

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. 539.

NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS TRAILING A CHINESE GIANT; OR, THE "STRONG ARM" MEN OF MOTT STREET.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



Then came a general Chinese mix-up on the stairs. The giant Chink rapped the man in advance over the head. His fall sent the others tumbling. The Bradys and Alice stood looking on. The big fellow seemed determined to hold the fort.

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CHAPTER I.

A DETECTIVE FROM DEADWOOD.

"It is months since we have had a Chinese case, Harry. Do you know I am wondering if one is ever going to blow in our way again."

The speaker was a decidedly good-looking young lady, who sat in the outer office of the handsome suite occupied by the Brady Detective Bureau on Union Square, New York City.

She had a right to make remarks in this particular office, it being her own and she being none other than the noted female sleuth, Miss Alice Montgomery, partner in said detective bureau.

The stylish, up-to-date young fellow, whom she addressed as "Harry," was her partner, Young King Brady, formerly a pupil of the world-famous Old King Brady.

He was looking out of the window down upon the ever-moving throng on Broadway.

"Yes, that is so, Alice," he replied. "Chinese cases seem to be shy this year. Nor do I know that I am particularly sorry. I should say that you and I had had enough of Mott and Pell streets and the underground dens of the Chinks to last us for the balance of our lives."

"We have certainly had our share, Harry. I was only wondering how it happens that no Chinese case has come our way lately, whereas they used to be so plenty."

"Don't talk about it, or one will come blowing in right now," laughed Young King Brady.

He said it and, sure enough, it proved true.

The week was scarcely out—it was early June—before the Chinese case arrived.

It came in the shape of a dispatch from the Secret Service Bureau at Washington.

The dispatch read:

"Brady Detective Bureau, N. Y.:

"Trail Hing Pow, Q. No particulars, X six feet five.
"_____, Chief."

Now Q stood for "queer," and in this connection indicated that the desired Chinaman was in some way connected with counterfeiting. X was simply an abbreviation for except.

The dispatch came in towards evening when Old King Brady was present at the offices of the bureau.

"Botheration!" he exclaimed. "And I had an engagement for this evening. Now, I suppose I've got to go prowling around the ratholes of Chinatown."

Harry, who was leaning against the desk of his chief, picked up the dispatch and read it.

"I see no occasion for you to break your engagement, Governor, when you have two partners to do the prowling

for you," he said. "Alice and I can start out on the trail of this Chinese giant. You can take a hand in to-morrow. What about that?"

"Ask Alice if she has any engagement for this evening," said Old King Brady.

"I happen to know that she has not, for she was to take supper with me, and then we were to go see the new play at the Broadway, 'The Man From Mexico.'"

Old King Brady laughed.

"That sounds very much like an engagement, Harry, and it is very kind of you to turn it down so readily. I—er—well, who is this—?"

"Sure he will see me! Never mind about my card!" a voice was heard to exclaim outside the entrance door to the private suite.

Then the door, which was partly open, was flung back and a rakish-looking fellow, with a fierce, red mustache, strode in.

"Oh, how are you, Mr. Brady? How are you?" he exclaimed, thrusting out his hand. "How are you, Harry? Hope I see you both well? How's things?"

"What things?" demanded Old King Brady, as he shook hands, in not altogether a hearty fashion.

"Detective things," replied the intruder, with a light laugh. "That's my business, you know. But say, you don't seem over-rejoiced to see me. Really, you have me guessing whether you remember me. But that's New York."

"I remember you quite well," replied the old detective. "You are Tom Handy, detective of Deadwood, S. D. Man who helped me out on a case in your locality some five years ago."

"Kee-rect! Glad I'm not forgotten. Say, New York's a great burg! Never was here before. Of course I knew it was quite a town; but, thunderation! I had no idea it was anything like what it is. How the mischief do you fellows ever keep the run of streets? They have me guessing. And say, if you dare to ask a question of anyone, you get your head chewed off. 'Tain't so out in Deadwood, you bet!"

"Yes, things are very different in New York," said Old King Brady. "You Westerners have strange ideas about our little town. Naturally, you are disappointed when you first strike it. It takes time to understand it. But what brought you East, Mr. Handy? If there is anything we can do for you during your stay here, why give it a name."

"There is one thing you can do for me right now," said the detective, dropping into a chair, "and that is to quit calling me Mr. Handy. Tom it used to be when you and Harry worked under my wing out in Deadwood, and Tom is good enough now. You can give me a little advice, I suppose. A steer I should call it if I was home, but here one has to be careful what one says."

"Most happy. Harry, give Mr. Handy a cigar."

Young King Brady produced a box and Tom Handy, instead of taking one, took six, putting one in his mouth and five in his pocket.

"Now then, it's like this," he began. "I am on the trail of a giant and I'll be blamed if I haven't lost the self-same trail in the most puzzling place I ever drifted into. I've been banging about all day, but haven't been able to pick it up again, so I said to myself: 'I'll drop in on Old King Brady. He's all right, and he'll set me right—see?'"

"X six feet five," thought Harry. "Wonder if it can be the same giant?"

He said nothing, however, but stood, awaiting further developments.

"Explain," said the old detective. "I'm interested in giants. What has this particular giant been doing?"

"Why, my giant happens to be a Chink," replied Tom Handy. "What he's been doing is running away with a white widow with one child, a boy about three years old. The story is this: Girl was a waitress in a hotel out in Idaho. Name, Clara Welsh. Man was Ned Rich, son of old Jonas Rich, whose name indicates his standing in Deadwood. He's as rich as mud. Ned marries the waitress. Papa Rich chases them both. Enter the kid. Time for reconciliation, perhaps Ned thinks. Not on your life! When he calls on the old man he gets chased again. Perhaps he takes it to heart. I don't know. Anyhow, he up and dies. Widow tries it. Nothing doing. As Ned died poor, she had to go to work. Papa Rich taken sick. Thinks he is dying. Mebbe he is. He's a very sick man yet. Time to straighten things, he thinks. Sends for daughter-in-law, with the intention of acknowledging the kid as his heir, and it means millions. Too late! Finds that Daughter Clara has gone East with this Chinese giant. Supposed to have married him. Papa Rich, instead of washing his hands of the whole business, is hotter than ever to recover Baby Ned—that's the kid. Don't want Clara now, of course, but must have grandson. Engages Yours Truly, and here I am on the trail. Worked it all right until I hit Chinkville. Well, well, well! What's a fellow going to do there? Nobody speaks a word of English; nobody knows nothing. Never was up against such a tough proposition since I hit the detective trail. So if you can give me a steer, Mr. Brady, you will be giving it to a grateful man."

Needless to say the Bradys were interested in this disjointed yarn.

Chinese giants are scarce.

It looked as if Tom Handy's over-sized Celestial might be identical with the one the Secret Service Bureau was after.

Old King Brady asked the name and, sure enough, the answer was Hing Pow.

"We shall be very glad to help you, Mr. Handy," said Old King Brady, "but what of this man? Tell us all you know."

"It's told in one word," replied the Deadwood detective. "Nothing. The man dresses like a prince and he appeared to have no business when he lived in Deadwood, which he did for over a year. It was supposed that he pulled in his cash by smuggling Chinks over the Cana-

dian border, but I'll never tell you whether it's true or not."

"How long since he left Deadwood with this woman?"

"Six or eight months ago."

"And have you no clew to work on?"

"None. I managed to trail him to Chicago with the woman and child. There they appeared to have stayed for several weeks. That they left Chicago with tickets for New York in their possession I also know, but I can't tell you whether they actually arrived here or not."

"How long have you been in town working over this problem?"

"Two days. But now you have me at the end of my rope, Mr. Brady. I can't find anybody in Chinatown who can talk United States, so what's a fellow going to do?"

"They can all talk it if they want to; at least, nine-tenths of them can," put in Harry. "You don't go at them right."

"I'm willing to admit that, my dear fellow. Perhaps you can suggest——"

"Call to-morrow," said Old King Brady. "Meantime, we will think it over. I daresay we shall be able to put you on the right track, providing your Chinese giant is in New York. If he is not, of course nothing can be done."

And after some further talk Tom Handy withdrew.

"This is good business," remarked Old King Brady. "A Chinaman, six feet five tall, with a white wife and a white child, should not be difficult to trace, Harry. I think the coming of this man has given us a good start."

Harry thought so, too, and that evening, instead of going to the theatre, Young King Brady and Alice Montgomery went to Chinatown.

They were certainly a well-equipped pair for the work they had undertaken.

Not only is Harry thoroughly familiar with all the ins and outs of that peculiar section of New York, but he has a most valuable ally in his talented female partner.

For Alice, who is the daughter of a missionary, was born in China, and not only speaks but reads the Cantonese dialect, which is the "Chinese" language, so-called, of almost all the Chinaman in the United States.

Thus, when this pair of sleuths get busy in Chinatown, there is something doing.

They left the Third avenue surface car at Pell street and the Bowery at about eight o'clock.

"Let us make the rounds first, Alice," said Harry. "We may strike somebody we know and learn all about this Chinese giant. If we don't, we will drop in at Quong Lee's opium joint and see what we can learn there."

They passed the length of Pell street, which has of late become the principal business street of Chinatown.

It only extends one long block and then runs into Mott street, which leaves Chatham Square two blocks below Pell street and runs in a semi-circle for a short distance, then striking north and running straight.

Turning into Mott street, Harry and Alice were walking slowly back towards the Square when their attention was attracted by four men coming towards them, walking abreast and taking up the whole sidewalk.

"Strong-arm men!" whispered Harry. "See that fellow on the outside? He's the notorious Mike Mulligan, who for some years was the leader of the James street

gang. When the police broke that up what was left of the bunch came up here among the Chinks. I understand they have a room somewhere here on Mott street where they meet. Anyhow, they are now known to the police as the 'Strong-Arm Men of Mott street.'

"Of how many does the gang consist?" demanded Alice.

"Nine, I am told," was the reply. "But, hush! They are right upon us and I don't care to particularly attract their attention. Mulligan knows me."

The strong-arm men passed them, never offering to give way.

Harry and Alice were obliged to step off the curb to let them go by.

As they passed Mike Mulligan regarded Young King Brady with a black scowl, but did not speak.

"He's an ugly-looking brute," whispered Alice.

"He is, and he is just as ugly as he looks," replied Harry. "But their kind are all cowards. When they are hired to lay out a man, as is very often the case, and don't you forget it, they always go at him three to one or four to one. You don't catch that bunch standing up to a fair fight, man to man."

"Help! Murder! Help!"

The cry rang out behind them, just as Young King Brady uttered the last word.

Naturally the detectives turned.

The strong-arm men had got down to business.

It was four to one, just as Harry said.

"Great Scott! Our Deadwood detective!" exclaimed Young King Brady.

It was, indeed, Tom Handy who was struggling with the strong-arm men.

CHAPTER II.

UP AGAINST THE STRONG-ARM MEN.

"Stand here, Alice!" cried Harry. "I must try to help that fellow. They'll kill him, sure!"

The strong-arm men appeared to be rather trying to capture the detective from Deadwood than to kill him.

Two had him by the arms, a third was kicking and striking him behind, while the fourth had opened a gate leading into an alley, toward which the toughs were trying to force their man.

And through this gate they did drag him, just as Harry came up.

Young King Brady struck in after them.

It was an act which required great courage, for while the strong-arm men might hesitate to commit murder in the open street they would not hold their hands for an instant, once they were under cover.

Alarmed for Harry, Alice hurried towards the gate.

For Alice is as brave a woman as ever walked.

In spite of Harry's orders her intention was to go to his aid.

But in this she was prevented.

She had almost reached the gate when a white woman, bareheaded and wild in appearance, darted out.

She had an old shawl thrown around her, which appeared to conceal something rather bulky.

As she ran she staggered.

Blood was streaming down her face.

Alice thought the woman looked and acted as if she had received a severe blow.

She rushed directly up to Alice and, throwing aside the shawl, revealed a child dressed in Chinese clothes.

It looked like a boy, but this, owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese dress, Alice could not determine at that first hasty glance.

"Look!" cried the woman. "They will kill this little boy! They have half killed me! Take him, for heaven sake! Take him to the Elizabeth street station, where he will be safe!"

And thus excitedly exclaiming she thrust the child into Alice's arms, reeled and fell heavily to the sidewalk.

Thus handicapped, Alice was checked in her intention of going to Harry's aid.

So suddenly had it all happened that she hardly knew for the instant what to do.

"What about the child?" she demanded, bending down.

"Fly! Fly!" moaned the woman.

But Alice was not flying just then.

A coward was stealing up behind her.

He was the strong-arm man who had held open the alley gate.

"Gimme the kid!" he cried, and as he spoke he struck Alice a terrible blow on the back of the head, snatched the little boy out of her arms and ran off down Mott street.

Alice reeled under the blow, but managed to keep her feet.

She quickly pulled herself together.

Three things now demanded her instant attention.

The child!

The woman!

Harry!

The child was gone past recovery, for to chase the strong-arm men with any hope of overtaking him, would be to attempt the impossible.

Alice chose the case in hand and bent down over the woman.

She had passed into unconsciousness.

No crowd gathered.

Chinamen have a beautiful habit of minding their own business, which white people would do well to imitate in part, at least.

Alice looked around for someone to help her.

Two white women of the kind one sees around Chinatown were coming down the street.

Alice waited.

They would have passed on, but she caught one of them by the arm.

"Look to this woman," she said. "I can't. I must go."

"What's de matter wit her?" demanded one of the pair.

"I don't know," replied Alice.

"Why, locket, Mag!" cried the other. "She's de one wot came to us!"

"No!"

"Yes, she is."

Seeing that the women were interested, Alice started away and hurried in through the alley gate.

It led in behind the houses.

Here part of two back yards were cut off by a fence, leaving a small enclosure.

At the back was a low shed, built up against the fence of the Pell street yard.

Under this shed, which was open in front, was one of those round, brick ovens in which the Chinese roast pigs whole.

There was no one to be seen.

Alice was greatly disturbed.

Yet she knew that she could do nothing.

To attempt to find Harry would have been worse than folly.

There appeared to be no gates in any of the fences and Alice could not climb over them.

The only thing she could have done was to report the matter at the Elizabeth street station.

But this Alice hesitated to do, for it is against the rule of the Brady Detective Bureau to draw the police into their affairs unless it is absolutely necessary.

Harry, as Alice well knew, is a young man of many resources and well able to take care of himself.

There seemed nothing to do but to wait.

Alice accordingly retreated.

When she got back on Mott street she found that a crowd had gathered at last and there were some Chinese among them.

There was also a policeman.

The matter was now in the proper hands.

So Alice joined the crowd, saying nothing.

The woman Mag and her companion were not among them.

They also had pulled out, it seemed.

Alice got a good look at the policeman and saw that he was a stranger to her.

The officer was bending over the woman, who was still unconscious.

Evidently he had rapped for help, for now a roundsman came hurrying up.

This man Alice knew, but she did not speak until the two had finished their work.

The roundsman, pulling out, then went to a nearby police telephone and called.

When he turned away he saw Alice standing close by.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Montgomery!" he said, raising his helmet.

"Good evening, Mr. Flynn," replied Alice. "You are just the man I want to talk to. Can you spare a moment?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"About that woman. How is it?"

"She is dead!"

"Is she? Poor soul! What happened to her?"

"She seems to have been hit over the head with a club or something."

"Know her?"

"No, I don't."

