

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE DEATH BELL; OR, THE SECRET OF THE INDIAN JUGGLER.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



The smoke ascended from the goblet, the man in the doorway seemed transfixed. "Watch!" cried the juggler, and, raising his baton, he struck the bell. The man threw up his hands and sank to the floor. The Bradys stood amazed.



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### CHAPTER I.

#### A JAILED JUGGLER.

"It is useless to urge me, William. Go I will not without the box."

The speaker was a dark-skinned man with a soft, curly black beard.

Anyone perfectly familiar with race types would have recognized him as a Hindoo at a glance.

"But think twice," returned the young man who stood before him. "This is a chance which may not come again. I have been moved deeply by your story. I am young, and do not mind the loss of my job. I am willing to run the risk for your sake."

The Hindoo turned a pair of burning black eyes upon him, and seemed to look the young man through and through.

"William, I thank you," he said. "You have indeed tried to show me kindness. Get me out of this horrible madhouse and you will never regret it. Help me to my revenge on my enemies and I will make you rich, but I cannot leave here without the box."

They were talking in one of the private rooms—cells some called them—of Dr. Birdbank's private "sanitarium," at Braeburn, Massachusetts, some few miles out of Boston.

The Hindoo, who was entered upon Dr. Birdbank's register under the name of "Ram Chunda," had been now over five years an inmate of this notorious private madhouse—for the place was nothing else.

His was certainly a peculiar case.

Practically the man had become dead to the world.

Save for the attendants no one was allowed to see him except when the State Inspector came around, and then he was exhibited in a padded cell.

Who the man actually was or how he came into Dr. Birdbank's clutches were matters upon which no one now in the asylum, with the exception of the doctor himself, was informed.

"William Rice," the young man now with Ram Chunda, was one of his attendants.

He was a good looking young fellow in his twenties, who had been three weeks in the doctor's employ.

He had other duties in the asylum beside attending upon Ram Chunda, but the Hindoo was his principal care.

"But listen, Mr. Chunda," he said. "I do not even know where this box is kept, or if it is still in existence. You say it was in the cab with you on the night you were kidnaped at the South station in Boston, and brought here; you have not seen it since. That was five years ago. How unlikely that I can find it. Why tie yourself to it? I have arranged a plan by which I feel sure that your es-

cape may be perfected, and now you balk everything by bringing forward this box business. I would cheerfully find it if I could, but unless I ask the doctor, who certainly will not tell me, I am utterly at a loss to imagine how I can do so. Let up on the box, and to-night I will try to arrange your escape."

"William," said the Hindoo, who was sitting cross-legged on the floor of his cell, his usual position, "all that you say is true, nevertheless I shall not leave this place without my box. I have reason to know that it has not been destroyed. I believe you can get it if you are willing to run some risk. Let me tell you one thing; with that box I leave this place possessed of power. Without it I am the helpless being you see me now. What is life anyway when one has neither money nor power, but eating, drinking and sleeping? I get enough to eat here as long as I remain quiet and make no trouble for the doctor, as I have learned to do. I sleep well, and beyond the close confinement to which I am subjected, I am not ill-treated. I prefer to remain a prisoner unless I can leave with my box."

"Very well. Then there is nothing further to say."

"Yes, there is."

"What do you mean, Mr. Chunda?"

"You are willing to run some risk to get the box?"

"I am, indeed. I have taken a strange fancy to you. I have made up my mind to help you to get free, and I hate to be balked."

"Naturally. I mean as to the balking. Why you should have taken a fancy to me I cannot understand, but I shall be able to do so once I get that box."

"And you won't even tell me what is in it?"

"It would be useless, for you could not understand me even were I to try to explain. The things in the box pertain to my profession, as I have explained before. Further than that I cannot go."

"Your profession is that of a Hindoo juggler."

"Yes, William, or an Indian juggler, as our British masters would term me. We can do wonderful things, boy—such things as you never saw or dreamed of."

"And yet you cannot set yourself free; you cannot tell me where to find this box."

"My power is in the box, boy, but not quite all of it. True it is that I cannot set myself free, but I can tell you where the box is—that is in a general way."

"Come, you did not say that before."

"No; but I say it now. I can make you dream the location of the box; then it is up to you to get it."

"Dreams! What are dreams?"

"Do not speak lightly of what you do not understand. We Hindoos have learned to control dreams; to use them to our advantage, even as you Westerners have learned to harness and control the electric current without even knowing its nature, for you must admit that even the

most expert electrician in the world does not know what electricity actually is."

"I admit that. But, Mr. Chunda, I must go. I shall be missed. If I am caught talking with you I spoil all."

"Right. But don't call me Mister William. The word Chunda is a sort of title. Call me that or call me Ram."

"Ram is easier. But the dream business."

"Listen! Can you get to Boston to-night?"

"Yes."

"Then postpone your plan and go to Boston. Get what I tell you, swallow it, and you will dream where the box is. Perhaps you will even get it. There is that chance."

William looked puzzled.

"I don't know your power," he replied, "but I must tell you that if we cannot make this attempt to-night it must be postponed a week."

The juggler looked the young man full in the eye a minute without replying, and then said:

"I see that you are under obligations not to explain why this is."

"Again you have read my thoughts. Yes, I am."

"I knew it. I see an old man mixed up with this. He can attend to-night—not again for a week."

"It is so."

"And a very beautiful young woman with whom you are in love."

"That is so, too. How can you know these things?"

"It is simply what you Westerners call mind reading, something you understand as little as you do electricity. I merely give you these proofs of my power in order that you may know what I can do. Let it be put over a week. Get this drug, take it without fear, and I believe you will get the box. At least you will be able to locate it or to tell me if it has been destroyed."

"And you cannot tell that yourself?"

"I can tell less about myself, William, than I can about other people, strange as it may seem to you. Do you agree to all this?"

"I do, freely. Anything to help you, Ram."

"Then get the drug, but do not take it until the night you propose to help me make the escape, otherwise the box will be ruined."

"And if I am drugged, I shall oversleep."

"No; you will wake up when the right time comes. That I guarantee."

"I am in your hands. And the name and nature of the drug?"

"It is composed of three simple herbs blended equally by steeping. The weight must be accurate. Give me pencil and paper and I will write the names for you."

"But can these herbs be obtained in Boston?"

"I do not know. It is up to you to find out. Stay; doubtless you would like to test the power of the decoction before trying it for our purpose?"

"You read my mind again, Ram. It is wonderful."

"And your wish shall be granted. If you get the drug to-night, try it when you retire, but keep your mind off the box or you may get into trouble."

"If I get it to-night, and you guarantee that I shall wake right up after I have dreamed about the box, suppose in case I get the box, we might go right ahead. I

cannot make the final move before half-past two. What do you say?"

"Very good. If you get the box, I am ready. Meanwhile you shall have a dream which I will relate to you later."

"Can you do that?"

"I can, simply by fixing my mind on you while you are under the influence of the drug."

"Then let it stand so. Give me the prescription or whatever you call it."

Now what the juggler wrote we shall not state, lest others might be seized with the notion to experiment with this wonderful dream drug, and do so to their own disadvantage.

Enough to say that the names of Ram Chunda's three herbs were entirely unknown to William Rice.

Equally unknown were they to the Boston druggist to whom the young man, having obtained an evening off, presented the paper when he reached that city.

"You can't get those in a drug store," he said. "Let me look them up in the pharmacopeia."

He took down a thick volume which was supposed to contain the name of every drug and herb in existence.

"Yes, they are here," he said. "I can get them for you."

"Are they poison?" William asked.

"No; perfectly harmless," was the reply.

"But when steeped in equal parts?"

"I have no idea what the effect would be in that case. These are East Indian herbs. I never had a call for them before. For what do you propose to use them?"

William evaded the question, and stated that he would call on the following Monday for the drugs.

He then hurried to the nearest telephone station and had a long talk with some person over the wire.

This done, he returned to Braeburn, meeting Dr. Bird-bank almost as soon as he entered the house.

"You are back early, Rice," said the doctor, a coarse looking person, who but for his correct dress might have been taken for a tough or professional crook.

"Yes, sir," replied William, meekly. "I could not find the friend I went to see, so I came back."

"Instead of staying your limit. I like that. You seem to be getting along well. I never had anyone attending that Hindoo who had so little trouble with the man."

"And, indeed, I've had none at all, sir."

"You have never seen him violent. Perhaps you have an idea that he may be sane, William. If so, you will not be the only one."

"I'm sure I don't know, doctor. I'm no judge."

"But to you he seems sane?"

"He certainly does not act or talk like a crazy man."

"Wait till you see him in one of his violent spells. He is the most dangerous patient I have."

"I know you told me so. It's none of my business. All I have to do is to carry out your orders, doctor."

"Good!" cried the doctor. "That's the way I like to hear a man talk."

Thereupon William Rice went to bed.

The next day he told Ram Chunda of his nonsuccess in getting the drug.

On the following Monday evening William, securing

another evening off, also secured the wished-for decoction.

The druggist informed him that he had inquired into the matter, and that the drug was perfectly harmless.

William Rice then returned to the asylum, and this time not meeting with Dr. Birdbank, he retired directly. It was not his night to be on duty.

He undressed and prepared for bed.

Before retiring he poured out a small quantity of the drug, and adding a teaspoonful of water, all in accordance with Ram Chunda's direction, swallowed the dose.

The stuff was absolutely tasteless.

It had rather a warming effect on the stomach, and the young man felt very comfortable after he got into bed.

"I hope I've made no mistake," he thought. "It's dangerous work dealing with these Indian jugglers."

He lay in a reverie for some time.

As far as he could tell the drug was having no effect. But he was quite mistaken.

It had clearly got in its fine work, and William did not know it.

Feeling sleepy at last, he turned over on his side and closed his eyes.

If he slept he did not know it.

It seemed but a minute that he had lain thus before the young man was suddenly aroused by the sound of a silvery bell.

Loud and clear it rang out a single stroke, the sound seemingly being right there in the little bedroom.

William sat up and looked around.

Moonlight was streaming in at the window. There was nothing unusual to be seen.

Then suddenly the bell rang a second time, and with equal distinctness.

What could it mean?

Strangely enough, William never once thought of the drug he had taken.

That incident appeared to have gone wholly out of his mind.

And now for the third time he heard the bell.

At the same instant he saw what seemed to be a white mist gathering in the line of the moonlight between the bed and the window.

Rapidly it appeared to consolidate into the form of a man.

And that man, as the drugged attendant saw him, was certainly Ram Chunda, the Hindoo juggler, but differently dressed.

For now instead of shirt, coat and trousers he wore a purple robe, belted in at the waist by a dark red sash.

Upon his head was the "puggree" or white turban worn by a certain class of high caste Hindoos; there were embroidered slippers on his feet.

He turned his eyes full upon William and said:

"You heard the bell! It is the death bell! It means not death to you, but to him whom I will. Sleep in peace! Sleep and dream!"

And next morning William could not even remember seeing the Hindoo vanish.

He could only regard the appearance, the words he heard, and the bell itself, as part of a most remarkable dream to be related in a subsequent chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

### A MILLION IN GEMS.

A clerk looked in upon Old King Brady and said: "Senator Harding."

"Ha!" replied the old detective. "Let him come in in five minutes."

Even a United States Senator was to be kept waiting for the world-famous detective, it seemed.

Such was the case.

Old King Brady wanted to finish up his morning mail.

He did not know Senator Harding, who hailed from a far western state, and he was not over anxious to meet him.

Old King Brady, be it understood, is a very independent proposition.

He has reason to be, for by long years of devotion to his chosen profession, the old man has become very wealthy.

Naturally wealth and independence go hand in hand, or at least they should do so. Certainly they did in Old King Brady's case.

Having read two letters, the old detective, who wore his usual peculiar blue coat with brass buttons, also the old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, put on his big broad-brimmed white felt hat, and called:

"Alice!"

Immediately a decidedly handsome young woman entered from an inner office of the suite.

This was Miss Alice Montgomery, the famous female sleuth, who is a partner in the Brady Detective Bureau.

The junior, Young King Brady, did not appear to be in evidence that morning.

"Senator Harding, of ———, has been announced," said Old King Brady, naming the Senator's State, which we prefer not to give.

"Indeed," replied Alice. "And what does he want?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Since Harry is away, I think you had better be present at the interview. The man bears rather an unsavory reputation. I am not over anxious to meet him, but as he may be connected with our latest Secret Service orders, I cannot well refuse."

"Certainly not. You can't turn down a United States Senator."

"I will if I choose then, Alice; that is, unless he is backed up by Secret Service orders. Of course, under our contract, we are obliged to work blindly for the United States Secret Service Bureau at times, though I must confess I don't altogether like it. As for taking up this man's business, unless it very earnestly appeals to me, I certainly shall not do it."

Alice smiled.

She has seen Old King Brady change his mind too often to feel sure what he will do about any case offered.

"Shall I call the Senator in?" she asked.

"Do, please," replied the old detective, "and remain present during the interview, unless I give you a secret signal to retire."

Alice opened the door and said:

"Senator Harding will please walk in."

The Senator entered.

He was none too pleasing a proposition to look at, but his dress and manner were those of a gentleman.

He introduced himself to Old King Brady, and was in turn introduced to Alice.

Then he handed the old detective a card.

It was the personal card of the chief of the United States Secret Service Bureau.

Upon it was written:

"Introducing Senator Harding in the matter of case No. —."

"Hal!" said Old King Brady. "You are the party back of this Indian juggler business, then?"

"I am," replied Senator Harding. "Has anything been done in the case? At first I intended to keep in the background, Mr. Brady, but I am growing impatient. I have determined to look into the business myself. I ask for a report."

Old King Brady looked at the Senator with none too favorable an expression.

"All has been done that we have been able to do," he replied. "As yet we have not succeeded in securing the man's rescue from Dr. Birdbank's place."

"When do you expect to accomplish it?"

"On Thursday of this week."

"I thought it was Thursday of last week. You so reported."

"I did, and such was the time set, but my partner, Young King Brady, who has the case in hand, telephoned me last Thursday evening that the matter would have to go over a week."

"And the cause of the delay?"

"Was because he thought best."

"Your answer explains nothing, Mr. Brady."

"It carries with it all the explanation I can give you, sir. When I place business in the hands of my partner, I expect him to use his discretion. I never interfere. I was in Boston that night prepared to finish the matter up. I returned to New York upon receiving this word. I shall return again to Boston on Thursday. I hope then to succeed."

The Senator looked annoyed, but he preserved his calmness of manner.

"I am not questioning your methods, Mr. Brady," he said, "but I want to understand just what you are about. Will you mind stating precisely what your orders are?"

"Not at all. I will read my orders, which came to me by letter."

"Please do."

And Old King Brady, turning to his letter file, abstracted a sheet and read the following:

"You are requested to take up the following business for this bureau.

"Dr. Birdbank, Braeburn, Mass., keeps a private asylum. Dr. B. has for the last five years held a patient who is practically a prisoner. One Ram Chunda, a Hindoo juggler. It is desired to secure this man's freedom, and to gain his gratitude and confidence.

"This is not to be done openly. No proceedings are to be brought against Dr. Birdbank in any case. It is highly desirable that this Hindoo's release should be arranged as an escape. Once this is accomplished it will be

up to you to keep the man in tow until you receive further instruction. You will inform me immediately the escape is effected. By giving this your best attention you will greatly oblige."

"Vague," said Senator Harding.

"Very," replied Old King Brady.

"And is this all you know about the case?"

"All except certain points received from my partner. Through my own influence——"

"Which is very extensive, I am told."

"Fairly so. I was about to say, through my own influence I have been able to secure for my partner the position of personal attendant upon this Hindoo. It cost me both money and trouble, neither of which would have been sufficient but for the fortunate chance that Dr. Birdbank happened to be dissatisfied with the man he had. Since then my partner has succeeded in becoming very intimate with this Hindoo. He feels confident that with my help on the outside he can bring about this escape. All he has learned about this man is that he was kidnaped at the South station in Boston five years ago, and has remained in Dr. Birdbank's clutches ever since."

"And your partner has not learned the cause of this kidnaping?"

