence of the proprietors.

They were, as is very often the case with Secret Service orders, singularly vague.

From where was the opium supposed to be coming?

Who were the parties suspected?

Who had tipped off the Bureau that this smuggling job was in the wind?

These and similar questions naturally presented themselves to the minds of the detectives and no answers were forthcoming.

But this was the way with the Secret Service Bureau, and the Bradys had long since learned to take everything as it came when dealing with them.

And then came the snowstorm.

But for this things might have gone more smoothly.

It was now nine o'clock, as has been said, and the Bradys were waiting for the summons in one of Kreizer's upper rooms.

Meanwhile the storm was growing worse, instead of letting up, as at one time it seemed likely to do.

The Bradys by no means relished the prospect before them, but they were prepared to accept the inevitable, and they waited with more or less impatience for the summons which came at quarter-past ten o'clock.

A white-headed boy rapped on the door and informed Harry, who answered the summons, that a man down in the barroom wanted to see Old King Brady.

"We are off, Alice," said the old detective. "Now understand, you go to bed and remain quietly here until morning. If we have not returned, then you go back to New York. On no account leave this place to-night."

Alice assented, and the Bradys pulled out.

Downstairs in the barroom they found a rough-looking man wearing a heavy peajacket and a slouch hat.

He looked the Canarsie fisherman.

There was nothing about his appearance calculated to arouse the detective's suspicions in any way.

"You are Old King Brady," said the man, approaching.

It would have been useless to deny his identity even if Old King Brady had been disposed to do so.

For always, when not in disguise, the old detective affects certain peculiarities of dress.

A long blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big white felt hat with an extraordinarily broad brim.

"I am Old King Brady. What's wanted?" was the reply.

"I am to take you out on Jamaica Bay."

"There was to be a password. Have you it?"

"Mackin."

"The word is correct. We are ready to go any time."

"We will start right now, then. My boat is ready," said

the man, and the Bradys followed him out of the hotel into the storm.

Now, Canarsie is one of the greatest places for odd crafts to be found anywhere around New York.

Formerly it was sailboats of every size and description to be found down here.

Now the gasoline has usurped the work of the wind, and it is motorboats of every sort known to man.

Masts have been removed and sails have vanished.

Old hulks go steaming about among newer and more elaborate craft, and even oars, in many instances, have been discarded, and rowboats, with little motors placed amidships, go charging about the bay.

The man in the peajacket led the way to the little canal which sets in between old Canarsie beach and the newly filled-in land behind the big bulkhead.

"My boat is here," he said, "and my orders are to run you out to meet Capt. Mackin's tug; but say, I tort dere was to be a woman along."

"She is not with us on account of the storm," replied Old King Brady.

"Oh, all right," said the man. "It is a bad night. I only ast because dat's what I heered."

Old King Brady made no reply.

He did not altogether like the looks of the fellow, but then it could scarcely be expected to find society men in dress suits running Canarsie motor boats, so without further talk they got into an old sailboat to which a motor had been attached.

"Have we far to go?" demanded Old King Brady, after they had started down the canal.

"Dunno," was the reply. "Orders is to run down to the inlet on the Barren Island side and wait for the signal."

"But we are some hours late. How did that come about?"

"My last orders was to start youse at ten o'clock, boss. Is it much after that now?"

"Not very much. What your name, friend?"

"Tom Grady."

"Who do you work for?"

"Oh, I'm just a boatman. I got this job from a gent what came to Kreizer's this afternoon. He said he was a detective; anyhow, he showed me his badge."

"You know what's in the wind? He told you that, of course?"

"He didn't tell me nothin' about it, boss. I'm out to rent me boat. I never butt in."

They ran on through the storm.

Facing Canarsie on the other side of Jamaica Bay is the great peninsula known as Rockaway Beach on the left, while Barren Island, with its many fertilizer factories, lies to the right.

Beyond this large island comes Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay.

At the start Old King Brady and Harry thought that they would be able to follow the direction taken by the boat.

But owing to the whirl of the snow, they soon discovered that they were utterly unable to do this.

When Grady cleared the canal they observed that he

turned to the right, but after a few minutes they lost their bearings completely.

Grady, however, seemed to know just where he was going.

The boat pushed on, and its skipper maintained silence. Nor were the passengers much disposed to talk.

"You are sure you can see your signal, Grady?" demanded Old King Brady at last. "It is very thick."

"I know it, boss, but it's all right. They will throw a flashlight."

"Good! We can't miss that. Then I suppose you know the bay pretty well."

"I've knowed it all my life. Still, on a night like this anny one is liable to get twisted."

"You will be apt to have trouble getting back again," remarked Harry.

"Oh, dat will be all right," replied Grady. "Dey'll take me in tow."

They pushed on.

Old King Brady listened intently for the sound of the breakers on Rockaway shoals, but he could hear nothing.

This sound would have marked their approach to the inlet which forms the mouth of Jamaica Bay.

And just about this time Grady began to grow nervous. Several times he consulted a dollar watch by the light of his lantern.

"Blame 'em, why don't dey show up?" he growled. "We must be almost out to de mouth of de bay."

"Better slow down, hadn't you?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Naw! I want to ketch 'em; what's de good slowing down?" was the reply.

And instead of doing so Grady put on more speed.

It was a few minutes after that a searchlight was suddenly thrown upon them.

But it was too thick to see what was behind it."

Grady blew a whistle three times.

"The tug?" demanded Harry.

"Sure ting," responded the boatman.

The light steadily held, and he sent the boat in its line.

They could hear men talking even before they came in sight of the tug.

But they saw it at last when they were close upon it.

"That you, Tom?" a voice sung out.

"Yair! Dat's me!" shouted the boatman in reply.

"You got the Bradys?"

"Yair, I got 'em!"

"Good!"

There was a man visible in the pilothouse and one at the side.

"You lemme go aboard foist, boss," said Grady. "Den I'll lend youse a hand. It's ticklish work making fast alongside a night like dis, and we don't want to take no chances."

"Very good," replied Old King Brady, to whom this seemed reasonable enough.

But there was treachery in the wind, and the detectives were soon to find it out.

They ran alongside the tug.

Grady threw a line, and the man on board caught it.

Grady sprang aboard.

Immediately the men flung back the line, and the tug started away.

Before the detectives could do more than exclaim the whirling snow had swallowed up the whole outfit, for the light was suddenly shut off.

"Up against it!" cried Harry. "Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," replied the old detective, with the utmost calmness. "We have run our heads into a trap; we are better off where we are than on board that tug. There we should have to fight for our lives."

"What can it mean? That telephone order must have been false."

"I think not. More likely some leak in Mackin's department."

"And there is the danger in these Chinese opium cases."

"The Chinks are very slick articles, and the profits of the business are enormous; but take hold, Harry. We must make an effort at least to get back."

"The blame thing is slowing down, Governor."

"I've observed that. I am afraid the gasolene has run out."

And this proved to be the case.

Now one cause of the anxiety of Mr. Tom Grady was apparent.

There was no more gasolene to be found aboard when Harry came to look.

The tide was running out, and Rockaway inlet was close at hand.

The Bradys were adrift in the darkness and storm!

CHAPTER II.

ALICE IN THE TOLLS.

"I can't be too thankful that Alice is not along," remarked Harry after a little.

"It is indeed a mercy," replied the old detective. "If we get out of this alive it will be a wonder. How are you standing the cold?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I only hope you can say the same."

"I am beginning to feel it, Harry, but I shall try to forget it. There is a good deal in the imagination, you know."

"If we could only get a light on either side."

"Yes, if we only could. Perhaps we shall in a few minutes. Meanwhile keep steering to the right. Our best hope is to make a landing on Barren Island."

It was now so thick that they could scarcely see each other.

Silence for some minutes followed.

"Governor!" exclaimed Harry presently. "Am I going crazy, or do I hear your watch ticking? Have you it in your hand?"

"Do you know I was going to ask you the same thing," replied the old detective. "I have been hearing that noise almost since the motor stopped working. Where does it sound to you?"

"Right where you are sitting."

Old King Brady produced an electric flash lantern.

Kneeling down, he peered into the locker under the stern seat.

The instant he opened the little door the ticking came louder.

Old King Brady thrust his hand into the locker and drew out a cigar-box.

Something inside was ticking like a clock.

"Overboard!" shouted Harry. "It's an infernal machine, intended to blow us out of business, surest thing you know!"

"I imagine it is," replied the old detective. "I have a great mind to open it and investigate, however. There is evidently clock work inside. It will hardly explode until its time comes."

"For heaven sake, don't touch it!" cried Harry. "Pitch it overboard, quick!"

Old King Brady gave the thing a toss.

Instantly there was a loud explosion, and the water came splashing in the faces of the detectives.

The Bradys sat silently facing each other.

It was nearly a minute before either spoke.

"If you had held onto that thing a second longer you would be a dead one now!" gasped Harry then.

"Both of us," replied Old King Brady. "No wonder that man kept looking at his watch and wanted to get away. He knew what was coming."

"What time is it now?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"And for that hour the infernal machine had been set. If that tug is still hovering around, I suppose those on board think that they have finally got rid of the Bradys."

"And the intention was to include Alice. This is some Chinese plot. I only hope the poor girl is safe."

"There is no particular sense in putting it up to the Chinese except that this happens to be an opium case, if there really is any case. We have had dynamite tried on us several times, but never by a Chinaman, that I happen to remember."

"Well, that's so, too. Anyhow, it was a narrow escape."

It was indeed a narrow escape, and it so got on the nerves of the detectives that even Old King Brady was all in a tremble.

But just about that time they caught a sound which set them to thinking of other matters.

It was the breaking of waves upon the Rockaway shoals.

"We have passed through the inlet, Harry," said the old detective.

"Yes, I hear," was the reply. "We are drifting out to sea now. How long has the tide to run?"

"I really don't know. Long enough to settle our case, I daresay."

"Governor, is there nothing we can do?"

"Harry, I can't think of a thing. We have simply to take our chances of being picked up."

"Most remote on a night like this."

"Truth; but I see one reason for hope."

"And that is?"

"It is my fixed belief that no man dies until his time comes. If we are to die to-night, the time should have been a few minutes ago when that infernal machine exploded."

But this was cold comfort.

Still, Old King Brady was right; they were not destined to die that night.

They escaped Rockaway shoals and drifted on.

Soon after this the snow began to grow less.

After a little it stopped altogether.

Now they got their bearings.

Old King Brady pointed out the lights on Rockaway Beach and those in the factories on Barren Island.

Soon after that they spied a tug coming toward them from the west.

The detectives now began flashing their little electric lamps as the only method they had of signaling.

As the tug drew nearer, Harry whistled and shouted, and at last, just when they began to fear that the tug was going to pass them unnoticed, the whistle was tooted and it turned their way.

"Saved!" cried Old King Brady, with a sigh of relief.

"I told you how it would be."

"Boat ahoy!" came in a minute. "Do you need help?"

"We have broken down!" shouted Harry. "Drifting! Take us off!"

"All right!" came the answer.

"Who are you?" shouted Harry in a minute.

"Tug Jennie Brown!" was the reply.

This was the name of a tug often used by the ordinary Secret Service men of the New York squad to which Mr. Mackin belonged.

"Ask if Mackin is aboard," said Old King Brady.

Harry put the question, and the answer came back that he was.

"Shall I tell him who we are?" demanded Harry.

"Yes; it can do no harm," was the reply.

And Harry made the announcement.

"We'll get you," was shouted back, and a few minutes later the Bradys found themselves safe on board the Brown, and their motor boat was taken in tow, a find for someone if it was never claimed.

Mr. Mackin hurried the detectives into the warm cabin and made them as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

"We were delayed by the storm," he said, after Old King Brady had explained the situation. "Somebody must have given my plans away. I wish to goodness you may find out who it is."

"Then you were going to run to Canarsie after us?" demanded the old detective.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Those were orders."

"What is the case?"

"I don't exactly know. Opium smuggling. There is said to be a Chinese gang at work who are making big hauls from tramp steamers off Rockaway. I was told that you would give me full particulars."

"And we were told to report to you for particulars."

"There you are. Another leak in Washington. Clearly the intention was to put you out of business."

"There can be no doubt about that. All we can do is to report."

"Will you run into Canarsie now? If we can find out who owns that old tub we were in it may help."

"Yes, if you will take that in hand. Nothing can be done to-night, I suppose. As it seems likely to clear, I

ought to get back, for I have an important matter on hand for the early morning."

"You can leave it in our hands. We have now a personal reason for following the case up."

So the Brown turned into Jamaica Bay, and in due time landed the Bradys safely at Canarsie, which place, for a time at least, they felt that they were destined never to see again.

And here an examination of the launch, if the old death-trap can be so styled, was made.

She proved to be the "Lilly" of Canarsie.

"There will be no trouble about identifying her," said the old detective. "Probably that fellow Grady, if such was really his name, stole her, as it would have been very easy for him to do in the storm. Will you come with us up to the hotel, Mr. Mackin? I shall be glad to put up a little supper for you and all hands."

But the Secret Service man declined and the tug departed.

The Bradys then started for the hotel.

It was now half-past twelve, rather late for a supper, but Old King Brady knew that Kreizer would have been glad to have cooked one for a price.

The barroom was still open, and here a game of poker was going on.

"Back again?" said Kreizer, looking up from his cards as the detectives entered. "I suppose the storm interfered with your job, whatever it was."

"We are through with our job," replied the old detective. "Let us have our key, please."

As Kreizer took the key from the little rack, Harry noticed that the key of Alice's room was also hanging there.

A terrible fear seized him.

Had the conspirators cooked up some job to get Alice, after all?

To Harry it was a moment of exquisite torture as he put the question.

For Young King Brady is deeply in love with his accomplished partner.

The one thought which had borne him up during his recent severe experience was the satisfaction of feeling that Alice had not been called upon to share it.

"Why, Miss Montgomery was sent for about an hour ago, replied Kreizer. "She went out."

"Sent for! By whom?"

"By you, she told me."

The Bradys looked at each other blankly.

"And who came after her?" demanded Harry.

"The same fellow who came after you."

"You know that man?" broke in Old King Brady.

"No, I never saw him before," was the reply. "What is wrong?"

"Come into the other room, Kreizer," said the old detective. "I am afraid it is all about as wrong as it can be."

The landlord stepped into the dining-room with the Bradys and the door was closed.

"Kreizer," said Old King Brady, "this is the time when we have made a fluke. That man was a fraud. He tried to blow us up with an infernal machine which he left behind him after turning us adrift."

"That's a bad job! And you don't know him?"

"No more than you seem to. And now he appears to have got Miss Montgomery into his clutches. Were they talking together before they went away?"

"Yes; they talked in here for a few minutes. She went with him willingly enough."

"The boat he took us out on the bay in was an old sailboat turned into a launch. Her name is the Lilly. To whom does she belong?"

"Why, that's Jim Lizer's boat."

"And who is Jim Lizer?"

"A fisherman. He's outside in the other room now."

"We will go upstairs. You question him and let us know what he says. If you can get us any information, you will be well paid."

The Bradys passed out of the dining-room by an inner door and ascended to the room.

Fifteen minutes passed before the landlord put in an appearance.

To Harry it was a quarter of an hour of agony.

He wanted to be up and doing, but Old King Brady held him back.

"Anything doing, Kreizer?" the old detective demanded, as the landlord came into the room with a long face.