"Then let me tell you something, Mr. Flynn. Young King Brady and I were walking along Mott street when there was a cry of murder. It was the Mulligan gang, four of them on one man. They dragged him up that alley which leads in to the pig roasters. Young King Brady went after them. Just then that woman came running out of the alley with blood on her face, and a little boy in her arms. She gave the boy to me and asked me to take him to the Elizabeth street station. Then she fell. One of the strong-arm men came up behind me and struck me in the back of the head. He snatched the child out of my arms and ran. I couldn't do a thing, for I had to look after Young King Brady. I didn't find him, Mr. Flynn, nor was there anybody up the alley. That's the way the case stands."

"You were crazy to go up the alley, Miss Montgomery," said the officer. "It's a wonder they didn't lay you out, too. But I wouldn't worry about Young King Brady. He will be able to take care of himself. Was Mike Mulligan with that bunch? Or mebbe you don't know him?"

"Young King Brady knew him. He was with them. He pointed him out to me as the men were coming up the street."

"Then we will know who to go for, so. Did you know the man who they were trying to lay out?"

"Yes. He is a detective named Handy from Deadwood. Friend of Old King Brady's. I thought you ought to know all this, Mr. Flynn."

"I am very glad you told me, Miss Montgomery. But here comes the patrol wagon. I must go."

"Where are you taking her to?"

"The station first. We must get her out of here."

"I will go around to the station. I am anxious to know who the poor creature is and why she gave me the child."

"Do so. After we have settled with her I'll come back here with you and bring the wardman along. If Young King Brady is in one of these houses we will have him out."

Alice hurried around to Elizabeth street.

She was greatly disturbed over the bad beginning they had made.

Soon came the patrol wagon.

The dead woman was carried into the station, and the policeman made his report.

"Will you go through her clothes and see what you can find, Miss Montgomery?" the sergeant asked.

Alice readily consented.

The Bradys are particularly well known at the Elizabeth street station. Hence the request.

There was little to be found upon the unfortunate woman, however.

She was shabbily dressed and seemed to be altogether an inferior sort of person.

But hidden away in one of those mysterious places, in which women will hide things, Alice found a scrap of paper upon which was scrawled:

"The little boy's name is Edward Rich. In case of trouble, notify Jonas Rich, Deadwood, S. D., who is the child's grandfather."

Here was an important discovery.

Alice wished that she could have made it unobserved by the police, but it was necessary to exhibit the paper.

She also felt it best to explain to them what it meant.

A wardman was called into council.

"I noticed that fellow prowling about Chinatown," he said, "but I couldn't make out what he was after. I can't understand, though, what the strong-arm men have to do with him."

"Do you know this Chinese giant?" demanded Alice.

The wardman did not.

He was sure also that if any particularly tall man was living in Chinatown that he would have noticed him.

And thus the matter stood when Alice and the two officers started back to Mott street to search for the missing detectives.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HAPPENED UNDER THE PIG OVEN.

Young King Brady knew the risk he ran in following up Tom Handy.

Still this did not deter him.

The man was not only a brother detective, but a person who had been useful to the Bradys in the past.

He was, moreover, in a way mixed up with the case they now had in charge.

So Harry ran up the alley to meet his fate.

He met it quick!

Scarcely had he passed the end of the alley when Mike Mulligan himself sprang out from the shadows and dealt him a blow which might have felled an ox.

Harry went down sprawling.

He did not lose consciousness, however.

Thus he saw the woman with the shawl rush past him.

Mulligan shouted and tried to grab her, but the woman slipped through his fingers.

"After her!" shouted the strong-arm man, and another started up the alley.

This, of course, was the man who attacked Alice and got the child.

Meanwhile, Harry tried to regain his feet.

It was a useless effort.

Mulligan put his foot on his neck and pinned him down.

"I know you, Brady!" he hissed. "I've had it in for you dis long time. Good job you butted in on dis business. I'll fix you!"

"Ready?" shouted a voice over by the pig oven.

A second man had come up and held a cocked revolver, aimed at Harry.

Under these circumstances resistance was useless, of course, and Young King Brady attempted none, for he well knew that these men would not hesitate to murder him.

The two now picked him up bodily and ran him to the pig oven.

Raising him up they dropped him into the strange structure.

If it had been built on the lines of the ordinary Chinese pig ovens, Young King Brady would not have had far to fall.

But this oven was different.

It had no bottom that night, however well it may have been supplied in that particular when the Chinese were roasting their pigs.

"Oh! Oh! You have me dead!" groaned the man who was lying flat.

But Young King Brady did not have him dead, and Tom Handy, of Deadwood, certainly had every reason to congratulate himself that Harry did not land on his head.

As it was, no particular harm was done.

Something slammed heavily overhead.

It was the iron bottom of the pig oven, which also served as a trap door.

It had been dark before, but it was darker now. In fact, it was impossible to see a thing.

Harry got on his feet and flashed his pocket electric lamp.

"Well! So it's you, is it?" he remarked. "This is a fine fix."

"Thunderation! Is that you, Harry?" exclaimed the detective, looking up at him.

"As you see."

"And what brought you here?"

"Trying to help you. Didn't you call for help?"

"That's what I did. Four to one, Brady. Did you ever hear the like? We don't fight that way out West."

"And don't you go to taking those four men for a sample of New Yorkers. Know who you were up against?"

"No."

"The strong-arm men of Mott street."

"Thunderation! Never heard of them. Their arms were strong all right, though I could have licked any two of 'em, but when it comes to four, why say, we'd be ashamed to fight that way out West."

"Cut it out! Are you hurt at all?"

"Don't seem so."

"Miraculous."

"I thought my neck was broke when I fell, and when you came down on top of me I thought I was a dead one sure, but now I come to take account of stock I don't know as I am hurt any."

"Then why don't you get up?"

"Well, that's so. I think I will."

Tom Handy then got on his feet and they took in their situation.

They were standing at the entrance to a narrow passage which was boarded up on both sides.

Harry had become so turned about that he could not feel certain whether the passage ran in the direction of Mott or Pell street.

"What about it?" demanded Handy. "What are we going to do?"

"I can't tell you yet," replied Young King Brady. "Let's stand still for a minute and catch our breath. How came those men to go for you?"

"Blest if I know, Brady! I never saw them before in my life."

"The strong-arm men of Mott street don't attack people without a reason, Handy."

"They don't, eh? Well, then I'm telling you that they couldn't have had any reason to attack me."

"Are you sure?"

"As far as I know."

"All the same they did it and you may rely upon it that somebody paid for the job. Did you find your Chinese giant?"

"No."

"But you have made yourself known down here. It is paying somebody to have you put out of the way."

"I suppose it must be so."

"Then who can it be?"

"Brady, I have no more idea than you have."

"Do you know anybody in New York besides us?"

"Not a soul, except a few chance acquaintances I have made since I blew in here."

"Who would hardly pay for your removal from this world?"

"Scarcely."

"Who is old man Rich's legal heir in case this child is never found or turns out to be dead?"

"I know nothing about it."

"Well, then, Tom, it looks to me as if the old man might be dead and that somebody who expects to get hold of his estate was responsible for this."

"But why should they go for you?"

"Didn't you know that I was passing when you cried murder, and that I jumped in to help you?"

"No, I didn't. To tell the truth, I didn't know much of anything after I got that first crack over the head. But even so, why should they want to make a prisoner of you?"

"Oh, there are many crooks who are gunning for me. Understand, you were laid out by members of a regularly organized gang. They are known as the 'Strong-Arm Men of Mott Street,' as I said. The leader, one Mike Mulligan, was with them. He wants me, according to what he said, although I really don't understand exactly why. But hark! It seems to me that I hear people coming along this passage. We must be on our guard. Are you armed?"

"I had a revolver. I don't know whether they got it or not—yes, they did! It is gone!"

"They did not get mine then, but we must be cautious until we know what we are up against. You ought to carry a duplicate revolver hidden some way."

"I'd like to know how a fellow is going to hide a revolver."

"There are a dozen ways. We do it right along. But hush! They are here!"

The footfalls had become perfectly distinct now.

In a minute three Chinamen appeared, each armed with a huge revolver—Chinks always buy the biggest revolvers they can find.

With them was a tall white man in evening clothes and displaying diamonds.

He wore over his face a half mask of black silk, covering his eyes and a portion of the nose.

In his hand he carried a tubular electric flashlight, which he turned on the prisoners.

"Two!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

Harry had cautioned Tom Handy to keep a still tongue. Neither spoke.

"Dis feller detective, too," said one of the Chinks, pointing to Harry. "He Young King Brady. He go for Mister Mulligan, so he ketchee him, too."

"Young King Brady!" cried the mask. "Do you mean the partner of Old King Brady, John?"

"Sure!"

"What the mischief! What right has Mike Mulligan to turn him on my hands? Do you suppose I want to have Old King Brady on my trail?"

"Me no knowee," replied the Chinaman, shrugging his shoulders.

"But I know! Look here, you, are you really Young King Brady?"

"I am," replied Harry quietly.

"How came you to butt in on this business?"

"My friend, Mr. Handy, was being assaulted by four against one. I happened to be passing along Mott street and heard him call for help. What would you have done in a case like that?"

"Do you know Mike Mulligan?"

"Only by sight."

"Has he got it in for you?"

"He says he has. I don't know why he should have."

"Then let him settle his own affairs and leave me to settle mine. Boys, get rope and tie this man up."

One of the Chinaman departed.

The other two held the prisoners covered.

The mask lit a cigarette and, blowing a whiff of smoke towards Harry, said:

"Brady, I am sorry you are here and, as you see, it is not my fault. The man with you I want and intend to have. You I propose to turn over to Mulligan."

"And the strong-arm men of Mott street."

"Exactly."

"For which consideration I may have to reckon with you later on. The Bradys are a power in this town. You will do better to set us both free."

"Good talk. Nothing doing."

"Why am I wanted?" demanded Tom. "I don't know you, do I?"

"You do not. So far as I am aware, my friend, this is the first time we ever met."

"Is that so?"

"So far as I know."

"Somebody has hired your——"

"Wait! You are running your guessing car down the wrong track. People don't hire me, but I sometimes hire other people. Mr. Tom Handy, you would have served your interests better if you had remained in Deadwood, S. D. New York is an unhealthy town for jay detectives sometimes."

"Jay detectives nothing! I only wish I had you in Deadwood! I'd make short work of you!" flashed Tom.

The mask laughed lightly and flipped the ashes off his cigarette.

"Is that Chink never coming with the rope?" he exclaimed.

The man was back in a minute.

Harry was now tied up, but not searched.

"Brady," said the mask, "I'm leaving you now, and I am going to recommend that you be set free. Whether my friend, Mulligan, will listen to that or not is a question. If he does and you are set free, let me warn you. Keep your hands off this business. Tell Old King Brady to keep his hands off, or just as sure as a wet summer makes little apples I will get you both, and once I do get you, the Brady Detective Bureau will become a thing of the past."

He then seized Harry with a greater display of strength than Young King Brady would have believed possible, tripped him up and left him, bound hand and foot, while Handy was marched off down the passage at the points of three revolvers.

And needless to say he left a disgusted detective.

Deeply did Harry regret his want of caution.

"I knew the bunch I was up against, and yet I butted right into this trouble," he said to himself.

He had no hope of getting free without trouble.

Men of Mike Mulligan's stamp rarely threaten foolishly.

Thus, when the strong-arm man said that he had it in for Harry, the chances were he meant it.

Time passed.

But it seemed hours to Young King Brady.

At last came a rattling sound overhead.

Harry turned over on his back.

He could see that the false bottom of the pig oven had been raised.

A man, holding a lantern in his hand, was looking down.

Harry could not make out his face.

"He seems to be there," he heard him say.

"The answer came in pigeon English.

"Course he dhere. What I tellee you?"

"All right, John. We'll get him up now. Help me put the ladder down."

A ladder was lowered through the trap door.

Down came a Chinaman, carrying a coil of rope.

This he tied under Harry's arms.

"Is he gagged?" called a voice.

"Nope!" answered the Chink.

A handkerchief came fluttering down and landed on Harry's face.

"Clap dat wipe in his mout!" was called.

It was done.

Then the Chink retreated up the ladder, which was immediately pulled up.

Next it was Harry.

Somebody got busy at the other end of the rope and Young King Brady went swinging up through the pig oven.

CHAPTER IV.

A STRANGE MEETING IN THE DARK.

Tom Handy, who had complained of nothing doing in his Chinatown mission, certainly had no reason to complain now.

He was right in business with both feet.

The Chinks kept close behind him, and the masked man led the way.

They passed through an iron door, ascended steps, went along another passage, descended other steps, went down through a trapdoor into a cellar by means of a ladder; then they went up out of the cellar by another ladder and, passing through another trap, came into a room which was comfortably fitted up in Chinese style.

It had no window—only doors.

Thus, Tom concluded that it must be underground, but as to where he was he had not the faintest idea, so completely had he been turned around.

And thus Mr. Tom Handy gained some ideas as to the ratholes of Chinatown.

That he heartily wished himself back in Deadwood about that time need scarcely be said.

Once in the room the mask told Tom to sit down on a stool which stood in one corner.

He took a seat himself beside a handsome inlaid Chinese table, a most elaborate affair, which must have cost a lot of money.

The three Chinks then left the room, and as they did so the mask produced a revolver and laid it on the table within easy reach.

"Now then, detective," he said, "you see how I'm fixed. I am an excellent shot. If you make the least move to jump on me I shall certainly do my best to plant a bullet in some portion of your anatomy with intent to kill. Catch on?"

Tom nodded.

He had cooled down now.

The young man did not lack courage, even if he did lack experience and judgment.

He had often faced death and this threat brought no fear.

"It will be the same way if you refuse to answer my questions," continued the mask. "I shall simply kill you. Don't think I am idly threatening. This is an ideal place to dispose of a dead detective. My Chinese friends have every facility for that sort of business."

"Say," broke in Tom, "let me make a suggestion, will you?"

"Make it."

"Cut out all this talk and get down to business."

The masked one paused a second, and then answered Tom's coolly put suggestion.

"I accept your suggestion. Who sent you to New York?"

He took up the revolver, cocked it, and leveled it at Tom's head.

"You are thinking about not answering," he said. "Don't! The first time you even hesitate in your answer I let this thing go."

"You are a good bluffer, boss."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"No bluff coming, my friend. Answer! Who sent you here?"

"Jonas Rich," replied Tom.

He was taking no chances, and he was wise.

"Prompt and to the point. Why did Jonas Rich send you to New York?"

"To find his grandson."

"Ned Rich's child?"

"Yes."

"Who is supposed to have the boy?"

"His mother."

"And Hing Pow, the Chinese giant?"

"Yes."

"And what have you been able to do in the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"If I let up on you, will you agree to do nothing and to hold your tongue about this little episode?"

"I shall have to make my report to Mr. Rich."

"No, you won't."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because Jonas Rich died last night."

"I thought as much."

"If you are a wise man you will keep your thoughts in check, my friend. This is not a good time to do too much thinking. But to get back to business. As I say, Jonas Rich died last night. Consequently you can no longer act for him. I doubt if it is going to pay you to act for his estate."

"And I doubt it, too," replied Tom, coolly. "What's in it for me, providing I ring off on this business?"

"Let us see. Have you been under any expense?"

"No. I haven't spent the money the old man gave me yet."

"Very good. Of that money you shall keep the balance and I will give you a thousand dollars to ring off, as you say."

"And let me go?"

"Yes."

"I'll take it."

"Sensible man. I——"

But right here, when negotiations seemed to be coming to a head, the door opened and a gigantic Chinaman burst into the room.