"No."

"Nor who was behind it?"

"No."

"And that is all you know of the matter?"

"All. Under no circumstances should we have taken up such a case for an individual. We are working exclusively for the Secret Service Bureau."

"I see. It is rather a blind lead. And now, Mr. Brady, I will be frank with you. I propose to enlighten you a bit. I am behind this case."

"Yes."

"Yes, sir. And I know a little more about it than you do. The man who caused this Hindoo to be kidnaped was one Simon Mosback, a dealer in East India goods here in New York."

"On South William street for many years. Now dead."

"Exactly. He left a large estate—millions. Among other property he owns Dr. Birdbank's sanitarium. His estate has never been settled. It remains in the hands of trustees, who are directed by Mosback's will to allow Birdbank to enjoy that property rent free so long as he cares for the lunatic Ram Chanda."

"The man is no more crazy than you or I, Senator?"

"I quite believe you, although I have no information on that point. Mosback was a very vindictive man. He quarrelled with this Hindoo juggler, and took this singular mean of securing his perpetual imprisonment, and he meant it to be perpetual at the time of his death."

"Why?"

"Because the man possesses a secret which Mosback tried to get from him and failed. His act was purely one of revenge."

"And in case the Hindoo escapes, this doctor will have to pay rent?"

"Yes. Naturally he will observe every precaution."

"He has become quite lax in that particular, my partner informs me."

"Indeed? So much the better for us then."

"I think we shall succeed. Are you telling any more?"

The Senator fidgeted in his chair.

"The fact is, Mr. Brady, I hardly know what to do," he said.

"In other words, you don't know whether to trust me or not."

"It is not altogether that. I don't know what to do with this Hindoo after you get him."

"We have no orders to hold him. His kind are well known to be most slippery propositions."

"I know it."

"Senator Harding, evidently you came here for information, but you are too much afraid of giving away your business to ask it. Is it not so?"

The Senator smiled.

"That's about the size of it," he replied.

"Very well then, my dear sir, it is either talk or not talk. Why take up my time?"

"You put it bluntly, Mr. Brady."

"I come straight to the point. What interest have you in this Hindoo?"

"Let me tell you something."

"Well?"

"Old man Mosback left all his property to charity. He cut off his only child, a son, a very decent young man, with a dollar."

"Ah!"

"Yes. Family quarrel, you see."

"I see. And——"

"And Joe Mosback, the son, is my private secretary."

"Ah!"

"He recently came into possession of some of his father's private papers. These told of this secret, and about the Hindoo. Joe, after a good deal of hesitation, confided it to me. There seemed to be good grounds for believing that there was money in the business, and so——"

"And so you agreed to stake the young man?"

"Exactly. Now granting you get the Indian——"

"What are we told to do with him? That's the point."

"Can you arrange to have him arrested on some charge and jailed there in Boston until we can get at him?"

"No, sir!" replied Old King Brady, emphatically. "I cannot unless the man has committed some crime."

"Not even for the Secret Service Bureau?"

"Not even for the bureau, which has not requested it, and will not, I am well assured."

The Senator bit his lip.

"Really, Mr. Brady, you are rather hard on a man," he said.

"Not at all, sir, not at all. I abet no crooked business."

"Now don't put it that way or we shall quarrel."

"Which wouldn't trouble me in the least."

"I see I shall have to come out flat-footed."

"Most certainly you will if you expect to do business with me."

"May I see you alone for a minute?"

"No more alone than you see me now, Senator. Miss

Montgomery is my partner, and is perfectly familiar with all my affairs."

"You are certainly a very hard man, Mr. Brady, but something must be done. Of course I cannot expect you to engage in any such business merely for Secret Service fees."

"Well?"

"Let me whisper something."

"Say it out loud."

"I spoke figuratively."

"Try it again and speak plainly."

"Oh, well then, understand, Mr. Brady! There is a million in diamonds and gems involved in this matter. They belong by rights to Joe Mosback. Help me to get them for him, and you get your share."

### CHAPTER III.

#### HARRY'S SECOND EXPERIENCE WITH THE INDIAN DRUG.

The last chapter will show what odd cases the Bradys sometimes find themselves called upon to work on, and how little they often know of cases they actually are working on when the Secret Service Bureau is concerned, for that bureau is, and necessarily so, secretive to the last degree.

It will also be seen that "William Rice" was none other than Young King Brady, or "Harry," as he is always called by his partners.

Still another point must be noted, and that is the mention made by the Hindoo juggler of the "old man," and the "beautiful woman" with whom the supposed William Rice was in love.

Certain it is that Harry is deeply in love with Alice, and one day hopes to marry her.

And it was equally certain that no hint of any of this business had ever escaped him in the Hindoo's presence.

But it is a wellknown fact that these Hindoo jugglers do things so wonderful that it is no wonder many believe in their magic.

On the other hand, it will be well to note the fact that this particular juggler had been five years unable to gain his freedom.

And yet how easily he gained it after he got the box, which had been stolen from him at the time he was kidnaped!

But this remains to be shown. In the meantime we must return to Young King Brady, who having taken the mysterious drug, we left already under the Hindoo's spell.

And Harry dreamed a dream that night which he was destined never to forget.

We shall not describe this dream directly. We prefer to let Mr. Ram Chunda describe it for himself.

Harry awoke next morning at the usual time feeling entirely himself.

He remembered the "death bell," and the vision of the juggler, but, as we said before, he considered both recollections as part of his dream.

It was not until eight o'clock that Young King Brady went on duty, the night man who had charge of his pa-

tients always served them in the early morning, while Harry when on duty took charge until eight p.m.

The two took turns, and it was night duty one day and day duty the next.

When Harry entered Ram Chunda's room the Hindoo was seated cross-legged on the floor as usual, and also, as usual right after breakfast, he was smoking a cigarette.

Harry could not come close to his man, for inside the outer door was a steel grating, beyond which Ram Chunda was never allowed to pass, unless guarded by two.

"Well, boy," said the juggler in the perfect English which all educated Hindoos now speak, "what kind of a night did you have?"

"You gave it to me straight, all right," replied Young King Brady. "It was a night of dreams."

"As I supposed it would be. Now don't tell me your dreams, let me tell them to you."

"Can you do that?"

"I can."

"How?"

"If I told you that, you would be as wise as I am, while I should be giving away secrets which it took me years to learn, besides which is the fact that it would be very difficult to make you understand. But to get down to your dreams."

"Well, I suppose you are hinting at mind reading. But go ahead."

"First, you dreamed that you were on board a queer, old-fashioned sailing ship, where the men dressed in antique costume."

"Wrong."

"What? It cannot be."

"It is."

"Stay, I have it! You mean you dreamed something before that?"

"Yes."

"Don't tell me what it is. I'll tell you later. Did you dream what I have just said?"

"Yes, afterward, but not first, as you said."

"Do you reckon it the second or third phase of your dreams?"

"Third."

"I understand. You dreamed it just as I tell you?"

"Precisely as you state it."

"I knew it! Next you dreamed of a fearful storm, and of the ship being wrecked upon a rocky coast?"

"You are covering a lot of ground in one sentence."

"Such is my intention. Your next dream amounted to that."

"It amounted to that."

"I pass now to the shipwreck—to when it was all over. Two men alone were saved as you dreamed?"

"Yes."

"One was the captain of the ship?"

"Yes."

"The other was a man like me—a Hindoo?"

"Yes."

"The captain clung to a small chest which he had gone to great lengths to save?"

"Yes, it is all true. It nearly cost him his life."

"It did cost him his life. The Hindoo killed him after he had buried the chest."

"You know it all!"

Even Young King Brady, who had been up against Hindoo jugglers before and knew something of their wonderful powers, was lost in amazement over this man's power of telepathy.

"Did your dreams end there?" demanded Ram Chunda.

"Practically, yes. The rest is misty and confused."

"Can't you remember anything of it?"

"Only that a woman rescued the Hindoo."

"After he had thrown the captain's body into the sea?"

"Yes."

"The Hindoo did not dig up the chest?"

"Not that I can remember. I really can't follow the dream beyond that point."

"Now to get back to the beginning—what you call your first dream. You heard a bell?"

"Yes."

"You saw me?"

"I certainly did."

"I told you it was the death bell, but that it did not spell your death?"

"You did."

"And then I told you to go to sleep and dream?"

"That is certainly what you said. How can you know all this?"

"William, it is most simple. I know it all by a perfectly natural law, which I could explain if I chose, but you would have to be previously educated up to a point where you could understand it."

"I wish you would try it on. I may be brighter than you think."

"No; not now. Later, perhaps. Are you now convinced of my power?"

"I am convinced of the power of the drug."

"But not of my mind reading?"

"I don't understand that. Certainly you have read my mind, but perhaps you knew what sort of dreams your drug would produce."

The Hindoo looked disgusted.

"Your answers only go to show how useless it is to attempt to make you understand these things," he said.

"But never mind. When do we attempt the escape?"

"On Thursday night."

"Very well. Let me advise you not to take the drug until then."

"I have no such intention. But if I take it then what do you expect the effect to be?"

"I expect you to dream of the location of that box."

"You said something of the possibility of me getting the box."

"There is that possibility."

"But how?"

"William, sometimes men walk in their sleep."

"Don't you make me walk in my sleep into Dr. Bird-bank's room and get shot?"

"Ha! There is that danger. Give me your hand."

Harry extended his hand, and the Hindoo taking it, remained silent with his eyes closed for some minutes.

Then opening his eyes again, he dropped the hand and said:

"You are in no danger. You will live for years to



come. But leave me now. I do not wish to talk any more of these things."

"We will make the trial on Thursday night?"

"We will escape, William, when the time comes."

And this was the last Harry could get out of him.

The day passed as usual.

That night Harry was on duty, and his "shift" slept.

There was little to do so far as Ram Chunda was concerned, but a young millionaire, who occupied a private "cell" on another corridor, and who was raving, made things very warm for Harry, and by the time the lunatic finally did go to sleep he was pretty well worn out.

Thus next day Harry slept late, as was his privilege.

He was dressing towards noon when Dr. Birdbank knocked on the door.

"Rice," he said, "I would like to have you go on at once to-day. Barnes wants to go to Boston. He will be on hand at eight, so you will get your night's sleep."

"All right, sir," replied Harry.

"And I am called away by a telegram. I shall not be back until to-morrow. Be extra careful of Ram Chunda. I think one of his violent fits is about due."

"I certainly shall, sir."

"I understand that you had a whole lot of trouble with J—— last night," continued the doctor, naming the millionaire. "I shall give Barnes a sleeping potion, which he will administer. He will explain its working to you, and to-morrow night you can use it. The man simply must have more sleep or he will die."

Thereupon the doctor went away.

Harry went on duty and remained at his post until eight o'clock, when he was relieved by Barnes.

"This is an awkward arrangement," he said. "I don't like it. We want to get the doctor to make it week shifts. I don't get sleep enough. I am half dead now."

He must have known that Dr. Birdbank was going away, for he was half drunk, and Harry plainly saw it.

Still the fellow seemed to know what he was about perfectly well, so Young King Brady went to his room.

All through the afternoon Ram Chunda had been singularly silent. In fact Harry could scarcely get a word out of him, and at last he gave it up as a bad job.

When Harry had undressed a strange and overwhelming desire to try the drug again seized him.

He tried to forget it, and tumbled into bed.

Stronger and stronger came the impulse.

"I'd just like to see if Ram Chunda could read my dreams, if he doesn't know I'm going to take the drug, or even if I should have any," Harry reasoned.

Then he said to himself that just because he wanted to take the stuff so badly he couldn't.

He dropped asleep, and in a moment suddenly awoke.

And now Harry found himself in a singular condition. He got up, took the bottle out of the washstand and uncorked it before he fairly realized what he was doing.

Then he caught up on himself.

"I won't do it," he muttered.

"Yes, you will. You must," an inward voice seemed to say to him. "If it didn't hurt you last night, it won't hurt you to-night. Go ahead."

It was like a drunkard and his bottle.

In the end Harry yielded and repeated the dose of the night before.

From the instant he swallowed the stuff a strange calmness came over him.

He got back into bed and lay in perfect peace.

Was he asleep or awake!

Harry never could quite determine.

But one thing is certain, his first experience of the previous night was repeated.

He heard the "death bell" ring three times.

He saw the misty figure of Ram Chunda form in the moonlight.

Doubtless it was only a dream, and strange dreams followed.

That night Young King Brady certainly did the somnambulist act in most peculiar fashion, and all the while he dreamed.

First it was that Ram Chunda came again and stood by the bed.

"William, get up and dress yourself," the Hindoo said in a tone of authority. "The time has come to act."

And as Harry dreamed, he obeyed the juggler, and they passed out of the room, descended the stairs, passed into the other building, and stood before Dr. Birdbank's door.

"You have skeleton keys about you, detective; open the door. The doctor is away, and there is no danger," said Ram.

It did not seem at all strange to Harry that the juggler should know he was a detective, but quite part of the programme.

He dreamed that he opened the door with his skeleton keys and entered the doctor's private room.

Then Ram, who still stood beside him, said:

"I have located the box. It is on the top shelf of that closet, and the door is locked. Open it and get the box. It is of dark wood, studded with brass nails, and has Hindoo letters on top inlaid in brass. When you have got it bring it to me."

Thereupon Ram Chunda disappeared out of Harry's dream. And in an instant Young King Brady, so far as any recollection of what happened is concerned, ceased to dream.

The next he knew Harry awoke in his own bed.

His head was perfectly clear; all effects of the drug had departed.

"Strange what an effect that stuff has on a fellow," he thought. "I'm glad I tried it again. I'll bet a dollar Ram Chunda can't tell what I dreamed this time. Last night he simply fixed his mind on me, and put those thoughts in my head. That's what made me dream as I did."

He turned over and flung himself into a more comfortable position.

As he did so his left foot struck against something hard in under the covers.

"What on earth is that?" thought Harry.

He put down his hand and felt of the thing.

It appeared to be an oblong box about two feet in length, perhaps a foot wide, and six inches deep.

Harry sprang out of bed, and lighting the gas, threw back the covers.

There lay a box made of some dark wood, heavily

studded with brass nails, with Hindoo letters inlaid in brass on the lid.

Taking it up, Harry found that it had considerable weight.

He shook it, but nothing rattled.

"How singular!" he muttered. "Have I been walking in my sleep? Did I actually enter the doctor's room and get this box?"

He now examined it more closely, and found that the lid had been forced, some of the wood around the lock having been broken away.

He threw it open, filled with curiosity.

But his curiosity was not to be gratified then.

The box, which was lined with brass, was entirely empty.

And such was Harry's second experience with the drug.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE OLD PUMP HOUSE.

Thursday night saw Old King Brady and Alice at Young's Hotel in Boston.

They came over by the flyer, ready to aid Harry in his plan of escape.

Had Old King Brady then taken up with Senator Harding's personal end of the case?

Was he after that million dollars in diamonds and gems?

In a way it was so.

Certainly when Senator Harding left the office of the Brady Detective Bureau he thought so.

But the old detective had committed himself to nothing.

As for the Senator's further explanations of the matter, we propose to hold them back for the present.

Sufficient to say at this stage of our story that while they convinced the old detective that the Senator believed in this treasure, they still were very far from convincing Old King Brady that Joe Mosback had any right to it, or Ram Chunda, either.

The old detective had taken up the case on trial, so to speak.

Supper was ordered and eaten.

Alice then retired, as she was fatigued by the journey, and needed sleep.

But the old detective, owl that he is, read the first part of the evening, and dozed in an arm chair the second.

At midnight he called Alice, who made a quick toilette.

The two then took the last train for Braeburn, which lies about twelve miles out of Boston on one of the northern roads.

Old King Brady had been to Dr. Birdbank's before, so he knew just where to go.

The sanitarium stood on a hill about a mile from the station, and Old King Brady and Alice started along the road.

It was now half-past one o'clock, and the escape was to be pulled off between two and half-past.

Old King Brady and Harry had made all their arrangements.

No matter what they were—the reason will soon be made plain.

Reaching the gate which led into the sanitarium

grounds, Old King Brady was surprised to find it wide open.