"Nothing," was the reply. "Lizer says the fellow must have stolen his boat, which he easily could have done. What made me so long was because I wanted to make sure that he was giving it to me straight."

"Did he see the man when he came in after Miss Montgomery?"

"Sure he did. The fellow had a drink while he was waiting for her to come down. He stood right over us watching the game."

And this settled it.

The Bradys had escaped, but poor Alice, left behind, had been caught in the net which was spread for all three!

CHAPTER III.

THE THREE TRUNKS ON THE ISLAND.

The Bradys called in Jim Lizer and personally questioned the fellow.

They sent him away satisfied that if he was not telling the truth it would be impossible to get anything out of him in an ordinary way.

They remained at the hotel until morning, for it was a case where nothing else could have been done.

As soon as it was daylight the detectives set out to learn what they could of Alice's fate.

They questioned every one who would be at all likely to know.

At last success crowned their efforts to a certain extent, for they found a boy who had seen Alice get into a row-boat with the supposed Tom Grady.

This boat had been stolen from the canal and not returned.

The boy saw it pulled towards a flashlight which was thrown from out on the bay.

This, of course, settled it, so far as Canarsie was concerned.

There was no use in delaying there any longer.

Harry was in despair, but the old detective accepted the situation with his usual calmness.

"You want to brace up," he said. "We must take it easy if we expect to accomplish anything. I cannot believe that these people mean to kill Alice. It is on account of her knowledge of the Chinese language that she has been carried off, unless I am greatly mistaken."

The daughter of a missionary, born and brought up in China, Alice Montgomery speaks Chinese fluently, and can read all the ordinary characters, which gives her perfect command of this difficult language as it is used in America.

And as the Brady Detective Bureau has had to do with many cases involving Chinese, this accomplishment of Alice's has become pretty generally known.

The question now was what steps to take next.

For some time the Bradys walked up and down the new bulkhead.

Old King Brady was thinking and Harry let him think, for out of these times of silence on the part of the old detective much often comes.

At last he spoke:

"The point seems to be why these people chose Canarsie for the scene of their operations," he began. "There must be some reason. Jamaica Bay is in no way adapted to their purpose if they actually were engaged in smuggling."

"So it seems to me," replied Harry. "They would have to run a long way outside to meet any tramp steamer heading for New York."

"On the other hand, the bay affords good hiding-places. If these people own or control a tug they could easily run up to one of the many islands back of Rockaway. It may be that they have a holdout there. They may prefer to carry the smuggled opium to town by train rather than on the tug. Suppose we hire one of these launches, run up the bay and see what we can find?"

Harry assented.

He seldom opposes his chief in cases of this kind, having learned by experience that Old King Brady's judgment is superior to his own.

So they engaged a large rowboat which had been provided with a motor and started out on the bay.

It was a dull gray morning and not very cold.

The Bradys headed for the islands.

These are so numerous, big and little, that many are without names.

Only the fishermen know them all, and for a tug to attempt the passage of the channels between them in a snowstorm or fog would be a most dangerous proceeding.

Harry felt that it was almost hopeless to expect to find anything here, but still he raised no objection, and they pushed in and out among the channels until at length they saw a man fishing from the deck of a small sail-boat.

"That fellow looks like a native," he said. "Let us have a talk with him."

Harry ran up alongside the fisherman.

"Friend," said the old detective, "we are looking for

information about a tug which was out on the bay last night in the storm. I don't know that you can help us any, but if you can I will make it worth your while."

The fisherman pulled in his line before answering and took off a fat weakfish which was on the hook.

"Mebbe I can," he then said, as he threw the fish into the cockpit. "You'll be detectives out after smugglers, I s'pose?"

"Well, it is not exactly that," replied Old King Brady. "It is true that we are detectives, but we are not after smugglers. Last night a young lady was lured away from Kreizer's Hotel at Canarsie. It is known that she was taken aboard a tug which kept flashing its light in the snowstorm. It is this lady we want. For the smugglers we don't care a rap."

"Nor do I, if they are smugglers, for I am not one of them," replied the fisherman coolly. "I have often seen that tug going in and out here if it is the same one. I knowed there was something mysterious about her. I stopped in the hut over on Hog Island last night, and I seen her light flashing. She was lower down first off. Then she passed up the channel. Then she came down again. I seen her flash a searchlight down the bay. She must have run outside after that, for I didn't see no more of her."

"I've no doubt it's the same tug," said Old King Brady. "What is her name?"

"Now, there you have got me," replied the fisherman, "and there's where the mystery comes in. Every time I've seen her by day they have had a tarpaulin hung down over her stern and her name board taken off the pilot-house."

"So? How many times have you seen her by daylight?"

"Well, mebbe three times."

"Lately?"

"Once last week, once about three months ago, and once last spring."

"And at night?"

"Well, there is a tug what has been prowling about here more or less at night ever since I first seen this one what I'm telling you about last spring, but whether it's the same one or not I can't say."

"Do you live in the hut on Hog Island?"

"No; I live in East Rockaway when I'm home, which isn't very often, for me and my folks don't hitch. I spend most of my time on the water, and I often sleep in the hut—see?"

"I understand. You have no idea how far up the bay the tug has been in the habit of going, I suppose, or you would have told me."

"No, I haven't. I never go beyond Hog Island myself, but I'll tell you another thing, and then I will have told all I think of which can help you out any."

"And what is that?"

"There was a fire up the bay on one of the islands last night while the tug was up there."

"Much of a blaze?"

"Quite some while it lasted. Looked to me like some fishing-box burning. You know there are lots of them up there on the islands. I happened to come out, and I seen the blaze in the distance. Later on I heard the tug

go by, and I came out to have a look at her. That's all there is to the story, boss."

It was a point gained, and Old King Brady gave the man five dollars, after which he and Harry went on their way.

They had asked the fisherman about the time when he saw the tug pass, but he told them he had no watch and could not tell. He thought, however, that when the tug went up it was in the neighborhood of eleven o'clock.

"Do you think there is anything in it?" demanded Harry, after they were well away from the boat.

"I think there can be no doubt that the man was talking about our tug," replied the old detective. "We will keep on for awhile, anyway. It may result in something. At all events, I can think of nothing better to do."

They wound in and out among the islands, choosing the broader channels through which a tug could easily pass.

The snow had not accumulated to any great extent, being of the lighter sort which melted almost as it fell.

Here and there were huts or fancy fishing-boxes, belonging to private parties or to fishing clubs.

"Look ahead!" exclaimed Old King Brady at length, as they were passing a small island. "Don't you see what looks like ruins on that next island on the left?"

"I see something black on the grass, yes."

"Turn your glass on it."

Harry got out the glass.

"Yes," he declared, "there has been a fire. They seem to have got their things out, whoever was there at the time. They are lying scattered about."

"We will give that island a call," said Old King Brady. "Drive ahead."

The island was but a small affair, and was overgrown with the usual bunch grass.

But the channel leading up to it was deep and wide enough for a tug to pass through.

The Bradys had now come well up in the bay.

From the island to the Rockaway peninsular was but a short run.

Thus from this point, unfrequented as it must have been, one could easily get a train for New York without much loss of time.

The Bradys pulled up alongside the island.

Here two stout stakes had been driven.

To one of these they made fast and went ashore.

Before them were the ruins of some small structure, but whether a mere hut or some fancy fishing box it was not easy to tell at first glance.

An overturned stove lying among the blackened, dead embers seemed to offer a probable solution of the cause of the fire.

Scattered about were three stools, a table, some china bowls and other things.

And the china was the real stuff, such as Chinamen use.

Harry picked up a couple of chopsticks.

Old King Brady found one of the native Chinese Noen Kum Yen, or opium boxes.

It was evidently a fresh importation, for it was sealed with a red slip of Chinese paper, with characters upon it.

He broke the seal and found it filled with opium, which had surely been packed in China.

"You see, Harry," he said, "this hut was surely occupied by Chinese."

But the main object which attracted the attention of the detectives just as soon as they landed on the island still remains to be described.

These were three ordinary trunks, which appeared to be of American make.

They lay among the grass, close to the water's edge.

One was open and upside down.

All were empty and the inside trays had been removed in each case.

Old King Brady opened one and took a sniff.

"There was opium stowed in this trunk," he declared. "It was probably filled with the boxes. It is the first time I ever knew the Chinese to smuggle the hop in packed in Noen Kum Yen."

Harry picked up the overturned trunk and started to place it right side up.

"Governor, this is unusually heavy for an empty trunk," he exclaimed.

Old King Brady took hold.

"It certainly is," he replied. "There must be a false bottom here. Let us try the others."

They did so, and found both trunks heavier than they ought to be, considering the lightness of their construction.

"Whoever emptied these trunks failed to finish his job," remarked the old detective.

He began looking for some secret spring, but, finding none, set one of the trunks up on end, and while Harry held it gave the thing several sturdy kicks.

It soon flew apart, and down upon the grass came tumbling a mass of gems and gold!

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLEY CHING TAKES HOLD.

"Well, upon my word!" cried Harry. "Whoever went off with the hop last night missed the cream of this business."

"They certainly did," chuckled the old detective. "I don't understand this. Something got twisted. There is big value in this jewelry here."

The contents of the concealed compartment consisted of rings, brooches, stickpins, earrings and other articles of jewelry, including several superb bracelets.

There were no loose gems, but those set in the jewelry were of great value.

The list embraced the principal precious stones, such as rubies, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, garnets, zircons and other minor gems.

There were but few diamonds, and these were all set in rings—ten good-sized stones, worth perhaps \$300 each, and a few smaller ones of uncertain value.

But many of the emeralds and rubies were worth more than the largest of the diamonds.

Altogether there were many thousand dollars' value in the Bradys' find.

"And now for the other trunks," said Harry. "I suppose you intend to take this stuff along with you, Governor?"

"I should be a fool if I didn't," replied Old King Brady. "What is more, if I don't find an owner, I propose to keep it. What I hope for, though, is that it will be claimed and through that we will get a clew to Alice's whereabouts or her fate."

Harry sighed and turned another trunk on end.

Old King Brady now administered his kicks with a little more caution, for there was no telling what he might break.

It was just as well that he did, for when they got at the contents of this false bottom they found that it contained superb art objects carved out of Chinese jade, which is quite valuable in itself.

There were little idols, figures of animals, tablets with inscriptions, and many pieces of jade jewelry, exquisitely carved.

"This is the stock of some Chinese jeweler, and was probably stolen in China," said the old detective. "Some of these jade objects are of great value out there, and all the jewelry I take to be native work, with the possible exception of those diamond rings."

"Shall we break open the third trunk?" demanded Harry.

"We want to think what we are about. We can probably stow the jewelrÿ away in our pockets, but we can't the jade objects. How are we going to carry the stuff?"

"Blest if I know. We don't want to go back to Canarise with a trunk."

"Look in that table drawer and see what you find."

But the drawer was empty.

Meanwhile Old King Brady was examining the interior of the third trunk with a little more caution than he had bestowed upon the first.

"Here is the fastening," he exclaimed.

He pressed a spring, and the bottom of the trunk slightly raised.

Old King Brady was easily able to pry it up.

What first met the gaze of the detectives was just what they wanted, and that was wrapping paper.

The false bottom appeared to be full of it.

Old King Brady pulled out sheet after sheet, and then came to a collection of little, bronze art objects of Chinese workmanship.

The bronze was real, and the objects, which followed the same lines as those done in jade, were evidently very old.

"Valuable to some museum," said the old detective. "But now we have our paper, Harry, so we will go to work and make up a bundle and go on our way rejoicing. I'll attend to it. You prowl about and see if you can't find some clew to the ownership of these trunks."

"The marks on the sides have been carefully scraped off, Governor."

"So I observe, but you will find something, perhaps."

But he was mistaken, for Harry found nothing, nor was the old detective himself more successful when he came to look.

So the Bradys stuffed their pockets with such of their find as they could readily carry, and tied the remainder up into a bundle.

This done, they ran over to the Rockaway shore.

Here they struck in on a little fishing settlement of a few huts.

From their occupants they learned that the burned hut had been occasionally occupied by two Chinamen, who made a business of catching minnows, or "killy" fish, as they are, locally called, in scoopnets and drying them.

Nobody had interfered with them, as they themselves interfered with no one.

Whether these Chinamen had been in the hut the night before or not, none of the fishermen could tell.

The Bradys now ran back to Canarsie without meeting their friend, the weakfish man, on the way, with which they were just as well pleased.

They called on Kreizer, with the hope that something might have been heard of Alice, but it was not so.

Saying nothing of their find, of course, Old King Brady told the hotel keeper what they had learned about the tug.

"Some one about the bay ought to know what her name is," he said. "And it will be worth just a hundred-dollar bill for me to find out, so get busy and see what you can do. I don't suppose you pick up a hundred dollars down here at Canarsie every week this time of year."

"Well, I should say not," retorted Kreizer. "I lose money every day after the end of September and on till the first of May, and don't you forget it."

"Perhaps," replied the old detective. "But if you can earn this hundred it will be most willingly paid."

The Bradys then started for New York, and in due time turned up at their offices on Union Square.

Here again they had some faint hope of receiving intelligence of Alice, but it was not to be.

Old King Brady's first act was to call up the Secret Service Bureau at Washington and ask about the telephone message.

He found that he had been wrong and Harry right.

No such orders had ever been telephoned to the Bradys.

Thus it was all a plot to entrap them, and the orders to Mr. Mackin, which had also come over the telephone, must have originated from the same source.

But the telephone conversation did not end here.

Old King Brady told what had happened, and received orders from the chief himself to prosecute the case vigorously, for there could be no doubt that the whole thing was the work of an opium gang.

The old detective and Harry now went into consultation.

"We want to advertise our find, Harry," said Old King Brady. "We will try the Herald first, and if that don't work we will get Quong Lee to write us a notice, which we will post on the Chinese bulletin."

"And lose a day if the Herald ad. amounts to nothing," said Harry. "Governor, I can't stand it. Just think of Alice! We want to put the ad. on the bulletin right now."

"Right, and we will do it," replied Old King Brady. "Get right down to Chinatown and see the notice posted, but remember you must not give our name out."

"How shall we fix it? Let the applicant come to Quong Lee?"

"To an opium joint—no! I oppose that. Let us think."

"If we only had Alice to help it would all be so easy! We could take a room in Chinatown then."

"Better do so as it is, perhaps."

"No; I can't manage it. All I could do is to make up as a Chinese dummy and get some friend of Quong's to help and translate. Let us give our name right out boldly. Let them come here if we are to get any answers."

"No, it won't do, Harry. I can appreciate your anxiety about Alice, but we must observe common precaution. I——"

A knock on the door interrupted the conversation at this juncture.

It proved to be one of the Bradys' clerks.

"There is a Chinaman outside who wants to see you, Mr. Brady," he said. "He says he doesn't care whether it is you or Mr. Harry he sees."

The Bradys glanced at each other.

Had some one come to claim the find already?

"What is his name?" demanded the old detective.

"He didn't give it, sir. Shall I ask?"

"No; show him in."

And in a minute who should enter but the one particular Chink in all America who would best fit the Bradys' purpose at this juncture.

"Charley Ching!" cried Harry. "Well, well!"

He sprang up and shook the young man's hand warmly, and Old King Brady did the same.

For Charley Ching was an old friend, if a young man. He was a Chinese on his father's side only.

Born in San Francisco, he grew up to become a police detective among his own people.

Many times the Bradys had employed him in their California Chinese cases, and once before he had helped them out in New York.