He was in Chinese dress and appeared to be laboring under great excitement.

"Doctor! Doctor!" he cried. "My wife has escaped with the child!"

"What!" shouted the mask, springing up.

Evidently this was Hing Pow.

His English was as good as Tom Handy could speak.

"Yes! She is gone!" he cried. "I don't understand it! I was hitting the pipe, doctor. When I got through I went back to the room. She got out through the window. I thought I had settled her. She has gone, and so has the child."

"You fool!" stormed the doctor. "Settled her? How settled her? What do you mean?"

"She was making trouble. I knocked her down. I didn't think she was able to go, much less to take the child."

"You big brute! That was a fine way to quiet her and to bring her around to our way of thinking. Wasn't it, now? But are you going to stand there? Are you going

to do nothing about it? When did this happen? We have got to get busy. The child must be recovered."

"Wait! Don't fly out at me like that. I have already done something. One of my men went out to see what he could learn."

"I'll go with you to your room and we will talk about this," said the doctor. "Handy, you will remain quietly here until I return, if you are wise."

They went off together, leaving Detective Handy with plenty of food for thought.

Now Tom Handy was a good-hearted, whole-souled fellow.

He had assented to the doctor's proposition to buy him off without giving the matter any thought, and inwardly resolving to do as he pleased, once he got free.

But now, after what he had heard, his mind was quickly made up.

He saw that Young King Brady must be right; that this masked man was either Jonas Rich's legal heir or that he was acting for somebody else who stood in that position.

Plain enough was it that the intention was to wrong little Ned Rich out of his inheritance.

Tom's mind changed instantly.

"I'm on the side of that unfortunate kid," thought Tom. "Just the same I shan't turn the doctor's offer down, for where would be the use? Anyhow, I'm entitled to some of his money for the way he has used me."

He waited a considerable time and nothing happened.

At last Tom began to grow tired of sitting idly there.

He got up and walked about the room, trying the doors, which were three in number.

All were locked.

Against the wall hung the usual Chinese scrolls with strange characters upon them.

One was unusually large.

It was not only longer, but much wider than any scroll Tom had ever seen.

And now something prompted the detective to lift this scroll up and look behind it.

Instantly he divined its use.

The scroll concealed a narrow door set in the wall.

The door had neither knob nor lock, but its outlines were plain.

"Wonder if this is a way out?" thought Tom. "If I can double on that snoozer, I don't object, and after all I don't know that I care to take dirty money."

He looked over the door and, perceiving a little, black, metal button set in the wall, which was scarcely visible, owing to the pattern of the paper, he felt that he had probably discovered a secret spring.

And so it proved.

Tom pressed the button.

The hidden spring did the rest and the little door flew back, revealing a much larger room than the one Tom was in.

Instantly the detective perceived that he had made an important discovery.

Here was as neat a little counterfeiting plant as ever a detective laid eyes on.

As it happened it was Tom Handy's first "queer" discovery.

Here was an engraver's press, sheets of partly-printed greenbacks hung drying over cords stretched across the room.

There was also a coiner's furnace, and Tom, going inside, discovered a box of new counterfeit half dollars and another of dimes.

All of which would have interested the Bradys immensely if they could have been there to see it, too.

"Great Scott! Here's work for the Secret Service men!" thought Tom.

He was just about to beat a retreat when he heard footsteps in the room outside.

Tom Handy was up against it.

Retreat was impossible now!

He stood motionless in the middle of the floor, not knowing what to do.

And then the doctor looked in upon him, and behind the doctor was the Chinese giant.

The masked man threw up his hands.

"Oh, you fool!" he cried. "Just as I was going to give you your money and let you go! At him, Pow!"

The giant jumped into the queermaker's den.

He caught Tom Handy by the neck before the detective could lift a hand in self defense.

As easily as if he had been a baby the giant lifted Tom up and flung him back upon the floor.

Tom's head struck against one of the iron legs of the table which supported the engraver's press.

The blow was a bad one.

The detective was knocked senseless.

How long he remained in that condition he had no means of telling.

Certain it is that he was also drugged with opium.

Hours passed, during which Tom Handy was dead to the world.

When at last he came to himself he was lying on the damp earth.

The place was totally dark.

Tom was sore and stiff all over.

At first he was scarcely able to understand what had happened to him.

It took a considerable time for the detective to pull himself together.

Memory returning at last, he got on his feet and fumbled in his pocket for matches.

There was nothing doing in the match line.

Tom quickly discovered that someone had been through him the second time and had cleaned him out of everything.

It was too exasperating.

Even the few belongings which had been overlooked by the strong-arm men were now gone.

The only satisfaction poor Tom was able to derive from the situation was in the thought that at least the doctor had left him his life, and that his limbs were free.

He began to grope his way about.

Before he had gone ten steps he ran into some obstacle and something fell with a crash.

"Confound the luck! What shall I do without a light?" exclaimed the detective.

"Who spoke?"

Out of the darkness the question came.

The voice seemed to echo hollowly, as though the place was a large, vacant enclosure.

"Well, I reckon it was me making remarks!" cried Tom. "Who are you, then?"

Now his own voice was made hollow by the echo.

But it reached ears which were better educated in such situations than Tom's.

"You are Tom Handy?" the unseen one exclaimed.

"That's who I am!" cried Tom. "But who the deuce are you?"

"Can't you recognize my voice, as I did yours?"

"No, I can't."

"Then, Brother Handy, you will have to sharpen up your ears if you expect to make a first-cut detective."

"Young King Brady, by gracious!" cried Tom.

"Exactly!" was the reply. "Young King Brady, and no one else!"

But where were they?

This was something which Harry was quite as ignorant of as Tom Handy himself.

Then Harry told the detective what had happened since they were separated in the pig oven.

CHAPTER V.

OLD KING BRADY AND DR. GALLAGHER.

Finding that she could do nothing more in the matter of the woman and the child which had been so roughly taken from her, Alice concluded to go to Old King Brady's house and report what had happened to Harry.

She went in one of the nighthawk cabs which have their stands on Chatham Square.

Old King Brady lives in an old-fashioned house, fronting on Washington Square, where he and Harry have kept bachelor's hall for several years.

Alice, herself, has a fine suite of rooms around the corner on Waverly place.

Some day Harry hopes to change this.

For Young King Brady is very much in love with his accomplished partner and hopes to make her his wife.

But that day, it must be admitted, seems a long way off, for Alice is devoted to her profession and will not hear to tying herself down with the cares of married life.

When Alice reached the house she was admitted by Julius, the Bradys' faithful colored man, who for some years has been their only servant.

Julius reported that his master had not yet come in, so Alice was obliged to wait until nearly eleven o'clock, when Old King Brady finally returned and listened to what she had to tell.

"It is very unfortunate," the old detective said. "But then, Alice, I don't see what we can do at this hour. I know the place you allude to. If the wardman and you could not find Harry or Tom Handy it seems useless for me to go down there to-night."

We should have mentioned that Alice and the wardman returned to the scene of Harry's disappearance and

went through the houses on both sides of the alley, but without the least success.

"It may be," added Old King Brady, "that Harry was not captured, but is working somewhere in connection with this business. Still, I hardly think so. But the boy is well able to take care of himself. He will turn up all right, you may depend."

So said Old King Brady, but truth told, it was only so said in order to quiet Alice.

For after she had gone the old detective went direct to Chinatown and tried for two hours to gain some intelligence of his running partner, but all in vain.

He had to give it up and return home.

Morning brought no Harry, nor did Tom Handy turn up.

Old King Brady and Alice both went to Chinatown.

They worked all the morning, but to no purpose.

The police freely lent their aid and the attempt was made to find Mike Mulligan, the strong-arm man, or some of the gang.

Old King Brady knew their hold-out on Mott street and an entrance was forced to the rooms, where the gang were in the habit of meeting, but no one was there.

Shortly before noon Old King Brady went to his office, leaving Alice still in Chinatown, where she was endeavoring to find the two women to whom she had spoken the night before.

Upon reaching the office the old detective found that he had received a caller during his absence, who was a pretty important person in New York society.

We refer to Dr. Felix J. Gallagher, the then rich and influential mine owner and stock operator.

This individual, who was then known to everybody who claimed acquaintance with the "400," had called at the office about ten o'clock.

Finding Old King Brady out and no one representing him, Dr. Gallagher left a polite note, requesting that some representative of the bureau call upon him at his Wall Street offices as soon as possible.

Of course business could not stop, even if Harry was missing.

So, directly after lunch, Old King Brady went to Wall Street and waited on Dr. Gallagher.

He found in the doctor a stylish man of about forty.

He had an elegant suite of offices and quite a number of clerks.

According to the reading of his sign the man appeared to represent mines in the Far West, in Mexico and South America.

Old King Brady was received in a private office and the door shut.

They seated themselves in soft-bottomed chairs, and the old detective prepared to listen to the doctor's business.

"I have applied to your bureau for aid in a very important matter," began the doctor, "and I am glad that you have called yourself, for so far as I am able to learn you occupy the head of the detective profession at this time, Mr. Brady. Are you in shape to take up a case on my account?"

"It depends entirely upon what sort of a case it is," replied the old detective. "I am short-handed just at

present. One of my partners is away and the other is engaged in a matter which may take some days. What is the nature of your case?"

"It is the case of a missing child," answered Dr. Gallagher.

Old King Brady began to pay closer attention.

"Possibly you may have heard of Jonas Rich, of Deadwood?" continued the doctor.

"I have," replied Old King Brady, still more interested.

"The little boy who is missing is his grandchild. Mr. Rich has been represented in New York by me for several years. He died day before yesterday. This child, a boy about three years old, is now the last of his race. I presume he is named as sole heir in the old man's will if he made one just before his death. If he made no will then the child becomes his legal heir. I will explain how it all came about."

Then Old King Brady again listened to the story of little Ned Rich.

It was just as Tom Handy told it.

"There is no doubt," Dr. Gallagher went on to say, "that this woman actually married Hing Pow, the Chinese giant. I have reason to believe that the man came to New York with the woman and child. Mr. Rich engaged a Deadwood detective named Handy to come here and work up the search, but he has done nothing. Indeed, I have not seen him for several days. Day before yesterday I received a telegram from Mr. Rich, asking me to take up the matter and engage local detective talent, but not to interfere with this man Handy in any way. I was too busy yesterday to attend to the matter. Then came the news of the old man's death. He was a good friend of mine. Mr. Brady, and I propose to see his wishes carried out, even if he is dead. Now then, my dear sir, you have the whole story. What can you do to help me out?"

"Do you happen to know the woman, doctor?" demanded Old King Brady.

"I have seen her," was the reply, "and I think I should recognize her. But why do you ask?"

"For the best of reasons. Last night a woman fell dying on Mott street in Chinatown. Just before she went down she gave a child, a little boy, to a woman who was passing and begged her to take it to the Elizabeth street station. Before this person could do a thing she was attacked by a man, who struck her and, snatching the child from her arms, ran off down Mott street. The first woman was picked up dead. Her body is now in the morgue. There is no doubt that she was murdered. Her skull proved to have been fractured by a powerful blow. The wonder is she was able to do as much as she did."

"You interest me greatly, Mr. Brady. Who was the woman to whom the child was given?"

"My partner, Miss Montgomery."

"I certainly seem to have struck in at the right spot. Is it possible for anyone to see the remains of the dead woman?"

"Yes. At the morgue."

"I must look into this."

Dr. Gallagher looked at his watch.

"Could you go there now with me?" he asked.

"I could."

"I am very busy to-day, but this seems to be an opportunity to start the case going which ought not to be neglected. I will go."

They went.

On the way Dr. Gallagher asked if there was any clew to the man who snatched the child away from Alice.

Old King Brady replied that he thought there was, but entered into no further explanations.

It seemed strange that this call for his services should come right on top of the events of the previous night.

The old detective was anxious to know more of Dr. Gallagher, whom, of course, he knew by reputation.

He therefore tried his best to draw the man out, but he made but little headway.

The doctor's manner was frank and open, but he told nothing.

"Really, I don't know. Pardon me, but I am not informed on that point."

Such were his replies to almost every question Old King Brady put concerning Jonas Rich and his affairs.

Arrived at the morgue, however, the doctor became more definite.

He at once identified the dead woman as Mrs. Ned Rich.

"There is no doubt about it!" he declared. "It looks to me very much as if her Chinese husband killed her. Why will white women persist in marrying Chinamen? It is past me!"

"Now then," said the old detective, after they left the morgue, where Dr. Gallagher had given orders to have the dead woman decently buried at his expense, "do you want me to take up the case, doctor?"

"Most assuredly," replied Dr. Gallagher. "Will you do so?"

"I will."

"Good! You hinted at knowing something of the man who snatched away the child from your partner. I should be pleased to hear whom you suspect."

"And I should be pleased to tell you if I could. The point is this. I happen to know—how I prefer to keep to myself—that the man in all probability belongs to a gang known as the 'Strong-Arm Men of Mott Street.'"

As he said this, Old King Brady watched Dr. Gallagher closely.

Indeed, he had been watching him right along, although the doctor was probably not aware of the fact.

And now he was repaid for his trouble.

A queer look came over the doctor's face.

If it was not a look of mingled rage and disgust Old King Brady never saw such a look.

But it passed on the instant like a shadow and was gone.

"This man knows more than he has told me," thought old King Brady. "He will bear watching. It is up to me."

So the old detective made up his mind to look more carefully into the doctor's habits, et cetera.

They went uptown by the Second avenue elevated and they returned the same way.

Old King Brady informed Dr. Gallagher that he intended to get off at Chatham Square and begin work at once.

"And I will change cars there and go to the City Hall," said the doctor. "I have business in that neighborhood."

They parted on the elevated platform, Dr. Gallagher starting over the bridge, by which one goes from the Second to the Third avenue elevated road.

Old King Brady hurried down the long steps.

He had his suspicions that the doctor might be lying to him and that he actually intended striking into Chinatown himself.

He was partly right and partly wrong.

Taking a position where he could watch the steps leading down from the Third avenue elevated, sure enough, the old detective saw Dr. Gallagher come down to the street.

Clearly the man lied to him when he said that he intended going to the City Hall, unless, indeed, he had changed his mind, which did not appear probable.

But instead of striking across the Bowery into Mott, Pell or Doyers street, the mine broker turned about and struck across the Square.

Old King Brady shifted his position.

He did not care to have the doctor get even a hasty glimpse of him.

For Old King Brady is, in a way, a marked man.

We refer to his peculiar style of dress.

Always, when not in disguise, the old detective wears a long, blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big, white felt hat with an unusually broad brim.

But the precaution was unnecessary, for Dr. Gallagher did not look around.

He struck down the New Bowery, walking very rapidly.

Old King Brady at once got busy on the trail.

"And now, my friend, I wonder where you are going to lead me?" he asked himself. "I fear you are foxy—decidedly foxy. This case grows interesting."

And rest assured that Old King Brady had not forgotten the "queer" end of it.

Shrewd counterfeiterers are dangerous men to tackle.

And nobody is better aware of that fact than Old King Brady, who has been up against such gangs so many times.

CHAPTER VI.

TOM HANDY GETS ON TOP.

It was with a feeling of immense relief that the Deadwood detective listened to Young King Brady.

"Thunderation, Harry!" he exclaimed, "it isn't because I wish you any harm, but because I need your help. I'd be lying if I didn't say I am glad you are here."

Harry laughed.

"Can't say I am glad of it then," he answered, "but we have to take things as they come."

"But how came you here?"