There was a porter's lodge here, a neat stone building. Dr. Birdbank was most particular that no one should be admitted to his grounds without first telephoning from the lodge.

But the old detective had anticipated no difficulty in gaining admittance, even if he found the big gate shut, as he expected to.

Sufficient to say, the porter was in the old detective's pay, and the intention was to have him assist in the escape.

But the lodge was entirely dark.

Old King Brady pressed the electric bell several times.

They could hear the bell buzz, but there was no response.

Old King Brady now tried the door and found it unlocked.

"There is something all wrong here, Alice," he declared. "What does this mean?"

"That the fellow has betrayed you, I suppose," replied Alice. "I can account for it in no other way."

"I don't believe it."

"It is up to us to find out."

"Stay here and I will go over the house and see if I can't find that fellow Briggs."

"No, no! Let us stick together, Mr. Brady."

"Are you afraid of yourself?"

"I am afraid for both of us. I am particularly anxious on Harry's account. If he had known things were going wrong he would have sent us word."

"Perhaps he could not get the chance. But we will go over the house together and see what we find."

They did so, and found nothing.

The man Briggs was unmarried, and lived here in two furnished rooms, keeping house for himself.

Old King Brady had been in the rooms, but now he found the furniture gone and the house deserted.

All of which certainly argued very badly for the success of their scheme.

"We will push on up to the sanitarium," said the old detective. "I am much afraid there is going to be nothing doing to-night. Without the help of Briggs I don't see how we can possibly succeed."

This determination was not reached without considerable talk, but their way up the broad avenue, which wound around the side of the hill, was pursued in silence.

Their road led them through a stretch of natural forest, the trees having been thinned out, and the best of them preserved.

Soon they came out where they should have had a sight of the sanitarium, and the mystery was in part explained.

Before them stood three ruined walls, the third had fallen.

Rubbish lay scattered about everywhere.

In short, Dr. Birdbank's place had evidently been destroyed by fire, and that some time before.

"Well!" exclaimed Old King Brady, as he gazed upon the desolate scene.

"This is serious enough," said Alice. "When could this have occurred?"

"Not yesterday, certainly. The destruction is complete. Why on earth did not Briggs inform us?"

"Or Harry?"

Old King Brady sighed deeply.

"If it had been in Harry's power to inform us, need I say that he would most certainly have done so?" he remarked.

"Mr. Brady, you alarm me."

"I am alarmed myself, Alice. There may have been lives lost here. You must prepare your mind for the worst."

"How can we ascertain?"

Old King Brady looked at his watch, by the aid of his flashlight.

"Quarter past two," he said. "There is no way in which we can ascertain before morning, I suppose."

"Unless the carriage comes for us, as we have arranged."

"It will hardly do that now. Yet there is a chance."

"It seems to me most likely that it will come, and that Briggs will come with it. He knows that we are to be here this morning at this hour. It would be a certain opportunity of connecting with us, and he may embrace it."

"That is so. We will wait."

They walked around the ruins.

Everything, even the barns and outbuildings, had been destroyed.

"It is a wonder we didn't see something about this in the paper," Old King Brady remarked.

"It is, indeed," replied Alice. "But I must own to not having read the papers very carefully for the last day or two."

"Nor have I. Hark! Don't I hear the sound of wheels, or do my ears deceive me?"

"I don't think they do. Yes, I hear wheels. There is someone coming, sure."

They hurried around to the front.

The sounds were now plainer, and in a moment a carryall, with one man in it, came out from among the trees.

"Briggs, sure enough!" exclaimed Old King Brady, with a grunt of satisfaction. "Now we shall know what all this means."

They advanced to meet the man, who pulled in, dismounted, and came towards them.

"Waal, Mr. Brady," he exclaimed, with a country drawl. "Ruther surprised, weren't you? Meant to get here sooner so's to be on hand when you got here. Say, isn't this great?"

"When did it happen?" demanded the old detective.

"Night before last."

"Any lives lost?"

"Only one, so far's we know. A crazy man named Mr. J——."

"The millionaire you were telling me about?"

"Yep. He didn't get out. All the rest were accounted for. Great Scott, didn't I have a tough time saving some on 'em! You bet! Waal, so it goes."

"Well, Mr. Briggs, well? You know what I am most anxious about?"

"Sure. It's all right. Yer partner an' that there Hindoo are over to my house a-waitin' for you."

"Why was I not informed?"

"Tried twice to get you on the telephone, but I couldn't. I didn't like to telegraph. Yer partner said not to. He thought we'd just better wait for you to come. Only thing is I'm a bit late."

"How did it happen?"

"Waal, I dunno, an' I don't know as anybuddy does. Doc was away that night. They think it's crossed wires, I believe. 'Lectricity is a mighty dangerous thing."

"Did it break out at night?"

"Sure. Jest about this time. Fust I knowed was from your partner. He rung my bell. 'The house is on fire!' he hollered, when I looked out the window. 'Yer better get up, there,' he says. The Hindoo was with him. Before I could get down to the door they were off like a streak."

"But I thought you said they were at your present house, wherever that is?"

"Sure I did," replied Briggs, hastily. "They came around in the morning. The Hindoo had hurt his foot and couldn't hardly walk. I took an' moved my things to the pump house at the old B—— reservoir, and there I've been keepin' 'em hid. Yer partner's had to stick close to the Hindoo, who has been having some of his spells. You didn't believe the man was crazy, but he is; as crazy as a bug. That's the reason yer partner couldn't get away to telegraph or telephone you himself. I'm to drive you there."

"And where is the doctor?"

"I dunno where he is to-night. He was around to-day. He took all his dangerous people to the Somerville lunatic asylum 'till he can find a place. The others he sent home, I believe. I dunno much about it. He's give me the bounce."

"Why?"

"Why? Oh, I s'pose he thought he hadn't no use for me with the place burned down."

"I see, Alice, I want to speak to you a minute. Please excuse me, Mr. Briggs."

"Oh, that's all right. Take yer time," said the porter. "I'm ready to drive you to the old pump house as soon as you are ready."

Old King Brady drew Alice to one side.

"What do you think of the man and his story?" he asked.

"Why, it seems straight enough, Mr. Brady. Don't you think so?"

"I hardly know what to think. We don't want to forget that the fellow is crooked, and I was able to bribe him."

"That is so; on the other hand, if he had intended crooked business, he would hardly have come here alone."

"It would seem so. I think we better go with him. I don't see who could possibly have any interest in putting up a job on us except Dr. Birdbank himself."

"And he is Briggs' employer."

"There you are. But why Harry has not let us know is the part which puzzles me."

"He may have been in very close attendance on the Hindoo, as this man says."

They talked further.

The decision was to go with Briggs.

So they got into the carryall and the start was made.

"Is this the rig you were to provide for us?" Old King Brady asked.

"Yes."

"But I particularly told you we wanted a closed carriage."

"Oh, waal, I know. I meant this rig came from the same livery I was going to hire from. I didn't s'pose it made no difference about having a closed carriage to-night."

"Nor does it. I merely wanted to understand."

"I hope, Mr. Brady, that you don't think I'd play you any tricks after the liberal way you've treated me?"

"I hope, Briggs, you wouldn't think of doing so."

"Of course not! Why should I? Say, I'm dead straight. Wouldn't never have gone back onto Dr. Birdbank if I hadn't knowed him to be a crook."

They turned into a lonely wood road, where it was very rough going.

"How come you to take up your quarters in this old pump house?" the detective asked.

"Waal, yer see, it is in a lonely place. Since the new B— reservoir was built there don't nobody never come this way. I knowed all that, so as yer partner had to hide the Hindoo somewhere, we thought it would be as good a place as any. At all events it suited him."

"How far do we have to go?"

"About two miles from here, or, say, two and a quarter, to get it down fine."

They soon began to ascend a steep hill.

This argued the existence of a reservoir, and sure enough they soon came to it.

In the distance Old King Brady could see a low stone structure, covering considerable ground.

"There you are!" cried Briggs. "That there's the place. Shouldn't wonder if yer partner came out to meet you. He said likely he would, if the Hindoo quieted down. He was pretty bad when I started out. Mr. Brady would have come along with me only for that. By jinks, I think I see him standing there by the door now."

A man of about Young King Brady's size and general build was certainly standing near the door of the building ahead of them.

He looked towards the approaching carriage.

But it was too dark for Old King Brady and Alice to make him out.

Yet they did not doubt now that it was Harry.

Everything seemed to be coming out according to schedule.

The pump house was built of granite, and had iron bars at the high windows.

But this is quite customary with pump houses at reservoirs, which are usually located in places quite as lonely as this was.

Old King Brady was about to give a peculiar cry, which Harry would have answered, when the man suddenly turned and went inside.

"What's that for?" demanded Alice. "He must have seen us coming."

"Perhaps the Hindoo hollered," suggested Briggs. "He's hollering all the time."

Whether this was true or not Old King Brady could not tell.

Harry had reported what Dr. Birdbank said about the Hindoo's "spells"; also that he had not seen him in one himself.

The carryall rounded up at the door of the pump house, which was closed.

"What are you going to do with your team, Briggs?" the old detective inquired.

"Hitch under a shed near here," was the reply.

Old King Brady got out and turned his back on the door to help Alice out.

The step was rather high, and Alice looked down at it instead of at the door.

Briggs instantly started, and then the old detective and Alice turned around.

Turned to find themselves facing two men, each of whom held a cocked revolver.

Briggs jumped out and drew another.

And the men were both strangers to Old King Brady.

"Well, Mr. Detective," exclaimed the elder of the pair, sneeringly, "you are up against trouble, you see."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE ESCAPE.

It is necessary to return to Young King Brady.

Harry, when we left him, it will be remembered, had just discovered the mysterious box of which he had dreamed, hidden in his bed, and opening it found it empty.

"How could it have come here?" he asked himself.

There was but one explanation which he could entertain.

"I must have been both walking and working in my sleep," he thought. "There is no other way. But what shall I do now? This is not Thursday night. No use to attempt to escape."

He thought for a few minutes, and then determined to go and inform Ram Chanda if he could do so without attracting the attention of Barnes.

So he hurried on his clothes, and hiding the box in the bed, started downstairs and through the long corridors, coming at last to the door leading into a little corridor, at the end of which was the Hindoo's cell.

Barnes might be in this corridor, or he might not.

It was all uncertain, for his beat covered three.

Harry opened the door with his key, and closing it behind him, hurried to the door of the Hindoo's room.

There was electric light in this part of the building, and one burner was turned on here.

Harry could see nothing of Barnes.

The Hindoo's door was locked, and when Harry opened it and let the light in on the steel grating, he saw the juggler sitting cross-legged on the floor, smoking a cigarette, in his usual style.

"Well, William," he said, quietly, "so you got the box."

"You read my mind as usual, Ram. Yes, I certainly have a box. How I got it, though, is more than I can tell."

"Dreams, boy, dreams! So you obeyed me and took the dose again."

"Disobeyed, you mean."

"I mean what I say. It was I who, by fixing my mind upon you, forced you to take that dose. That's hypnotism. As for the rest, no matter; but understand, I am

at the bottom of it all. Open the grating, take me to your room while Barnes is absent. Not that I expect him to interfere with us. The fellow was half drunk when he last looked in on me. He has a bottle in his pocket. I have no doubt that he is sound asleep somewhere now."

"But, Ram, this is only Tuesday. We cannot escape."

"Boy, we can. Trust me. Now that we have secured the box, I have no fear."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Ram; the box is empty."

"No!"

"It is. The lock has been broken. There is nothing inside."

"I am not surprised to hear you say this, William. Remember Dr. Birdbank has had that box in his possession for five years, but I doubt much if he has found the things I left in it."

"It has a false bottom?"

"It is false all over. Take me to the box, or bring the box to me."

"Either you say, Ram. Which shall it be?"

"Take me to the box."

Now this was to be more easily accomplished than may be imagined.

During the weeks of his service at the sanitarium Harry had taken an impression of the lock of the grating, and had provided a key which would open it.

He did not hesitate. It seemed to him as if he could not.

The Hindoo had now arisen, and his eyes were fixed upon the young detective.

It seemed to Harry that he simply must obey.

In an instant the grating was opened.

"If we are caught, it is a bad job for both of us," Harry murmured.

"Have no fears," replied Ram Chunda. "My magic tells me that we shall not be caught. That the hour of my deliverance has come."

Harry hastily led the way to his room.

They met no one.

Entering, he turned the key in the door, and throwing back the bed clothes, revealed the box.

"At last!" murmured the juggler.

He seized the box and opened it.

"I was right," he exclaimed. "Nothing has been disturbed. What is the hour?"

Harry looked at his watch.

"One o'clock," he said.

"So? A good time. Now listen. Is there a guard stationed at the main door of this infernal den?"

"Yes; there is a man there all night."

"Is he a bright proposition, as you say? Or is he a dull one?"

"I don't know which man is on duty to-night, but neither one of them is any brighter than the law allows."

"Good! Then, William, if my magic tells me right, we shall walk out by the front door instead of taking advantage of your elaborate plan of escape. Turn your back, please. Don't look around until I give the word, as you value your life."

Harry obeyed.

Perhaps it was twenty seconds before the word came, certainly not much more.

"Now!" said the juggler.

"Why, where is the box?" Harry exclaimed.

It had vanished.

"Gone," replied Ram.

"But if you can make it vanish now, why didn't you do it when they kidnaped you?"

"William, don't be a fool, and don't think that I am going to explain my methods further than to say that there is nothing supernatural about them. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as the supernatural. All there is about us Hindoo jugglers is that we understand the working of certain natural laws which are not generally known, and which we take precious good care to keep to ourselves. That is enough. Question me no further; but in this instance your curiosity shall be gratified merely to show you that I am speaking the truth. Pass your hand down my back."

Harry did so.

Inside the loose jacket which the Hindoo wore he could feel a flat, hard surface.

"The box folded up," said Ram. "Now are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly. Did you find everything in it you wanted?"

"I did. Nothing has been disturbed, just as I supposed. You see it was not intended that any other eyes than mine should gaze upon the contents of that box. Take the bottle, William, and then attend to me."

Harry pocketed the bottle containing the drug.

"You keep that," said Ram. "You may want to dream some more. Now watch me."

He put his hands behind him for an instant, and then withdrawing them, began to wave them about over Harry's head.

And as he did so a singular phenomena took place, for which Young King Brady was never able to account.

Without any further attempt to explain the wonderful things Harry was to witness in this man's presence we need only add Ram's own positive statement, that everything which he did could be accounted for by natural laws.

Now a thin white gauze began descending over Harry's head. It came lower and lower until it entirely enveloped him, but it did not descend quite to the floor. Thus it did not interfere with his walking.

"Face about!" breathed Ram. "Look when you are told."

Harry obeyed.

This time it was longer.

Towards the last he could hear the juggler making a blowing noise.

This he understood when he was told to turn.

Now Ram was similarly enveloped himself.

No trace of his features could be discovered through the gauzy stuff.

But a change had occurred.

The gauze appeared to be all on fire.

There were no flames, but just a dull red glow.

In his hand the juggler held a short brass wand.

Evidently this was hollow.

Ram pressed it to his lips and blew through it, at the same time directing the tube towards Harry.

Nothing appeared to come out of the tube.

Young King Brady could not even feel the wind when the Hindoo blew against his face.

"Look down," said Ram, and as Harry did so he saw that he also appeared to be on fire.

"Are you satisfied now that I possess powers of natural magic?" the juggler asked.

"I should be a lunatic if I was not," Harry replied.

He put his hand outside the drapery and unlocked the door.

Either he knew the way to the main door of the sanitarium or his magic told him, for he took it unerringly.

They encountered no one.

Certainly fortune seemed to favor them that night.

As they reached the main hall they saw a man sitting by the door half asleep.

The floor was carpeted, and they were able to advance noiselessly, nor was their presence discovered until they were close upon the door, when the Hindoo gave a peculiar mournful cry.

The man sprang out of his chair, his eyes starting out of his head as he let out one yell of terror.

He would have fled, but he could not do so without passing those two awful figures.