"No mention of the find," Old King Brady said to Harry by a secret sign.

He wanted to be sure that he could secure Charley Ching's services first.

"Well, and what brings you here?" he asked.

"Oh, I got tired of the Coast," replied Charley. "I have been working in Boston the last two months. Yesterday I had words with the boss, so I quit and came over here."

"What were you working at?" demanded Harry.

Charley grinned, and explained that he had been helping to run a Chinese lottery.

"Want to help us on an opium smuggling case?" demanded the old detective.

"Sure!" replied Charley. "When?"

"Now."

"All right. But I thought you wouldn't hardly need me, now that you have Miss Montgomery in the firm."

"Listen and you will see why we need you," said Old King Brady. And he started in and told the whole story.

He even showed Charley the objects found in the trunks, for he knew that the young man was to be implicitly trusted.

Naturally, Charley Ching was immensely interested.

"Why, this stuff must have been stolen in China," he exclaimed.

"That is what we think," replied Old King Brady. "But what we want is to get a clew to what has become of Miss Montgomery. With these goods on our hands it ought not to be difficult. Somebody will surely be inquiring for them. Write out a notice for the Chinese bulletin. You and Harry take a room down in Chinatown and see what comes of it. Don't lose a minute. You may have the luck to get started to-night."

"Right," said Charley. "Got a Chinese pen?"

The Bradys had one, and in a few minutes Charley had painted a lot of flytracks on a piece of red paper, which Harry also produced.

"And what does that say?" demanded the old detective.

"Found on an island in Jamaica Bay, three trunks, with jewelry, jade and bronze in them. The owner can hear more about the find by applying to Wing Luk," read Charley. "I'll add the address when we get the room."

"That's all right," replied Old King Brady; "but tell me, Charley, how do you express Jamaica Bay in Chinese?"

"Want it translated literally?"

"Yes."

"It reads the bay of many islands south of the long island part of the big city."

"Do the Chinks call New York the big city?" asked Harry.

"Yes; we have no characters to represent the words New York. Our written language is not made up of sounds. Each character means some special thing."

"But suppose you wanted to write San Francisco?" inquired Old King Brady.

"That would be city of gold."

"And Boston would be the city of beans, I suppose?" laughed Harry.

"The city of crooked streets on the bay," replied Charley. "And Chicago is the flat city, and so it goes; but we don't write out the whole of it, as you would. This character I am pointing at means city, and this little mark means big. The Chinese language isn't so hard if one would not try to learn it as you would English or German, by sound. You have to learn each word separate."

"And that takes forever," replied Harry. "But I must disguise and prepare to do the dumb Chink act again."

He left the office and went into the costume room, bidding Charley accompany him, for the Chinaman had to disguise also, lest some San Francisco Chink should spot him.

When they came back no one would ever have guessed that Young King Brady was not a fullfledged Chinaman and Charley was made up to resemble a much older man of his own race.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALICE.

If Alice had strictly obeyed Old King Brady's positive order not to leave the hotel under any circumstances, she would not have fallen into the trap.

But said trap was very successfully baited, and the bait employed can be almost always depended upon to catch a woman.

When word came to Alice that a man wanted to see her she was just getting ready to retire.

Feeling that there could be no danger in interviewing this person with Kreizer around, Alice hurried downstairs.

Mr. Tom Grady was awaiting her in the barroom.

"I want to speak to you alone, Miss," he said, raising his cap, with rude politeness.

"Step into the dining room," replied Alice.

Her heart sank.

She immediately suspected that something had happened to the Bradys in the storm.

And this was just the string the fellow proposed to play on.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss," he said, as Alice closed the door. "There has been an accident. I—er—I hardly know how to tell you, but—er—you must come with me right away."

"An accident! Who to?" cried Alice, catching her breath. "Speak out! Don't keep me in suspense! But, first, who are you?"

So far she had not forgotten caution.

"Oh, I'm Tom Grady, Miss," replied the fellow. "I am the man who took the Bradys out a while ago."

"Oh! Well, which is it?"

"Old King Brady, Miss."

"He is injured?"

"He is dead!"

"Oh!"

Poor Alice nearly fainted.

"Yes, Miss. He slipped when we tried to get on the tug. We got him out of the water; but I suppose the shock must have been too much for the old gentleman's heart. He only lived a few minutes. Young Mr. Brady feels terrible. He sent me right back after you."

"And where is he?"

"On board the tug, Miss—Captain Mackin's tug. I'll take you out there."

Alice was terribly overcome.

Still she felt doubtful.

"Why didn't you come in with him?" she demanded. "Where is the tug now?"

"Just outside, Miss," was the reply. "Young King Brady thought it would be best to run right to New York. It's risky bringing the tug in here on a night like this. So I pulled ashore in the boat. But unless you feel able, Miss, I can get back and tell Young Mr. Brady that you would sooner go to New York by train."

This and the mention of Mr. Mackin's name settled it. Alice determined to go.

It would have been better if she had spoken to Kreizer about it.

But the hotel keeper was playing poker in the barroom with three rough-looking men, so Alice did not like to intrude.

Hurrying to her room, she put on her wraps and passed out into the storm with this man, which she certainly would not have done if any other bait had been dangled before her.

Grady led the way to a rowboat lying just inside the canal and they went aboard.

After he had pulled out a little way he drew a whistle from his pocket and blew a shrill blast.

In a minute a searchlight was thrown and he pulled on, coming at last alongside a tug.

A man in a peajacket, similar to Grady's, caught the line and, making fast, Alice was helped aboard.

And now, all too late, she discovered the trick.

The door of the little cabin was opened and a Chinaman peered out.

"That's right. That's the girl!" he said, in Chinese.

At the same instant the tug started.

What became of Mr. Tom Grady Alice never knew, for now she was seized by the shoulders by the man with the peajacket and run into the cabin.

Here there was another Chinaman waiting.

"Holdee gal!" he cried. "She havee levolver! Me get!"

And the other at the same time thrust a revolver in Alice's face.

But danger always has the same effect upon Alice.

Instead of becoming excited, she grows perfectly cool.

"Don't search me," she said in Chinese, as the man began fumbling about. "I'll give up the revolver."

And she did so, for it was clearly no use to hold out against these three.

"And now I'll leave youse to your friends the Chinks," said the white man, and he departed, closing the door behind him.

Alice dropped on the wooden seat which ran around the cabin.

"What do you want with me?" she demanded, in Chinese.

"You find out by and by," was the reply. "Now, you be good and we will do you no harm."

"Is Mr. Brady here?" demanded Alice.

"You will never see Old King Brady again," replied the Chinaman; "he is dead, and so is Young King Brady!"

"I believe you lie!"

"Believe what you like. I tell you the truth."

"Where are you taking me?"

"Never mind."

Alice subsided.

It seemed useless to question these men further.

The other Chinaman said nothing to her.

Nor did they speak between themselves.

Alice, who knows many Chinaman, both in New York and San Francisco, could not recall ever having seen either of these before.

And the tug steamed on.

When it began tumbling about Alice knew that they must have passed through Rockaway Inlet.

And they ran on for a considerable time.

Alice tried to get her bearings by looking out of the window.

But, although the storm was now passing, all she could tell was that they went by Coney Island and turned up into New York Bay.

They ran on for a short distance only, when they were

met by a small steam yacht, which came slowly toward them.

There was an exchange of signals by whistles, and the tug rounded up alongside the yacht.

Alice listened and caught the following talk:

"Hello, Cap! That you?"

"Sure. Where's the guy who's paying for the job?"

"Shut up! He's in the cabin. I'll call him."

A bell rang.

Presently Alice heard another voice call:

"Hello, Cap!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Get the goods?"

"You bet!"

"And the Bradys?"

"There hain't no Bradys no more."

"Good enough! And the girl?"

"I have her safe."

"Correct! We'll run her aboard first."

The Chinamen were listening eagerly.

"What will he say when he knows?" one remarked.

"Silence!" was the reply. "Do you forget that she can understand?"

Alice sat still, and said nothing.

Of course, at the time she did not know what kind of a craft was outside.

She had expected to be taken to Chinatown, but this time it was not going to work out that way.

There was some talk, some of which Alice caught and some she didn't.

At last the man with the peajacket opened the cabin door and looked in.

"You are to go aboard now, and bring the girl," he said.

"Say, Charlie! You tellee him?" demanded one of the Chinamen.

"Naw! Tell your own stories!" growled the man. "Come on!"

"Waitee mlimit. Him expect to see Dook Gong?"

"S'pose so. Don't know; don't care! Come on with the gal. We want to get out of this. It's up to you to settle your own affairs."

The Chinamen prepared to leave the cabin, and very reluctantly, it seemed to Alice.

That something had gone wrong with their plans was easily seen.

"You come with us," the talking one said to Alice in Chinese.

Peajacket put his oar in.

"Come! Hain't you going to say goodbye to a feller?" he demanded, catching Alice around the waist.

And he got it right across the face as he started to kiss her.

"You blame cat!" he snarled, backing away.

"Good 'nuff!" chuckled the Chinaman.

"Ware the cat!" sneered Alice. "You won't try that again!"

She pushed past the fellow and followed the Chinamen on deck.

Then she saw the yacht, a dainty, little craft; but she could see no name.

A tall, white man stood on the deck, wearing an ulster and a handsome fur cap.

"Where's Dook Gong?" he instantly called out in Chinese.

"He is not here," replied the talking Chink, in the same language. "We will explain when we come aboard."

Then there was some Chinese swearing done.

It was directed against the missing Dook Gong.

They crossed to the yacht.

Meanwhile Peajacket and another appeared, loaded down with little Chinese opium boxes, such as Old King Brady and Harry found on the island.

The instant he saw them the white man, who wore a black velvet mask over the upper part of his face, gave a roar of rage, which might have been heard half across the bay.

"What does this mean? Where are the trunks?" he demanded in English.

"We didn't bring the trunks. They were so clumsy, and we hadn't room for them," replied Peajacket.

Then he got it!

It was a wonder to watch the frightful rage into which the man flew.

His language was unendurable to Alice, and she walked forward.

The talking Chinaman trailed after her.

A fatal blunder had evidently been made in leaving these trunks behind.

Why, Alice could only guess, not knowing what the Bradys learned next morning.

The question was put as to whether Dook Gong had remained behind to watch the trunks.

Peajacket deliberately replied that he had, and that it was by his orders that the trunks had been emptied.

Alice saw the two Chinamen glance meaningly at each other, and knew that this was a lie.

The remainder of the opium was now brought aboard.

The mask checked his rage, and began nervously pacing the deck.

The man in the pilot house of the tug never said a word.

Whether he or Peajacket was captain Alice could not tell.

Nor did she get the name of the tug.

There was none on the pilot house, and a tarpaulin hung over the stern, concealing the name, which was undoubtedly there.

The opium all aboard, the tug steamed away, but not until Peajacket had been handed a fat roll of bills.

Then the yacht started.

By this time Alice had been able to get her bearings.

They were in Gravesend Bay.

The yacht struck across toward the Quarantine station on Hoffman's Island.

Just as they started the masked man approached Alice and said in English:

"Miss Montgomery, I bid you welcome to my yacht."

Alice made no answer.

"You will follow me," added the man, after waiting an instant, as though expecting a reply.

Alice followed in silence, and was conducted into a snug little cabin.

Here the opium boxes had been brought and lay piled up on the table.

The man closed the door and stood peering at Alice through the eyeholes of his mask.

"Still nothing to say?" he demanded.

"Why should I have?" retorted Alice, facing him. "By a trick you have been able to bring me here. Why should I talk to a man who is ashamed to show his face?"

"Why?" replied the mask. "Because you are wholly in my power. Listen, Miss Montgomery! You do not know me, but I know you. As soon as it is safe I shall show you my face. Meanwhile what about the rest of me? Don't you think that, outside of my face, I am a fairly good-looking man?"

He threw aside the ulster and stood in an expensive yachting suit.

In his four-in-hand tie a superb diamond sparkled.

On his left hand were three others, equally fine set, in a gypsy ring.

He was certainly a well-proportioned, striking-looking fellow, and, with his dress, surroundings and manner of speaking, he seemed to be a person of some consequence.

"I have nothing to say," replied Alice, coolly. "I don't care to talk with a man who treats a woman as you have treated me and who is ashamed to show his face."

"If I was to show you my face you would be sorry that I did it," answered the mask in Chinese. "Meanwhile, Miss Montgomery, let me tell you that no harm will come to you here. I have long admired you from a distance. I want a wife, and I want one who can talk Chinese and so help me in my business. You fill the bill exactly, and let me tell you right now that it is my intention to marry you, so prepare your mind, for what I say will surely come to pass."

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE TRAIL OF A CHINESE DWARF.

Young King Brady and Charley Ching hurried down to Chinatown.

This section of New York, we will state, for the benefit of such readers as are unfamiliar with the metropolis, lies to the right of Chatham Square, at the foot of the Bowery.

Here the Chinese colony completely occupies lower Mott street, Pell and Doyers street, and there is a spill over into the lower Bowery, City Hall place, Park street and the Square.

On the corner of Doyers and Pell streets there is a dead brick wall, against which one always finds posted various slips of red paper bearing Chinese characters, and here as they pass the denizens of Chinatown stop to read.

This is the Chinese bulletin, or "newspaper," as some style it.

These papers are notices of guild meetings, or sales of goods, of articles lost and found, and so on.

It was on this wall that Harry proposed to post the paper Charley Ching had drawn up; but first it was necessary to engage a room.

This proved to be a little difficult, for, of course, they wanted one furnished.

They visited several places, and at last, on the top floor of an old building on Pell street, they succeeded in getting a room with two beds and a cook stove, which suited well enough.

It was rented by the week by an old Chinaman who kept a grocery downstairs and had the lease of the whole house.

Harry let Charley do the talking, of course, and a week's advance rent was paid.

They then took possession, and Charley, finishing his paper, they posted it on the bulletin.

It was now nearly five in the afternoon, and Harry felt that they could hardly hope for results before the next day.

He and Charley pushed about here and there, looking in at one or two opium joints and fantan cellars, so that Charley could hear the talk that was going about Chinatown.

Then Harry bought the evening papers, and they returned to the room.

Charley Ching lighted a fire in the little stove and began smoking a Chinese tobacco pipe, while Harry sat down to read the papers.

But his mind was so troubled about Alice that he could scarcely think of what he was reading.

Charley tried to cheer him up by talking, but he found himself cut off pretty short, until all at once Harry gave an exclamation and said:

"Listen to this, Charley. It seems to have to do with our case."

And he read from the paper as follows:

"FOUND DROWNED.

"Rockaway, Jan. —.—Two fishermen who were plying their calling on Jamaica Bay early this afternoon came across the dead body of a Chinaman off Star Island.

"The man was apparently under forty and was dressed in American clothes.

"The body bore marks of violence. There was a severe scalp wound, which may indicate a fractured skull.

"There was nothing found upon the remains to disclose the identity of the dead man, but he is believed to be one of two Chinamen who have lately been catching and drying killyfish in this part of the bay.

"The body was towed to Rockaway and turned over to the authorities."

"There!" exclaimed Harry. "What do you think of that?"

"Looks as if it might have something to do with the case," replied Charley. "I'm sure I can't tell, for I don't know the country down there. Are there many Chinese fishermen operating on that bay?"

"I don't believe there is one besides these fellows we heard of, and in their case the fishing was only a blind."