"Oh, it's the work of the strong-arm men. After you left I was hauled up out of that hole and blindfolded. They put me into some sort of a wagon, brought me here

and lowered me down into this hole, and here I have been ever since."

"Know where we are?"

"In the cellar of some old warehouse along the East River front. That's the way I dope it out, at least. When they lowered you down I caught a hasty glimpse of the place."

"How long ago is that?"

"It's several hours now."

"Is that so?"

"That's right."

"Then I must have been doped. I thought as much from the way my head feels."

"You undoubtedly were. But can't you work over this way, Tom? I am tied up, you know. From the noise you are making I judge you are free."

"I didn't know. I might have guessed, though. Yes; I'm free. If I only had a light."

"Ah! If! I may have my electric flashlight and I may not. I can't tell as I lie here. Try it, Tom. We must get a move on and see if we can't work out of this."

Tom started, and the first thing banged up against a post.

"Gee whizz! That's the time I saw stars!" he groaned.

"I think I have broken my nose!"

"Sheer off right or left a couple of feet and you will be between the line of the posts."

Tom persevered. Harry kept calling.

In a few minutes they were together.

"Good enough!" said Young King Brady. "Now out with your knife and cut me loose."

"Nothing doing in the knife line, Brady. They have cleaned me out of everything. I've got a whole lot to tell you. By the way, first off, let me say that I came up against the Chinese giant."

"Hello! You did, eh?"

"Yes. And I struck in on a queermaker's plant. That fellow they call the doctor runs it, I think."

"Meaning our mask?"

"Yes."

"Tell me all about it. This is most interesting."

"I'll be working on your bonds while I talk," said Tom.

He kneeled beside Harry, who was lying on the damp ground, and got to work.

"This is coarse rope," he said. "I believe I can untie you all right, Brady, but it will take time."

"Take your time. It is my opinion that we shall not be disturbed before daylight. Probably everybody concerned in our capture went to bed loaded, so they won't be getting up very early in the morning."

Then Young King Brady got the whole story.

By the time Tom had talked himself out he had Harry free.

"At last!" exclaimed the young detective, getting on his feet and shaking himself. "Now to take account of stock and see what they have left me. I shall be thankful if it is even one match."

"When did they go through you?" asked Tom.

"After they brought me in here; but you see I was blindfolded at the time, so I could not tell exactly what they got."

By the time Harry got through he was ready to an-

nounce that the strong-arm men had not left him much of anything.

His electric light was gone, and so were all his matches.

About the only thing of any use to him was his spare revolver, which being in a secret pocket, escaped.

"If we only had a light there is lots we might do," he sighed. "But even as it is we must get to work and do something. Your discoveries are most important, Tom. To tell you the truth, we are after these very queer-makers. But there is one point which strikes me very forcibly. Why did they put you here, unbound, when I was bound? Did that occur to you?"

"Yes; I thought of it. It must be that they thought they had doped me to death, don't you think?"

"It might have been that, or it may have been that two separate sets of scoundrels were on the job. Remember, I am the prisoner of the strong-arm men of Mott street, while you were put away by the Chinese giant and this doctor, who comes to Chinatown in a dress suit. Perhaps your bunch did not know that I was here."

"It might be so, Brady. I'm sure I don't know. What's worrying me is about the child. If the woman has really made off with it, we stand a first-class chance of never being able to locate it in this big burg."

"Don't worry about that. This big burg, as you call it, is pretty well known to the Bradys. If we can only get out of this, rest assured we shall be able to find the woman all right. But now to work. Stand as you are. I'm going to make a strike for the wall. When I find it you shall join me and we will follow around and see if we can find the stairs."

And Harry walked off in the dark.

"I've got it!" he called in a minute. "It is a stone foundation wall. We are in a cellar, as I supposed. Come on and we will make the rounds together. Feel your way carefully now, and make sure you don't run up against another foundation post and crack your skull."

"Gee whizz, I hope not!" grumbled Tom. "There is one thing sure, if I ever get safe back to Deadwood, you don't catch me taking another case in New York."

"Oh, pshaw! You make too much of it. This sort of thing often hits us. We shall work out of it all right. Are you coming?"

"Yes. I'm against the wall now. Which way do I go to get you? Right or left?"

"Right! Can't you tell by the sound of my voice?"

"No; I'll be blest if I can."

"Then your bump of locality is not as good as mine, for I could tell easily. Come on! Come on! We are losing time. Someone may come and then we shall be in the soup."

They came together in a minute and then made the rounds of the walls, but came up against no stairs.

The place was very extensive.

Harry estimated the depth of the building at fully a hundred and fifty feet.

This confirmed him in his opinion that they were in the cellar of one of the old storage warehouses on South street.

Some of these are very ancient structures and have been practically abandoned, the storage business going to

the more modern warehouses, which line the Brooklyn water front.

The thought worried Young King Brady not a little, although he said nothing to Tom Handy, who was nervous enough as it was.

"If they have put us in one of the abandoned store-houses they may mean to starve us to death," Harry thought. "We might stay here months and nobody ever come into the place."

The prospect was certainly not alluring.

"There must be steps here somewhere!" exclaimed Harry. "I've got to find them. Tom, you stand here. I'll strike across through the middle to the other wall. Then if I don't hit anything I'll try it coming back a little further down."

"Look out for yourself then," replied Tom. "If anything was to happen to you I should be in a sweet fix."

"Suppose you were in a dark cave out in the Black Hills, wouldn't you be able to manage all right?"

"Sure, I would."

"Then what's the difference? Brace up! I am going now."

And Harry started boldly off through the dark.

"Look out for posts!" cried Tom.

"Leave it to me."

"Keep your eyes peeled."

"Oh, for a pair of cat's-eyes, then I could look out for everything," replied Harry, cheerfully. "But I'm doing well enough. I—o-o-h!"

One sharp exclamation!

Then silence!

"Brady! What's the matter?" shouted Tom.

There was no response.

"Brady! Brady!" cried the Deadwooder. "Where are you? What has happened? Speak!"

Silence!

Tom Handy was almost wild.

He felt that he ought to do something, and yet he did not dare to move, lest whatever Harry's fate might have been, his should be the same.

He shouted several times again and, getting no answer, was able to come to but one conclusion, that Harry had fallen down into some hole.

A cold perspiration broke out all over him.

He felt perfectly helpless.

He had been seized with a panic of nervous fear.

Now as to what Tom Handy did and thought during the next few hours we shall have nothing to say.

We must take the Deadwooder up again at the time the change in his situation came, only adding that during the interval he heard nothing from his vanished companion.

Indeed, the only sound which reached Tom's ears during that lonely interval was that of rats skurrying about the cellar, but fortunately for his peace of mind, none came his way.

At last a light suddenly flashed overhead.

A trap door had been raised.

Now Tom saw the steps.

They went up from about the middle of the enclosure.

A roughly-dressed man, holding a lighted lantern, was coming down.

If Harry could have seen the intruder he would have recognized Mr. Mike Mulligan, leader of the strong-arm men of Mott street.

But Tom only recognized him as a tough-looking proposition and one with whom he was likely to have trouble.

He would have dodged out of the way if there had been a chance, but there wasn't.

The strong-arm man instantly caught sight of him, for Tom was standing near the stairs and the light struck full on his face.

He heard Mulligan give a sharp exclamation and saw him draw a revolver.

"Come," thought Tom, "it's up to me to get that shooting-iron! I'll try."

He waited.

Down the stairs came Mike Mulligan.

"Brady!" he called. "Mind your eye. I see yer free, but if you try any monkey business wit me yer a dead one."

Tom was silent.

"Why don't you speak?" shouted Mulligan.

He spoke thickly.

Tom perceived that the man had been drinking.

He stood silently watching. He felt that it was a case of life or death.

"Brady!" cried the strong-arm man. "Why don't you answer me? Brady!"

"Oh, bite it off!" retorted Tom. "I'm not Young King Brady."

Mulligan raised his lantern.

"Say!" he cried. "Dat's right; you're de other one! How in thunder did you come here?"

"Ask those who brought me," retorted Tom. "Don't ask me."

"I'll ask, all right. Somebody pays for dis. Dis here hiding hole isn't open to none but me and my bunch. If anny of dem has been usin' it without my permission, dere'll be trouble, dat's all."

He came close up to Tom Handy, flourishing his revolver.

"Tell me who brung you here, and tell me blamed quick!" he cried.

"Can't!" replied Tom, coolly.

"Say, Wild West, you come off yer perch and do de talk ting!" snorted Mulligan. "I'm going to feed yer on lead if yer don't!"

"Can't!" replied Tom. "Don't know anything about it!"

"Yer lie!"

"You daren't throw down the revolver and tell me that!"

"Daren't I?"

"No."

"Speak up! Why can't you tell?"

"Because I was doped."

"A-h-h! Doped! This is the doctor's work!"

"I expect it is, if by the doctor you mean that masked man."

"But Young King Brady ought to be here somewhere. I put him here myself."

"Did you, though? Wish I'd known it."

"Have you seen him?"

"No. How could I see him in the dark?"

"Toddle, Wild West."

"What?"

"Toddle on ahead of me! I'm going on the hunt for Young King Brady. "Don't you wobble to de right or de left, or you get yer dose—see?"

Tom walked off in silence.

He did not dare to look back.

He knew that Mike Mulligan was keeping close behind him, revolver in hand.

They covered pretty much the whole enclosure.

At last they brought up where the rope lay which Tom had untied.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the strong-arm man. "He managed to get loose. Here's de rope wot I tied him wit."

Tom sidestepped and turned.

Mulligan, bending down over the rope, did not appear to notice.

He was in the act of picking it up when Tom pounced on him.

He jumped on the fellow's back and bore him to the floor, wrenching the revolver away.

"Now I've got you, Bucky!" he shouted. "Now I'm going to fix you!"

He fired as he seized the lantern, which had fallen on its side.

Tom was a crack shot.

He took aim, with the intention of taking a nip out of the strong-arm man's left ear, and he did it.

Mike Mulligan yelled "for fair."

"That's what I can do!" cried Tom. "I aimed for your ear and I got your ear! Next shot goes through your head!"

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I'll let you go!" whined Mulligan from the floor.

Harry was right when he said that Mike's kind were all cowards.

The strong-arm man was as brave as a lion with his gang to back him, but in a fair fight he was not worth thirty cents.

However, this was no fair fight.

Tom Handy had got on top.

He meant to stay there, too.

CHAPTER VII.

TRAILED TO FRENCH ANDY'S.

Alice worked about Chinatown for two hours that morning trying to find the woman Mag, but she met with no success.

There are many Mags in that singular settlement.

Even with a woman whom she knew to help her, who was supposed to know all about the locality and the people in it, Alice was able to make no headway.

At last she went to Quong Lee's opium joint on Chatham Square.

Now Quong Lee is a great friend of Old King Brady and will go to almost any length to serve him.

The divekeeper is an old rascal, of course, but he has been very useful to the Bradys, and they set a lot of store upon Quong Lee.

It was nearly noon when Alice struck into his place.

The old man was just getting up, his assistant informed Alice, and she sent word to him that she wanted to see him.

In a few minutes Quong Lee came downstairs into his little office.

"Oh, how do, Miss Mlontgomelly!" he exclaimed in English. "Old Kling Blady, he vas vell?"

"Very well, Quong," replied Alice, and then she began talking Chinese.

This suited Quong Lee.

He has an immense respect for Alice's accomplishment in that line.

She told him how matters stood and got information at very start.

"There is a very big Chinaman living somewhere in Chinatown," said Quong. "He has been in here to smoke, but I don't know his name and never tried to find out. You see I like to mind my own business. He don't belong in New York, that's sure."

"Do you think you can find out where he lives?" asked Alice.

Quong Lee thought he could and promised to try.

Then Alice got around to the woman Mag.

"Describe her," said Quong, and then when it was done, he added:

"I don't know her, but why don't you ask a lobbygow?"

Now the lobbygow—properly low gui gow, three words meaning Chinese woman's dog—are the messenger boys of Chinatown.

The Chinese women never go out in New York's Chinatown.

If they want anything from a store they call from windows and a lobbygow responds and attends to the errand.

Many of the white wives of the Chinese employ these boys, too.

"It is a good idea," said Alice, "and to tell you the truth, Quong, I thought of it myself. That is why I came here. I thought perhaps you would be kind enough to send one of your boys out for a Mott street lobbygow and I could talk with him here."

"Sure I will," replied Quong, and in a few minutes the lobbygow was on hand.

"I know dat woman, miss," he said, after listening to Alice's description of Mag. "She lives up Mott street. She is Mrs. Ging Yup. I can take you to her house."

"Do it," replied Alice, and a few minutes later she found herself knocking at the door of a room on the top floor of one of the Mott street tenements.

But there came no answer from behind that door.

After Alice had knocked several times, another door opened and a Chinaman looked out.

The Chink almost dropped dead when Alice addressed him in his native tongue.

"Those people moved away this morning," he said. "I don't know just where they went, but I heard the woman say she was moving to Jersey."

And so it all came to nothing, much to Alice's disgust. She felt satisfied that the Chinaman told the truth. The lobbygow was lingering at the head of the stairs, although Alice had paid him liberally for his services.

"Noting doin' so, miss?" he now said.

"It seems not," replied Alice.

"Can you talk Chink talk?"

"Yes."

"Chee! Dat's great! Wisht I could. I know a few words, dough. What did de Chink say?"

"That Ging Yup has moved to Jersey."

"Is dat so? Dat's too bad. But perhaps I could help you anoder way."

"You can?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Let's come down on de street. Somebody might hear us."

"Very well."

They descended to Mott street.

"It isn't de woman so much as it is de kid you want, I s'pose?" demanded the lobbygow then.

Alice assented.

"Well, den dat's where I come in," said the lobbygow. "Do yer know who de feller was who tuk dat kid away from de dead woman?"

"No, I don't. I'm told, though, that he was one of the Mike Mulligan gang."

"Dat's what he was, and he's Mr. Toomey."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause a feller wat I know seen all dat biz last night, miss, an' he's Joe de Greek."

"A lobbygow?"

"Yair. Like me. He told me all about it. He followed Mr. Toomey. He knowed you by sight and he tort you'd be wanting to know where de kid was tuk. I know you by sight, too, miss. Dat's why I waited. I knowed you would want to hear all about dis."

And this was the Chinatown lobbygow for you!

Probably no set of boys in all New York get their wits so sharpened up as these, and yet their lot is wretched enough, for what they receive for their services scarcely amounts to enough to keep them.

Nearly all are waifs without regular homes.

"You were right," said Alice. "What's your name?"

"Sam Brown, miss."

"Very well, Sam. I want to see Joe the Greek right away now. You'll get your pay. So will he, if he tells me anything worth while. Where can he be found?"

"He lives down Madison street, near James street, miss. Mebbe he is around Chinatown, though I haven't seen him to-day."

"Come, let us go on the hunt for him," said Alice.

"You don't have to go, miss. If you'll go back to Quong Lee's I'll bring him dere. You don't want to be seen walking about with a lobbygow."

But Alice had no notion of letting go her lobbygow until she was through with him.

"We will stick together, Sam," she said. "Come on now and let us see if we can't find Joe the Greek."

They made the rounds of Chinatown, but nothing came of it.

"Guess he isn't out of bed yet," said Sam. "Mebbe he didn't get to bed till late last night. De only way, miss, will be to go to his room."

"Let us go," said Alice, and they went down on lower Madison street, where Sam Brown went upstairs in a big tenement, leaving Alice waiting below, for he assured her that the house was a bad one and she had better keep out.

They were now in the Greek quarter, and over every store door were signs in that language.