He compromised by clapping his hand to his heart and dropping upon the floor in a dead faint.

"We have scared him to death!" breathed Harry.

"Not so," said the Hindoo. "He will come out of it all right! Quick! Now is our time!"

He shot the bolts of the door.

"It is also locked!" he whispered.

"This man must have the key," said Harry.

He bent down over the man, felt in his pockets, found a bunch of keys, and in a few seconds had the door open.

"Now then!" whispered Ram, and out they went.

They shot down the steps and passed in among the shrubbery.

"Do you know the way out of the grounds? But of course you must," the Hindoo breathed.

"Sure. Don't your magic tell you that?"

"It can tell me nothing of the sort. Don't be a fool. Lead on. But stay. We must not go as we are. Turn your back to me."

Harry obeyed.

What the juggler did Young King Brady never knew, but certain it is all the drapery around him faded away, and when he was told to turn, Ram Chunda had also lost his mysterious covering.

The Hindoo heaved a deep sigh and pressed his hand to his head.

"William, I am done up," he said. "It is a long time since I have exercised my power, and it wearies me. I shall do no more to-night. Take me to Boston. I hope you have money. I have not even one cent."

"I have plenty," replied Harry, "but it will not be possible for us to get a train until morning, nor can we rouse up the livery stable keepers at Braeburn to hire a team. The best thing we can do is to lie quiet until morning and then walk to the next station and take the train there."

"I don't like the plan. We shall be instantly identified on account of my color. The doctor's people will telephone to have us stopped."

"Perhaps it is so. I think of another plan. I am somewhat acquainted with the country around here. There is another railroad which runs into Boston about two miles away. Let us walk to it and take a train there."

"That is better. But how to get out of the grounds? We must not pass the porter's lodge."

Nor did they. Briggs' story about being aroused and told of the fire by Harry was pure fiction."

They made their way to the high wall which surrounded Dr. Birdbank's grounds, and Harry managed to climb to the top, where by the aid of rope, which he secured in a shed near the barn, he drew Ram Chunda up and lowered him down on the other side.

They then struck across country by a wood road.

Harry had never traveled this road, but he knew its general direction.

It brought them out on top of a hill where there was an abandoned reservoir.

In short, it was the place where Old King Brady and Alice were to get into trouble later on.

From this hill an extended view of the surrounding country was to be had, and as they turned to look back they were treated to an unexpected sight.

It was Dr. Birdbank's sanitarium all in flames!

"Look! Look!" cried Harry. "It is the doctor's."

"Ah!" said Ram. "You are right! We have escaped just in time. May it burn to ashes! My only wish is that the doctor was inside."

And thus it will be seen that Young King Brady and the Hindoo juggler had nothing to do with the destruction of the sanitarium.

How the fire actually occurred the Bradys never learned.

Harry and Ram Chunda continued to watch the fire until the roof fell in, and then continued their walk to the railroad.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WHAT HAPPENED AT THE OLD PUMP HOUSE.

Old King Brady and Alice were cornered by three.

The situation was sufficiently alarming.

That they had been betrayed into it by the man Briggs became plain when he also thrust a revolver in the old detective's face.

"Well, gentlemen, well!" said Old King Brady. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Is this the detective, Briggs?" demanded the elder man.

"Yes, sir," replied the porter. "This is Old King Brady himself, and this here lady's his partner. Them's the ones you want."

"Right," said the man, and he turned to his companion questioningly.

"Well, we've got 'em," said the other. "Separate them and lock 'em in as we arranged. Why do you hesitate?"

"It's your business."

"No more mine than yours as matters stand."

He threw the door wide open.

"Old King Brady enter!" he cried. "The young woman remains outside."

"But why not explain here and let us understand this situation?" protested the old detective.

Instead of replying the fellow pressed his revolver closer.

"Say, why not do 'em up right now and dump their bodies into the reservoir?" he exclaimed.

"No, no," returned the other.

"By thunder, I'll do it then if the old sinner makes me any trouble. Briggs, you shoot that woman if Old King Brady don't follow me."

"Yes, sir; certainly, Mr. Mosback," replied the porter.

Then the other man struck at him.

"You fool!" he cried. "Can't you keep your mouth shut? What do you mean by calling out names, even if they are assumed?"

"I—I forgot!" stammered Briggs, dodging out of the way.

But the younger man took a different stand.

"Hold up, doctor! No use beating about the bush," he cried. "Old King Brady, I am Joe Mosback, Senator Harding's secretary. This gentleman is Dr. Birdbank, the man you put up the job on in the matter of the Hindoo juggler. Now then, Briggs, betray me again if you can."

"I must say I don't like your way of doing business," snarled the doctor, for the elder man was no one else.

"My way is free and easy," retorted Mosback. "It's the way we do things out West. Brady, I want to have a talk with you. Upon that talk depends our future relations. You follow me, if you are a wise man."

"Lead on," said Old King Brady, feeling that the best way for both himself and Alice was to yield.

They entered the pump house.

Dr. Birdbank picked up a lantern inside the door and followed.

Crossing over to where there was an open trap door, with broad stone steps below, Mosback halted, and wheeling about, faced the old detective.

"Hand your revolver to Dr. Birdbank, old man," he ordered, thrusting his own weapon very close.

Old King Brady obeyed, thankful that they did not make a second demand, for he had another revolver in a secret pocket.

"Now down those steps into the pump room," Mosback ordered. "I'll speak with you presently. I am not ready yet."

"Beware how you harm that lady," said the old detective, sternly. "We may not be as helpless a pair as you think."

"I shall not hurt a hair of her head until we have had a talk," was the reply.

Old King Brady descended the steps.

The trap door was closed above him, and was bolted down.

"Now then, Doc, we have disposed of one, and we will first question the other," said Mosback. "We will see how their stories agree."

"This is high-handed business, and more than I bargained for," growled the doctor. "I am well known in

this neighborhood, and expect to rebuild. I don't want to come up against the law."

"Can't turn back now, old fellow. We have gone too far. But they say Old King Brady is a very reasonable man. We can easy fix it up with him to keep his mouth shut if we can bring him to terms."

"Better bring her in here," said the doctor. No sense in keeping her out there with Briggs holding a revolver at her head. Someone might happen to come along, lonely as this road is."

"Right! I'll accept your advice, Doc."

The doctor surveyed the Senator's secretary disgustingly.

"I might say, Mr. Mosback, you are becoming disgustingly familiar," he said. "I know of nothing in our compacts which warrants any such line of talk."

"Never you mind that, bo," chuckled the secretary. "I'm all right, and so are you. I talk the way we talk where I come from. Got to begin all over again to learn your Bostonese ways. Call in the gal."

"Call her yourself!" flashed the doctor. "I'm not your nigger servant, and I want you to understand it, too!"

Evidently here was a house divided against itself.

Old King Brady heard every word, for there were several holes in the floor, from which pipes had been removed with the dismantling of the old pump house.

"This Joe Mosback has evidently shaken the Senator," he said to himself. "Good job I didn't commit myself to Harding. I suppose they are after the Hindoo. I can imagine nothing else."

He heard Joe Mosback go to the door and bawl:

"Bring the lady in, Briggs. Or, stay, let her come in alone. You are not wanted here."

Alice entered.

Briggs, per order, shut the door.

The doctor stood sulkily at one side, still holding his revolver, but not pointing it at Alice, as Mosback now did with his weapon.

"What's your name, miss?" he demanded.

"My name is Montgomery," replied Alice, coolly, "but I want you to understand that I shall answer no further questions until you put up your revolver."

"So you begin by dictating terms to me."

"So far, yes."

"Hand over your own revolver. Of course you have got one."

"I have, and here it is."

Mosback put the revolver in his hip pocket, and his own with it.

"Now the other," said Alice, waving her hand towards the doctor.

"Humor her, Doc," said Mosback.

The doctor pocketed his weapon in silence.

"Now, then, that is better. What do you want to know?" demanded Alice.

"You were present at the interview between Senator Harding and Old King Brady, I believe," Mosback replied.

"I was."

"Then you know that I am out for a lot of buried gems which ought to have been my father's?"

"I know what Senator Harding so told Old King Brady; no more."

"Very good. Your partner, Young King Brady, helped a certain Hindoo named Ram Chunda to escape from Dr. Birdbank's sanitarium. You know that this fellow possesses the secret of the place where those gems were buried a hundred and fifty years ago."

"I heard Senator Harding tell Old King Brady that."

"Where is the Hindoo?"

"I don't know."

"Don't lie to me, young woman."

"You are no gentleman, young man. Your style may be all right for the place you came from, but here gentlemen don't tell ladies to their faces that they lie. Incidentally I happen to have told the truth."

Her perfect coolness seemed to rather abash the secretary.

Incidentally, on his side, he may have noticed how beautiful Alice was, and that may have had some effect. At all events he moderated his offensive tone.

"I want to get at the Hindo, Miss Montgomery," he said. "Tell me what has become of him and you and Old King Brady will go free and not be bothered again by us."

"I cannot tell you. It is true, as you know, that acting under Secret Service orders, the Brady Detective Bureau undertook to secure Ram Chunda's escape. You know all about it if you know what Senator Harding knows. The escape was set down for to-night. Old King Brady and I came here to help carry out our plans. We found the sanitarium in ruins. We were betrayed by the man we had bribed into your hands."

"Bribed is good," sneered the doctor.

"I state facts," replied Alice. "What is more, I have stated all the facts I know, so I haven't another word to say."

"And now," sneered Dr. Birdbank, "you see it is just as I told you. They wouldn't have come to the sanitarium if they had known where their partner and Ram Chunda were."

"Haven't you heard a word from Young King Brady?" persisted Mosback.

"Not a word," replied Alice. "We know no more than I have told you, but I should like to know from Dr. Birdbank what he knows, and if the escape of this Hindoo juggler and Mr. Brady was in any way mixed up with the fire."

"As this seems to be a frank session, I may as well answer that as far as I am aware it had not," replied the doctor. "I was away that night, but as I understand it, they had been gone some little time when the fire occurred. It's origin is a mystery. Crossed electric wires are believed to be the cause."

"How did they escape?"

"Don't humor her by telling, doc," broke in Mosback.

"We are not here to give information, but to get it. I am inclined to believe that she is telling the truth, and that in some way the Hindoo has got the best of Young King Brady. But I will now proceed to question the old man and see what he has to say."

Apparently he had not observed the pipe holes, which were over at the other end of the room.

If Old King Brady had been in that cellar he could have heard every word.

But he certainly was not in the cellar then!

Joe Mosback unbolted the trap and raised it.

"We may as well have him up," he said. "She has told her story; let's see how he tells his."

"Brady!" he bawled. "You can come up out of that now. I'm ready to talk to you, old man."

There was no answer.

"Brady! Come on up!"

Still no answer.

"Gee whiz! Is the old guy dead down there, or has he thrown a fit or what?" snarled the secretary.

He drew his revolver, took the lantern, and started down the stairs.

"Miss Montgomery," breathed the doctor, hastily, "if you have any inside information about this business it will pay you better to deal with me than with that yap! Rely upon it that if you and Old King Brady will place confidence in me it will pay you well, providing there is anything in the thing at all. You will find me a gentleman. Speak quick while there is time."

"I have nothing to say except that we don't sell our cases out," Alice coldly replied.

"He ain't here! Can't find hide nor hair of him!" bawled Joe Mosback, coming up out of the cellar. "There isn't any way he could have got out, either, not that I can find."

"What did I tell you?" cried the doctor. "Didn't I warn you what a slick proposition Old King Brady was?"

Ding!

Suddenly a silvery bell rang out a single note.

It was clear and distinct.

The sound echoed back from the walls of the pump house.

"What was that?" cried Joe Mosback.

"Sounded like a bell!" replied the doctor. "Didn't you hear it, Miss Montgomery?"

"To be sure I did," answered Alice. "It was a bell."

"But who could have rung it?" questioned the doctor. "There is no one here but ourselves."

"And Briggs and perhaps Old King Brady," replied Alice.

"Has Old King Brady got such a bell?" demanded Mosback.

"He has not."

"Look! Look!" cried the doctor, pointing to one of the windows.

Now in a previous chapter we had mentioned that these windows were barred.

Most of them had the sashes pulled down, but the lower sashes of this window and another were raised.

And now between the bars a flock of white pigeons came flying, to all appearances.

A dozen or more seemed to pass between the bars, but only to instantly vanish.

"Heavens! What does it mean? Where have all those birds gone to?" cried Mosback when they ceased to come.

Ding!

Once more the bell rang out; one clear, silvery note.

"Say, I don't like this," gasped the secretary.



"Certainly its meaning should be looked into," added the doctor.

"Miss Montgomery," he continued, "you are a woman of wide experience. What do you think it means?"

Partly to put up a scare for her captors, and partly because she actually had heard of such a thing during her long residence in the Far East—Alice was born and brought up in China—she said:

"Did you never hear of the Death Bell of Bhudda?"

"Never," retorted Mosback. "I ain't no Bhuddist."

"I have read of it," said the doctor. "Do you mean to say you think Ram Chunda is at the bottom of this?"

"Look at the window and judge for yourself!"

Through the window now ribbons of fire appeared to be flowing.

They looked precisely like small fiery snakes.

Exactly as the birds had done, they vanished the instant they passed the bars.

No sooner had the last one disappeared than the "death bell" sounded yet again, and before the echo had fairly died away a head appeared behind the bars.

It was the head of the Hindoo, wearing the puggree.

"Great heavens! Ram Chunda!" the doctor gasped.

Then the lips moved, and the eyes were fixed upon the doctor.

For the minute they could hear no sound, but at last words came as though spoken from a distance.

"Dr. Birdbank," was said, "you have heard the death bell for the first time. Restore the ring! Twice more you will hear the bell if you refuse. But once more only the chance will be given you. The third time you hear the bell you die!"

The head vanished from the window.

"After him!" cried the doctor. "Pay no attention to his juggling nonsense. This is our chance!"

And seemingly forgetting that Alice was a prisoner, both ran out of the pump house.

They were around the corner of the building in an instant.

Needless to say the Indian juggler was not found.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE TWO CHUNDAS.

Ram Chunda, who could do nothing at all to help himself during the five long years of his confinement in Dr. Birdbank's "sanitarium," certainly proved his ability to do wonderful things once he came into possession of his box.

He and Harry landed in Boston in the early morning very tired and very hungry.

The first proposition Young King Brady put up was that they go to a restaurant and get breakfast.

But Ram promptly vetoed this.

He had appeared to be half asleep all the way in on the train.

Harry observed that he held clasped in his hand what appeared to be a small gold coin, which now and then he would press to his forehead and sit with closed eyes.

"No," Ram said. "I will not break bread in any house but the house of one of my own class."

"Then you stand a good chance of starving to death,"

replied Harry. "I don't know of one Hindoo in the city of Boston."

"If you knew a hundred, the chances are I would not be willing to break bread with any one of them," returned the juggler. "But I know where to go, and you, William, are going with me."

Harry nodded.

He expected to go with the Hindoo. He wanted to go with him, and yet somehow he realized that he would have to do so whether he wanted to or not; that he would have to do whatever Ram Chunda ordered him to do.

The fact is, Young King Brady had felt that way ever since he took his first dose of the drug.

Was he hypnotized?

Doubtful!

Harry always attributed his singular condition to the action of the drug. But to return.

"Where is this man's place?" Young King Brady asked; adding:

"How can you possibly know anything about your friends when you have been locked in for five years?"

"He is not my friend," replied Ram Chunda. "I never saw the man, but he will serve my purpose now. As to how I know this, that or the other, oblige me, William, by not asking that question again. I want to go to No. 9 Qualters Court. Where is it?"

Now Young King Brady knows his Boston as nearly as any man can know all the ins and outs of that badly twisted town.

"West End," he promptly replied.

"All ends are alike to me. Can you take me there?"

"Yes."

"Do it."

Ram Chunda's commanding way was increasing.

Harry was glad that it was early morning, and everybody they met in a hurry, for the Hindoo wore no hat, and his clothes were dirty and peculiar.

Many stared at them as they hurried through the narrow, winding streets of the West End.