"Oh, mebbe not. The killyfish is a great favorite among my people. They could easily sell all they caught, those fellows."

They talked further on the subject, and Harry settled

it in his own mind that the drowned man had something to do with the burned hut.

About half-past seven there came a knock on the door. "At last!" murmured Harry. "Open up, Charley. Probably we have got a bite."

It was only Old King Brady who walked into the room. The old detective closed the door and looked around. "Well, you boys seem to be very comfortably located here," he said.

"Anything from Alice?" demanded Harry.

"No; unfortunately not. I called in on another matter. Did you see in the papers about the dead man who was found in Jamaica Bay this afternoon?"

"Yes. A Chinaman, found off Star Island, wherever that may be."

"I propose to find out. I am going right down there, so I thought I'd drop in and tell you."

"How did you find out where we were?"

"Got Quong Lee, our friend the opium joint keeper on Chatham Square, to send his boy around to the bulletin. He gave me the number."

"Did you tell Quong anything about the business?"

"Only in a general way. He thinks that notice is simply a bait, and that no real treasure was found."

"He didn't know of any opium gang who hung out on Jamaica Bay, I suppose?"

"If he did he did not tell me."

"I suppose you feel that you can trust him, Governor?"

"Harry, I have the utmost confidence in the man, as you well know."

Once Old King Brady had been able to do this particular opium joint keeper a great favor.

Quong Lee never forgot it.

From that hour he has been the old detective's standby in New York's Chinatown.

There was some further talk, and Old King Brady pulled out and started on his long run to Jamaica Bay.

He had been gone some time and Charley Ching and Harry were playing a game of dominoes, when again there came a knock on the door.

Harry got up and opened it.

Outside stood an undersized Chinaman, with an unusually big head and coarse features, who addressed him in Chinese.

Harry touched his lips and ears and shook his head.

Charley called out something in Chinese, and the dwarf, if he could be so called, came in and Young King Brady made the door fast behind him.

Then came a dull siege for Harry.

The little Chink and Charley Ching talked for a good fifteen minutes.

Of course, there could be no check on Charley Ching.

If he wanted to sell out to the enemy Harry would never have known.

But the Bradys had trusted the young halfbreed many times and always found him faithful.

Harry had all he could do to restrain his impatience.

He took up Charley's Chinese pipe, and sat smoking.

At last the confab came to an end, and the little man rose to go.

Charley followed him to the door and shook hands as they parted.

The moment he had closed the door he gave Harry the Bradys' secret sign meaning "follow."

Harry was on his feet in an instant.

First he tiptoed to the door and suddenly flung it open.

The little Chink was not listening outside, as he thought might be the case.

Charley put out the light and, locking the door, they stole downstairs together.

"Get anything?" whispered Harry.

"Sure," was the reply. "We ought to change, but I suppose we can't wait."

"No, we shall lose him if we do."

They passed out on to Pell street, just in time to see the little man turning into Doyers street.

Here he paused and looked up at the bulletin.

"What did you get, Charley?" demanded Harry. "Any news about Miss Montgomery?"

"No, no! No such good news. But there he goes again. We must be on the move."

They trailed the fellow down Doyers street to Chatham Square and thence to Park Row.

It now became evident to Harry that he was bound out of Chinatown.

So far he had never looked behind him once.

"Come, Charley, tell us all about it," he said. "That fellow is bound for Brooklyn. I want to know what he said."

"Well," replied Charley, "he began by asking me if I posted the notice, and I told him that I did. He asked if I had the treasure. I told him I had not; that I was acting for another. Then he wanted to know how he could get a sight of it. I told him that the only way would be to prove his property, and that it would be given up to him if he was willing to pay enough. He asked how much was expected. I told him I was directed to get his offer. Then he said that he was acting for some one else, and would call to-morrow at six in the evening."

"Seems to me it took you a thundering long time to cover that ground," said Harry.

"Why, he was trying to coax me to tell him how I came to find the trunks, and I was trying to make him tell his own name and who sent him if he was not the owner of the trunks."

"And you made nothing out of it?"

"Nothing whatever, Harry."

"I don't believe that he knows anything about the trunks. He just called in out of curiosity."

"I don't think so myself, but it might be that way."

"I have a great mind to send you back to the room. Why were you so keen to follow him?"

"Because he wore a little jade head on his watch chain. It was just like some of those you showed me up at the office."

"Couldn't he have bought the thing right there on Pell street?"

"He certainly could."

"Charley, that was not clew enough. Others may call. One of us ought to go back."

"Very well, just as you say, Harry. Which shall it be?"

"You, of course. I will trail this man to wherever he is going and then return unless something prevents."

They parted near Duane street, where everything was being pulled to pieces to accommodate the new bridge terminal.

Here Harry fully expected to see the little man go on to the Brooklyn Bridge.

But he did not.

Instead he struck across the City Hall Park and started down Broadway.

"Going to Jersey," thought Harry.

But he had to say to himself "wrong again" when he had passed Liberty street and the little Chinaman kept paddling on down Broadway.

"Staten Island," thought Harry.

But the little man turned down Rector street and thence into Washington.

They were now in Little Syria, where a Chinaman is an unusual sight.

"Still any old nationality goes in Little Syria.

If a green man should suddenly appear on the streets there, it is doubtful if anyone would pay more than casual attention to him.

No one paid the least attention to this yellow one, nor to Harry.

The little man turned in at a shop bearing an Arabian sign.

Here Harry thought he had lost him.

But he improved the opportunity by slipping into a dark doorway where he could still keep an eye on the Arabian shop and yet make a change.

So he got rid of his Chinese wig and rubbed the lines off his face, which made it match the wig.

When he stepped out he was no longer the dumb Chink, but something near the only original and genuine Young King Brady.

And still the little Chinaman tarried in the shop with the Arabian sign.

He came out in a moment, however, carrying a huge basket.

It was so heavy that it was all the dwarf could do to carry it.

Now it was no longer a question of fast walking, but just the other way.

Harry trailed him to the Battery boat landing where the fireboats tie up.

Here the rowboats connected with the gentleman's yachts lying out by Liberty Island land.

The little Chink descended the steps, lugging his basket.

Harry got across the broad street in a hurry.

He was just in time to see the little man being pulled away in a rowboat.

The man at the oars was in a yachting suit, but his face was brown.

Harry could see plainly by the big arc light near the fireboat office.

This young man was clearly a Malay or a Philippino.

Young King Brady had now come to the end of his rope, temporarily at least, for there was no other boat at the landing.

Clearly the little Chink was the steward or cook on some gentleman's yacht.

Harry now felt confirmed in his theory.

The man had called from mere curiosity.

He felt that he had been wasting his time.

But how differently he would have acted could he have known need scarcely be said.

Alice was a prisoner on a "gentleman's" yacht.

The knowledge of this would have been almost sufficient to make Harry jump into the bay and continue his chase.

CHAPTER VII.

ALICE MEETS LITTLE CHIN CHIN AND FINDS HERSELF STILL A PRISONER.

Alice and the mask were not making much headway until the former made the astounding announcement that he intended to make Alice his wife.

This caused the brave girl to immediately alter her course of action.

Alice has been up against this sort of thing before, and experience has taught her that the best way is always to jolly these unexpected lovers.

She tried it now.

Bursting into a light laugh, she said:

"Well, whoever you are, my friend, you have certainly paid me the highest compliment which a man can pay a woman; but I must say I don't like your method of obtaining an introduction."

"It was rather abrupt," replied the man with a chuckle, "but would I have stood any chance of success if I had tried any other way?"

"Probably not; but tell me, what about my friends the Bradys? Are they really dead?"

"I so understand it. But that is not my doings. You want to forget your friends, Alice. I am to be your friend now."

"It takes time to get used to a situation like this. Tell me what I have to expect. I want to know all."

"Oh, well, you have nothing to expect at present but what will be agreeable enough. We go to my house. Tomorrow I shall let you rest. After that we shall see."

"And where is your house?"

"Ah, my dear Alice, that I shall not tell you. But tell me what you think of my Chinese?"

"About as good as mine. You must have spent many years in China."

"Yes, more than twenty."

"In what part?"

"Oh, all over, but I never traveled into the far interior; did you?"

"Once with my father when I was a child. But if you lived twenty years in China, you cannot be a young man."

"That depends upon when I began living there. I am certainly not an old man. But I will detain you no longer now. In a little while we make a landing. One thing first. How many Chinaman did you see on that tug?"

"Only the two who came aboard with me."

"There should have been a third. Was any allusion made to him?"

"Yes; those two kept making remarks. If you want my opinion, something happened to the third man."

"Ah! As I suspected. Where did they get you? Canarsie?"

"Yes."

"Did the tug run up Jamaica Bay after you went aboard?"

"No. We put right out to sea."

"Thanks. Your direct talk is what I like. There has been some double-dealing here, and if it is as I fear, I have met with a heavy loss. Your detective skill may come in handy in that case if you are disposed to help me."

"I might be so disposed if I saw any money in it; but come, be as direct with me as I have been with you. What has become of the Bradys?"

"It will give you a shock if I tell you."

But Alice had passed beyond that.

She no longer felt certain that the Bradys had really fallen into the hands of the opium gang, of which this smooth-spoken person was probably the leader.

"Tell me," she said. "How can I tell how to act if I don't know the truth?"

"If I am to be direct, then I can't tell you what I don't actually know," replied the mask, "but I am willing to oblige. Who came for you to Kreizer's Hotel?"

"A young fellow who said his name was Grady."

"He also came for the Bradys?"

"He said so; but I did not see the man who came for the Bradys."

"Well, he probably told the truth. His orders were to drown the Bradys. Whether he actually succeeded in doing it or not I have no means of knowing."

Alice looked the mask straight in the eyes as she replied:

"Well, I hope he did."

"Do you really mean that?" demanded the man.

"I really mean it. I am tired of the Bradys; they have worked me to death. I am tired of the detective business. I want to make money, and I see money in that line of business. There! Now you know how I feel."

And as she said it Alice waved her hand at the pile of opium boxes.

She could see the eyes glitter behind the velvet mask. "We shall soon be better acquainted, Alice, I hope," said the man. "In the meantime neither of us can fully trust the other, but this I will say; if you tell the truth, I can put you in the way of making all the money you want. We ought to make a splendid team. But now I must leave you, and we may not meet again for some little time. Meanwhile my representative is a little Chinaman who will presently wait on you. I call him Little Chin Chin. Obey him and you are obeying me. Will you shake hands before we part?"

"Surely," replied Alice, and she did it without an outward tremor, although inwardly merely to touch the hand of this man made her shudder. The mask then left the cabin, and Alice heard the door at the head of the companionway locked behind him.

She sank down into a chair and sat pondering:

What if the truth had been told her? What if the Bradys were really dead?

And the yacht steamed on.

At last it stopped, and she could hear some little confusion.

But it was over in a minute, and she waited a long time before anyone appeared.

Finally the door was opened and the identical Chink to be trailed by Harry next evening came paddling down the stairs.

This was manifestly Little Chin Chin, and Alice so addressed him in Chinese.

The man showed pleasure but no astonishment.

"You speak my language very well," he said. "I always thought no American could learn it till I met the boss. Now I know two. You are to follow me, miss. Don't make any trouble, please. My orders are to shoot you if you do, and I shall certainly carry them out. Come." Alice followed him up on deck.

The yacht had come up to a small pier which projected into a little cove.

Behind it rose a high bluff.

This told Alice that she could be nowhere else than on the south shore of Staten Island, in the neighborhood of Prince's Bay.

She could see no house and no light anywhere, but there was a flight of wooden steps leading up on top of the bluff.

The place was clearly a lonely one, remote from the settled part of the south shore of Staten Island.

And yet this was still New York City, if she was right, and on that same island a vast population dwelt.

There was no one to be seen on the deck except one white man who was well wrapped up, and who was pacing up and down.

He paid no attention to them, and they passed onto the pier, where Little Chin Chin led the way to the steps.

"Climb high," he said in Chinese, and then he threw an admiring look at Alice which troubled her much.

It had been bad enough with the mask, but he at least was a white man, with the manners of a gentleman.

Little Chin Chin paddled up the steps after Alice, but just before they reached the top he darted ahead of her, evidently fearing that she might make a break.

But Alice had no such intention, for she knew how hopeless it would be to try it.

Reaching the top of the steps, she found herself in a gentleman's garden.

Beyond, at a little distance, were barns and other out-buildings on the right, while on the left rose a large, old-fashioned mansion built of gray stone.

The blinds were closed and no light shone.

On either side of the garden rose a high fence which extended to the edge of the bluff.

"I stick to Little Chin Chin," thought Alice. "There is no use in even thinking of escape here, so far as to-night is concerned."

The Chinaman led the way along the snow-covered walk.

They ascended steps, and a door was unlocked.

Alice expected to step into a cold, unfurnished hall.

But no! The hall was as big as a room, warm and well furnished with sofas, chairs and tables as though it had been a room.

Little Chin Chin struck a match and lighted a gasjet.

He then locked the door and lighted a small hand lamp.

"You are tired," he said. "You want to go to bed. Come, follow me."

And Alice was conducted to a large upper chamber, well furnished in the olden style.

Again Little Chin Chin lighted gas.

"Now understand," he said. "You must not leave this house. There are fierce dogs here. When I go down I shall loose them. They will tear you to pieces if you try to escape. Good night. May the dream god take you to the ones you love best."

"This last remark we have translated literally—with Alice's help, of course.

Little Chin Chin closed the door and locked it on the outside.

Alice shot the bolt on the inside.

There was another door leading into the next room which was locked and bolted on the other side.

Alice bolted it on her side, went to the window and started to raise it.

It was not fastened, but there were iron bars on the outside, and it was the same with each of the other windows in the room.

As she raised the sash she heard the bay of a blood-hound.

The ominous sound was quickly answered from another part of the grounds.

"This is a bad business, but it might be worse," thought Alice.

She could see the yacht from one of the windows.

The man in the long overcoat was still pacing the deck.

Worn out with the fatigue and excitement of the night, Alice turned down the gas, wrapped the spare blankets around her and lay upon the bed without undressing.

Contrary to her expectations, in a few minutes she was asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

PICKING UP CLEWS.

Old King Brady went down to the bridge and took an East New York elevated train.

At Manhattan Junction he changed for Canarsie, and in due time turned up again at Kreizer's Hotel.

Kreizer was at his cards as usual, only this time it was pinochle instead of poker.

He immediately got up and went behind the bar.

"Anything doing?" demanded the old detective.

"I couldn't find out the name of the tug," replied Kreizer. "Several people I know have seen it, but there was no name on the pilot-house and a tarpaulin always hung over the name astern, but there have been Chinks seen aboard, and they found a dead one up the bay this afternoon."

"So I heard," said Old King Brady. "Did you get any particulars?"

"No; I only know what I read in the paper."

"Then you have nothing to report?"

"Really nothing, I'm sorry to say; don't think I haven't tried, for I did."

"Oh, I believe that, Kreizer. Now look here, I'm going across to Rockaway. I want to see that corpse. I came around this way because I wanted to find out what you had done. Now help me out by getting me a man to take me across the bay."

"I think, if you don't mind, I'll go myself," replied Kreizer. "I'm getting interested in this case."

Of course Old King Brady raised no objection.

So Kreizer went out and engaged the very launch which had so nearly proved the coffin of the Bradys, and they ran up to Star Island, where they landed.