Alice kept on the move up and down the block.

Many eyes were upon her, although she was closely veiled.

Twice she was spoken to by rough-looking men, but the detective shield sent them flying.

At last Sam Brown returned alone.

"Well, what luck?" demanded Alice.

"He ain't dere," replied the lobbygow. "He was dere in bed last night with his roommate, when one of de strong-armers came after him and tuk him away. I guess he must wok wit 'em, miss, dough he never told me dat. I found out what we want to know, all de same, from Jim."

"The roommate?"

"Yair. I had to give up all you gimme to get it out of him, dough."

"That's all right. You get it again. Well, where did Toomey take the child?"

"Down Clinton street, to French Andy's joint."

"Never heard of it. Do you know the place?"

"Sure ting, miss. I'll take you down dere if you say so."

"Do it," replied Alice.

Although it was quite a distance, they walked.

There was no way of riding, except that they might have taken a Belt Line car after they reached South street, but no car came along.

On the way Alice learned from the lobbygow that French Andy's was a saloon frequented by river thieves and similar bad characters.

The Bradys have much to do with such people, and yet Alice could not remember ever having heard either Old King Brady or Harry mention the place.

But that is New York.

New hold-outs for crooks are constantly springing up.

It is impossible for anyone to keep the run of them all.

Now French Andy's may have been a crooks' hold-out, but the house was a most ancient one, being, in fact, an old three-story frame building, wedged in between store-houses facing on South and Water streets.

There was a saloon on the ground floor.

The name on the sign was "Andree Harbier."

"Dat's French Andy's," said the lobbygow, pointing out the place. "An' now, miss, dat's as far as I can go. Of course, you don't tink of going in dere alone. It will be as much as your life is wort to do it."

"Leave me alone to manage that end of the business, Sam," replied Alice, and she paid her guide and dismissed him.

She had no notion of entering French Andy's.

It would have been the height of folly and could have done no possible good.

Alice planted herself on the corner of South street, determined to watch the place for a few minutes.

After that there would be no other course than to report to Old King Brady as soon as she could.

And the opportunity came sooner than she anticipated.

For Alice had held her position but a very few minutes when a stylishly-dressed man came charging up South street.

As he turned the corner he looked furtively this way and that, taking in Alice, of course.

Altogether he acted like a man who was afraid of being seen.

Alice pretended not to watch him, but her eye was right on him just the same, whereas it is doubtful if she would have paid any attention to such a person but for the peculiar way in which he handled himself.

But even then it came as a surprise when she saw him pop into French Andy's.

"Now who can he be?" she asked herself, when looking down South street, to her immense satisfaction, she saw Old King Brady approaching at a rapid walk.

"You here!" he exclaimed, as he joined Alice. "But before you say a word, tell me if you saw the well-dressed man who just turned this corner?"

"I certainly did," replied Alice. "He went into French Andy's."

"And where is French Andy's?"

Alice pointed.

"Phil Grogan's old place," said Old King Brady. "It used to be a great hangout for shanghaiers, when such things were done."

"According to my information it is now a hangout for river thieves, and some of the strong-arm men of Mott street go in there, too."

"You don't mean it? Then you have been working a trail?"

"The trail of the Rich child, and it has led me here. There is reason to believe that the little fellow was taken into that place last night."

"So? Well, I can readily believe it since Felix J. Gallagher went in there."

"And who is this Gallagher? Not Dr. Gallagher, the society man?"

"The same person, Alice. But we must not stand here. Now that I know the man's destination it is enough for the present. Let us get around the corner and walk. Our case has taken a singular turn."

"I should say it must have indeed done so if it has brought this fashionable doctor into it," replied Alice. "But do you want to explain, Mr. Brady, or shall I give you what I have got first?"

"Yours," replied the old detective. "By the way, you have seen nothing of Harry?"

Alice had raised her veil when Old King Brady joined her.

And now as he put the question, the old detective saw a sudden change come over her face.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Why, there he is!" cried Alice.

Old King Brady looked up quickly.

Sure enough, there was Harry coming up South street.

CHAPTER VIII.

YOUNG KING BRADY MAKES AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

It was indeed Young King Brady whom his partners saw approaching them.

His sudden appearance on this particular scene and his equally sudden disappearance from another must be explained.

But the latter Harry could not have fully explained then.

All he knew was that while groping his way about that cellar in the dark he suddenly stepped on nothing and went flying downward.

His back came against metal.

He seemed to himself to be shooting down some big pipe.

But he passed out of this in a second and went down straight, landing in water which came up around his ankles.

The shock was great.

Nevertheless, the water in a measure broke the force of his fall.

He could hear rats running, uttering their shrill squeaks as they went, disturbed by this sudden intruder into their silent quarters.

As nearly as he could judge, Harry had fallen about twenty feet.

He stood still, trying to pull himself together, for so suddenly had it all happened that his breath was almost taken away.

Then several times Young King Brady shouted Tom Handy's name.

But, as we know, Tom never heard him.

Realizing the uselessness of it at last Harry gave up and began to think of his next move.

"I've tumbled into some old private sewer, of course," he reasoned, for he knew that such things existed in this older part of New York.

He reached out and his hands came in contact with slimy brickwork on both sides.

He reached up and found that there was an arched brick top to his prison.

Its nature could not be doubted; but, indeed, the water and the horrible smell proved that.

"I've got to work out, that's all," thought Young King Brady. "I wonder which way I ought to go."

It was impossible for him to tell, for he had become completely turned around.

Thus realizing that one way was as likely to secure him freedom as the other, Harry waded on through the water in the direction which he was facing.

And the rats ran ahead of him.

It sent a thrill of horror through the young detective to listen to their peculiar cries.

The water did not deepen.

Before he had taken many steps it began to grow shallower.

He now realized that it was moving in the way in which he was walking.

This, of course, meant that Harry was walking towards the river, which was the direction he wanted to go.

He was able to figure it all out.

The water, from wherever it came, entered somewhere not far behind the place where he had fallen. It grew shallower as it spread itself through the sewer.

But Harry knew that soon he must come to a point where the salt water flowed back into the sewer.

He also realized another thing which was anything but pleasant to contemplate.

As he drew near the mouth of the sewer he would probably find it full of water.

Then it would be a case of an under-water swim for life.

But realizing that there was no help for it Young King Brady pushed boldly ahead.

It all came about as he anticipated.

Soon the water began to rise about his legs rapidly.

He had heard the last of the rats now.

A horrible fear seized poor Harry.

If the tide was up the distance he would have to swim might prove too great for his endurance.

Already the water was up around his waist and he fancied he could feel the pressure of the tide against his body.

Another thing was happening.

The sewer was narrowing—sewers usually do at their mouths.

In a minute more his head came against the arch and he realized that the height was being reduced as well.

It was a bad job all around.

Harry paused and tried to think.

Should he return and try to escape in some other way?

As he peered ahead through the darkness it seemed to him that he could catch a glimmer of light.

"Could it be the lights of the Brooklyn shore shining on the water?" he asked himself.

The thought seemed too far fetched, and yet the light meant something.

Among other things it seemed to Harry that it might mean that the water at the mouth of the sewer would be passable for him after all.

He took his measure and found that he could still turn in the enclosure.

On he went until he was obliged to bend considerably, the sewer had lowered so.

The water was now up to his armpits.

The faint glimmer of the light could still be seen—it had not changed.

"Here goes!" muttered Young King Brady. "I've got to swim for it, hit or miss."

He threw out his hands and plunged boldly in.

Of course only an expert swimmer would have stood any chance.

But Young King Brady is that and more.

It is doubtful if a better under-water swimmer could be found in New York, outside of some professional or a practical diver.

Harry struck out boldly and, needless to say, he swam with all speed.

When it seemed to him that he could hold his breath no longer he allowed himself to rise.

To his horror his head bumped against the brick work of the arch.

With renewed effort he struck out again.

This he kept up until he knew that to remain under water ten seconds longer spelled death.

Relaxing then, Harry let himself come up, and to his immense relief his head came out of the water.

It was all over now.

Young King Brady had escaped from his prison.

What a relief!

He was safe!

He was also under a pier.

From the Brooklyn shore the lights struck across.

Compared with the blackness with which he had been surrounded it seemed to Young King Brady like day.

He clutched at a moss-covered pile.

His hand slipped, but in a second struck a big spike.

It was just the sort of handle Harry wanted. He held on, waiting to get his breath.

Just then his attention was attracted by the sound of oars.

A rowboat pulled by two men was coming in under the pier.

"River thieves," thought Harry. "I must keep dark. If I am discovered it means another swim for life."

The pier was a long one.

Young King Brady's position was pretty well towards the upper end.

The boat came steadily on and a halt was made near a pile not very far from that to which Young King Brady clung.

"Well, here we are," said one of the men as he shipped his oar. "Pretty slickly managed, I say."

"It's all right," answered the other. "If de detectives was a-watchin' us, I guess we fooled 'em all right when we drove de wagon just de opposite way from what we wanted de goods to go."

"And landed' em in a boat and brought 'em around here."

"Dat's right. My eyesight is as good as de next bloke's. If anny boat had been a follering us I should have sure caught on."

"Keerect; but what's to be did now?"

"Say, we might as well bote go to Andy's and see how de case stands."

"Well, all right, den. But what'll Mike say to all dis?"

"Aw, go chase yerself! He wasn't 'round when de big Chink came after us. When dere's dough to be pulled out of it I guess de strong-armers are right into it, Mike or no Mike. Come on."

They had tied up near a standing ladder on the side of the pier, which both now ascended.

"Strange how all this has come about," thought Harry. "Here I am right in it on my case again. The big Chink, the strong-armers! Mike will be Mike Mulligan, of course. Wonder what they have got in that boat? Upon my word, my crooked friends, I intend to find out."

Harry was all right now and he started to swim for the boat.

It was an unusually big boat and amidship was some large object covered with bagging.

In the stern was what looked to Harry like a bundle of old rags.

Young King Brady lost no time in climbing into the boat.

He pulled away the bagging and there stood a small engraver's press.

Tied to it was a box.

"Part of the outfit of the queermakers, surest thing!" thought Young King Brady.

He hastily untied the box and opened it.

Inside were counterfeit plates for printing greenbacks.

Evidently something had disturbed the gang, and they were on the move!

Tom Handy could have explained!

But Young King Brady thought little of the explanation then.

He was triumphant over the discovery he had made.

Not an instant was lost in casting off and, throwing out the oars, Harry pulled out from under the pier.

He never gave the bundle of rags astern a thought, supposing that they covered more of the queermakers' goods.

Pulling for all he was worth, Harry quickly had the boat well out in the river.

He expected a challenge, but none came.

And now Young King Brady was able to locate his prison in a general way.

It was one of a chain of old storage warehouses on South street, just as he had supposed. Which one, he could not feel sure.

"I must land this stuff where it will be safe, and then get busy and try to rescue friend Handy," he thought.

Then there were dry clothes to be had and a lot of things to be done.

Harry determined to land at the barge office on the Battery.

Here he would come up against United States officials who would take charge of the stuff he had captured.

Morning was just dawning. More time had been spent in his prison than Young King Brady supposed.

Harry made the barge office all right, and after some delay succeeded in attracting the attention of the watchman, who opened one of the big doors and came out.

Harry did not know the man, but his Secret Service shield did the business.

He explained the situation and the watchman readily agreed to let him land the goods.

But how to get the press up out of the boat was the question.

The thing was fearfully heavy.

At last the watchman rigged up a rope and he and Harry were able to haul it up.

"I'll leave the boat tied up here until I can see the Secret Service commissioner," said Harry. "But first to see what those rags conceal—probably it is more of the queermakers' goods."

He went back into the boat and pulled the rags away.

Then came a discovery which made Harry regret that he had not made a more careful examination at the start.

For under the rags, all doubled up, lay a dirty, ragged boy, very much under size, almost a dwarf in fact.

His face was so deathly white that at first Harry thought he had a corpse on his hands.

But as he examined more closely he found that the boy was in a deep sleep.

He was evidently drugged, and probably with opium.

Harry tried in vain to arouse him.

Finding this useless he had to call an ambulance, and he went with the lad to the Hudson Street Hospital, in spite of the fact that his own condition needed attention.

Here the doctors pronounced it a case of opium.

They did not consider the boy's condition serious.

Harry hurried home to change his clothes, just missing Old King Brady.

The telephone would not work, for some reason.

When Harry got to the office finally, both Old King Brady and Alice had just left.

Between the boy and the Secret Service business the morning was consumed.

Harry actually could not help it.

It would take too long to explain just why, but now when Old King Brady and Alice saw him coming up South street, this was the first possible moment that he could get around to Tom Handy's case.

CHAPTER IX.

TOM HANDY FINDS PLENTY TO DO.

Tom Handy was all right when it came to jumping in to take advantage of the opportunity.

Mike Mulligan, strong-arm man though he was, had not been able to stand up against the plucky Deadwooder. He was too big a coward to face his own revolver, and that was the truth.

He whined for mercy like a sick pup.

He actually made no attempt at resistance, while Tom, at the disadvantage of having to hold on to his revolver, tied his hands behind him.

"Now you get a taste of your own medicine, Yorker!" sneered Tom. "You fellers think you run the earth! I'm doing the running this trip!"

He went through his prisoner, but took nothing away from him but a wicked-looking knife, although he might have taken a wad of bills.

Then he tumbled Mike Mulligan over and tied his legs, as well as his arms.

"Now then!" he cried, planking the revolver at the fellow's forehead, "you tell me how to get out of this."

"Get out by way of de roof!" snarled Mike. "Dat's de only road."

"Are you giving it to me straight?"

"Sure ting I am. You go down on de roof of de little building next door. Dat's de way to de street."

"It will be a bad job if you are lying to me."

"I'm not. Why should I? Do I want you to stop here twistin' dat popper under me nose? It might go off by accident. Say, de sooner you get away from here de better I'm suited—dat's right."

"I'm going in a minute," said Tom, "but before I go I want to ask you one thing. I lied to you when I said I hadn't seen Young King Brady."

"Of course. I know dat."

"He was here tied up. I untied him. We were wandering about in the dark, trying to find the stairs. He started to cross the cellar. All at once he put up a holler and I haven't seen him since."

"Is dat so?" replied Mike, adding:

"Well, den, dere's only one ting what could have happened to him."

"What's that?"

"Dere's an old sewer what runs under dis building. Dere's a shaft what leads down into it. I dunno what for. Dere must have been a lid onto it one time, but dere hain't none now. Probably he tumbled down into it."

"Is that a fact? Then what?"

"Then what?"

"Yes."

"Why den he's dead—dat's all. De sewer runs to de river. It must be full at high tide and it was high-water about half an hour ago. 'Tain't my fault. If you'd have let him alone I should have turned him loose. I only captured him so as to get some information out of him. If he's dead, it's up to you."

"Up to me?"

"Yes."

It made Tom decidedly sick to hear it.

However, he was not spilling over before his prisoner. Before going any further he determined to make sure that the strong-arm man had spoken the truth.

He started to explore.

Sure enough, he found a round opening in the floor.

A rusted, iron slide was set in the opening, which went down on a slant.

Tom flashed the lantern down and his heart sank as he caught sight of running water below.

"Brady!" he shouted. "Brady! Are you there?"

But there was no Brady down that hole!

Harry had passed out long before.

Now, although he realized the desirability of prompt action, Tom Handy determined to avail himself of this opportunity to learn more of his own case.

He returned to his prisoner.

"Looker here!" he cried. "you are going to talk or I'm going to shoot you. I've made up my mind to that."