At last, in the immediate neighborhood of Joy and Cambridge streets, Boston's colored quarter, they came to Qualters Court.

It was one of those blind alleys so common in Boston.

Mean, narrow brick dwellings lined it on both sides.

No. 9 was by no means the best. The door stood wide open, and a young colored man was just coming out.

"What's the name of the man you are going to see?"

Harry asked the Hindoo when they turned the corner.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but we shall find him just the same."

And sure enough, there in one of the windows on the first floor was the sign:

"Sutlej Chunda. Palmist."

The juggler pointed to the sign, and said:

"That is the man."

He walked into the dirty hall and knocked on the first door he came to.

It was promptly opened by a dried-up little Hindoo, much older than Ram Chunda.

He was barefooted, and wore only shirt and trousers. He looked as if he had just got out of bed.

His face was a study of astonishment as he looked at them.

Then he spoke, and Ram Chunda answered.

Their talk was entirely unintelligible to Young King Brady, of course.

But a few words were exchanged, and then the two embraced and kissed each other, after that they passed inside.

The room was quite handsomely furnished. It appeared to be the waiting room for the palmist's clients.

Sutlej Chunda looked at Harry and said something.

Ram replied.

Sutlej held out his hand and said in English:

"My brother's friend is welcome to my poor house."

"William," said Ram, "it is time you took a dose of your medicine."

"No," replied Harry. "I want no more of the stuff, but I do want breakfast, if it can be had, and I am willing to pay for——"

The sentence was never finished.

The two Chundas suddenly seemed to be growing dim and misty.

A strange faintness was coming over Young King Brady. He sank into a chair, and he knew that his head had dropped forward.

The last he knew was feeling Ram Chunda's hand upon his head, rubbing his hair about and hearing him say in English:

"The boy has been under a great strain. He will be better soon. He needs rest, for he has a work to do in connection with me which must be accomplished."

The next Harry knew he was lying tucked up in bed in a small room with one window.

It was dark outside. As he looked out through the window Young King Brady realized that the entire day must have passed.

"Drugged again!" thought Harry. "I shall have all I want to do to get rid of this infernal Hindoo. I shall be thankful when I see the last of this case."

He listened, but could not hear a sound except such as came in from the street, where there was noise enough.

"Perhaps I can slip out now," thought Harry. "I don't care if the Secret Service people do want this man shadowed. He'll have me dead with his infernal drugs. I'm going to get out if I can."

He got up, and finding a match and a lamp, soon had light.

His clothes lay over a chair, and as he put them on he began feeling in the pockets.

He at once discovered that all his things had been overhauled.

Some were in the wrong pockets. A certain envelope in a secret pocket which contained letters from Old King Brady, and other papers relating to his profession, had certainly been opened and examined.

The bottle containing the drug was gone.

"My hand has been exposed all right," thought Harry. "I must get out of here as quick as I can."

He finished dressing and opened the door.

Behind was a sort of alcove, cut off by a curtain, which hung suspended from a pole by rings.

Harry pulled this aside and saw that there was to be no escape just then.

For there sat the two Chundas, cross-legged on a handsome rug, into which figures of the sun, moon and stars had been interwoven.

There was a white cloth spread between them upon which were various dishes containing food.

The two Chundas were eating their dinner or supper or whatever they called it, and yet Harry had not heard a sound.

Ram looked up pleasantly.

"So you have waked up!" he cried. "Well, you had a good long sleep, and you needed it. Sit down and join us, William. What you now need is food."

"Ram," said Harry, "don't ask me. I have business to attend to. Let me go and I'll come back in the morning. I'll help you any way I can."

"No," replied the juggler. "I need no help now. Sit down and eat."

And then it seemed to Harry that he never had been so hungry in his life.

Hardly knowing what he did, he sat down upon the floor.

Sutlej Chunda placed a plate for him, and giving him a knife and fork, helped him to some sort of stew.

It seemed to Young King Brady that he had never tasted anything so good.

He ate it all, and he ate other things, and after he had got through eating and drinking he felt perfectly comfortable, and sat there listening to the talk of the two Chundas without understanding a word.

Suddenly Sutlej Chunda got up and began to clear away.

Ram arose lazily and extending a hand to Harry, half pulled him to his feet.

"Lie down there on that couch, William," he said, "and we will show you how we Hindoos can juggle. This man thinks he can beat me with his tricks. I say no. You shall be the umpire, as you call it. What do you say?"

Harry said nothing, but just stretched himself on the lounge and watched the juggler dreamily.

It seemed to him as if he just could not speak.

But Ram was of a different mind.

"Look here," he said, standing over Harry. "I am going to do a little mind reading first. I am going to tell you who and what you are. Not the friend you pretended to be, William, but a detective. Is it not so?"

Now the spell was broken, and Harry meekly answered: "Yes."

"Who set you on me?"

It seemed impossible to hold back the reply—to tell anything but the absolute truth.

"Why?" was the next question.

"I don't know."

"You come to the asylum for no other purpose than to get me out of it?"

"For no other purpose."

"Did you ever hear the name Mosback?"

"I don't know. No; I can't remember."

"Enough. The old man I told you about is your chief; the girl I told you that you loved is your partner. Still

you mean me no harm, nor do they. We shall soon meet. I mean you no harm, Harry, for such is your name, and I shall no longer call you William. It is well. Yes, I feel that all is well—to you, but you must be made to serve my purpose before I can let you go.”

Harry only heard all this dreamily. He was half asleep.

Just then Sutlej Chunda entered.

“I am ready,” he said in English. “Arouse the boy. Let him pay attention, and learn that I can do things you cannot do—that I am in every way the better man.” Ram Chunda snapped his fingers.

“Wake up!” he cried. “This is a chance of a lifetime. You are now to see two Indian jugglers juggle for the glory of their profession, as my brother says. You are to decide which is the better man.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TWO CHUNDAS.

Mr. Joe Mosback and Dr. Birdbank looked at each other in perplexity.

“This beats the band,” said the secretary. “What are we up against anyhow?”

For one thing he was up against an educated man, rough as Dr. Birdbank looked, and that was more than Joe was himself.

“I presume,” sneered the doctor, “you are aware that we are interested in a certain Hindoo juggler, or perhaps you may have forgotten that fact. If you had read anything about such people you would be aware that they can perform all sorts of wonderful things.”

“Pshaw!” returned Joe. “A bunch of cheap fakirs; their tricks have been exposed lots of times.”

“Did your father tell you that?”

“I don’t know that he did. The old guy was a whole lot superstitious anyhow.”

“I knew him well. He was not an educated man, but he knew India and its people, which evidently you do not.”

“In other words, I am an ignorant ass.”

“I said nothing of the sort.”

“No; but you meant it.”

“Don’t you believe we actually saw Ram Chunda?”

“Do you believe he, being at a distance, in Boston, say, has the power to make us believe we saw him when we didn’t?”

“I don’t know whether he could or not. I know I saw him standing there at the window, and that I don’t see him now.”

“You are as credulous as the old man ever was. Say, did this Hindoo do any wonderful tricks while you had him locked in?”

“Not one.”

“Then why not, if he can do them?”

“Because I took away everything he had, including a box, which I daresay contained the tools of his trade.”

“Come now, that’s a little more sensible. And said box was burned up in the fire, I suppose?”

“You can suppose what you like. I know nothing about it, as you are well aware.”

“What was in the box? I wouldn’t have kept it five years without seeing the inside of it, you bet.”

“Nor did I. You are jumping at conclusions. As it happened, I opened the box on the day I captured this Hindoo juggler.”

“You did? Well, and what was inside of it?”

“Nothing that I ever could discover.”

“Nothing! You just said that it contained the tools of his trade.”

“I said it, and I believe it.”

“Doc, you make me tired! What makes you keep contradicting yourself—what in thunder do you mean?”

“That I believe the box to have contained a secret compartment which I was never able to discover.”

“I’d have blame soon discovered it then. I’d have taken an ax and chopped the thing to pieces.”

“Yes, and had some infernal Indian drug send up a stream of invisible vapor which would have put you out of business.”

“Pshaw! There is no such drug in existence.”

“There isn’t, eh? Why man, prussic acid will do the trick. Uncork a bottle of it, take one good sniff, and the next think you know you will be where your kind go after they have done with this world. But what’s the use talking to a man like you, Mosback? Have you forgotten that we left the Montgomery girl alone in the pump house?”

“Thunder! That’s so. But then Briggs will look out for her.”

“If you had been a couple of shades sharper you would have observed as we passed the carryall that Briggs had gone to sleep on the back seat, thanks to that flask of rum you gave him.”

“Doc, you hit me on all sides. But one question more. What about that ring the Hindoo or his ghost or whatever it was we saw, alluded to?”

“It was a queer ring which I took off his finger when I locked him up at the start.”

“Got it with you?”

“No.”

“Burned up?”

“No, no!”

“But I want to know about it. When I came to you and told you what I had learned from my father’s papers, and offered to shake Senator Harding and stand in with you in this deal, I believe we made a bargain. I was to know all, and so were you.”

“I’ll show you the ring later. What has it to do with the matter, anyway?”

“It seems to have a lot to do with you then, if Ram Chunda is to be believed.”

The doctor walked off around the building without reply.

Truth told, he had but just remembered Alice, and he was mentally clubbing himself for his carelessness.

And his fears were speedily realized.

Briggs sat apparently sound asleep in the carryall.

The door of the pump house stood wide open.

Alice had disappeared.

The doctor lighted a cigarette and waited for Joe Mosback to come up.

“Well. She has gone?” demanded the latter.

"She has, of course. She's gone, and he's gone, and we stand gaping at each other like the two fools that we are."

"It's all that infernal Briggs! I'll break his blame neck!"

Mosback made a break for the carryall.

Evidently Briggs was not so sound asleep as he appeared to be, for on the instant he leaped out of the carryall and took to the woods.

Things had not gone at all according to schedule, and the treacherous porter evidently considered it a good time to light out.

Mosback drew a revolver and sent two shots flying after him, but both were without effect.

Dr. Birdbank looked on disgustedly.

Evidently this wild Westerner did not suit him at all. Seeing that his shots had failed, Mosback started for the woods.

"Come back, you fool!" cried the doctor. "Those woods extend for miles, and end in a horrible swamp. You will get lost in them, surest thing."

Mosback grumblingly returned.

"What shall we do now?" he demanded. "The fat is all in the fire. We appear to be balked all around."

"There is nothing to do but to return to the hotel," replied the doctor, grimly. "We have to begin all over again—that's all."

He started to unhitch the horse. He did not like the expression on his companion's face, and he watched him nervously out of the corner of his eye.

Since the fire Dr. Birdbank had been stopping at the Braeburn Hotel, and Joe Mosback had a room there also.

It was precisely as Old King Brady imagined. The secretary, learning what steps Senator Harding had taken to recover the Hindoo and secure the hidden treasure, had, without warning, pulled away from his partner and come to Dr. Birdbank, feeling that he could not only accomplish his end quicker, but also at less expense to himself in case the gems were recovered, for the Senator claimed half, and there were the Bradys to reckon with into the bargain. Joe Mosback felt that with the doctor he could make better terms.

But from the start things went wrong with the treacherous fellow, for the sanitarium was burned, and the juggler had escaped. Thus the only plan the pair could think of was to lay for the Bradys, as has been told, and even that had now failed.

They got into the carryall, and the doctor took up the reins and started.

They were but halfway down the hill when Joe Mosback, who was sitting on the front seat with the doctor, suddenly turned on him and caught him by the throat.

"Give up that ring or I'll strangle you!" he cried. "You've got it about you, I am satisfied. Give it up, I say!"

Now Joe Mosback was a bad one—worse by far than Senator Harding ever dreamed.

He had no other intention than to kill Dr. Birdbank, for he had reasoned it out that the ring probably carried inside some paper which contained the Hindoo's secret. He felt that by putting that together with the information he discovered among his father's papers, that he

probably would be able to discover the treasure and share it with no one.

Dr. Birdbank was strong and wiry, and just as unscrupulous as himself.

Moreover, the doctor had been accustomed to handling dangerous lunatics for years, and he knew just how to go at it.

Before Joe Mosback knew where he was at he was doubled up by a blow below the belt and tumbled out of the carryall.

The horse ran furiously down the hill, but the doctor was good for him, and in a minute had the animal under control.

Jumping out, he hitched to a tree, and drawing a revolver, returned on his tracks.

The doctor meant murder, if murder had not already been done.

The moon had now risen, and it was light enough, but he could see nothing of Joe Mosback.

He approached the place where the encounter had occurred with every caution.

Presently he spied the man lying all doubled up in the road.

As near as Dr. Birdbank could make out he lay like a man whose neck was broken.

That he was dead the doctor had no doubt.

"Treacherous dog!" he muttered. "I only wish you had those papers about you!"

He knew that the man did not possess them. He had seen the secretary place them in a box in the Boston Safe Deposit Company's vault, and it was done, doubtless, in anticipation of just some such attack as had been made.

Still his intention was to search the body, to make a try for the papers, and to assure himself that the man was actually dead.

He never did it!

He was still twenty feet away from the silent form when the death bell rang out loud and clear.

Dr. Birdbank came to an instant halt.

The cold perspiration was out all over him.

Three times the bell sounded, and then without the doctor seeing how he got there, a man suddenly appeared in the middle of the road between himself and Joe Mosback.

He was small, old and dried-up looking.

His face was almost as black as a negro's, his hair hung long down to his shoulders, and was intensely black.

Dr. Birdbank saw at a glance that the man was a Hindoo, but he was not Ram Chunda. Instead of the puggree he wore a little round gold-embroidered cap upon his head.

"Halt, Dr. Birdbank!" he exclaimed, waving both hands in the direction of the doctor as he spoke. "Halt! The man is dead! I am your friend. Would you learn the secret of the Indian juggler? Would you avoid the fatal consequences of the death bell? Twice you have heard it, and when you hear it for the third time death will come to you. I alone can save you. I, Sutlej Chunda. If you are wise you will come to my house, No. 9 Qualters Court, Boston, to-morrow evening at eight o'clock."

And with that the Hindoo vanished.

Dr. Birdbank stood for several minutes as a man paralyzed. All seemed to grow dark around him. He reeled and almost fell.

But these sensations were gone in a moment.

"I'll know whether he is dead or not," muttered the doctor. "I'll find out what these tricks mean!"

Suddenly he stopped and stood rubbing his eyes.

The body of Joe Mosback had vanished.

The dismal hoot of an owl from a neighboring tree struck upon his nerves with startling effect.

For once Dr. Birdbank, bold and unscrupulous though he was, found himself thoroughly frightened.

He took to his heels, and running back to where he had left the horse, hurriedly unhitched it, and jumping in, drove furiously down the hill.

Had he turned and looked back he would have seen two Hindoos instead of one standing in the middle of the road laughing.

They were the two Chundas!

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE JUGGLINGS OF TWO JUGGLERS.

These events happened, it will be understood, on Thursday night, or rather early on Friday morning.

It was Wednesday night when we took leave of Harry, who was lying on the lounge, and had been aroused to witness the rival jugglings of the two Chundas.

Both men now wore shirt, trousers and shoes only.

Both rolled up their shirt and undershirt sleeves tightly, exhibiting their bare arms.

Thus there was no chance of concealing anything up their sleeves.

Their tricks bore no resemblance to the stage performances of the ordinary sleight-of-hand man, or exhibitor of natural magic.

They were, on the contrary, just such doings as Harry had read of in connection with the Hindoo fakirs in India.

Thousands have witnessed such tricks, although, as is well known, the Hindoo "jogis," or "fakirs," as we call them, will never perform before a large audience or in a public hall.

Their preference is the open air, with their audience seated or standing at a distance.

They sometimes consent to do them under cover, but it is only in the presence of a few.

The two Chundas began by removing every article of furniture except the lounge upon which Harry lay into the other room.

Then they salaamed profoundly to each other and conversed briefly in their own language. Not an English word was spoken during the entire session.

Ram Chunda then folded his arms and Sutlej went into the other room.

He returned with a small brass tube, just such as Ram had used at the sanitarium.