Old King Brady told Kreizer about the fire, but made no mention of their find.

As soon as he began flashing his lantern about he saw that someone had been to the place since his visit that morning, for the trunks were not as he had left them.

They had been completely demolished and the pieces lay scattered about.

"This is where the Chinese fishermen lived, and there can be no doubt that they were mixed up in the opium business," he said. "But we will not remain here. I just wanted to see if anyone had been here since Harry and I were here this morning, and I see that such is the case. Now for Rockaway. There is no doubt that this dead man was one of the gang, and it is just possible that something may be found upon him which will give us a clew."

Again boarding the launch, Kreizer ran it over to Rockaway.

Here they had a good distance to walk before reaching the undertaker's where the remains of the dead Chinaman had been taken.

Old King Brady made himself known to the undertaker, a Mr. Snedeker, who readily showed them the corpse.

"The inquest is to-morrow," he said, "but the coroner has been here. The man was not drowned, as was supposed. He must have been murdered. Someone struck him on the back of the head and fractured his skull."

Old King Brady examined for himself and found that it was so.

"Was anything found on the body?" he asked.

"A number of things," replied Mr. Snedeker. "They are here."

He opened a drawer and exhibited a jackknife, a revolver, a box of cartridges, three keys, a package of cigarettes, a small photograph of a Chinese woman, and a letter written in Chinese.

The last held Old King Brady's attention for some minutes.

"Can you read that, Mr. Brady?" demanded Snedeker.

"No," was the reply:

"I thought mebbe you could, the way you looked at it."

"I was looking at it for a different reason. This letter was probably written by a white man."

"How can you tell?"

"It was written with a stub pen. No Chinaman would ever have used anything but a Chinese bamboo pen. I should like very much to take this letter away with me, Mr. Snedeker. I can very easily get it translated."

"I'd like to let you have it, but the coroner would be sure to object," was the reply.

"Who is the coroner?"

"Dr. Wilson, of Jamaica."

"Can you get him on the telephone for me?"

"I think so, if he is in."

The attempt proved successful.

The coroner told Old King Brady that he might take the letter if he would return the original with the translation.

The old detective now left for New York by train.

But before doing so he personally made a search of the dead Chinaman's clothes, discovering nothing further.

It was nearly midnight when he struck New York, and he hurried to Chinatown, going straight to the Pell street rooms which Harry and Charley Ching hired.

He had to knock three times before the door was opened, and Charley, looking very sleepy, appeared.

"Well, have you had any applications for the treasure?" he demanded.

"Only one," replied Charley. "Harry and I trailed the man down by the Brooklyn Bridge. Then Harry chased me back, and I haven't seen him since."

"When was that?"

"Just after you left."

"The boy is having a long trail. I've been to Rockaway, and I saw the dead Chink. It's a case of murder, probably. This letter was found on the corpse; see what you can make out of it."

Charley took the letter and at once expressed the same opinion which Old King Brady had done to Mr. Snedeker.

"This letter was never written by a Chinaman," he said.

"So I thought. How does it read?"

"It is pretty bad Chinese, Mr. Brady. Miss Montgomery could do a lot better. Give me a little time."

Charley worked over the letter for some time and then began to read:

"Chicago, ———.

"Dook Gong—I start back to-morrow. Have taken a few orders on hop, and promises on the other stuff. I am still determined to put the Bradys out of business and to capture the girl. She is a wonder, from all I hear, and I have fallen dead in love with her. Wonder if she would fall in love with me if she could see me as I am? But this don't have to be to begin with, and after she gets used to me she may not care. The Bradys will be put out of the way. I have the pipes all laid, and shall begin work as soon as I return. Tell Little Chin Chin to fix up the big front chamber for her. I may not come down to the island for a day or two, but don't you come to 11 Wall. Be good.

Your friend,

"JULIUS."

Old King Brady lit a cigar and gave Charley one.

"Julius, Julius," he repeated. "I can't imagine who the writer can be, or why he should want to put us out of the way. The girl is evidently Alice, but if she knows any such person, I never heard her speak of him. And that remark, 'if she could see me as I am'; Charley, are you sure you have that straight?"

"That's the way it reads, Mr. Brady."

"It would seem as if the man meant to go masked for awhile after capturing Alice."

"It might be that. I am not sure of one character there. It might mean different."

"One thing important, he gives an address, which I shall certainly look up in the morning."

The letter is a couple of weeks old."

"So I see. He has had plenty of time to make his arrangements to do us up, and I must compliment him on his skill, for he came very near succeeding."

"Say, Mr. Brady, there is one thing which has just come into my head."

"Out with it, Charley."

"He speaks of Little Chin Chin. The man who was in here was one of the shortest Chinamen I ever saw, almost a dwarf."

"Is that so? Looks as if he might be the man alluded to. But I will wait here. Harry may come in with news which will change everything."

So Old King Brady put in the night in Chinatown, but neither Harry nor anyone else turned up.

Bidding Charley Ching keep close, Old King Brady left at daybreak and went home.

No Harry; no word of Alice at her lodgings!

Then it was to the office, where he found the same state of affairs.

Old King Bradys now began to overhaul his books to see what he could make out of the name Julius.

But nothing came of it, and memory refused to serve him.

At nine o'clock he started for Wall street and entered No. 11.

The bulletin board gave three Juliuses.

Julius Kahn, real estate, Julius White, stock broker, and Julius Ramage, lawyer.

Neither of these names suggested anything to the old detective, so he started for the janitor.

The man proved intelligent and ready to talk.

"I'm looking for a man in this building who has something the matter with his face," he said. "His first name is Julius. I don't know his last name."

"Julius Ramage," replied the janitor promptly. "Him with the birthmark. Sure, he's the ugliest man I ever see, and a fine strapping feller, too, outside of that."

And then Old King Brady knew with whom he had to deal.

Six years before, under another name, such a man had been arrested by him for embezzling a large sum from a commercial house in California whose dealings with the Chinese were quite extensive.

At the trial Old King Brady had been an important witness against him, and he was convicted, but got free on bail under appeal.

Later the man jumped his bail and disappeared, leaving the trusting friend who went on his bond to face heavy loss.

That he took with him the bulk of the money he embezzled the old detective had always believed.

"I'll arrest him on sight if I get the chance," thought Old King Brady, and he asked what Mr. Ramage's hours were.

"He is very uncertain," replied the janitor. "I saw him yesterday, but it was the first time for a week."

Old King Brady did not ask the janitor not to report his inquiry, feeling that this would be the surest way to bring about the report.

He went upstairs, tried Mr. Ramage's door and found it fast.

There was no one in the hall, so the old detective got busy with his skeleton keys and had the door open in a minute.

The office was but a small one, a single room, neatly furnished.

Rapidly Old King Brady began his search.

Everything but the safe was examined.

But the safe must have contained all that was valuable, for he could find nothing of the least interest.

He was just about to give it up, when he discovered a bunch of letters hanging on a hook in a corner which he had overlooked.

These he hastily ran over.

And this resulted in another find.

Several of the letters were in Chinese, and had evidently been written by Chinamen.

Old King Brady pocketed them all.

He then made a rapid examination of the English letters.

He found two dating back several months which interested him.

The first read as follows:

"New York, June 10th.

"Mr. J. Ramage, 11 Wall St.:

"Dear Sir—Replying to your ad in Sunday's Herald, would say that I have a piece of property to rent which may suit your purpose. It is located on the south shore of Staten Island, between Prince's Bay and Tottenville. It is known as the Van Vleit place. It will be rented, furnished, for the summer to a responsible party for the very low price of \$30 per month. It contains twenty-odd rooms, has a good barn and carriage-house, also a small pier at which your yacht could tie up. There is a good well of water in the yard, but no water in the house. Shall be pleased to hear from you.

"Yours truly,

"Joseph Bayliss,

"Stapleton, S. I."

The letter bore Joseph Bayliss's business heading, which was "real estate."

The second letter was from the same man and very brief.

It ran:

"Dear Mr. Ramage—I am pleased to note that you have decided to engage the Van Vleit place. Will prepare the lease at once, and it will be ready any time you like to call. The stories about malaria are simply lies.

"Yours,

"J. Bayliss."

"And here he lives still, perhaps," Old King Brady said to himself. "If so, that will be the place to which he

probably took Alice. This is as it should be. Now I can get to work."

He let himself out without being observed and started back to Chinatown, feeling that an hour or so could make but little difference in Alice's case.

He wanted to show the letters to Charley Ching.

CHAPTER IX.

ALICE GOES FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Alice slept but a few minutes, as it seemed to her, when she was suddenly aroused by something.

She started up to find her ears ringing with a fearful cry.

Had she dreamed it?

For the moment it seemed as if it must be so.

Then suddenly it came ringing through the old house again.

Such another despairing yell she had never heard.

It made her think of the cry of some lost soul from the bottomless pit.

She sprang to her feet and turned the gas up full.

"Heavens! What can this mean?" she gasped. "Can anybody be doing that for my benefit?"

She stepped to the door and stood listening.

In a moment she heard someone walking along the hall barefoot, and then came a low knock on the door.

"Well?" cried Alice.

She was so nervous that involuntarily she allowed her voice to run into a scream.

"It is I, Miss Montgomery," spoke the voice of the mask. "Are you dressed?"

"Yes."

"Open the door. I swear by the memory of my mother that I will not harm you."

Alice unbolted the door on her side, and it was unlocked on the other and opened.

The mask stood without.

He was barefooted, and wore pajamas, and had a beautifully embroidered Chinese dressing gown belted around him. His face was as white as the wall, and his right hand clutched a revolver.

"You heard that cry?" he asked.

"I certainly did," replied Alice. "What does it mean?"

"If I knew I would tell you. Three times I have heard it before since I came to live in this house. I have searched the premises on all three occasions, and that thoroughly, but I can find nothing. You are a detective; what do you think?"

"Has the house the reputation of being haunted?"

"If it has, I don't know it. I never mix with my neighbors. The agent denies it. Will you come with me and see what can be found?"

He picked up a lighted lantern which he had placed on the floor.

"I'm only a woman," replied Alice. "Why don't you call Little Chin Chin to your aid?"

"He is away on the yacht. We are alone in the house." Alice shuddered.

She could only see in all this some plan to draw her into further trouble.

"How can I trust a man who refuses to show me his face?" she asked.

The mask gave a groan—an unmistakable groan.

"Don't ask me to show you my face now, Alice," he replied. "Believe me, it is for your own good that I keep it concealed."

There was almost an appeal in the tone in which these words were spoken.

"Well, all right. I will go if you give me your solemn promise that no harm shall come to me by your hand or that of your people."

"I swear it! Oh, I am in dead earnest, Alice. But tell me, do you believe in clairvoyants?"

"I never gave the matter much thought. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because a Chinese clairvoyant once told me that I should hear three fearful cries, and when I heard the fourth I should die."

"Indeed! Well, if you heard three before and two tonight that makes five and you still live, so your Chinese clairvoyant is all off."

"That is true. Do you know you have given me hope."

"Don't be silly enough to believe in such rubbish. If we are going, let us go. From what direction do you think the cry came?"

"It seemed to me to come from the rooms below."

"And so it did to me. Let us go downstairs and see what we can find."

"It's good to have company," remarked the mask. "This thing has got on my nerves, and I'm not a nervous man either."

"What does Little Chin Chin think of it?"

"Do you know, as it happens, he has been away each time I have heard the cry, so I never told him anything about it. He is only my cook and general servant. I keep a Chinaman about me who acts as my valet and clerk, a very intelligent fellow whom you will like. His name is Dook Gong. He has heard the cry each time. He firmly believes in the ghost theory, and has begged me to leave the house, and I think I shall have to take his advice."

They went from room to room.

Alice was captivated by the lovely old colonial furniture which she saw.

"To whom does this place belong?" she asked.

"To infant heirs of the Van Vleit family," replied the mask.

"This furniture is most interesting."

"Do you like such things? Well, they are for sale, and if you marry me I will buy any part of them, or all, if you wish."

"Shall we go further? We seem to have searched all the rooms on this floor."

"I don't imagine it is the least use."

"There is the cellar."

Dook Gong and I searched the cellar twice, also the attic.

"Shall we try the attic now?"

"Suppose we do."

They went to the top of the house, and there Alice saw

old spinning wheels and more colonial furniture in a more or less damaged condition.

But they left it, no wiser than they had been before about the origin of the cry.

"I give up," said the mask. "Go back to bed, Alice. I shall go downstairs and take a drink of whisky to make me sleep. Bolt your door and be careful of yourself. It will soon be daylight, and then I shall have something to tell you which will certainly interest you. Good night."

Alice went back into the room, bolted the door, and either purposely or from forgetfulness the mask failed to lock it on the other side.

Alice sat down by the window.

Outside she could hear the dogs barking.

She wondered what time it was—her watch had been taken from her—and she wished she had asked.

Suddenly the report of a revolver rang out below.

"You scoundrel!" she heard someone yell in Chinese.

We have used the word "scoundrel," but what was said was actually a great deal stronger.

Then all in the same breath came another shot.

This was instantly followed by a heavy fall, and the whole house shook.

Alice sprang to her feet.

She had been shaken and nervous before, but now came that calm courage for which this brave girl is so noted.

Unbolting the door, she flung it wide open and listened, but she could not hear a sound.

Below the gas still remained lighted.

For fully a minute—it seemed like ten—Alice stood listening.

"I must know the truth!" she thought. "I go down."

"Her revolver had been taken from her, but she had a small derringer which had been so carefully concealed that the searchers failed to find it.

This she now produced and stole down the stairs.

The light burned in the apartment behind the parlor, which was fitted up as a dining-room.

Alice stole to the door and peered in.

Upon the floor and lying on his side all in a heap was the mask.

Alice could see no one else in the room.

"They have killed him!" she thought, remembering the man's fears.

She entered the room and bent over him.

Blood was flowing from a bullet wound in the back of the head.

Alice turned him over on his back.

She saw that the man was surely dead.

"Who can have done this and why?" she asked herself.

The mask's revolver lay upon the floor within reach of his hand.

Alice turned to pick it up, and as she did so from behind a heavy portierre sprang Little Chin Chin.

His eyes were blazing, and in his hand he held a cocked revolver with which he covered Alice.

All in the same instant the two Chinamen from the tug sprang upon her from behind, and the revolver was wrenched away.

Thus disarmed and cornered, Alice was now thoroughly frightened, as well she might be.

Instantly she shouted something in Chinese.

It was an imprecation which these wretches understood.

"May Joss send leprosy upon the man that harms me," would be a free translation.

By the Chinese this imprecation is most dreaded.

Moreover, Alice knew that their belief was that such an imprecation uttered by a woman in a moment of peril of this sort would be literally fulfilled.

"Tie her hands!" ordered Little Chin Chin. "I will shoot her if she resists, but she must not be otherwise harmed."

And to this Alice was forced to submit.

"Leave us alone," said the dwarf then.

The pair retreated.

The look which Alice got from Little Chin Chin then made her shudder.

"So you see you are wholly in my power," he said. Listen! You shall never marry that man now. He is dead!"

"And you killed him," replied Alice calmly, speaking in Chinese.

"No."

"I do not believe you."

"I tell you true. Let me show you what he is like, this man who you would have taken for your husband! Oh, I heard your talk in the cabin. I know."

And Little Chin Chin bent down over the body and tore away the mask.

No wonder "Julius Ramage" had hidden his face!

It was blotched with a fearful birthmark.