"What do yer mean? Talk about what? What have I got to talk to you about?" snarled the strong-arm man.

"The talk you'll make will be to answer my questions, and if you don't answer them I'm going to do you sure."

Mike Mulligan glared at him.

Tom put on his fiercest look.

And it was certainly a terrible one.

"Mebbe you think I don't mean what I say!" he cried. "But looker here, I'm from Deadwood. I'd just as soon shoot a man as to cat. Who hired you to do me up? Answer, and answer straight, or out you go."

Tom got his answer.

Mike Mulligan had no idea of assuming the least personal risk.

"A rich bloke down on Wall Street is responsible for dat!" he growled.

"What's his name?"

"I dunno. I only know him as Doc."

"Sure you don't know his name?"

"I sure don't."

"Didn't he tell you what he wanted me put out of the way for?"

"No, he didn't."

"Do you know Hing Pow, the Chinese giant?"

"Yair."

"And his wife?"

"I know he has a white wife."

"And a white child what is hers, but not his?"

"I believe there is a child. I dunno nothin' about it."

"You're lying!"

"No, I'm not."

"Where does Hing Pow live?"

"No — Pell street. He keeps close. He don't show himself on de street for fear of drawing a crowd."

Tom tried it further, but nothing came of it.

If he had known about the stealing of the child probably he could have got information which would have pleased him, but not knowing what to ask for that chance was missed.

At last, feeling that he was not likely to get any further, the Deadwood detective gave it up and, turning his back on his prisoner, walked away.

But not until Mike Mulligan had put up a whine, promising all sorts of things if Tom would set him free.

But the Deadwooder, valuing these promises for what they were worth, paid no heed to this and traveled off up the stairs.

And now investigations as to how to escape began.

Tom made for the first door he saw.

There was nothing doing there, or at any other door.

The old warehouse was empty and deserted.

All doors were locked and they were not of the sort to afford Tom any hope of forcing an exit.

Thus, after many ineffectual attempts, Handy made his way to the upper floor, where he found a ladder leading up to an open scuttle, down which the dim light of dawn came.

Tom got on the roof.

It was immensely large and covered with white gravel.

The Westerner, who had never seen such gravel before, wondered where they got all the white stones.

Going to the side wall, he looked down to find that Mike Mulligan had told the truth.

Below was the roof of a little building which stood wedged in between this warehouse and another.

There was an iron standing ladder spiked to the wall leading down to this lower roof.

Beyond in the other direction was a long line of roofs, connected with the one on which Tom Handy was, each separated from the other by a low fire wall.

Feeling that if he followed out the directions of his prisoner he was liable to run into a whole nest of strong-arm men, Tom went over several of these roofs to see if he could not find some ladder which would take him down to the street.

But he was obliged to give this up, for there was none. So it was by the way of the little roof, or nothing.

Tom tackled the ladder and got down upon it.

It was getting quite light now and he felt that the sooner he was out of his fix the better.

The scuttle was open here and a ladder stood below it.

Tom got down on the top floor.

But here his escape was cut off.

He could see no stairs.

Where they should have been was a strongly-built door, which was securely locked.

Tom tried it and, sizing up the situation, was beginning to think of the other doors, when behind one of them he heard a child crying.

He listened.

Presently a woman's voice exclaimed:

"Shut up dere, you little rat, or I'll wring de neck of yer!"

Naturally, the child cried the harder.

Tom could hear the woman moving about the room.

He hardly knew what to do.

He was standing thus in doubt, when suddenly there came a loud pounding on the door which cut off the stairs.

The knocks were given in a peculiar way.

Evidently it was intended as a signal.

The situation was strenuous.

Tom did not want to fight.

All he wanted was to escape.

He dodged into the closet where the scuttle ladder was and pulled the door almost shut.

He was none too soon.

Scarce had he accomplished this when a woman, wearing a pink kimono, fluttered past the crack.

"Hey, youse!" she cried. "What's de woid?"

"Yaller bird!" came the answer.

Clearly it was a password.

"Wait," said the woman, "I'll go an' call Mike."

"Be quick, den," was the reply. "Tell him Doc's got a scare on about Secret Service men. Tell him we got de press and other tings in a boat down here. Orders is to get dem into de storehouse. Get him up, Moll. Day's a-dawnin' and we have got to get dem goods under cover right away."

"All right," said the woman. "I'll get him up if I can, but I want youse to understand dat he went to bed wit a beautiful bun on last night and it won't be so easy wakin' him, I tink."

Loud knocks upon another door followed.

"It's the counterfeiter!" thought Tom. "They are moving out on my account, surest thing!"

Then he reflected that possibly it was because he had been shadowed to the office of the Brady Detective Bureau and had been helped by Harry.

He began thinking about what reward might come his way if he helped to capture a gang of counterfeiter.

And through it all he could hear the crying of the child.

The knocking on the door seemed to bring no reponse.

The woman returned to the door at the head of the stairs.

"I can't make him answer, boys!" she called.

"Open de door, Moll, and we'll blame soon get him out," was the reply.

"Can't! He's got de key."

There was some tall talk outside the stairs door.

"Try if you can't get in dere, Moll!" the voice called. "Dis ting is important. It will be broad daylight in a few minutes. Den we can't bring dem tings up from de boat."

Tom saw the woman return to the door at the end of the hall and try it.

The door yielded to her touch.

"Say!" she cried, "Mike ain't here!"

"Look for de key!" shouted the voice from the stairs.

"Oh, yair," said the woman, "I've found it. Here it is hanging on a nail. Mike muster gone into de storehouse to look up de detective."

She opened the door and two men came out off the stairs.

Instantly Tom recognized them as two of the gang who had attacked him.

"We'll go to de storehouse and look for Mike," one said. "Dis ting has to be attended to right away."

The Deadwooder was up against it.

But Tom was quick to think.

He softly climbed up the ladder.

Getting out on the roof of the low building, he lost not an instant in climbing the iron ladder to the roof of the higher one.

Then it was down through the scuttle into the dark storehouse again.

"If I can tie 'em all up in the cellar it will give me a chance to work," he said to himself, "and I believe it can be done."

Catching up the lantern which he had left here, Tom went chasing down the stairs.

CHAPTER X.

THE FATE OF DR. GALLAGHER.

The entire Brady Detective Bureau having got together unexpectedly, a comparison of notes followed as a matter of course.

They walked up and down the South street block as they talked.

Harry's remarkable story interested both Old King Brady and Alice greatly as a matter of course.

It was told last, but Harry understood the situation no better for having heard what his partners had to say, except as to one point.

"Governor, I believe your Dr. Gallagher and my masked man are identical," he remarked. "That point seems to stand out clearly."

"I am very much inclined to agree with you," said Old King Brady. "but admitting that it is so, why should he engage my services, unless it is that he means to turn me off of any trail which may lead me to that child?"

"And isn't that explanation enough? Probably his coming here was just a bait. He counted upon you following him; no doubt there are strong-arm men in this French Andy's, waiting to lay you out."

"Do you think so?"

"I do."

"Perhaps it is so, Harry. But finish up. Did you go to the Hudson Street Hospital again?"

"Yes. The boy had revived. He said he was a lobbygow and his name was Joe Something-or-other, generally known as 'Joe the Greek.'"

"That interests me!" exclaimed Alice.

"I thought it would when I heard your story," replied Harry. "The boy was only an accident. It seems that he was hired by those two fellows who belong to the strong-arm men to help them move the press, which is rather heavy. It came out of a secret cellar at No. — Pell street. In the cellar above, where the boy had to wait awhile, he found an opium layout. He had never hit the pipe before, but while he was waiting the temptation seized him and he took a smoke. It did not seem to affect him at first and he did his heavy lifting all right, but when he got into the wagon in which they put the press he fell into a deep sleep. My private opinion is that he found opium pills and took them as well as a smoke, and the doctors at the hospital think the same."

"Did he see the Chinese giant at the Pell street house?" demanded the old detective.

"Yes. The giant helped them to get the press upstairs. It is the same place where they took Tom Handy, of course, and the 'Doc' who figured there is undoubtedly Dr. Gallagher, as I said before."

"I don't question it," said Old King Brady. "But now about Handy. Which warehouse was you in, Harry?"

"That is just what I can't tell," replied Harry. "You see it was only half light when I pulled out upon the river. I have been trying to locate it since we have been talking here, but I can't feel sure. The sewer did not run perfectly straight, for one thing. Worse still, I can't be perfectly certain which pier I came out under. I know I ought to have been more careful, but I was so taken up with my discovery and so anxious to get away with the press that I did not observe as I should have done."

"Which makes it bad for the Deadwooder. So much time has elapsed, too."

"I know it. But I could not help it, as I explained."

"Certainly not."

"Chances are," observed Alice, "that it was one of those warehouses which stand next to French Andy's, if the strong-arm men really hold out there."

"Which brings us back to where we started out," said Old King Brady. "Handy's fate was probably settled long ago. What we want to do is to go through French Andy's."

"Exactly," replied Harry. "Do we need police help?"

"I think it would be best. The strong-armers are a bad gang. If we are going to make an open demonstration we certainly do need police help."

"It would be best," said Alice.

"Shall you arrest Dr. Gallagher if we run up against him?"

"Not unless you can positively identify the man, Harry. I don't see how I can."

"That's so."

"Don't forget the child," said Alice. "If the lobbygow gave it straight there is that chance."

"If I had only known about it and could have asked Joe the Greek," added Harry. "He never said a word to me about the child."

Old King Brady stood hesitating, uncertain what to do.

To secure police aid it would be necessary to go to the station on the corner of Scammel and Madison streets, and that would take a lot of time.

"Here comes a policeman now," said Alice, pointing up South street.

"We will tackle him," replied Old King Brady. "He shall help us if he will."

Fortunately the officer proved to be a roundsman.

When Old King Brady made himself known, which was hardly necessary, for the policeman recognized him at once, he readily agreed to help.

"French Andy is nobody," he said. "He is the biggest coward ever and wouldn't raise a finger against you. If there is any gang holding out in his place it is news to me."

They all went into the saloon together.

It was as the roundsman had said.

The Frenchman, who was behind the bar, proved to be just a little grasshopper of a fellow, who fell all over himself as soon as he understood that they meant to search his place.

He was an honest man, he declared; he harbored no crooks; he could not imagine what they wanted.

He lived on the second floor himself and the third was occupied by a respectable workingman and his wife, who had no children.

No child had been brought to his house the night before. As for Dr. Gallagher, he swore that no man of his description had entered the place.

Evidently the fellow was slippery as an eel, and not a word he said could be believed.

The search was made.

Not a trace of Dr. Gallagher could be discovered.

On the top floor they found nobody, but the door at the head of the stairs was plated with sheetiron on the outside, which, of course, was highly suspicious, though French Andy swore that he found it so when he hired the house.

The rooms were unoccupied.

The saloonkeeper declared that the man and woman were away at their work, and that they left the rooms so every day.

And now Old King Brady blamed himself for not watching the place to see if Dr. Gallagher came out, instead of walking up and down South street while talking with Harry and Alice.

During the search of the top floor, Old King Brady opened the closet door where the scuttle ladder was.

The scuttle was closed and secured by two hasps.

"Let us go on the roof," said the old detective, and he went up and opened the scuttle.

The others followed.

"What about this man?" called the roundsman, referring to the saloonkeeper.

"Let him go," answered Old King Brady, and the roundsman came up.

The old detective pointed to the iron ladder.

"We may as well tackle that storehouse if we can get in by way of the scuttle," he remarked.

"I think so, too," replied Harry.

"What about that?" demanded the roundsman, who had only been told a part of the story.

Harry now explained about Tom Handy.

"That storehouse is vacant," said the policeman. "It belongs to an unsettled estate. It hasn't been used for a number of years. It might be as you say, Mr. Brady. I've heard tell that an old sewer runs under it, but I don't know which pier it comes out under."

"It seems to me we would have done better if we had brought the Frenchman along," Alice declared.

"Not the slightest use," replied Old King Brady. "There is nothing to be got out of him unless we arrest him and lock him up. If he has got Dr. Gallagher hidden anywhere in the house it would do us no good to bring the man on the roof."

Thus saying, Old King Brady walked over to the scuttle of the warehouse and tried it.

"Unfastened!" he exclaimed, as he lifted it up. "This looks a bit suspicious, too!"

They descended the ladder.

The big enclosure was vacant.

But on the dusty floor were many footprints.

Another suspicious sign.

"We are on the road to some discovery, that is certain!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

It looked so.

They went down flight after flight.

Everywhere there were the footprints.

Men had been coming and going freely, that was certain.

When they reached the ground floor they found a big trap door, which evidently communicated with the cellar. It was secured by two bolts.

Harry hastened to draw these back and a flight of steps was revealed.

Old King Brady turned his flashlight down into the cellar.

"Well! Is that your prison, young man?" he demanded.

"It certainly looks as if it might be," replied Harry, "but I can't tell."

"Hello!" shouted Old King Brady. "Anyone down there?"

There was no answer, save the echo of his own voice.

"It is probably all up with poor Handy if this is the place," sighed Harry. "Oh, why did I allow anything, no matter how important, to come between me and his rescue?"

"You could not help it," replied Old King Brady. "Your delay was necessary. Handy is a detective. He knew the risks of the business before he ever came to New York. He must take his chances like the rest of us."

"Let us go down there," said Harry.

They descended.

At once they saw the round hole in the cellar floor leading down into the sewer.

"This is certainly the place!" cried Harry. "There is where I went down!"

"It is a wonder you didn't break your neck!" exclaimed Alice. "How fearfully it smells here."

"Oh, I got used to that," replied Harry, adding:

"Governor! Throw your light down that hole."

Old King Brady was already preparing to do it.

As the light was flashed down, Alice gave a little scream.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "A man lying there at the bottom of the chute!"

"It is Handy!" gasped Harry. "They have killed him!"

"Don't follow!" said Old King Brady. "He may have stumbled into the place by accident, same as you did."

"Handy!" shouted Harry. "Speak, man! Tom Handy! Is it you?"

Then the form, which lay on the right side, slowly turned on the back.

As the face came upward it was Old King Brady's turn to exclaim:

"Heavens! It is Dr. Gallagher!"

And so it was!

There lay the rich society man in the slimy ooze of the sewer.

They could see his lips move. Indeed, they caught faint sounds, but they could not understand what was said.

"It's Dr. Gallagher, all right," said Old King Brady, "and to all appearance the man is done for. Officer, we must get him out of there. Evidently he still lives and his ante-mortem statement may be of a whole lot of use to me."

"How will we get him up?" asked the officer.

"The only thing we can do is to get the scuttle ladder down here," said Harry.

"And ropes!" added the old detective. "Those are needed, too."

"Perhaps the rope which I was tied with is still here," said Harry. "You look while I grope my way upstairs and get the ladder."

When Harry returned with the ladder he found that Old King Brady had the rope.

He reported also that there was no one else in the cellar.

The ladder was put down and Old King Brady descended.

The man in the sewer regarded him fixedly, but did not speak.

"Doctor, how came you here?" demanded the old detective.

There was silence for a moment and then the doctor spoke in a low, strained voice, which plainly proved to the old detective that the man was dying.

"Brady—murder! Mike Mulligan—strong-arm man. He robbed me—threw me down here—back broken—this is death!"

And it was!

These were the last words ever spoken by Dr. Felix J. Gallagher.

They got him up out of the sewer, but the wretched man expired within five minutes of the time they laid him on the cellar floor.

CHAPTER XI.