Putting his left hand behind him, and allowing it to remain there, he applied the tube to his lips with the right, and closing his eyes, seemed gently to blow into it. At first there was no effect, but presently up near the ceiling a white mist began to gather.

It was not dense. Harry could see through it.

Presently a hand was thrust out of the mist, then another and another, until there were a dozen or more.

Some wore rings, and one had a bracelet around the wrist; some were fat and plump, some were the hands of women, others children, but the strangest part of it was that all were right hands. There was not a left hand in the bunch. All were dark-skinned, like the hands of the two Hindoos. Sutlej ceased to blow and the hands and the cloud vanished.

Ram smiled sarcastically, and taking the tube, began to blow.

It had taken Sutlej several minutes to produce the hands, but Ram did the trick in less than one.

Every hand now held a flower, and threw it at the feet of the jugglers. As one flower left the hands another took its place, and that was thrown; and so it continued until a perfect shower of flowers was falling.

But instantly they hit the floor the flowers vanished.

Presently Ram lowered the tube and the hands vanished, too.

Sutlej looked distinctly annoyed.

Ram had gone him one better on the hand trick, which is one of the commonest of the Indian jugglers.

Sutlej now did the "whirling" trick, which is described in all books on this subject.

He took the tube and blew upon himself.

The white gauze began to form around him, just as it did around Harry at the sanitarium.

When there was plenty of it, and the form of the juggler could no longer be discerned, Sutlej began to whirl. Faster and faster he went until it made Harry dizzy to look at him.

Ram stood with folded arms watching the moving gauze.

Suddenly it began sinking to the floor, where it seemed to gather itself into a heap and then vanish, leaving the tube lying on the floor.

Sutlej was nowhere to be seen.

Ram picked up the tube and waited.

In a minute Sutlej walked in from the other room.

Ram laughed harshly.

Harry thought the words he spoke carried contempt.

Up in the middle of the ceiling was a big iron hook to which Ram pointed.

Sutlej shook his head incredulously.

Ram ran his hand deep down inside his left trousers leg.

When he drew it out he held a narrow brass band with a projecting ring on one side.

Stooping, he clasped this band around his left ankle, and in some way seemed to secure it.

Then he put the tube in his mouth and began blowing on himself.

The same thing happened as in Sutlej's case.

The gauze formed, the fakir whirled, the gauze fell and vanished, leaving the tube behind, but no Ram.

Not on the floor at least!

But for the dreamy condition he was in Harry might have been amazed at what he saw, when following Sutlej's gaze, he spied Ram hanging from the hook in the ceiling, to which the brass ring of the ankle band was now attached.

His head hung down, and his arms were extended to their full length.

Anybody but a Hindoo might have been expected to die of apoplexy then and there, but it is a well known fact that the Hindoo yogis will remain suspended, head downward, from the branches of trees, for hours together, or even a whole day, and experience no harm.

What followed was quite as remarkable.

Shortly Ram raised his whole body until he got it parallel with the ceiling.

Then he gave a sudden upward jerk.

In some mysterious way the ring came off the hook, but the juggler, instead of falling with a rush, seemed to gently float down to the floor, where he landed on his feet like a cat.

Sutlej appeared to be very angry.

He snapped his fingers, stamped his foot and talked rapidly.

Ram took off the brass band and handed it to him.

He talked coolly. He seemed to be challenging Sutlej to do the trick.

Three times the other juggler tried it after putting the band about his leg.

Each time he vanished all right, but he did not get up to the ceiling; instead of that each time he came in from the other room as before, and the last time his face seemed to turn almost white with rage, while Ram stood all the while smiling, with folded arms.

The little juggler got so mad with his third failure that Harry laughed aloud.

This seemed to anger Sutlej still more.

He seized the brass tube, and rushing over to Harry, blew in his face, calling out something in Hindoostanee.

Ram tried to stop this. He grabbed the Hindoo by the shoulder and pulled him away, but he was not quite quick enough.

What it was he blew upon Harry it is, of course, impossible for us to say.

But the effect was remarkable and disagreeable enough.

To Harry it seemed—we say seemed for, of course, it was all an illusion—as if the lounge upon which he lay rose slowly into the air and floated above the heads of the Hindoos.

And this ended the remarkable exhibition, so far as Young King Brady knew anything about it, for he now lost consciousness altogether.

Strange dreams followed, which were probably realities.

Harry fancied himself walking through the streets of Boston with the two Chundas; riding in a railroad train; walking through a forest, and many other things.

His last dream was of Ram giving him a white powder out of a bottle, and telling him to swallow it, which he did.

Soon after this, as it seemed, Young King Brady came back to life again to find himself lying on the floor in a snugly finished room where there was no furniture.

It was night, and the remains of a fire burned upon a stone hearth.

Harry was in this hut, for it appeared to be nothing more, quite alone.

For awhile he lay there trying to pull himself together.

No doubt he had been drugged again.

He felt sick at his stomach, buzzy about the head, and generally upset.

He could scarcely remember anything then, but memory returned full force in due time.

At last he got up and staggered to the door.

Outside were thick woods, and it was very dark.

"Where on earth am I?" Young King Brady asked himself. "My dreams of traveling must have been real. Confound those jugglers and their infernal drugs!"

Now suddenly he saw a light in the distance between two trees.

It was about such a light as an ordinary lantern would give, and seem to rest on the ground.

Harry rubbed his eyes and looked again.

And now he was sure that he saw the Indian juggler standing in the line of the light.

He wore the robe and the turban. His arms were folded, and he appeared to be looking off into the distance with his side face turned towards the hut.

Just then the silvery bell sounded—the death bell; three times it rang out, and then to Harry's added perplexity, he could see no more of the Hindoo, but the light was still there between the trees.

He started towards it—but before he had gone a dozen feet a man suddenly stepped out from behind a tree and confronted him.

It was Sutlej Chunda.

"Back!" he cried. "Back to your place, as you value your life."

He drew out the brass tube.

"Stop!" cried Harry. "Unless you want to kill me altogether, for heaven's sake let us have no more of your infernal drugging. Where are we now? Where is Ram?"

"He is coming," replied the juggler. "Will you go back, or shall I blow a dose in your face, which may cost you your life?"

Young King Brady was in no shape to resist, and he backed away, re-entered the hut, and flung himself upon the floor.

Then he dozed off into a dreamy state again.

And all this happened just about the time Old King Brady was found missing in the old pump house.

Afterwards Harry remembered looking at his watch, and comparison of notes between himself and partners proved this.

And what became of Old King Brady?

This must now be explained.

Old King Brady of course had no intention of remaining a prisoner any longer than was necessary.

His revolver had been taken from him, but his electric flashlight had not.

Shielding it with his hat, the old detective brought it into use now.

The first interesting thing he saw was a big pipe passing out under the wall of the pump house.

Did it lead to the reservoir or elsewhere?

Old King Brady was ready to make the trial to find out, for he had no notion of leaving Alice unprotected.

He had observed in coming past the old reservoir that it was dry.

If this was the "intake" pipe then it was his chance surely.

He wondered that his captors had not noticed it.

Perhaps they had, and never guessed that he would attempt to explore its mysteries.

Old King Brady entered the pipe, and bending low, pressed on.

He had hit it correctly.

All of the machinery of any value had been removed from this reservoir.

Probably it would not have paid to take the pipe out, but the gates and valves were all gone.

Thus the old detective found an unobstructed road into the reservoir.

It was easier to get in it than to get out.

The huge tank was deep, and the sides lined with concrete.

They were so steep that there was no such thing as climbing up.

Old King Brady hurried on over the concreted bottom looking for some means of escape.

At last he found it in the shape of a ladder laid against the side and fully secured.

He climbed up, and scaling a wooden fence, got out on the road.

But he was away down at the other end of the reservoir, and quite a distance from the pump house.

"I must get right back," thought Old King Brady, and he drew his spare revolver, resolved to make it warm for whoever interfered.

And this was the time he heard the death bell.

It sounded from a distance over towards the pump house.

It was clear and distinct, and in a minute the old detective heard it again.

As he had never heard of the "death bell" he naturally wondered what it could mean.

He had almost reached the pump house when he saw Alice running towards him down the road, and he halted until she came up.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "So you have escaped, have you? I was just coming after you."

"Quick, Mr. Brady!" panted Alice. "Strange things have happened. The Hindoo juggler——"

"Well! And what about the Hindoo juggler?"

"He showed himself at the window. He did some remarkable tricks. A bell rang——"

"I heard it! What about that?"

"I'll explain later. We want to know what has become of Harry. Don't you think we ought to try to locate Harry?"

"Surely! But where is he?"

"Don't ask me. Where have you just come from?"

"From the other end of the reservoir. Where is Dr. What's-his-name, and that other scamp?"

"Looking for the juggler. That is how I came to make my escape, for Briggs has fallen asleep in the carryall. It occurs to me that the Hindoo may have gone along through the woods on the other side of the reservoir."

"In which case he will be beyond our reach long before we can get at him."

"But we don't want to go back there. Let us make

the try. I feel extremely worried about Harry. Let us connect with him if we can."

"By all means, Alice," relied the old detective, seeing how anxious she was. "We will return along the line of the reservoir, as you say."

And as they hurried back down the road Alice told what had occurred.

"It is a fact," said Old King Brady, "that these Indian jugglers do very remarkable things, many of which have never been satisfactorily explained. On the other hand, our stage magicians have duplicated many of their tricks. This whole business seems to be involved in mystery; but once we can connect with Harry, he will probably be able to throw some light upon it all."

But it was not so.

Precious little light Young King Brady was ever able to throw upon the doings of his friend, Ram Chunda.

As we know, Harry had been pretty thoroughly mystified himself.

Old King Brady and Alice walked on to the end of the reservoir.

Here there was a well defined path leading along the lower end.

They had scarcely struck into this path when they heard the sound of wheels approaching rapidly behind them.

Sheltered by the trees, they turned and waited.

It was Dr. Birdbank and Joe Mosback starting off on their ride.

"We may as well follow them, Alice," said the old detective. "If they could not find this Indian juggler, then neither can we."

"I suppose that is so," replied Alice, reluctantly giving up.

And they followed on down the road.

## CHAPTER X.

### FOLLOWING UP THE INDIAN JUGGLER.

When Harry awoke it was to find Ram Chunda standing over him with a small folding metal cup in his hand.

"Drink this, Harry," he said, calmly; "it will do you good!"

"Never!" cried Harry. "I will neither eat nor drink anything you give me! Remove this horrible spell from me! You never would have got free without my help. Set me free!"

"My dear boy, that is exactly what I am trying to do for you. Drink this and you will be free, in other words, yourself again."

"I don't believe you! I can't believe you after the way you have used me."

"I have done you no harm. I have used you, it is true, and in ways which you don't understand, but I assure you upon my honor that I have done you no harm, and that if you swallow the contents of this cup you will be quite yourself again."

"Never!"

"Stubborn fool! Listen! There now approaches an old man with a long blue coat, and a big white hat. With him is the girl I told you about before—the girl you love. Drink or not as you will, but if you do drink, come with your people to Sutlej's house to-night at eight o'clock,

and you shall learn the meaning of all you have seen and heard. Fate has bound me up with you Bradys. With your help I may succeed; without it I must fail. I have no choice but to take you into my confidence. See, I place the cup on the ground. If you are wise you will drink its contents to the last drop."

And placing the cup on the floor, Ram Chunda turned and glided out of the hut.

He had no sooner gone than Harry, moved by an impulse which he was powerless to resist, took up the cup and drained it.

What happened was precisely what Ram Chunda predicted.

At once his head grew clear; in a minute his strength returned.

He arose and walked out of the hut.

He scarcely had time to look around him twice when two figures emerged from among the trees.

They were Old King Brady and Alice.

They saw Harry on the instant. The old detective pressed his finger to his lips and stole forward.

"Thank heaven you are here!" breathed Harry as they came up.

"Hush! Where is the Indian juggler?" whispered Old King Brady.

"Gone some minutes now."

"Gone! Why I saw him not ten seconds ago moving this way. We have been shadowing him in here from the road."

"Impossible, Governor! He was here talking to me just a few minutes ago."

"But I tell you it is so, Harry."

"How far is it in from the road?"

"About a quarter of a mile."

"Then I tell you it cannot be. But why do I say it? Anything is possible with that wonderful man! Did you see the other?"

"What other?"

"Sutlej Chunda."

"Are there two of them, then?"

"Yes."

"We saw but one."

"Did he see you?"

"I don't think so. I am going to look in the hut."

He did. He looked all around, but no trace of either of the Chundas could they discover.

And then the Bradys sat down to compare notes.

Harry was amazed to hear the story told by Senator Harding, which may now be explained.

It seemed that five years before Ram Chunda walked into the store of the elder Mosback, who was an importer of East India goods, and now dead, it will be remembered, armed with a letter of introduction from one of the importer's Indian correspondents, which requested Mosback to make any advances in cash the juggler might require, and to otherwise be of every possible assistance to him.

The letter also stated that Ram Chunda was looking for a professional engagement to exhibit his wonderful powers on the stage.

Such was the letter the juggler carried, and it would

seem that with all his power, he was unable to tell that the writer had betrayed him.

For old Mosback had previously received another letter from the same party, telling him that Ram Chunda had come across a secret which he, the writer, believed.

It related to the wreck of an East Indian trading ship on the coast of Massachusetts away back before the revolutionary war.

The ship was the Peacock, owned in Salem, and commanded by Captain Thaddeus Welsh.

This man had bought for his consigners a large quantity of diamonds and colored gems, valued at upward of a million, a large investment for those days. The letter stated that the gems were stolen from an Indian rajah, and that Captain Welsh bought them for a third of their actual value.

The Peacock was wrecked in a storm, and all hands perished with the exception of the captain and a Hindoo sailor named in the letter only as "Mokagee."

They landed in a cave, and here Captain Welsh buried the gems, intending to recover them after he got out of the cave, which he could not do while the storm continued.

Further than this all that the writer of the letter knew was that Ram Chunda had found an old document purporting to be written by this Mokagee, in which it was stated that he was the secret agent for the rajah from whom the gems had been stolen, and that his motive for shipping with Captain Welsh was to get them back. That he had killed the captain, intending to recover the gems, but that he did not get the chance, why was not stated, but was forced to return to India with his mission unfulfilled.

It was Ram Chunda's belief that the gems still existed in the cave.

The writer of the letter to old Mosback believed in Ram Chunda's powers, and was sure he was right, so he advised Mosback to detain the Hindoo, and having forced him to reveal his secret, to go for the gems himself.

Of course the correspondent expected to get his share.

What happened we know.

Ram was jammed into Dr. Birdbank's private madhouse, but he did not reveal his secret.

Angered at the Hindoo's repeated refusal to do this, old Mosback, when he found himself dying, left directions in his will that no rent was to be collected from the doctor so long as the juggler remained a prisoner.

According to the Senator, Dr. Birdbank had no idea why his landlord originally had the Hindoo locked in, but he fully understood that the keeping of the man perpetually in the madhouse was a matter of revenge.

This was the story Harry now heard, and having heard it, he told Old King Brady of his remarkable dream on the night he first took the juggler's drug.

"It was just as he said himself," remarked the old detective. "He fixed his thoughts on you, and put the story of the shipwreck and murder into your head. That such things can be done everybody knows; but whether there is any truth in this remarkable yarn or not is another thing."

"Evidently Joe Mosback believes it," said Alice.



"All he knows is what is stated in the letter to his father from the man in India," Old King Brady replied.

"How did he come to get hold of the letter?" asked Harry.

"Found it in a secret drawer in his father's desk," was the reply; "and upon that letter the whole case rests."

"Not quite," said Harry. "Ram Chunda evidently believes in the story himself. Remember his last words to me which I have just told you, that we are mixed up with his affairs. Remember the invitation we have to call on him to-night at eight o'clock. Do you intend to keep the appointment?"

"I don't know why we shouldn't," he said at length. Old King Brady reflected for a while, and then said he did.

"But there is one point we have not yet touched on," said Alice, "and that is the ring which Ram Chunda demanded of Dr. Birdbank when he appeared at the window of the old pump house."

"Ram said nothing to me about it," replied Harry.