Alice turned away, with a shudder.

"Now you see!" said Little Chin Chin. "You will not marry him; you will marry me. We will go away in the yacht together to South America, where nobody comes. I'm a good man. I shall sell the hop we brought in to-night. That will give me plenty of money, and I have more besides. Yes, you will marry me,"

"On the day when the sun bursts and the moon falls from heaven," replied Alice, using a common Chinese expression.

"We shall see," said the dwarf. "I'll tame you, my lady! Wait and see!"

He called and the two Chinamen re-entered.

"Take her to the room," he ordered.

Alice was dragged down into a small room fitted up in one corner of the cellar.

Here she was tied to a stool and left sitting in the dark, with her back against a partition.

And when dawn came it thus found her a prisoner in the hands of this Chinese opium gang.

Needless to say that Alice looked back almost regretfully to the politeness of the dead "mask!"

CHAPTER X.

HARRY FALLS INTO THE CLUTCHES OF LITTLE CHIN CHIN.

Harry, after the departure of Little Chin Chin in the boat, found himself standing alone on the Battery, uncertain what to do.

He first thought that it was useless to attempt to follow the matter up further.

At the same time there was Alice at the other end of the line, perhaps.

This was the disturbing factor in his mind, for Harry's love for his fair partner is deep and tender.

He could not endure to think that he had left a stone unturned.

Just as he was beginning to feel that, after all, he would have to give it up he caught the sound of oars.

At first he thought it was Little Chin Chin coming back again, but as he looked out over the water he saw a rough-looking, young fellow pulling a rowboat in toward the landing stairs.

"That chap may have noticed where they went," he thought. "It can do no harm to question him. I'll try it on."

He waited until the young man had made his landing and came up on the walk.

"Look here! I want to ask you something," he said, at the same time displaying his detective's shield.

"What do yer want?" was demanded.

"You saw a boat, with a Chinaman in it, pull out on the bay?"

"Yes, I did. You want to know more, I suppose. What's it wit?"

"What do you know?"

"The whole blame business: Who he is, who he woiks for, where he's going, all about it. See?"

"Five."

"Ten, boss. I'm a poor man. I knowed there would come inquiry about dat bunch some day, and I made me price den. Ten's de woid. See?"

"All right. Ten it is, but that's all, mind you."

"O. K. Fork over. Is de bulls after Ramage at last?"

"Go on and talk. I'm doing the questioning."

"Well, den, dat yacht's named de Tiger; she belongs to Mr. Ramage, and I uster be on her last summer. See?"

"Who is Mr. Ramage?"

"I dunno what his biz is. He lives along in a big house down on de sout' shore of Staten Island. He's got a red birt'mark all over his face. Dere's only Chinks what lives wit' him, and he can spiel it in Chineese as good as any Chink of de bunch. See?"

"And this yacht is lying off Liberty Island now?"

"Sure. I seen her. Want to be took out to her? If you do, I'm your man."

"It's too late. She will be gone before you could get me there."

"Well, I guess dat's no dream. Little Chin Chin must be dere by dis time."

"That's his name?"

"Yair. He's steward of de yacht an' cook at de house. He can make chop suey to beat de band."

"Is Mr. Ramage a crook?"

"Dunno for sure. I tink dough he's a hop smuggler, if you want my opinion. I never butted in to ask questions. I was only wit' him t'ree weeks before I got de bounce."

"Tell me how to get to this place by rail from St. George, if you know, and that's all."

The man named the station.

Satisfied that he could get nothing further out of him, Harry pulled away and hurried to the Staten Island Ferry, where he was just in time to catch a boat.

He had now something definite to go by, and he no longer had any idea of giving up the chase.

The name of Ramage told him nothing, but he was ready enough to believe that the man was at the head of the opium gang, of course.

During the long sail and the ride which followed Harry had all he could do to maintain his patience.

At last he left the train at the station the young man had named.

It was an unimportant one, which we do not care to name.

There was a general store and three or four houses visible, and that was all.

Harry made inquiry at the store, which fortunately was still open.

"There is a man with a birthmark on his face living in the old Van Vleit house," replied the storekeeper. "I never heard his name, though. He's one of your silent kind, and comes and goes on his yacht, I am told. I never see him but once myself. I don't know nothing about him at all."

Harry, thanking the storekeeper, was about to withdraw when the man called him back.

"Say, are you expected down there?" he asked.

"Why, no; I can't say that I am," replied Harry. "I want to see Mr. Ramage on a little matter of business, that's all."

"Well, then, if you take my advice you will look out for yourself. He's got three bouncing big bloodhounds, and they are turned loose inside the fence at night."

"Thanks for the caution," replied Harry. "I shall be on my guard."

He started down the road, which the storekeeper told him led directly to the old Van Vleit house.

He passed the last house a good two blocks before he came to the end of the road.

At last he saw the old mansion looming up ahead of him.

A high, iron fence cut it off from the road.

This was just the width of the house, which stood well back.

The remainder of the extensive grounds was cut off by a wooden fence, which was still higher.

Getting his bearings, Harry discovered that this fence on each side extended back to the edge of the bluff.

There was no light visible in the house, and the iron gate in front was secured by a heavy padlock.

"A veritable old dungeon," thought Young King Brady. "Upon my word, I don't see how I am going to get in."

Just then he heard the deep bay of a bloodhound behind the fence on his left.

Then on the right came the answering bark.

The storekeeper had told the truth.

Adjoining the fence on the left was a strip of woods, and Harry entered here and walked to the edge of the bluff.

A little steam yacht was just pulling away from a small pier, which projected out under the bluff.

"That fellow seems to have given it to me straight, all

right," thought Young King Brady. "If I am to get in there at all I must try it from the rear."

He looked about for a chance to climb down the bluff, but that was impossible at this point, so he hurried on, skirting the woods, until at last he came to a very steep path, which led down to the beach below.

The tide was out or Harry could scarcely have made it.

As it was, he had gained the pier in a few minutes, and saw the steps leading up to the old Van Vleit garden.

And here he paused to listen for the bloodhounds, but he could hear nothing of them, so he tackled the steps, making as little noise as possible.

At the top he paused to listen again.

The dogs were quiet, and there was a light shining between the closed shutters of one of the windows.

Along the rear of the house ran a broad piazza.

At one end was the remains of a trellis, which must once have supported a rose bush or some sort of vine, which had now disappeared.

Harry approached on tiptoe, making next to no sound.

His revolver was in his hand, and he was ready for the dogs, in case they came.

But this did not happen.

He gained the steps without having heard a sound.

Stealing across the piazza, he tried the door and found it fastened.

But for this he did not care so much.

He saw that he could easily get on the piazza roof by aid of the trellis, if only the dogs did not take a hand in the game.

The bloodhounds were certainly real, but, for some reason, they did not get onto Young King Brady's movements that night.

Pushing up the sash of the nearest window, Young King Brady listened for some minutes, but could hear no sound.

It was a chance he had scarcely expected to get, but he realized that he was running a terrible risk.

But this cut no figure.

If Alice still lived he was satisfied that she must be in this house.

Climbing in through the window, he carefully closed the sash, lest the cold air should betray him.

The room was a large bedchamber, well furnished in old-fashioned style, but apparently it had not been recently in use, for the dust lay thick over everything.

Harry pushed on to the hall and listened again. It was pitch dark, and not a sound was to be heard.

Thus far he had only ventured to use his electric flash lantern once or twice; but now he turned it on full force and proceeded to examine the room on that floor.

The first he struck was the one in which Alice had been confined the night before, and out of which she had gone so hurriedly when she heard the shot downstairs.

And here came discovery, for Alice had left several tokens of her presence behind her, a handkerchief bearing her initial, a peculiar comb which she had removed from her hair when she lay down on the bed, et cetera.

"She was brought here," thought Harry. "Heaven grant that the dear girl still lives!"

He now crossed the hall and examined two rooms.

In the rear chamber he found much to interest him.

This, as he afterward knew, was "Ramage's" room,

It was very comfortably fitted up, and there were many things to show that its occupant was a person of taste and intelligence.

As not a sound had been heard thus far, Young King Brady grew bolder and proceeded to make a systematic examination of everything.

There was an expensive rolltop desk by the window.

It was locked, but Harry is provided with skeleton keys for desks, and he used them to good advantage here.

Within were various books and papers.

Harry ran them over hastily.

Two important discoveries followed:

The first was a letter from one Jake Bollinger, acknowledging the receipt of \$500, and promising to put through the scheme to lure the Bradys to Kreizer's Hotel at Canarsie and out on the bay, where they were to be blown up in a boat by an infernal machine.

The whole details of the plot were given.

Mr. Mackin was to be also notified and sent to Canarsie by water.

This in case the Bradys consulted with the New York Secret Service men to prove the genuineness of the call.

And the man Bollinger was well known to Harry.

Formerly he had been a Secret Service detective, but had been discharged for drunkenness a few years before.

The book was of still more importance.

It was the ledger of the "New York and Shanghai Company," as its title read.

It was, in fact, a record of a series of opium-smuggling ventures extending over two years, from which enormous profits had been realized.

A list of the names of those interested was given.

Heading it was "Julius Ramage," No. 11 Wall street.

Following this name were those of two Chinese, prominent names in Chinatown.

Then came the names of two well-known whites.

This pair constituted a large wholesale drug house on William street.

Harry's examination of the book was but a hasty one, but it was sufficient to show him that to this firm the opium had all been sold.

There were also names of Chinamen at Shanghai who did the shipping, and other interesting information, all of which was of the highest importance if the New York end of the gang ever came to be punished.

Harry pocketed the letter, but as the book was too large to carry he took it into the dusty room across the hall, where he hid it behind an old-fashioned mahogany bureau.

He then closed the desk, locked it and prepared to extend his explorations to the rooms below.

The deserted rooms were cold and the gloom of the place had a singular effect upon Harry.

It seemed as if some terrible tragedy must have been enacted in the place.

When he got into the library this feeling increased, and there he saw the blood on the carpet, where Julius Ramage fell.

Poor Harry almost collapsed.

The body had vanished, but the blood stain he saw was comparatively fresh.

Naturally he thought of Alice.

"Have these mysterious people killed her?"

It seemed to Harry that it must be so.

He pushed on and came into a kitchen, and here he found his first evidence of Little Chin Chin.

The kitchen evidently was in use right along, although there was no fire in the range then, but on the table stood the heavy basket which the Chinaman had brought from Little Syria.

Harry opened it, and found that it contained provisions. Clearly the Chinaman must be in the house.

"It is either the cellar or the attic," thought Harry, "and I may as well try it upstairs first."

But that crimson stain in the library seemed to have a horrible fascination for him.

Back he went, and then he noticed the portiere, which before in his excitement over the blood stain he had overlooked.

"There must be a room beyond here," he thought.

He stepped toward the curtains, when all in the same instant that fearful cry rang out through the deserted rooms.

Harry stood transfixed.

It would have been better if he had looked behind him.

Three Chinamen were creeping noiselessly toward him, their soft, felt slippers giving back no sound.

Harry whipped out his revolver and again stepped toward the portiere.

At the same instant the curtains were thrown aside, by Little Chin Chin.

He opened his huge mouth, and again the cry rang out.

It seemed incredible that so small a person could make such a tremendous sound.

But Harry had no time to think or act, for all in the same instant the Chinks behind struck him down.

"No killee! Wait! He is one of the Bradys! Me killee him myself!" shouted Little Chin Chin.

But the blow poor Harry had received on the back of the head knocked him senseless, and he lay all unconscious upon the floor on the very spot where Julius Ramage met his fate.

CHAPTER XI.

OLD KING BRADY TAKES UP WITH LITTLE CHIN CHIN.

Old King Brady found Charley Ching at the room.

The San Francisco halfbreed was one of those persons who will stick to their post as faithfully as a hen sitting on a nest of eggs.

He informed Old King Brady that he had neither seen nor heard anything of Harry and that he had received two Chinese callers, who came to inquire about the treasure, both of whom he declared were manifest fakes.

"Our plan don't seem to have worked out very well," said Old King Brady, producing cigars and sitting down

by the table. "But never mind. Harry is well able to take care of himself. He may have found it necessary to keep dark. Meanwhile I have picked up a clew, perhaps. Cast your eye over these Chinese letters, Charley, and tell me what they are about."

"Ah!" said Charley, as he unfolded the first letter. "This is good Chinese. No American ever wrote this."

"Well, read it," said Old King Brady.

But Charley Ching was not like Alice.

He could read Chinese, and he could read English; but when it came to translating the flowery expressions of the former language into the latter he made a terrible mess of it.

It was Old King Brady himself who finally straightened the thing out.

Thus, as it would be useless to attempt to give these letters literally translated, we will merely present a summary of their contents.

The first was from a Chinese firm in Shanghai.

It stated that they had received from Mr. Julius Ramage—the name was written in English—the sum of sixty thousand dollars, with which they had purchased, as directed, Chinese jewelry, articles of jade and bronze.

The same had been packed under false bottoms of three trunks, the bodies of which were filled with opium, packed in the usual Chinese boxes.

The letter further went on to say that the trunks had been duly delivered to the captain of the British tramp steamer Yerma, Shanghai for New York.

Here was definite information.

Old King Brady consulted the morning paper and found that the Yerma had arrived the day before.

Here was a chance to arrest somebody for smuggling.

The other letter was from a Chinese firm on Mott street, Wee, Wong & Co.

It referred to the Shanghai purchase and to the expected consignment of opium.

Here was direct evidence that this well-known New York Chinese commercial house was in the smuggling deal.

"Shall you arrest them?" demanded Charley.

"Not yet," replied Old King Brady. "Of course, they must have heard of the notice on the bulletin, but they are too cagey to show their hands. No doubt they backed this man Ramage up with money to embark in the jewelry importing business. We will wait a bit and see what move they make."

But, although the old detective talked patience, he was actually most impatient.

There was Alice!

It seemed wicked to sit idle, with her fate unsolved.

The trouble was Old King Brady did not know what to do.

While he sat smoking, pondering and listening to Charley's clatter there came a knock on the door.

"Caught!" muttered the old detective. "What shall I do now?"

There was no place to hide.

It was either a case of facing the visitor boldly or letting Charley turn him away.

Old King Brady decided on the former plan, and Charley opened the door to admit Little Chin Chin.

The dwarf gave a start when his eyes rested upon the old detective.

It was very slight, but it was noticeable.

He instantly recovered himself, however, and came into the room, talking to Charley in Chinese.

"Recognized!" thought Old King Brady. "My friend, I will never leave you till I know where you belong."

He had just made up his mind to act on the Bayliss letters and take the old Van Vleit house in hand on general principles when the little cook appeared.

Charley and the dwarf now talked Chinese, and Old King Brady simply sat back and smoked.

Evidently Charley found himself in deep water, for his nervousness was apparent.

"I shall have to help him out," thought Old King Brady.

He got up and, opening the door, beckoned to the half-breed to follow him out into the hall, which Charley did, closing the door behind him.

"That the man Harry followed?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He knows me?"

"He didn't say so, but I think he does."

"What did he say?"

"Wanted to know what can be done about the treasure. He claims to know who the owner is."

"Mention names?"

"No."

"Is he a merchant, a laundryman, or what?"

"I think he is a servant, Mr. Brady, if you want my opinion."

"Leave him to me. You stick close by me, Charley. There is no doubt that he is our man. You did not mention Harry, I hope?"

"Not a word; nor did he. The man is sure a fraud."