TOM HANDY TACKLES THE CHINESE GIANT.

In a way Tom Handy was responsible for Dr. Gallagher's death.

We left the Deadwood detective hurrying down the stairs in the old warehouse, bent upon some scheme to capture the two strong-arm men.

Tom's scheme was simple.

When he got to the lower floor he unbolted the trap door which he had been so particular to fasten and raised the lid.

It was a big affair and opened in such a way that a man crouching behind it would be concealed from anyone coming down the stairs.

Tom put out his lantern and did the crouching.

He was scarcely in place before he heard the strong-arm men coming down.

In a moment he caught the flash of their light.

"What's this?" exclaimed one. "The trap door up! Mike can't be here then!"

They came on down the last flight, one flashing the lantern which he carried down into the opening.

"Mike!" he shouted. "An' are youse down dere, Mike?"

Tom heard the voice answering, but could not catch the words.

Evidently the strong-arm men did, however.

"Chee! What's dat he says? Someone tied him up?" one cried. "Come on, Jim! Dis is sure Young King Brady's woik! I told Mike not to muss wit him, but he wouldn't listen!"

Then both men disappeared down the cellar stairs.

It was dead easy, of course!

All Tom had to do was to shut down that trap door and bolt it.

Then he had his men penned!

He lost no time in pulling out and retracing his steps to the roof.

There was now only the woman to deal with and Tom saw the way clear to make his escape.

As for Harry, he had given him up for dead, which was natural enough, for not being able to swim himself, Tom knew that a trip down that sewer would spell death for him and he assumed that with Young King Brady it must be the same.

But Tom did not have to reckon with the woman.

When he got down to his closet he stopped to listen, but could not hear a sound.

He opened the door and peered out.

The door leading downstairs now stood open; so did the doors leading into the rooms.

In short, the place was deserted.

It seemed a good time to investigate, and Tom started in to do it.

There were three rooms on that floor, two large ones and a small room at the end of the hall, which was the one where the woman had knocked on the door and shouted "Mike!"

In the large rooms Tom found nothing to interest him, but in the little room it was different.

Here hanging from a nail was a coat, from the inside pocket of which Tom took a bunch of letters.

All were addressed to "M. Mulligan," at French Andy's, street and number given.

The letters were pen-written and signed "Doc."

Of course the signature attracted Tom's instant attention.

He read all the letters and learned enough to make it clear to him that they were written by the backer of the counterfeiters, his "Doc," of course.

One read as follows:

"Mike:

"Now I have a job for you. Our friend, the big Chink at No. — Pell street, has, as you know, a white wife. In your visits to him you have probably noticed the little boy the woman is always tending. Perhaps you think that, because the child is dressed like a Chinese child, that he is such, but it is not so. He is not Hing Pow's child, but the woman is his mother.

"Now, Mike, if you want to make another stake out of me, here is your chance.

"That boy stands in my way in a certain matter which I am working up. I don't want him harmed, but I do want him removed from my path. Watch your chance and get him. I don't care what you do with him, so long as he never turns up again. It's a thousand dollars for the job, so see what you can do for me, Mike, and you will earn the everlasting gratitude of your friend, DOC."

"It is little Ned Rich!" thought Tom. "It must be, surest thing. At last I've got a clew."

He knew nothing of the stealing of the little fellow and of the death of his unfortunate mother.

Thus it did not occur to him that the child he had heard crying in those very rooms might be the one he sought.

But it was so, and we may as well add right here that the Bradys subsequently proved it.

Little Ned, snatched from Alice's arms by the man Toomey, who was the husband of the woman Tom had seen, was brought to French Andy's just as Joe the Greek told his fellow lobbygow.

Mike Mulligan had a room on the same floor.

What the strong-arm man's intentions were in regard to the child we cannot say, but they were nothing to Mrs. Toomey, who determined to go into a kidnaping speculation on her own account.

Hence, that morning Mrs. Toomey walked off with the child.

But to Tom Handy it was not thus plain.

The letter was dated only two days before and the Deadwooder saw fit to assume that the child probably had not been stolen as yet.

Tom was triumphant.

At last he had his clew.

He determined to make the most of it.

But who was this mysterious "Doc," and why should he want little Ned Rich removed from his path?

These were questions which the Deadwooder found himself unable to answer.

Another letter of the bunch interested Tom.

It was dated a day earlier than the one concerning little Ned, and read thus:

"Mike:

"I shall be on hand at the old spot to-night at the usual hour, so please meet me. In addition to our regular business I have a special job for you. There is a man prowling about Chinatown, looking for our friend, the giant. He is a detective from Deadwood. I have been tipped off as to his coming.

"Now, Mike, that man must be removed, and the strong-arm men are the ones to do it. While I understand his business with Hing Pow does not in any way concern the long green, it still will not do to have him going about the way he is. I want him captured and turned over to me. After I have talked with the fellow I shall be able to decide what is best to do with him.

"I am very strongly of the opinion that we shall have to put him out of the way altogether, but I want to have the chance to talk with him first.

"See if you can't spot him during the day, so when we meet to-night we can come to an understanding. Your friend,
DOC."

"Who can he be?" Tom again asked himself when he read this letter. "I can't understand it. And who in Deadwood can have tipped him off."

This was the most interesting query to the detective.

For, so far as he knew, but one person in Deadwood besides Jonas Rich knew of his mission, and that was the dead man's lawyer.

As matters turned out later, Tom had no reason to doubt that he had hit upon the right man.

And now Tom Handy pulled out and went to his room in a Bowery hotel to fix up and get breakfast.

He felt very strongly about Harry's supposed fate.

At first he felt that he ought to report at once to Old King Brady, but he was not one of the kind to be in haste to do a disagreeable thing, so he concluded to postpone it until later in the day.

It would be some satisfaction to be able to tell the old detective at the same time that he had captured the Chinese giant and recovered little Ned Rich.

For secretly Tom Handy felt that he had made but a poor fist of his New York expedition and he was anxious to redeem his reputation as a detective if he could.

So postponing the evil moment and trying to persuade himself that Harry might turn up after all, the Deadwooder, after breakfast, bought a new revolver and started for Chinatown.

His courage had now quite returned.

He felt that he was good for any Chinaman he might meet, tall or short.

In fact, he would have regarded it as a disgrace to apply for police aid to arrest a "dirty Chink."

And in this frame of mind Tom walked boldly into the Pell street house, but not until he had walked around the block, entered the alley and surveyed the pig oven.

He figured it out that the Pell street house must be

directly in the rear of the place and he felt satisfied that he had been led to some secret cellar beneath it by the underground way.

There was a grocery store on the ground floor, and Tom went in there first and asked for Hing Pow.

Of course he got no satisfaction.

He had no right to expect it, but Tom did not understand Chinatown yet.

Failing here, he started for the floor above, and began knocking on doors.

A Chinaman opened the third upon which he rapped, and in good English demanded his business.

"Hing Pow live here?" asked Tom.

The unexpected came to him then.

The Chinaman, who had only partly opened the door, shut it in his face.

This did not suit Tom.

"Here, you Chink!" he cried. "That don't go!"

He threw himself against the door, burst it open and forced his way into the room.

He went in, but he did not come out again.

For no sooner had he entered than he found himself facing the Chinese giant.

"Surrender!" cried Tom, drawing his revolver.

But his arm was struck down by the Chinaman who had opened the door and who now slipped in behind him.

Quick as a flash the giant jumped on him.

He proved to be a man of immense strength.

Tom fought furiously, but it did not avail him.

Hing Pow easily threw him.

"He is the Deadwood detective!" the giant cried in English. "He must not leave this place alive!"

Poor Tom Handy was again in the hands of his enemies.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

The death of Dr. Gallagher left the intentions of the man, as regards Old King Brady, a mystery which was never solved.

Harry always believed that the intention was to lure the old detective into the hands of the strong-arm men and have him done up.

Probably it was so, but now that the man was dead there was no way of proving this.

Finding that the doctor had breathed his last, Old King Brady proceeded to search him.

No money was found, but in one of his pockets were letters from one Ranny, the Deadwood lawyer who acted for Jonas Rich.

From these letters it was learned that Felix J. Gallagher was old Rich's nephew, and that his real name was Henry McElroy.

As soon as Old King Brady read this name he regretted the man's death more than ever.

For the name was that of the most expert banknote

engraver in America and one who had turned his talents to counterfeiting.

In short, "Dr. Gallagher" was a man whom the Secret Service people had been trying to get hold of for two or three years.

Nor was this all.

From the letters it was made plain what the dead man's motive was.

He was Jonas Rich's nephew, and by the dead man's will he was named sole heir to his vast estate, including extensive mining interests, which the "doctor" already represented in New York, in the case of the death of little Ned.

The lawyer, Ranny, was in the deal, of course.

One of the letters spoke of Tom Handy's mission and warned the "doctor" to be on the lookout for him.

Thus all was made plain.

But where was Tom?

It would have been an immense relief to Harry if he had only known.

As it was, he explored the sewer as far as he could safely go, but, of course, found nothing of him.

Leaving the disposition of the body to the police, the Bradys now pulled out.

"I suppose we go for the Chinese giant now?" questioned Harry, once they got well away from the place.

"Yes," replied the old detective. "We have his address and we will go right for him, but we want to make his capture sure on account of the Secret Service people. It won't do to make any miss of it now."

"The chances are we shall find him in," said Harry. "On account of the man's size he probably has to keep close. He would be mobbed if he appeared on the street if Handy's account of his appearance is correct."

They went back to Chinatown and located the Pell street house.

It was an old-fashioned, four-story brick, one of three of the same build with all three roofs on a level.

"There is every chance for the man to escape by way of the roof, to say nothing of the secret passage," remarked Old King Brady. "We must have help here."

Harry assented and they went around to the Elizabeth street station and stated the whole case to the captain of the precinct.

Old King Brady is generally supplied with all the men he wants by the police captain of New York City.

"Of course we stand ready to render you every assistance, Mr. Brady," said the captain. "What would you suggest?"

"I was thinking," replied the old detective, "that if you could let me have four plainclothes men, two of them can go down into the place by way of the roof and two can stand guard by the pig oven up the alley. Meanwhile, we will go in at the front and try to smoke the giant out. The roof men can close down on him and we shall have him concerned. If he takes to the ratholes and tries to escape by way of the pig oven, the two there can jump on him. It seems a lot of people to tackle one Chink, I know, but he is a powerful man, and as this is Secret Service business I want to take no chances of losing him."

"It is all right," said the captain. "You shall have the men, but let me make a suggestion which involves even a

larger force. I have a Chinaman working for me as a detective in a small way. Let him smoke the giant out for you. Then you, too, can jump on him. I suppose it would give you more satisfaction to make the arrest yourself."

Old King Brady assented to this.

The Chinaman was sent for.

He proved to be one Sing Hop, an intelligent young fellow in native dress.

He did not know the giant, but he was willing enough to help.

The only thing was, he insisted upon taking two other Chinamen with him.

"We shall have an army if we keep on," laughed Old King Brady. "Still, let it be so. Any way, so long as we get him."

So Sing Hop went for his men, agreeing to meet the Bradys in twenty minutes at the Pell street house.

Meanwhile, the two plainclothes men were sent up on the roof of the house adjoining, and two more went to the Mott street alley.

All being arranged, the Bradys and Alice entered the Pell street house to find the Chinamen waiting for them in the lower hall.

Sing Hop exhibited a policeman's club.

"Me takee him me own self when me gettee chance," he said.

Old King Brady merely nodded.

If you expect to get a Chinaman to do anything for you it is always best to let him have his own way.

"Tell him to go right ahead and finish the job up," he whispered to Alice.

And it was amusing to see the expression which came over the man's face when Alice repeated this in Chinese.

The Chinamen now started upstairs, and in a minute the Bradys followed them to the landing above.

The Chinamen had gone up the second flight.

They could hear voices talking there.

Then suddenly came a rush and loud shouts.

The three Chinks came down the stairs on the dead retreat.

After them came a giant Chinaman, armed with a big stick.

Sing Hop and his men rallied when halfway down.

Such a jabbering in Chinese was never heard.

Even Alice could not make much out of it.

There was a parley thus for a minute.

Sing Hop drew his club.

Then came a general Chinese mix-up on the stairs.

The giant Chink rapped the man in advance over the head.

His fall sent the others tumbling.

The Bradys and Alice stood looking on.

The big fellow seemed determined to hold the fort.

It was time to act.

For now came a whistle above.

It was the signal that the plainclothes men had descended from the roof.

The Bradys drew revolvers and jumped in front, while the plainclothes men came down on the giant behind.

They got him, of course.

To the Bradys it did seem rather an absurd way to go.

about it when they discovered that the giant was the only person on that floor.

Still the arrest had been made and the man might have escaped.

Once captured, Hing Pow relapsed into the usual sullen silence of a Chinese criminal.

They told him that Dr. Gallagher was dead, but that did no good.

They demanded information about the child, telling him that his wife was dead.

This did no good, either.

The giant simply replied that he knew his wife was dead; that the child was not his, and he neither knew nor cared where it was.

And after that Mr. Hing Pow would not say a thing, but just sat there with the handcuffs on, watching, always watching with his crafty, almond-shaped eyes, while the Bradys searched his place for some entrance to the underground rooms, the existence of which he pretended to be entirely ignorant.

It seemed a hopeless task.

Old King Brady had about come to the conclusion that there could be no way of getting into the secret cellars from that floor, when Harry made the discovery and sprang open a panel, cleverly concealed in one corner.

Behind was a narrow flight of stairs set in an angle of the wall.

"Is that our way down?" demanded Alice in Chinese.

The giant glared and spoke a few rapid words.

"What does he say?" demanded Harry.

"That I must be a witch to be able to speak Chinese," answered Alice, "for no other white woman ever could."

"I shouldn't wonder if he was right," said Harry.

"Nonsense!" replied Alice. "As though I was the only white woman in the world who had mastered the Chinese tongue."

"Come," said the old detective, "let us see what all this is going to amount to."

They descended the stairs, taking Sing Hop and his men with them, but leaving the two plainclothes men to guard the prisoner.

The stairs led them down a long way.

At the end they came to a square enclosure with two doors.

Just then from behind one of these doors they heard the cry of a child.

"Discoveries begin!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

He tried the door and, finding it locked, brought his skeleton keys into play.

These did the business.

The door flew back and there in a small room they found a white woman and a pretty little boy.

It was Mrs. Toomey and little Ned Rich.

The woman was scared enough.

She immediately owned up that her husband had brought the child to her and she, thinking to get a reward out of Hing Pow, had undertaken to return the little fellow to him.

"An' sure, the dhirty Chink chased me down here and locked me in, an' dat's all de tanks I got," she growled. "Next time I'll mind me own business, so I will."

They arrested her, thinking that through her they might get her husband and, indeed, it proved so in the end.

The other door was now opened.

The room behind proved to be the one in which Tom Handy had his interview with Dr. Gallagher.

And here they found the Deadwood detective tied hand and foot and very much chagrined.

It nearly broke Tom's heart to think that he had been downed by a Chinaman, but his chagrin was offset by his satisfaction at seeing Harry alive.

And here the case ended.

The strong-arm men were only an incident in it and they were captured that night.

The Bradys, acting on information received from Mrs. Toomey, managed to get her husband, Mike Mulligan and another.

Evidence enough was found of counterfeiting in the secret cellar.

From the Secret Service standpoint the Bradys' case had proved a big success.

Little Ned Rich was turned over to the authorities, for even Tom Handy did not care to undertake the responsibility of taking the child to Deadwood, now that his grandfather was dead.