"And Senator Harding made no mention of one," added Old King Brady.

"Who do you consider these gems rightfully belong to, Mr. Brady?" asked Alice.

"To the finder, most decidedly!" replied the old detective. "If treasure buried a hundred and fifty years ago doesn't belong to the finder then it certainly don't to this man Mosback, or his friend Harding, even if he is a United States Senator. I know that if I am the lucky man I propose to keep it."

"That settles it," said Harry. "We go for it, then."

In the meantime they all went to Boston when daylight came.

The day was one of rest for Harry. He spent the greater part of it in bed at Young's Hotel.

Meanwhile Old King Brady went in disguise to Quarters Court, intending to consult the "palmist," and see what come of it.

But repeated knockings on Sutlej Chunda's door brought nobody in response.

Forced to give up the attempt, Old King Brady waited for the coming of the appointed time when, with his two partners he again presented himself at the rooms of the Hindoo.

There was no trouble about obtaining admittance now.

It was Ram Chunda himself who opened the door.

He was now dressed just as Harry had seen him in his dream, in a flowing robe, belted in by a sash, with the pugree on his head and pointed slippers on his feet.

He bowed his head almost to the floor when Old King Brady entered the room.

"Worshipful sir, I thank you for your great kindness," he said, "but for the interest you have shown in me, I might have been burned to death in the cell which was so long my prison."

Then turning to Harry, he added:

"And you, Harry, found that I told you the truth, and that when you drank from that cup you were yourself again?"

"I certainly did, Ram," replied Harry.

"And this lovely lady," said Ram, bowing low to Alice.

"May you soon be married and always be happy. Introduce me, please."

Harry did the introducing.

Ram bowed again, and placed chairs for all.

They were in the front room, but it was in the room behind that the two jugglers had done their juggling.

Ram's whole manner was that of a courteous gentleman. It swept Harry off his feet, so to speak.

Ram now turned to the old detective and said:

"I am very glad you have come, Mr. Brady, for I want your help and your advice. I have so long been under lock and key that I have almost forgotten how to handle myself. You know all about my affairs, I am told. That is why I am glad to have you here."

"Who told you?" demanded Old King Brady.

"I shall not attempt to answer that question," Ram replied. "But listen. This story of the buried money of Captain Welsh is perfectly well known to you; is it not, sir?"

"Yes, in a general way."

"May I ask you to tell me exactly what you know?"

"I see no reason why I should not."

"There is no reason; on the contrary, there is every reason why you should. Listen, Mr. Brady. I want you to help me to recover these buried gems. If we succeed, you shall get your share."

"The chances of success seem very slight to me. Remember the length of time which has elapsed. Possibly you know exactly where they were buried. I do not. All I know is what Simon Mosback knew, as revealed by the papers he left behind him. It is hardly worth telling to you."

"And he knew nothing, or next to nothing. Yes, I think I know exactly where Captain Welsh buried the gems, but I do not know how to find the place. The information I obtained from an old document, which was afterwards accidentally destroyed. This was before I left India. Fortunately I took a copy of the description of the location. This copy was stolen from me by that scoundrel, Dr. Birdbank."

"Hidden in a ring," said Old King Brady, willing to do a little mystery business on his own account.

"Who told you that?" demanded the juggler quickly.

"Oh, I know. Have you forgotten?"

"In a way I have," admitted the Hindoo. "But that does not matter. To-night Dr. Birdbank will bring me the ring."

"Do you mean that?" demanded the old detective.

"I mean exactly that," was the reply. "Since my escape I have not been idle. I—but here he comes now."

Just then there came a sharp rap at the door.

"Step this way, please," said Ram.

He led them into the back room.

Here Sutlej Chunda sat cross-legged upon the carpet. His arms were folded. His head had drooped upon his breast. He seemed to be asleep.

Ram shook him by the shoulder, and spoke sharply in his own language.

Sutlej got up and went into the other room.

Meanwhile the knocking continued.

## CHAPTER XI.

## RAM CHUNDA GETS HIS RING.

The room into which Ram Chunda now led the detectives was not changed from what it had been when Harry last saw it, except in a few particulars, which must now be described.

In the middle of the floor stood a little Turkish table, upon which was a large goblet made of brass.

Beside this lay a small mallet of peculiar shape.

But the principal object which attracted their attention was a bronze bell which hung suspended from a chain directly over the table.

"Stand back behind the table," said the juggler. "You, Mr. Harry, know how I have been treated by this man. This is the hour of my revenge."

Meanwhile the knocking had ceased. Voices speaking in low tones could be heard in the other room.

Ram fumbled in his robe and drew out a little brass box.

This he opened and took from it two small bottles.

Ram uncorked one of the bottles and poured a quantity of the dark liquid which it contained into the goblet.

He then placed the other bottle beside it and restored the box to its hiding place.

This done, he gave a low, peculiar call.

Sutlej instantly appeared in the doorway.

Ram said something in Hindoostanee, and the old juggler retreated.

And now Dr. Birdbank appeared in the doorway.

"He appeared greatly surprised.

"You!" he cried, but whether he meant the juggler or all of them did not appear.

Ram, however, seemed to take it for himself.

"Yes, doctor, it is I," he said. "At last I am out of your clutches. Kindly restore to me the ring which you stole."

"Why was I fool enough to come here?" the Bradys heard him mutter.

That some sort of spell was upon the man it was easy to see.

Ram took up the little mallet or baton.

"Once more, Dr. Birdbank, I demand my ring!" he cried.

"Ring," muttered the doctor. "What ring? Where am I? Who are you? Why am I here?"

"Sutlej must have fixed him!" Harry thought.

Suddenly Ram seized the bottle, and uncorking it, shook a grayish powder into the goblet.

Immediately smoke began to curl about on the inside.

The smoke ascended from the goblet; the man in the doorway seemed transfixed.

"Watch!" cried the juggler, and raising his baton he struck the bell.

The man threw up his hands and sank to the floor.

The Bradys stood amazed.

"For the third time he hears the death bell," said Ram. "His end has come."

"Have you killed him? If so, you will have to account for it," cried Old King Brady.

"Examine him for yourself, and see if he is dead," replied Ram, laying down the baton and folding his arms.

At the same time the smoke died down in the goblet, and the liquid inside assumed its former appearance.

Old King Brady hurried over to the doctor and made the examination.

"Certainly I can find nothing the matter with him," he said. "He appears to be breathing naturally. He acts in every way like a man asleep."

"And such is his condition," replied the juggler, calmly. "Badly as he has used me, I shall not hurt a hair of his head. Nevertheless his fate is sealed."

"Explain yourself!" cried the old detective.

"No," said Ram. "I shall explain nothing. Mr. Brady, oblige me by searching that man. Somewhere on his person you will find a peculiar ring concealed. It is mine. I request that you give it to me."

Deeply impressed by the juggler's calm earnestness, the old detective made the search, and sure enough found the ring.

It was a big, clumsy affair, made of brass, carrying a cracked amethyst in a heavy setting.

"Is this what you want?" demanded Old King Brady, holding it up.

"That is it," replied Ram.

Old King Brady silently handed him the ring.

"And now to restore this man to consciousness," said the old detective. "He must not remain so."

"Easily done," replied the juggler.

He threw more of the powder into the goblet.

Again the smoke ascended.

Ram took the goblet and walking over to Dr. Birdbank, for an instant held it under his nose.

The doctor immediately sat up.

He stared around for a minute and then got on his feet.

Ram opened the door and stood back.

Dr. Birdbank looked from one face to another. Then he felt for the ring and, of course, failed to find it.

"I see I've been robbed!" he snarled; adding:

"But it's all right. I'll have my revenge. I'll have the police in here in ten minutes' time."

Then he walked out of the room and left the house.

"He has gone to meet his fate," said Ram. "Three times he has heard the death bell, and nothing can save him, and yet, Mr. Brady, I shall have no more to do with his death than you yourself."

"It is to be hoped not," replied the old detective. "But this ring!"

"Contains the description of the hiding place of these gems," replied the Hindoo.

He pressed some hidden spring in the side of the ring, and the setting with the amethyst opened like a lid.

Within lay a scrap of paper, folded up into very small compass.

The Hindoo took it out, unfolded it and passed it over to the old detective.

It was covered with very fine, peculiar writing.

"Fly-tracks," said Old King Brady. "I can make nothing of this."

"I suppose not," smiled Ram. "Permit me to read it, for since I wrote it myself I ought to be able to do that much."

And the juggler read as follows:

Dungeon Rock, Cohannet, Massachusetts, United States of America. Six, twelve, nine."

"To what do the numbers refer?" demanded the old detective.

"Measurements," replied the Hindoo. "The rest is my secret. I had forgotten those numbers, hence my anxiety to obtain the ring. The rest I did not need to write down. And now, gentlemen and miss, where is this Dungeon Rock? Where is this Cohannet? Will you ascertain for me? Will you take me there? For a man of my color and peculiar appearance to go prowling about treasure-hunting is not safe. I have had one experience and I don't want another. If we succeed in recovering these gems I will share them equally with you. In return, I expect protection and that you will see me safe out of the country."

And, needless to say, Old King Brady assented to this very fair proposition.

Old King Brady had heard of Cohannet, but beyond the fact that it was on the Massachusetts coast, "down Plymouth way," as they say in Boston, he did not know where it was, but he promised to ascertain, and an appointment was made for the next day.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

"Will he come?"

Such was Harry's question as he joined Old King Brady and Alice at the South station on the morning of the second day after the recovery of the ring.

Harry had been out of town the night before on other business.

Torrents of rain were falling; the wind was blowing a living gale.

It seemed a poor time to do business on the shore.

"I know no more than you do," replied Old King Brady. "Our appointment is for this train. If he don't keep it we shall have to go look him up, that's all."

"Have you heard anything about Dr. Birdbank?"

"Not a thing. If he was dead I think the papers would have noticed it, since he is certainly a man of some prominence."

"I fancy he is safe enough. Ram likes to talk. Of course he has done wonderful things. What puzzles me is how the mere ringing of that bell could have knocked out the doctor."

"Well, it is all a mystery," replied the old detective, "but we can discuss it no further now, for here he comes."

It was the Indian juggler in a new suit of clothes, wearing a new fall overcoat, wherever he got the money to buy them all.

"Am I in time?" he demanded as he came bustling up to the Bradys. "I was delayed a bit. I thought I might be too late."

"Plenty of time," replied the old detective. "You got the note I sent you, I see?"

"Yes; and I thank you. You now know where this Dungeon Rock is?"

"I do. I was there yesterday and accurately located the spot, so all we have to do is to go directly to it."

The juggler smiled all over, displaying his glittering, white teeth.

They boarded the train and in due time were landed at the nearest station to Cohannet.

Fortunately the rain had now ceased, for they had a two-mile walk ahead of them and, having left the train at a lonely siding, there was no possibility of obtaining a conveyance.

Old King Brady having visited the ground the day before with Alice, they were spared any delay and in due time they reached the shore, where the old detective led the way to the top of a high, rocky bluff overlooking the Atlantic.

It was as desolate a spot as can be imagined.

Not a house was in sight in any direction.

"This is the place!" cried Ram, looking around.

"How do you know?" demanded Harry. "Seeing that you were never here before, what makes you speak so confidently?"

But the Hindoo's only reply was a peculiar look.

He stood at the edge of the cliff, gazing off upon the ocean.

"Come!" said Old King Brady. "We must get down on the shore. It is not so easy a matter, and when the tide is up we can neither reach the place nor leave it if we get caught there. No time is to be lost."

Still the juggler made no answer.

Young King Brady touched him, and then he aroused with a start.

"Hark! Don't you hear it?" he muttered. "It is ringing now."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Harry. "I hear nothing. This business appears to have got on your nerves."

"It is the death bell!" muttered the Hindoo. "This makes my third time! This time it means death for me! But what then? I only regret now that I ever came to America on this wild chase! I might have known!"

He shook himself and, rubbing his eyes, appeared to come back to consciousness of his surroundings.

"What have I been saying?" he exclaimed, lightly. "Of course you heard no bell ring just now?"

"No," replied Harry. "We heard nothing of the sort. Unless you have got that bell of yours with you, how could anyone expect to hear a bell ring in a place like this?"

"I have no bell! But come! I am ready! Mr. Brady, lead the way! If I die, the treasure is yours, and thank you all again for your kindness."

Without reply, for he did not wish to prolong this line of talk, Old King Brady led the way along the cliff to a place where it was possible to descend to the beach, although the way was difficult and dangerous.

Reaching these, they turned on their tracks and, keeping close against the cliffs, continued to advance until they came to the cave.

It was of no great size and was formed by the projection of the rock above them, which was here much greater than at any other point.

"We have certainly got to work quick," said Harry. "Whatever may be the case in Captain Welsh's time,

there is no doubt that this cave is now filled with water at high tide."

Old King Brady had provided two good spades the day before. These he now produced from a niche in the rock, where he had hidden them.

Ram, meanwhile, stood right up to the water line, gazing around.

He seemed to have fallen into his trance again.

For several moments the Hindoo remained thus, and then he suddenly began pacing off the ground with his feet.

He measured it one way and made a mark, then another way, and made a second mark.

Then between the two he drove his heel into the sand and cried:

"Dig!"

They dug down fully six feet, coming upon nothing but the sand.

"Well!" panted the old detective. "This certainly seems to be waste effort. Ram, I am afraid there is no treasure here."

"Oh, keep it up a little longer!" cried Alice. "Something seems to tell me that you will succeed!"

They persevered for a few minutes and then, sure enough, Old King Brady's spade struck something hard.

They now renewed their energies and soon unearthed a small iron box of peculiar make.

Harry pulled it out, tossed it out of the hole and, climbing out himself, lent Old King Brady a hand.

Meanwhile Alice had taken up the box and was curiously examining it.

Ram Chunda's eyes were fixed upon it, but he neither moved nor spoke.

"Let's see if we can open the thing," said Old King Brady. "It appears to be badly rusted. We ought to be able to."

He placed it upon the sand and, producing a small screw-driver, knelt down and started to pry up the lid.

In a moment he had succeeded.

As the lid came up, Alice and Harry gave a simultaneous shout of triumph.

For within they caught the glitter of gems.

There were diamonds, rubies, sapphires; they saw them all. The box was almost full, but before they could touch even one, the Hindoo uttered a loud cry and pointed seaward.

There was a huge wave right upon them.

"Back! Back, as you value your lives!" shouted Old King Brady. "Don't stop for the box!"

Before they could gain the end of the cave the wave was upon them.

Harry, holding Alice in his arms, drove his feet deep into the sand.

The water came up around their necks, and as they looked back, both Old King Brady and the Hindoo had vanished.

The wave retreated.

There was Old King Brady sprawling on the sand, clinging to the outer edge of the hole.

Ram Chunda was nowhere to be seen, nor was he ever seen again!

Of course there could be no doubt that he was carried out by the retreating wave.

But on the sand, rolling after the wave, they saw a small silver bell.

It was gone on the instant.

"Out of this horrible death-trap, quick!" cried Old King Brady, scrambling to his feet. "It is heaven's mercy that I did not meet with that man's fate!"

They ran for their lives, for they saw another big wave coming.

The box had vanished, and its precious contents with it.

Alice picked up two rubies out of the sand as she ran, and Harry got three diamonds, one of which was of considerable size and was afterwards sold for sixteen hundred dollars.

They managed to escape a second ducking and, reaching a place of safety, spent some time watching, in the hope of seeing the Hindoo.

But they never saw him!

It was back to Boston then.

They went to 9 Qualters Court to report Ram Chunda's fate to Sutlej.

To their surprise they found the rooms vacant.

That evening there was a double murder reported in the Boston papers.

It had occurred at the Braeburn Hotel the night before.

Dr. Birdbank, of sanitarium fame, was found dead on the floor of his room, with a bullet in his side near the heart.

Lying near the door was a man with a bandage around his head and black marks about the throat. He had evidently been strangled by the doctor. In his hand he clutched a revolver.

The man was quite dead, and from papers found upon him it was learned that he was Joe Mosback, formerly secretary for Senator Harding.