"You mean he is a bad fellow?"

"Yes."

"Leave him to me."

They returned to the room, where Old King Brady took the bull by the horns.

"What is your name?" he demanded.

Little Chin Chin was sitting by the fire, his face as unexpressive as a wooden block.

"Chin Chin," was the reply.

"What do you know about this treasure, which I advertised on the bulletin?"

"I know who it belongs to."

"Who?"

"Mr. Ramage."

"Where is Mr. Ramage?"

"He lives Staten Island."

"You work for him?"

"Yair. I cookee."

"He sent you here?"

"Nope."

"You came yourself, hoping to get your hands on the treasure?"

"Yair."

"Do you hope now?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"You."

"Ha! You know me?"

"Sure."

"Who am I?"

"Old Kling Blady."

"Is Mr. Ramage a hop smuggler?"

"Sure."

"You know that an attempt was made to kill me night before last?"

"Sure."

"Who did it?"

"Mlister Ramage."

"You have seen my partner?"

"Sure."

"Where is he now?"

"Staten Islan'. Mlister Ramage, he catchee him and de lady."

"So? They are both in that house?"

"Sure."

It was a clever Chinese crook against the shrewdest crook catcher in the land!

"What do you propose?" demanded the old detective.

"Me tellee him in Chinee," replied Little Chin Chin.

"You will tell me in English. You speak it well enough."

"Sure."

"Well?"

"Me givee up. Me t'ink me gettee dem t'ings. No go. You catchee Ramage. You pay me five hunded dlollar me givee everyt'ing away, but you no lest me, boss. See?"

Old King Brady thought for a minute.

Then he set Charley on the game.

They chattered for some minutes in Chinese.

"It seems to be as he said," Charley then announced.

"He claims that Harry and Miss Montgomery are both prisoners down there. He says he came up to New York in Ramage's yacht, of which he is steward. He says he will take you down there and let you into the house. He says there is no one there but Ramage."

And Little Chin Chin nodded.

"He tellee true," he added. "Me no can get dem t'ings now. Me don't care. Me sell out. See?"

"Where is your yacht? What's her name?" the old detective demanded.

"She de Tiger. She down by Liberty Island. See?"

"You will not go back to that house in the yacht, my friend. You will go with me."

"Allee light," replied the Chinaman, shrugging his shoulders. "Me no care. You givee me five hunded dlollar, dat allee me care."

It looked like a case of selling out his master, but Old King Brady could not tell.

"I'll go with you, Chin Chin, and I'll go alone," he said. "We don't want the police mixed up with this. But tell me how my partners came to be captured?"

"Boss, he get man to ketchee lady by Canarsie. Young feller he come into de house last night and boss ketchee him. He lock 'em both up in cellar. I dunno what dey talkee. I no care. Me wantee five hunded dlollar, dat all."

"And you will go with me to Staten Island?"

"Sure."

"Very well. We will start soon; but now I am going

to show you this treasure. You would like to see it, I suppose?"

"Me no care. So long me no can get, me no care."

But Old King Brady was fighting for time.

"Make him give you an accurate description of how to get to the house by water," he said.

Charley tackled the cook, and at length announced that he had it straight.

Meanwhile Old King Brady wrote a note to the chief of the river police service, asking him to arrest the captain and crew of the yacht Tiger, lying off Liberty Island, and to proceed at once with a sufficient force, either on the yacht or by police boat, to the old Van Vleit place on Staten Island, the direction of which Charley Ching would give him.

He then took Charley outside and instructed him where to deliver the note.

And Old King Brady knew that the request would be promptly complied with.

It was necessary to give the police time to act, and Old King Brady could think of no better way of keeping his man's attention occupied than by taking him to the office and showing him the find in the trunks.

It was rather an original way of looking at the matter, we must admit, but we can only state what occurred.

Old King Brady considered it a good opportunity to study his man.

He wanted to go with him alone, but to go on the yacht was too dangerous a proposition to be thought of.

So, bidding Little Chin Chin follow him, Old King Brady started uptown.

He half expected the Chink would try to bolt as soon as they struck Pell street, in which case he would have promptly arrested him.

But no!

The little man stuck to him, and Old King Brady took him to the office and exhibited the contents of the trunks.

Little Chin Chin viewed the display stolidly.

He remarked that the jewelry was worth much money.

Then he put his hands into his sleeves and said no more.

Old King Brady hardly knew what to make of him.

Not then did it occur to him that the Chinaman might be somewhat lacking in intelligence.

He had reason to believe so later on.

Calling up the river police and finding that his orders had been complied with, and that the police boat had already started for the yacht, which was indeed lying off Liberty Island, Old King Brady started for the Staten Island Ferry.

There was little use in talking.

The Chinaman adhered to his brief way of answering.

He stuck close to his story and, finding that nothing was likely to come of pressing him, Old King Brady left him alone.

And so they traveled the same road which Harry had done the night before, and in due time reached the old Van Vleit house.

Little Chin Chin now took hold.

"We go in by cellar by back way," he said. "He no see us dlen. You ketchee him quick, so."

He led Old King Brady by the woods down on the shore and up the steps.

There was no sign of the police boat or the yacht.

"Would it be safe to proceed alone?" he asked himself.

The deserted appearance of the old mansion bore out Little Chin Chin's story.

They came up to the piazza.

Alongside the steps was a cellar trap door.

"Down dlere," whispered the Chinaman. "You waitee here, me go inside and open him door."

Old King Brady assented and the dwarf paddled up the steps, opened the back door with a key and disappeared.

Old King Brady turned and looked about the enclosure.

Just then he caught sight of a small yacht coming around the point of the little cove.

It looked as if Charley Ching was right on the job.

A few seconds later and Old King Brady caught sight of the halfbreed on deck.

Just then a fearful cry rang out within the house.

Involuntarily Old King Brady stepped forward.

This brought him upon the cellar trap door.

Instantly it dropped beneath his feet.

And Old King Brady went with it down into regions below.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

When Harry came back to consciousness he found himself lying in the same little cellar room in which Alice was kept a prisoner that first night of her capture.

He was bound hand and foot, and his head ached as though it would split.

Hours of dreary wait followed before he saw a soul.

Then, long after daylight, came stealing into the cellar two Chinamen, who temporarily released him and, while one held him constantly covered with a revolver, Harry was allowed to eat the food they brought.

After this he was tied to the same stool where Alice had sat before him.

Not a word was spoken, nor would the Chinamen answer when he tried to question them.

At last they left him, and there was another wait of several hours before he saw any one again.

They had taken away all his belongings, so far as he could tell.

His wrists had become so painful that his sufferings grew almost unendurable at last.

Finally came the break in the monotony.

There was a little room partitioned off in one corner and down into this came the stairs from the room above.

Now noise was heard on these stairs, and in a moment the two Chinks appeared, leading Alice between them.

The poor girl was pale and worn, and her hands were tied behind her.

They led her up to the partition right alongside of Harry, and here she was tied, the rope being passed

through two holes bored in the board and made fast inside.

Without speaking a word, the two Chinks paddled off upstairs, and they heard the door close.

"Alice!" gasped Harry. "Then you are actually here! I was afraid of it, but then it is a comfort to know that you are alive."

Alice looked at him pityingly.

"And you, poor boy!" she said. "Not until this very moment did I know that you were here."

"Have you been here right along, ever since your capture that night?"

"Yes, I was brought here then, and I have been here ever since; but, thank heaven! no one has offered me worse harm than to keep me tied up. First it was in one of the chambers upstairs; then in this cellar; later in the attic, where I was allowed a bed to lie on, and now it is here again; but the painful part of it is to find you here. Of that I little dreamed. You came looking for me, of course?"

"I followed up a Chink. I hoped I might find you. I——"

Poor Harry was quite overcome,

"You must hear my whole story," said Alice, "and in the meantime let us both cheer up. You don't know what a relief it was to see you here, Harry. Perhaps you may not guess it—of course, I was lied to—but I was told that you and Old King Brady were both dead."

"And indeed the one who told you that may have believed it, Alice. They tried to blow us up with dynamite that night. But we escaped, and if we can only hold out sooner or later the Governor is bound to come to the rescue. Tell your story. If I had my way you should never again go through such an experience as this."

And Alice related the scenes through which she had passed.

"And who do you suppose killed the man?" demanded Harry. "Was it this cook, Little Chin Chin?"

"So I think. He is a dreadful man. Actually I think he has been made insane by the excessive use of opium. His actions have been so strange! Last night he tried for two hours to make me consent to become his wife. He just stood in front of me saying the same thing over and over again. This morning he went away on the yacht and took all the opium with him. I haven't seen him since."

"How many Chinamen are there in the house?"

"At first it was only Little Chin Chin. Then two others came. That was last evening. As they led me through the hall I saw two more."

"Those two who were here just now, are they the ones who were with you on the tug?"

"Yes, and now to end my story: One of them has been more attentive to me than the rest—the tall one. He hasn't said much, but I don't like his manner. I feel more afraid of him than I do of Little Chin Chin, and—oh, Harry, look there!"

Overhead in the boards which formed the ceiling was a round hole, which had accommodated a stovepipe.

At this hole, peering down upon them, the face of a Chinaman appeared.

As soon as he saw that they were observing him the face was withdrawn.

"That's the fellow!" breathed Alice.

"He is there to listen to our talk," replied Harry.

And then and there he resolved to say nothing of the finding of the treasure.

Clearly this was a house divided against itself.

Its master had already fallen a victim to Chinese treachery.

Whose turn would it be next?"

But Alice, not guessing the drift of her lover's thoughts, asked him for his story now.

And Harry told it, omitting all mention of the treasure.

"And how did you come to get a sight of Little Chin Chin?" asked Alice, for she felt that Harry's story had been incomplete.

"I'll tell you that later on," was the reply. "There are good reasons, Alice, why I shouldn't go into it now." Alice sighed.

"I want to be hopeful, but it is hard work," she replied. "I do hope and pray we don't have to put in another night in this horrible place."

"Amen to that! But, listen! There is some one coming down the stairs."

It proved to be the Chink whose face had appeared at the pipe hole.

He came shuffling out of the little enclosure and began talking with Alice in Chinese.

She answered, and a rapid dialogue followed, lasting some minutes.

At last the Chinaman stood back in silence.

"Well?" demanded Harry. "What is all this about?"

"I believe he can speak English well enough," replied Alice, looking the fellow straight in the face.

The Chink made no sign.

"He wants me to ask you if you and Old King Brady stopped on a certain island in Jamaica Bay that night where a hut had just burned?" said Alice.

"Yes, we did."

"He wants to know if you saw three trunks there—empty trunks?"

"Yes."

"Well, Harry, he says that in those trunks was concealed a lot of jewelry and other valuable things."

"Tell him he knows more about it than I do, then."

"Alice proceeded to translate.

"He says he believes that you lie," she said then. "He thinks that you and Old King Brady got that stuff; that it was advertised on the Chinese bulletin at the corner of Pell and Doyers streets that such a find had been made."

"Tell him what I said, that he knows more about it than I do."

Alice did some more Chinese talking.

Her face grew troubled as she listened to the man's reply.

"He means mischief, Harry," she said. "What shall we do?"

"Nothing."

"He says he will kill you if you don't tell him the truth."

It looked bad.

Just then another Chinese face appeared at the pipe hole.

Clearly every word spoken was being listened to.

"Ask him what he will take to set us free?" said Harry, hoping to entrap the fellow into speaking English.

And it worked!

"You never go flee!" cried the Chink, whipping out a big revolver. "See, Charley, I knowee you! She you gal. So you not tell me what you an' Ole Kling Blady hand when you bleakee open dem tlunks me killee you!"

What Harry's answer would have been under other circumstances, it is hard to say, but just then three Chinks came tumbling into the room, and all three began jabbering in Chinese.

"What is it?" demanded Harry.

"Little Chin Chin is coming," replied Alice, "and Old King Brady is with him."

"A prisoner?"

"Hush! I don't know."

The fellow who had threatened Alice pocketed his revolver.

All four stood around looking as meek as lambs.

One picked up a bag, which Harry had previously observed lying in a corner of the cellar.

An instant later and Little Chin Chin popped in upon them.

He had laid aside his hat and let his pigtail hang down.

The talk which followed Alice alone understood.

"Why did you bring that girl down here?" he demanded.

"Because I chose to," replied the threatening Chink, boldly. "What then?"

Little Chin Chin flew into a rage.

"You fool!" he cried. "You turn on me now! It is just the wrong time. I have seen the treasure. Old King Brady has it, and he himself showed it to me. I have enticed him here. He will have to give it up to get free himself and I shall win! Look!"

The cellar trap door was supported in place at the top of a short flight of steps by a prop, which the little man now suddenly pulled away.

As he did so, he opened his mouth and once more let out that fearful cry.

The trap dropped, and Old King Brady came with it.

The Chinamen jumped to catch him.

"Now you see!" cried Harry's captor. "We gettee you all!"

Harry and Alice were in despair.

They wanted their chief, but not this way.

Old King Brady sprang to his feet, but the Chinamen bore him down again, and his hands were tied behind him.

The utmost confusion followed.

Presently the four got hold of the old detective and carried him up the stairs.

"Now, girl, you makee him givee up; you mally me or him die!" cried Little Chin Chin.

At the same instant footsteps were heard outside.

"Help! Help! Down here!" shouted Harry, on the spur of the moment.

And it was lucky he did, for that shout brought the end.

Three of the river police came hurrying down the stairs.

Little Chin Chin bolted.

"After them!" cried Harry. "They have Old King Brady upstairs! Quick!"

Four more came down, and with them Charley Ching, who quickly released Harry and Alice, while the police went to the old detective's aid.

And they were just in time to capture the whole outfit, who were streaking out by the front way.

And so the case ended.

The yacht captain was arrested, and in the Tiger the river police came down the bay.

Charley Ching saw Old King Brady vanish. Hence the quickness with which the police acted.

The prisoners were taken aboard the yacht and rounded up in the Tombs.

Search was made for the body of the man known to our readers as Julius Ramage, but to Old King Brady as Henry Rice, but it was not found.

Later it turned up on the Gravesend shore.

Little Chin Chin was indicted for his murder, but he was never tried.

The man went raving mad and was removed to Matteawan, where he still remains.

Harry recovered Ramage's book, of course, and, with the Bollinger letter and Old King Brady's Chinese letters to back them, the detectives did good work.

Wee Wong and his partner were arrested.

So were the partners in the drug house.

The opium was traced to another Chinese firm, to whom Little Chin Chin had sold it, and it was seized.

It cost these people a pretty penny to square with the Government.

The treasure was sold at the appraiser's stores and brought a large sum, which went to Uncle Sam.

Who murdered Dook Gong was never learned.

Doubtless the two Chinks on the tug were the guilty ones.

They and the other two landed in Sing Sing.

Bollinger got wind of the affair, and escaped.

And out of it all the detectives only received the usual Secret Service fees.

For the Government did not recognize the dangers through which they had passed.

And such is the way it went with the case of "The Bradys and Little Chin Chin."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AFTER THE BANK STREET BUNCH; or, BOUNDING UP THE DOCK RATS," which will be the next number (472) of "Secret Service."

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ITEMS WORTH READING.