Relatives turned up in due time and the South Dakota courts appointing one of them guardian, little Ned was turned over to his care.

By the time he is of age the boy will be enormously rich.

As to the death of Dr. Gallagher the truth was never known.

In all probability he opened the trap door in the old warehouse and setting the strong-arm men free, they for some reason did him up.

A large sum of money was found on each man.

Doubtless it was all stolen from the doctor.

Hing Pow and the strong-armers, convicted of counterfeiting, went up for fifteen years.

Poor Tom Handy never got a cent for his detective work.

Nor did our detectives fare much better.

There were only the usual Secret Service fees coming their way at the final settlement of the case of The Bradys Trailing a Chinese Giant.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE KING OF RGGUES; or, WORKING UP THE DALTON CASE," which will be the next number (540) of "Secret Service."

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ITEMS WORTH READING.

"The erection of so many steel frames for skyscrapers is a great thing for oculists," explained the obliging drug clerk who had just removed a bit of dust from the stout man's eye. "I could handle your case all right, but lots of times I have to send folks who come in here to the oculist around the corner. The street dust is now so thickly charged with tiny steel filings that one is often driven into the eyeball, and, of course, no drug clerk will take chances on cutting it out. When you can't remove dust with a clean bit of antiseptic gauze, or with a camel's-hair paint brush, then you want to see an oculist at once."

There are four hundred and thirteen species of trees found within the limits of the United States and its Territories, sixteen of which, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (*Condalia ferrea*), found chiefly in Southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent heavier than water. Of the other fifteen, the best known are the lignum vitæ and the mongrove. Texas and New Mexico lands, full of queer, creeping, crawling, walking and inanimate things, are the homes of a species of oak which is about one and one-fourth times as heavy as water, which, when green, will sink like a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions, and has been found westward as far as the Colorado desert, where it grows at an elevation of ten thousand feet.

Adolph Raad, who formerly lived at 110 Luquer Street, Brooklyn, was buried in Greenwood Cemetery recently, the coffin containing one-half of a loaf of rye bread, the other half of which had been buried with Mrs. Raad four years before. The aged couple were born in Ludenbach, Germany. They purchased a farm in what is now Flatbush, and as the city gradually encroached upon their farm land they cut it up and sold it, until they were soon able to retire comfortably. There is an old German custom of making a wish whenever a fresh loaf of bread is cut. On September 7, 1904, Mrs. Raad had just made the customary wish, and was about to cut a loaf, when she dropped dead. The husband cut the loaf and put half in his wife's coffin. The other half was preserved in a tin box, the neighbors having been instructed to put it in his coffin.

Another wireless wonder is the Gray telautograph, which can shoot a written manuscript through the wireless air. Picture the melodramatic possibilities that will come to the playwright when this invention is in common use. Scene—The office of the warden at Sing Sing. The time—An hour before

the moment set for the execution of an innocent prisoner. The anguished mother and heartbroken sweetheart are pleading with the warden to postpone the execution because the Governor has promised them a reprieve. But, weighed with responsibilities, the governor has gone off, forgetting to sign the order. The warden, a confederate of the villain, is obdurate, says an article in the Broadway Magazine. "The law requires a written, signed stay of execution," he declares, "and unless I get it the prisoner goes to the chair on time." All hope seems lost. But wait! The heroine hurries to a public wireless station, calls the governor on a wireless telephone at his camp in the Canadian wilderness, and in five minutes is unfolding the details of their predicament. We do not hear his answer, but her smile is reassuring. Quickly she steps to a box-like arrangement. There is a buzz, a clicking sound, and immediately writing begins to appear on a roll of paper. It is done in a minute. She tears off the piece of paper, and hastens back just in time to halt the march to the electric chair and thrusts the paper into the warden's hand. It is a stay of execution, written and signed by the governor!

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

General Wheeler and a number of his colleagues in the service were once swapping war stories, when "Little Joe" was reminded of one that he had heard not long before, says the Indianapolis Star. A friend of a veteran of the Union forces once asked whether the latter, in his term of service in the Civil War, had ever killed a man. The old soldier hesitated a moment, and then said: "Well, I think that about the only one was a Confederate at the first battle of Bull Run. You see, I was footing it in a startling way, and the reb chased me for something over a distance of ten miles; then he dropped dead from exhaustion."

The celebrated French physician Ricord was one day walking along the boulevards in Paris, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Ricord without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly." "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah! that's bad. Please shut your eyes. Now put out your tongue; so that I can examine it closely." The individual did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes he opened his eyes, and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Ricord in the meantime had disappeared.

A lady from South America, possessed of a decidedly quick temper, came to New York with a very incomplete knowledge of the English language. At her hotel she rang for the chambermaid. But a waiter came instead. Having ascertained that the name of the chambermaid was Susan, the lady marshaled her meager knowledge of English in a desperate effort to make the waiter understand that he should call the chambermaid. What she said to him, however, was: "Call me Susan!" The waiter leaned against the wall much alarmed. "Call me Susan!" shouted the South American. The waiter became appalled. "Call me Susan!" roared the lady, her eyes flashing furiously. "Susan, then—if you will have it!" exclaimed the poor waiter. Then he fled precipitately.

DOCTOR NIGHT-OWL.

By HORACE APPLETON.

"That was a narrow escape of Barron's last night."
 "Indeed it was; the fright has turned his hair to the color of snow."

"And well it might. Did the man escape?"

"Yes; and there are no traces of him to be seen."

"He was mad, they say?"

"Mad? Yes, indeed; as mad as ever a man was in his life."

"He's not a pleasant person to have around."

"I should say not; the police are on his track."

"He will be lodged in the asylum if taken?"

"Yes; it's the proper place for him, and I wonder his relatives have not placed him there long before this."

"Perhaps they did not know he was mad."

"Maybe not; but they know it now."

The subject of the conversation of the two speakers was a strange affair that had happened the previous night, in which a respectable gentleman had nearly lost his life, the fright occasioned him having turned his hair from jet black to snow white.

I found an account of the whole affair in my uncle's manuscripts, together with the subsequent adventures of the strange man whose assumed name forms the caption of this sketch, and I will proceed to lay the detailed account before my readers.

The night before, as Mr. Barron, the owner of an elegant mansion on the outskirts of the town, was seated in his library, which was on the ground floor, and opened upon a broad piazza by means of glass doors, or more properly windows, he heard a noise outside.

He had been engaged in reading up for the sake of obtaining information for a lecture he was preparing, being a man of literary taste, and as the night was warm, had left the windows unfastened.

In another moment the window was pushed aside, and a man entered, having on a long dressing-gown reaching nearly to his feet.

He was bearded, and had a high, full forehead; his complexion was sallow, and his face was deeply furrowed; but the most striking thing about him was his eyes.

These were black and gleamed like living coals, and being set near together, made his gaze most intense and direct.

His whole manner showed acuteness and intelligence, but there was a strange fascination about his glance that it was not altogether comfortable to be aware of.

It was quite late, everyone in the house having long since retired; and as Barron was not naturally a strong man he felt somewhat alarmed at the presence of his nocturnal visitor, who, to tell the truth, did not seem to be the sort of man that one would care to be alone with at the dead of night in a lonely house.

What could be the man's intentions in thus entering the room at that hour of the night, and without any previous warning?

"This is Mr. Barron, I believe," said the strange man, "the great literary genius?"

"I am engaged in literary work," answered the other, simply.

"And I have been sent to examine the condition of your brain. I am Dr. Night-Owl. Queer name, is it not?"

"Yes, rather singular."

"They call me so because I work only at night. I know more than—can do more. The occult sciences are then revealed to me, and I have discovered things hitherto unknown to medicine."

"Indeed!" answered Barron, scarcely knowing how to get rid of his visitor, and not being sure whether he meant violence or not.

One thing he felt sure of.

The man was insane, but whether dangerous or not was hard to determine.

"I have discovered a means by which a man's head can be removed from his body, the delicate organs be given a thorough overhauling, and then the head be replaced. It's a wonderful discovery, and after it has been done three or four times, there need be no fear of a man's dying."

"Possible?"

"Certainly," answered the man, sitting down in front of Barron and upon the same side of the table. "Listen."

He fixed those glittering eyes upon his host, and the poor man felt scarcely able to move, and then, with one finger raised to about the height of his nose, proceeded to argue the case.

As he proceeded, he would shake that long forefinger of his, and Barron felt as much compelled to watch the motions of that finger as if it had been the wand of an enchanter.

"Listen to me before I proceed to relieve you of your troubles," said the man. "Your head bothers you, your eyes become tired and your temples throb. You think all this comes from overwork. So it does, partly, but more because you want your head cleared, taken off, treated by my secret process, after which you will feel better."

What could the man intend to do?

"The head is the great seat of power," he continued. "Everything depends upon the head, the life, the will, the soul. The strength of man all comes from the head; some say that it is the heart that sets everything in motion, but that is fallacious; it is the head."

The man was certainly crazy, but that did not alarm Barron so much as did that other thought. There were harmless lunatics and there were dangerous ones.

To which class did this man belong?

One glance at his eyes answered that question.

He was a most dangerous maniac, and the lust of blood could be seen in his glance as plainly as in the fiery orbs of a wild beast.

"I am Dr. Night-Owl and live in the dark; my home is in the church vaults. I shun the daylight, but at night walk forth to do good to mankind. You need to have your head fixed, so that you can do better work, and I have come to perform the operation."

Barron sprang to his feet, and uttered one desperate cry for help, which rang all through the house.

Before he could cry out a second time, the madman seized him in his strong grasp, and fixing his terrible gaze upon his intended victim, actually charmed him into silence.

Then, binding him securely to the chair he sat in, and gagging him to prevent any further outcry, the maniac threw off his long dressing-gown, and rolling up his shirt sleeves, produced a sharp knife from about his person, and began rubbing the edge upon his thumb to test its keenness.

Then he advanced with that terrible weapon in his hand, and the man in the chair shuddered and turned pale, the big drops of moisture standing out upon his forehead.

His terror was unspeakable, and for the life of him he could not remove his eyes from those of the maniac, riveted upon his own.

He was conscious of everything, and yet could not move or scarcely breathe, so potent was the spell which held him.

He fainted dead away after that, and knew no more until he found himself in bed with the physicians bending over him.

Some inmates of the house had surprised the madman just as he was about to operate on the man in the chair.

He disappeared in the darkness, and no one followed him, the poor man in the chair claiming all their attention.

His hair was found to have turned white in an instant, and his nerves were so unstrung that for hours his life was despaired of.

By morning the man was very much improved, and wrote out a brief account of the scene of the previous night, being unable to speak.

From this the officers obtained some clew to the maniac's identity, and recognized him as a former physician of the town who had mysteriously disappeared some months previous and had not been seen since.

He was searched for all that day and the next, but without success, and the officers were beginning to despair of ever finding him when one circumstance came to mind which they had forgotten.

The man had said that he dwelt in darkness, made his abode in the church vaults, and never ventured forth except at night. The place to seek for him, then, was in the church vaults.

There were several churches in the town, but only two or three that had vaults beneath them.

The search, therefore, was narrowed down to these two or three.

In one of these the vaults were so small and so clogged up with rubbish that it would have been impossible for a rat to have found a hiding-place, much less a man. Then the second place was visited. The sexton of the church provided himself with a dark lantern, and attended by one of the officers went down into the vaults, the very air of which seemed to strike a chill to the hearts of both.

It was dark, damp, and unwholesome; the dust lay inches deep upon the floor, and the rough beams and the stones were cold and clammy to the touch.

Up and down the dismal place went the two men, peering into the dark corners and pulling aside old boxes, throwing the light into all the irregular little niches, and making a thorough search.

The man was not to be found, nor was there any indication that any human being had been in the place for years.

"I remember now," said the sexton, "that my man said to me several times lately that he had heard strange noises here, and that he could not account for them, not believing in the supernatural."

"Let us search further," said the officer. "I am convinced that we shall find the fellow here."

The old sexton suddenly remembered a small arched enclosure, shut in by a wooden door, which had long ago been used for storing coal, but had been disused for many years. on account of its distance, the furnaces having been taken out of the vaults and removed to the basement of the church.

To this place he therefore led the way, with trembling steps, expecting every moment to hear the shrill laugh of a maniac sounding in his ears and to feel the icy fingers clutching his throat.

As he reached the closed door leading to the smaller vault the sexton pulled aside the heavy door, which creaked and groaned upon its hinges, causing both men to shudder, and throwing it wide open cast the light of his lantern into the enclosure. A rustling noise was heard, and then a harsh voice, after which something seemed to arise, out of which peered the gleaming eyes of a human being.

Then in the round patch of light made by the lantern on the rear wall of the narrow space, the explorers saw a man, in his shirt-sleeves and partly covered by an old blanket, sitting half up, and peering out at them from beneath his beetling brows.

He rested his weight upon one hand, and with the other upon his knee, which was upon a level with his breast, stared stupidly at them, the light seeming to dazzle him.

The floor of the inclosure was higher than that of the outside apartment, and this brought the man entirely within the circle of light, his dark shadow standing out boldly on the wall behind him, and his whole surroundings giving him a most weird appearance.

"It is the man himself," muttered the officer.

"What do you want?" growled the man, angrily. "Why do you bring a light to Dr. Night-Owl? I hate the light—I shun it, but I love the darkness. Go away with the light."

"We want to consult you, most learned physician," said the officer, who was a man of considerable tact. "We wish to have your assistance in restoring a poor man to reason."

"Ha, ha! his head has become clogged, and wants cleaning out," laughed the man. "Cut it off and get rid of the foul matter, and then replace it, but don't turn it—don't turn it; there are too many turned heads in this world now."

"Faith, I think yours is one of them," muttered the sexton, under his breath.

"We dare not do it ourselves," said the officer. "It is too delicate an operation, and we have called upon you to do it."

"Ha, ha! the world at last is awakening to the importance of my wonderful discovery. Oho! fame and fortune shall now be mine! I knew it—I knew it; and yet men called me idiot, fool, dotard, when I advanced my theory."

"The whole town is waiting for you to have their heads cleaned out and reason restored," continued the officer. "Do not keep them waiting when you can relieve them so readily."

"I must have a hundred dollars for every case, before I stir a peg."

"Ha, ha! that does not sound like the speech of a madman," muttered the sexton. "That's an uncommonly wise remark."

"You shall have two hundred, only come with us at once," said the officer.

"It is not night yet. I will not stir until the sun has gone down."

"Most worthy physician, the sun has already hid his face for very shame at the brightness of your fame, and you will find all as dark as you could wish."

"Say you so? Ha, ha! then I will go with you," and the insane man stepped out upon the floor, dragging his blanket after him.

In an instant the officer had a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists, while the sexton threw the blanket over his head, and drew it tightly around him.

The man struggled wildly, and tried to escape, but the two determined men hurried him quickly from the vaults and out into the air, where additional help was procured.

Dr. Night-Owl was most securely bound, though he made his teeth meet in one man's hand when the blanket was removed, and was carried to the asylum, where he was pronounced a maniac of the most dangerous type.

He remained in the asylum for some time, and wrote many treatises upon his wonderful discovery, but seemed annoyed at not being able to make a practical demonstration of his theories.

At last, one day, after having been particularly violent, complaining that his head needed renovation, he secured a knife, by some means unknown to us, and cut his own throat, and when we found him he was lying stone dead, as senseless as any of his wonderful theories.

"My daughter isn't going to sing any more." "I know it." "How'd you know it?" "There are only twenty-four hours in a day."

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