And thus ended one of the most peculiar cases which the Bradys ever undertook.

Certainly Ram Chunda's prediction came true, as far as Dr. Birdbank was concerned.

Equally true was it in his own case.

But the death bell?

There are those living to-day—Englishmen, hard-headed and sensible—who will tell you that such things are very common in India.

But this tells nothing.

Certainly it does not explain the mystery of The Bradys and the Death Bell.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS IN THE DOYERS STREET DEN; or, A CURIOUS CHINESE CASE," which will be the next number (556) of "Secret Service."

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**ITEMS WORTH READING.**

The jewelers of Melbourne rent engagement-rings to their patrons. They are usually returned about a month after marriage.

Most of the coffins used in Vienna are made of zinc. The more expensive coffins are made of copper, costing from \$2,500 to \$5,000.

King Edward of England has a fad for the collection of walking-sticks, and has already more than two thousand. He prizes most the stick always used by Queen Victoria, made from a branch of the Boscobel Oak, amid the greenery of which King Charles II hid himself after the battle of Worcester, while endeavoring to escape from the Cromwellian soldiers.

A lady in Lancaster, Pa., who leaped upward to hang an article of clothing upon a hook fixed on a rail on the wall of her kitchen, caught a ring on one of her fingers in the hook and hung there, her feet not touching the floor. Her cries brought assistance, and she was released, painfully wrenched, but not seriously harmed.

It is now proposed to deliver milk to customers frozen. This is really nothing new, as that is the way it is commonly handled in Siberia in winter. You buy milk there in chunks, frozen round a stick which serves as a handle. Mothers don't say to their children: "Take care and don't spill the milk," but "Take care and don't break the milk," for a chunk of it dropped on the hard, frozen ground will break into a thousand pieces.

On July 6, 1909, the United States Reclamation Service announced that the headings had met in the great Gunnison tunnel, which the government is building in western Colorado to carry the water of the Gunnison river into the Uncompahgre Valley, where it will be used for irrigation. The tunnel, which will be cement-lined throughout, and will have a finished cross-section of 10 1-2 by 11 1-2 feet, will be the largest underground waterway in the world. It is six miles in length, and will carry thirteen hundred cubic feet of water per second. Its cost will be over \$2,500,000.

In Tasmania is to be found a national pastime that is special and particular to that State alone—the sport of wood-chopping. It says much for the grit and vigor of Tasmanians that this really serious and arduous work should be regarded

as the finest sport. At Hobart and Launceston they have their turf meetings, their cricket, football, golf, cycling, and so forth, but to a wood-chopping contest people will flock from far and near—men, women, and children—and watch the axe-wielders hewing away at huge blocks of timber as if life and reputation depended upon the issue. Thud, thud, thud go the axes, and the spinters fly in all directions, the judges calmly sitting near taking notes of the strokes, the spectators cheering the competitors from time to time as frantically as if they were race horses. To be a wood chopping champion means something to a man in Tasmania.

It is reported that the Nimrod, the stout little ship that carried Lieutenant Shackleton and his men to Antarctica, has accepted a commission that will lengthen her homeward voyage a few weeks. She is going to search for some missing islands. They are on the map, but whether they are actually in existence is very doubtful. A group bearing her own name—the Nimrods—was searched for in 1851, and could not be found. Another, the Emerald, has not been seen since 1841, when it was described as possessing "lofty, high-peaked mountains." "Dougherty Island" has not been sighted for half a century.

**WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.**

Tom—Why don't you call on Miss Pompus? Dick—Too cold. Tom—Nonsense! The weather has nothing to do with— Dick—You misunderstand me. I mean she invited me not to.

Bill, the Bum—Ever have a roll that would choke an elephant, Bo? Hank, the Hobo—Muh boy, one day I got a roll from a cookin' academy dat would choke a furnace!

"What's this?" yelled the star. "Green snow? I won't stand for it." "You'll have to," retorted the manager. "White paper is so high that I told the property man to tear up a few stock certificates."

"So you are going to send your youngest boy to college?" "Yes," answered Farmer Cornfossil. "He's too big for me to handle in the woodshed, and I guess I'll have to have him bazed."

"These pianos look too cheap," said the young woman with the picture hat, her eyebrows contracting slightly. "Show me some of the best you've got." "Yes, ma'am," said the salesman. "May I ask how high you care to go?" "Me? Oh, I only go to G, but I want one with all the octaves just the same."

The lawyer told Mike Dolan, his client, that he had a good fighting case. Mike mused a minute and then said, tentatively: "Do you think it would do any good to send his honor a couple o' ducks?" "No, no!" replied the lawyer; "I know him too well. If you did that he would decide the case against you, sure as fate." Two days afterward the case was heard, and Mike won it out and out. So he called on his lawyer, and in the course of settling up affairs remarked: "Well, you see, sir, it was just as well I sent his honor those ducks." "What!" exclaimed the astonished counsel; "you sent the ducks after what I said?" "Yes, I did," replied Mike; "only, after what you told me, I thought it just as well to send them from the man on the other side."

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

Five years ago I was subordinate mail agent on the Great Southern Railway. I use the term "Great Southern" advisedly, since I have no intention of locating my story, and if you look on your railway maps for the name of any of the towns mentioned herein, your quest will doubtless be a vain one.

Axtell was the agent, and I acted under his orders. We ran only on the night express.

One foggy November night, as we slacked up for water at Rowley station, Axtell said to me:

"I shall have to give you the charge to-night, Gregory. I am off to Pelham. Little engagement, you know."

He laughed and so did I, for his sweetheart lived at Pelham, and from the unusual redundancy of Axtell's necktie I had little difficulty in concluding that he was going to visit Kate Vernon. And as I had my own dear Helen on board the train then, traveling to Fairbridge under my escort, of course I had a fellow feeling with Axtell, and was quite ready to accommodate him.

It was just falling dusky, and promised to be a dark night. There was a cold mist in the air, and an east wind growled sullenly through the pine woodlands lying back of Rowley station.

"I wish you joy of your ride this nasty night," said I, as he moved off, and pocketing the key of the mail-car, which he gave me with the remark:

"I've left the car unlocked, with Joe to stand guard. You'd better hurry up."

He sprang to the platform, for the train was already getting under headway. As we were moving off, Harker, the telegrapher at Rowley station, came hurrying up with a slip of paper in his hand.

"Hello, Gregory," said he breathlessly, "be good enough to give this to Johnstone. Telegram just came down from Derby Junction. Important!"

I caught the last words without seeing the speaker, for we were leaving Rowley behind in the gloom.

I thrust the paper into my pocket and hurried off to relieve Joe, a sleepy-headed fellow, who acted as brakeman, stoker, lamplighter, porter, or whatever he might be required for.

I wanted to put the mail-car under lock and key the first thing, and I felt a little vexed with Axtell for his carelessness in leaving it unlocked; but for that I could have spent a cozy ten minutes by the side of Helen before it was time to change the mail at Burkesville.

It was not like Axtell to be careless, but he was so deep in love with dashing Kate Vernon that at times his head was not quite level.

I found Joe, as I had expected I should, fast asleep, and snoring almost as loud as the puffing of the locomotive. I sent him about his business and entered the car to see if all was right, pulling the door to after me.

I heard it lock as it closed, for it had a spring lock—one of the devil's own inventions.

"Never mind, I said to myself—I had the key, and was safe enough.

I opened the bags of letters and papers, sorted out the parcels for Burkesville and placed them in their appropriate bag. We merely left the mail at Burkesville—it was thrown off without stopping—generally the train made no very perceptible slackening there. And as we were a little behind time that night, of course there would be no lessening of the speed, and I must be ready to throw off the bag promptly. I took up the bag and applied the key to the door of the car.

Goodness gracious! It was in no respect like the key which

fitted that complicated lock. I looked at it more carefully, and saw that it was nothing but a common trunk key. Axtell had made a fearful mistake. I was a prisoner; and the worst of it was, there could be no escape for me until the train reached Fairbridge. No one but myself and Axtell ever came near the mail car.

And here we were, rushing along at the rate of forty miles an hour, with a noise like the thunders of Niagara, and I felt, without making any attempt at realizing the fact, that all the voice in my lungs would never penetrate beyond the walls of that strongly-built car.

Like lightning we whizzed past Burkesville. Through the narrow slit which answered for a window I saw the station-master in the attitude of expectancy gazing after us, but we were miles away, probably, before the disappointed man got his mouth closed from the gape of anticipation with which he regarded the train.

I was angry, and must confess that I swore a little, though as there was no one present to hear me, it did not create any great sensation. My chief cause of chagrin lay in the fact that I could not reach Helen, and that she would, doubtless, be very much hurt, and perhaps angry, at what she might think savored of neglect.

I examined the car doors, and battered against them with a settee, but I might as well have attempted to break the walls of the Bastille.

There were three luggage vans between me and the engine, and two second-class cars, containing no passengers, between me and the coaches. The bell-rope leading to the engineer's box ran through the attic of the mail car, and was not accessible from the compartment in which I then was.

"Well," I said, disconsolately enough, after reviewing the situation, "there is nothing to do but grin and bear it."

Suddenly I bethought myself of the telegram for the conductor. Strange that I had so long forgotten it. I unfolded it with a cold shudder of apprehension. There were only a few words, and the import of these was dread enough. With a swimming brain and half blinded sight I read the two sentences:

"Slacken the train at Derby Junction. Alder Run Bridge is down!"

Great Scott! A cold shudder shook me from head to foot. I leaned against the side of the car for support; while, like lightning, thought was busy in calculating what would be the result.

We were running at a great rate of speed. It would be difficult to bring the train to a halt suddenly, and here was I—the only person on board who knew of the danger which threatened—shut up in this vile car, helpless and powerless to give the alarm.

I climbed to the window and looked out. It was as dark as Erebus, but I managed to make out the lights of Stratford whizzing past, and I knew that we were forty-five miles from Derby Junction.

Alder Run was a half mile or so beyond Derby, a rocky-bottomed gulch, through which ran a noisy stream, and this stream, at present, was swollen by the recent heavy rains until it was quite a formidable river.

I had spoken to Axtell about the extraordinary height of the waters when we passed the night before.

The bridge was a narrow pile, single track, and full twenty-five feet from the water.

I ran all this over in my mind, and knew that if we plunged into that stony gulch, running at our present rate of speed, there would be very few of us left to tell the tale.

What could I do? Nothing within my power was left undone. I shouted from the window until my voice failed from very exhaustion; I thundered against the doors until my

hands were bruised and bleeding, and the settee—the one instrument I had to work with—lay in fragments at my feet. And all this time we were dashing forward to our fate. To my excited imagination it seemed as if our speed was swiftly increasing—we no longer touched the earth—we flew!

Suddenly a thought struck me, and I was desperate enough to do anything. I felt I should go mad, if I could not act.

I would fire the car! The flames would be seen—they would stop the train, and I would pray that I might retain my life until I could tell them the jeopardy we were in—the danger which lay just ahead!

Without a scruple I tore open the mail bag containing the newspapers, and piled them up in a corner of the car.

I laid everything combustible at my command on the pile, and applied the match. It blazed up bravely, and so excited was I that I danced before the fire I had kindled like a madman. The car became insufferably hot; I was obliged to put my head out of the window to breathe, and my clothes were beginning to crisp and shrivel in the intense heat. Already my face was blistered, and it seemed as if every drop of moisture in my body was dried up.

Minutes seemed hours, and my impatience became so unbearable that I seized a kerosene lamp and flung it into the midst of the flames!

The car rocked as if in the breath of a whirlwind. I was hurled violently backwards against the door, and a long spire of lurid flame shot through the roof, and seemed to wrap the whole in its fiery embrace.

And simultaneously I heard the sharp whistle of the locomotive to "down brakes," and I knew that my signal had been seen. The speed slackened; a few moments more, and the train was at a standstill, and the roar of Alder Run could be distinctly heard.

We were within fifteen rods of destruction!

I had just strength enough left to put the telegram in the hand of the first man who approached me, and then I fainted dead away. I was very badly burned, and the physicians say that only Helen's faithful nursing saved my life.

As it was I got sadly scarred and disfigured, but Helen bravely sticks to it that I am handsomer than ever in her eyes; and, truth to tell, I care more for her judgment than that of every other woman in the world!

The owners were pleased to consider my conduct heroic, and raised my salary, so that Helen and I were married as soon as I was able to be about; but I have in my black locks more than one thread of white which appeared there that night the bridge at Alder Run was down.

### NOT THE FIRST OF ITS KIND.

"Come with me, Clark," said the super, "and we'll investigate together a murder up in Twenty-ninth street. The facts of the case, as well as I could learn, are these: The family consists of Jasper Carew and his two sons, William Carew and John Mortimer, the latter being the son of a widow whom the old man married about two years after the death of his first wife, and who, oddly enough, was murdered just seven years ago. As I say, the family consists of the old man, his son, and stepson; their wants in the household are looked after by an old woman housekeeper. This morning the housekeeper found John Mortimer, the stepson, dead in his bed."

In half an hour we were at the house, and were admitted. Into the bedroom we went, and there we found the corpse on the bed. As I looked at the body the sound of a sob struck on my ear. There was much of sorrow in the sound, and I turned around towards the point from whence it came.

There sat a young woman with her head bowed, the tears trickling through her fingers, as she bent low at the foot of

the bed. As I looked at her she lifted a sorrowful pair of eyes to mine, and said:

"I'm not vindictive, sir; that is, not usually, but, sir, I loved that young man, and I know that we would have had one another. With his death all the joy has gone out of my life, and I would give all I am worth to know who killed him, and to see them justly punished."

Here she bowed her head, and burst into a violent fit of weeping. At that moment I glanced towards the open door, and beheld the old housekeeper with her finger on her lips, beckoning to me. I walked past her into the hall, and she came up to me.

"That is Clara Clifton," she said. "They both wanted her." "Both! What do you mean?"

"His stepbrother. I heard words between the two young men about Clara. I heard the old man's son say to the poor one that's dead: 'She was mine before she saw you, and you shall not prevent me having her.'"

"Ah!" said I. "Anything else?"

"That's all I heard," she said. "Now, I've got this to give you. The dog brought it to the kitchen door an hour ago, and was trying to lick the blood from it when I took it from him."

And she handed me a short, broad, pink, stained with blood that had dried on the blade. In my mind things were beginning to assume a tangible form. As I placed the knife in one of my inner pockets a young man came along the hallway.

"Who is that?" I whispered to the housekeeper.

"That is William Carew, the old man's son, and the one who uttered those words," said the old woman. "He is a beastly-tempered young man, drinks heavily, and will quarrel with all in the house."

The young man passed down the stairs, and I ordered the woman to lead me to his room. She did so, and I at once began overhauling things. In the bottom of a trunk I found what I sought, the leathern sheath to the short dirk knife.

I was now convinced of the young fellow's guilt; with the knife and sheath safe in my pocket I descended the stairs, and told the chief all.

"Without doubt he is guilty," said the super, in confident tones. "The case is just as clear as can be. Let's clap the irons on him and haul him away."

The housekeeper went downstairs and told William Carew that he was wanted. He came up and I seized him at once.

"Young man," said I, "you swore yesterday to your brother that he should not prevent you having Miss Clifton, and you have kept part of your oath, for you placed him beyond the power of interference; but your crime is discovered, and the law will avenge his cowardly murder. You are my prisoner."

"I am innocent," he said.

He began a furious struggle with me, but the chief joined in, and together we soon placed him on his back, handcuffed him, and dragged him away.

The facts of the case as discovered appeared in the evening papers, and the general opinion of the public was that William had murdered his brother in a fit of jealous rage.

The coroner's jury found a true bill against William Carew, and he was committed for trial, a black one for him, it seemed, when, a week after the murder, the old man, Jasper Carew, committed suicide, and left to the world this confession:

"My son, William Carew, is innocent of the murder of his half-brother, John Mortimer. It was I who stabbed the young man in his sleep.—Jasper Carew."

"Well," said I to the super, as we saw young Carew walk out of prison, free, "circumstances came very near causing a terrible blunder."

"And," said he, "it would not have been The First of its Kind."

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