For more than an hour a witness for the defense had dodged questions. His faulty memory was particularly exasperating to the counsel for the plaintiff, who was seeking to recall to the witness's recollection an event of four or five years previous. Eventually the man remembered "something about it." "Ah," continued the lawyer for the plaintiff, "what did you think of it at the time?" "Really," said the witness, speaking before the lawyer for the defense had time to interpose objection, "it was so long ago I can't recall exactly what I thought of it." "Well," shouted the cross-examiner, excitedly, "if you can't recall exactly, tell us what you think now you thought then."

A New York woman, not being content with the reputation she enjoys of being one of the most beautiful women in her State, has literary aspirations. Recently she was a guest at luncheon when the conversation drifted to books and plays. Various discussions followed. The beauty took part and expressed herself freely. But when she asked her listeners whether they considered Ibsen a "psychological and pathological writer," he handed out a stunner. A graveyard silence reigned until one girl, who was bolder than the rest, asked what pathological meant. Here is where the beauty lost literary prestige. "I looked it up a few days ago," she replied, "but I cannot remember just now what it means."

"Perhaps," said a New York lawyer, "the little story I'm going to tell will be as much of a comfort to some other nervous speakers as it was to me. At the farewell dinner given to Israel Zangwill I sat next to Joseph Jefferson. For the sake of opening the conversation, I said, 'I wish I were you to-night.' 'Why?' he asked. 'Because you don't have to speak and I do.' 'Oh,' said Jefferson, 'but I do have to, and I feel just as uncomfortable as you possibly could.' 'I supposed,' said I, 'you had become so used to that sort of thing, you wouldn't mind it a bit.' 'Indeed, no,' he answered. 'You know I have been playing Rip Van Winkle for more than thirty years; yet every time I go on the stage my knees knock together. If they did not I should know that the fire had gone out.'"

In addressing crowds, President Roosevelt frequently makes reference to the sacrifices of those who fought in the wars. To give emphasis to his speech, the President usually levels his forefinger apparently at some veteran within range and proceeds something after this manner: "You, sir, down there

—you who wear that button in your coat lapel." Upon one occasion the President delivered three speeches in one day to as many different audiences, and each time he pointed impressively to the man with the button in his coat lapel. All the President's speeches were delivered within the territory of a metropolitan newspaper, and to "cover" each speech a different reporter had been assigned. "Down in front of him, braving the rain," wrote the first reporter, "stood a veteran of the civil war with his seventy years and his lame leg. There were others like him there, but the President caught sight of the bronze button in this particular man's coat lapel, and, leaning far over and pointing at him, shouted cheerily: 'You man, down there, with the button, you saved the Union.'" Wrote the second reporter: "Espying a veteran of the civil war fully forty feet in front of him in that dense crowd, the President leveled his finger at the man and said: 'You, my man; you at whom my finger points; you with that button in your coat, you saved this Union.'" Wrote the third reporter: "As the President's eye searched that immense crowd his eye caught sight of a veteran's button upon the coat of a snow-haired soldier. The man was sixty feet in front of the President, who, pointing his forefinger at the hero, said: 'You, my brave man; you with that button in your coat, you helped to save this Union.' Every eye turned in the direction of the old man, into whose blue eyes the tears welled, and in a muffled tone he spoke back, 'God bless you, sir; God bless you!'"

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

Inquisitive—I suppose you miss your husband very much?
Widow—Indeed I do. Do you know, when my corns bother me I haven't a friend to turn to who will lend me a razor.

Mr. Dobbs—I, madam, am in the habit of calling a spade a spade. Mrs. Blobbs—Then for heaven's sake don't tell us what you would call a rake!

"I'm quite positive," said Miss Lovelorn, "that he loves me a great deal—" "How do you know?" demanded Miss Hardman. "Oh, I can tell by his sighs whenever—" "Now, don't fool yourself. You can't gauge the depth of a man's love by his sighs."

Bacon—Singing milkmaids are favored in the Swiss valleys it being held that the cow, soothed by melody, yields more milk than it would if not sung to. Egbert—But I suppose a cow is a good deal like a man. He hates to give up for some kinds of singing.

"I suppose," remarked the coy widow, "that you are not an advocate of early marriages?" "Oh, yes, I am," replied the scanty haired bachelor. "Then," continued the c. w., "why is it you are still a bachelor?" "That's quite another matter," answered the bachelor. "The only marriages I believe in are early ones, because there is some excuse for youthful follies."

He was no coward; nay, rather, men had even called him brave. At the peril of his life he had stopped runaway horses, had plunged into the sea to rescue a child from drowning, and had gallantly charged up San Juan Hill in the face of the Spanish bullets. But now his face paled and he trembled. "I dare not," he muttered. "But," he added resolutely, "since she whom I vowed to love and cherish has asked it of me, I will not falter." So, with calm courage and a resolute mien he descended to the kitchen to discharge the cook.

A WOMAN OF NERVE.

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

The following episode in the career of the celebrated Madame Vestris happened in the winter of 1847, when the star of her genius was still in the ascendant, in spite of her fifty years.

She had married the famous Charles Mathews the younger only a short time before, and was visiting Paris in his company.

The chief object of their visit was to secure a ballet troupe for a spectacle the preparations for which were then in progress at one of the large London theaters at the time under their united management.

But it so chanced that the selection of the ballet fell principally upon Mathews, because his wife was temporarily disabled by an unlucky sprain of the ankle.

She was confined to their hotel in the Rue Sainte Honore, where, of course, she could console herself by giving receptions to her admirers, who were quite as numerous in France as in England.

One evening she was alone in the small but elegant salon adjoining her apartment.

Her waiting-maids were within call, and could now and then hear from one of the further rooms the playful bark of her King Charles spaniels, Flock and Floss, which always accompanied her on her travels.

Taking up a newspaper, her attention became absorbed by the first article on which her glance alighted, for it was upon a subject that had excited all Paris for a number of days.

A number of robberies had taken place in quick succession, whose perpetrator had not been discovered.

It was evident, from certain characteristics common to all the crimes, that they were the work of one man.

His favorite, and indeed only method, had been to secrete himself in close proximity to some fashionable and wealthy lady's sleeping apartment, and then to possess himself of her jewels and other valuables after she had fallen asleep. When his victim happened to awake he had not hesitated to use violence to prevent her giving an alarm.

The only clew to the villain as yet lay in the knowledge that he had but two fingers on his left hand, a circumstance that had been noted by one lady who had had the nerve to simulate unconsciousness while secretly observing his felonious operations in the subdued light of her boudoir.

A panic of fear was said to be existing among such ladies as were noted for the number and value of their jewels, and sarcastic comments were passed upon the ineffectiveness of the police authorities.

Madame Vestris was a woman of exceptionally strong nerve, but she could not restrain a little timorous thrill when, having finished the article, she limped across the salon to the door of her boudoir, intending to summon her maids and retire for the night.

Before entering her boudoir, however, she turned to extinguish the wax lights of a candelabra that had been left burning in addition to the small, shaded lamp by which she had been reading.

The candelabra stood upon a bracket, and cast a strong, level light upon the floor, throwing out the shadows of the intervening pieces of furniture, especially of the table at which she had been sitting, in pretty strong relief, inasmuch as the shaded reading lamp in the middle of the table shed its lesser luster in a small, circumscribed circle.

As she cast a final glance over the room, she was suddenly filled with fear on perceiving cast out upon the floor, directly

across her footstool, the unmistakable shadow of a man crouching under the table at which she had been sitting.

She remained perfectly quiet, but her terror was increased a hundredfold as she saw, or thought she saw, the image of a hand that possessed only two fingers.

She was convinced that the mysterious criminal, whose deeds had so excited the city, was lying concealed there, and had so lain, probably in contact with the very folds of her dress, the entire evening.

Having come to this conviction, through a swift and dreadful train of reasoning, which every woman understands, Madame Vestris remained for the moment almost petrified.

Her jewels were noted for their splendor and costliness, and she was known to always have them in a casket at her bedside upon retiring; and since her arrival in Paris it had also become pretty well known that she was in the habit of retiring comparatively early, while her husband's duties kept him away from the hotel until a late hour.

Her maids slept at the further end of an outside corridor, and thus for a considerable time she was virtually alone upon the third floor of the hotel.

Of course, the robber had made himself acquainted with these circumstances, and was waiting his opportunity to enter upon his course of pillage and violence, possibly to end in murder.

These thoughts and conclusions flashed through Madame Vestris' mind with terrible rapidity.

Then, by a tremendous effort of will power, she not only recovered her intrepidity and coolness, but also formed a plan to extricate herself and outwit the villain.

Without extinguishing the lights, she began to carol a light operatic air, while resuming her seat, and touched the silver spring bell on the table with which she was in the habit of summoning one or the other of her maids.

This action alone cost her a great pang of fear, for if the spaniels should accompany the maid, they would doubtless at once sniff out the presence of the concealed robber, who might then attack her without delay.

Fortunately, however, the maid who responded to her call was not accompanied by the dogs, which had romped themselves to sleep in one of the remoter apartments.

"Adele!" said Madame Vestris, "is the establishment of M. Vernac, the jeweler, still open, think you?"

"Oh, yes, madame!" replied the maid. "It is Saturday night, when all the shops keep open until twelve, and it is now but a little after ten."

"I shall then have to get you to take a message to him at once," said the actress. "He has been repairing my costliest diamond necklace and my tiara of sapphires and brilliants, which he promised to return this evening. I shall not sleep without having them at my bedside to-night. Whether repaired or not, he shall send them with you by one of the clerks. Bring me the writing materials from my boudoir."

Adele did as she was directed, and, still humming her song, Madame Vestris, with a firm hand, penned the following, which she sealed and directed to M. Vernac, the then fashionable jeweler of the Rue des Italiens:

"Monsieur.—The two-fingered villain is concealed under the very table at which I write, unsuspecting of my knowledge of his presence. Summon the police, and lose not a moment in hastening to
Madame Vestris."

"There!" said the heroic actress, handing the missive to her servant, "that, I fancy, will bring me back my beloved jewels without an hour's delay, and teach M. Vernac a lesson at the same time. Here is some small change, Adele. Take the first fiacre you find disengaged, and lose no time in returning."

Adele was about quitting the room when her mistress was seized with a sudden horror at the thought of being left alone with the desperado, and she called her back.

"Before you go," said she, with a counterfeited calmness, "tell Marie to come here and keep me company. I will see if she has made any improvement in that embroidery work I tried to teach her in London."

"Alas, madame," said Adele, "Marie took the liberty of going to bed an hour ago."

"The lazy little minx!" cried the lady, laughing. "But no matter, I will amuse myself during your absence by rehearsing my part in the new spectacle."

Adele departed, and Madame Vestris was left alone—alone, save for that terrible presence, whom, perchance, an imprudent movement of her foot beneath the table, or even a tell-tale quaver of her voice, might at any instant awaken into a capacity for evil and murderous purpose, the very thought of which caused the blood to curdle in her veins.

But she had set herself to play a part such as she had never played before, and nobly did she enact it to the very close.

She recited the lines of her forthcoming role over and over again; she sang, she trilled, she carolled in a manner that would have ravished the ears of thousands; and all to that single deadly, lurking auditor, whose suppressed breathing she fancied she could sometimes detect between the pauses of her voice, and whom she felt to be within a hand's-breadth of her trembling limbs.

During all this enforced gayety she was a prey to such secret and mental anguish as can only be imagined by the most sensitive of womanly natures.

The seconds crept by like minutes, the minutes seemed hours, and at last, when she had pretty thoroughly exhausted her voice, she sank back with a sigh and contented herself with humming musically and in a low voice.

Presently, at the end of an hour, though it might well have seemed an eternity to her, her heart gave a great leap as she heard the clatter of wheels in front of the hotel. A moment later Adele entered the room, but with such a demure look upon her face that her mistress at first feared that her message had miscarried.

But Adele was something of an actress herself, and there were those lightly following her up the staircase who brought the assurance of safety and release.

She was almost instantly followed into the salon by three police officers, who were in turn not only followed by M. Vernac, the jeweler, but also by Mr. Mathews, Madame Vestris' husband, who had been picked up at one of the theaters on the way.

As soon as the brave lady saw her husband she uttered an hysterical scream and flew into his arms, with a forgetfulness of her sprained ankle for which she could never afterward account.

At the same instant the officers overturned the table, and then quickly pounced upon the concealed ruffian hidden underneath.

He made a desperate resistance, being a powerful ruffian, and armed to the teeth.

But he was overcome after a short struggle, and led away to prison, after the heroic lady had briefly related her story of the detection of his presence and the stratagem by which she had caught him in the toils.

The criminal turned out to be one Dufresne, a galley slave from Toulon.

He had made himself notorious in the South of France before breaking loose from prison and entering upon the series of crime which now fortunately led to the conclusion of his career.

He was a hardened and somewhat original wretch, and is known to have remarked to the officers with much nonchalance:

"I ought to forgive the stratagem by which I was ruined. Parbleu! for a whole hour I was the sole auditor of the greatest singer and actress in Europe, who gave herself exceptional trouble to entertain me."

A Lincoln story which has perhaps never before been printed is told by one who had it from the lips of Rear-Admiral John L. Worden, who, as lieutenant, commanded the Monitor in its fight with the Merrimac. When the Monitor was in process of construction there was considerable discussion at Washington as to who should command it. As the vessel was in so many ways an experimental craft, it was felt to be not entirely a proper thing to order anyone to take charge of it, and the idea of calling for volunteers was considered. A friend of Lieutenant Worden, however, suggested his name. He was asked if he would take the command, and he gladly accepted it. When he had made the emergency run from New York, on the receipt of news that the Merrimac was destroying the Union fleet, and after he had defeated the Confederate ironclad, Lieutenant Worden was taken, wounded and unconscious, from his ship and escorted back to Washington by the same friend who had suggested his name—an officer on duty at navy headquarters. At this friend's house he was cared for. On the morning after the battle at Hampton Roads President Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet held a meeting to consider the various aspects of the battle, and the naval officer was called in, as a witness of the battle, to describe it. "Where is Lieutenant Worden now?" asked the President. "At my house, sir," replied the officer. The President reached for his hat, and a moment later the meeting adjourned. "I don't know what you gentlemen are going to do," he said, "but for my part I am going to pay my respects to the young man who fought that battle." He went directly to the sick-room where Worden lay, blindfolded and in great pain. Without speaking, he reached out his great hands and folded them over one of Worden's. Someone told the lieutenant that it was President Lincoln who had come. "You do me a great honor, sir," he said. President Lincoln stroked his hand. "You need no man to do you honor, lieutenant," he said, "for you have done great honor to yourself and your country." In all his life thereafter Admiral Worden declared that nothing ever moved him as did the grasp of the President's hands and the deep, thrilling sympathy in his voice. In the course of that visit President Lincoln told the lieutenant that promotion was awaiting him.

The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith, and her mother boarded this summer were frequently very puzzling to the child. One evening the farmer's wife, in talking for a few minutes with Edith's mother, remarked that, as she was very tired that night, she believed she would "go to roost with the chickens." When Edith's bedtime arrived a little later the youngster was nowhere to be found. After considerable search she was discovered sitting on a large stone near the chicken house quietly watching the fowl as they came in one by one. "Edith!" called her mother. "What are you doing there? I've been looking for you everywhere; it's time to go to bed." "I know, mother," was the reply; "but they're nearly all in now, so she'll be here soon, I guess. "Who are in and who will be there? What on earth are you talking about, child?" asked the mystified mother. "Why," explained Edith, rather impatiently, "you know Mrs. — said she was going to roost with the chickens to-night and I'm waiting to see how she does it."

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