

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post-Office, March 1, 1890, by Frank Tousey.

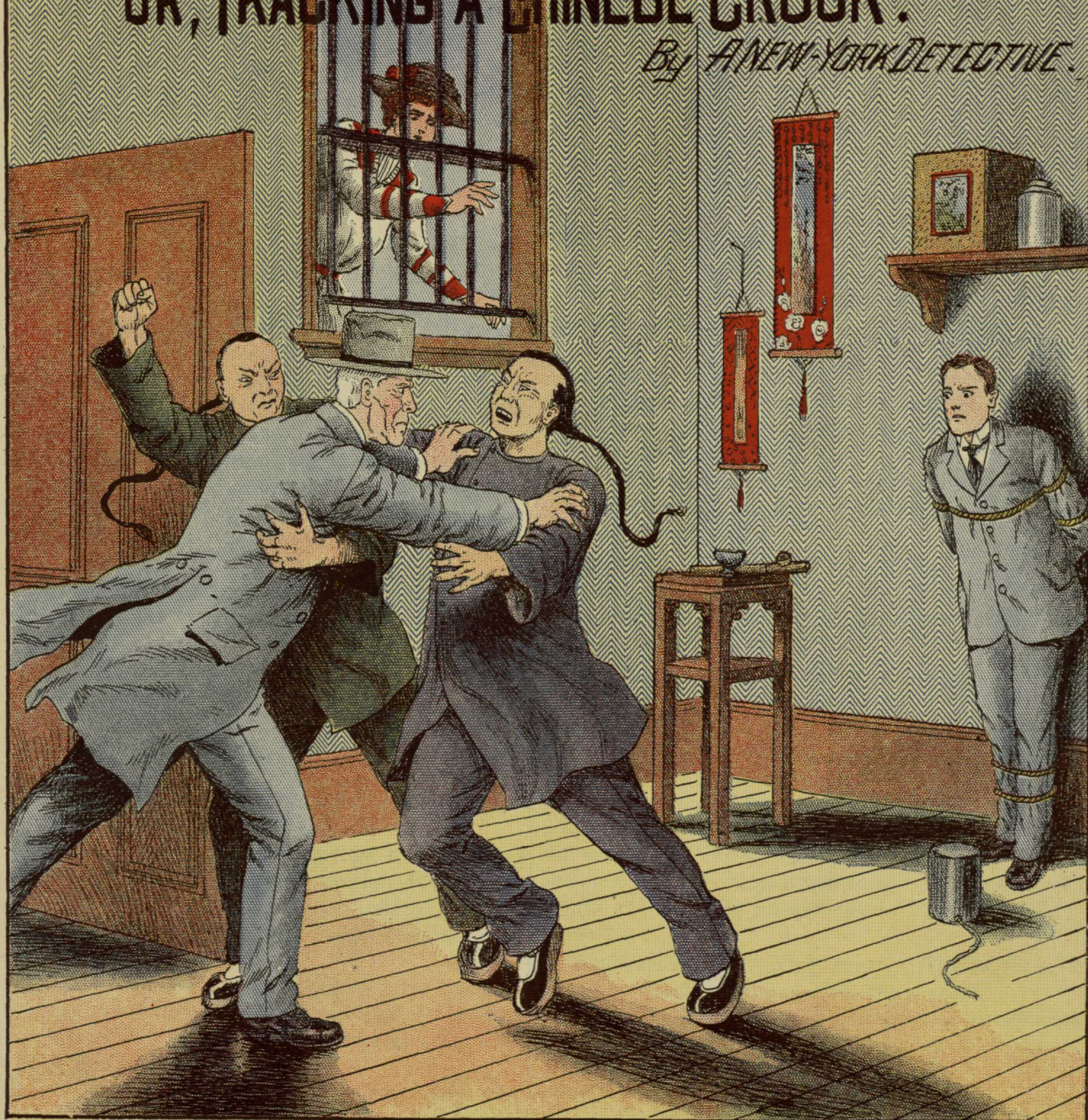
No. 560.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND "JOSS HOUSE JIM"; OR, TRACKING A CHINESE CROOK.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



Alice peered in at the window. There stood Harry, bound hand and foot, and tied up against the wall. Old King Brady was having a hot struggle with a Chinaman. Another was trying to grab the old detective.



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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE CHIEF CALLS WITH A CASE.

With this story, instead of beginning at the beginning, we propose to begin with what properly should be the second chapter.

This, that the motive of it may be made plain.

For this is not a case which carried with it a mysterious plot.

On the contrary, the joss house robbery was fully explained to the Bradys when they first took up the matter at the order of the United States Secret Service Bureau.

What mystery there is attached to the story came through doings of the Chinese priests, a class of men little known, and not at all understood in this country.

By the few who do understand them, these men are known to possess secrets entirely beyond the knowledge of their Western brethren.

Some like to term these things "occult" mysteries.

Actually there is no such thing as the occult or supernatural.

It is simply that one class of men understand the workings of certain laws of chemistry, or mechanics, which to other classes are sealed books.

Tell a savage that you can talk to a man a thousand miles away over a wire, and he will call you a liar.

Prove it to him, and he will call you a magician.

Our modern chemists know much, but they don't know it all, and there are Chinese chemists who pose as priests who know things which the most learned of our chemists have yet to acquire.

Yet to the outside world a Chinaman is simply a Chinaman, and consequently an inferior being as to intelligence. Therein lies a great mistake.

Such was the line of talk which Miss Alice Montgomery was putting up to the chief of the United States Secret Service Bureau one afternoon in October, 190—, at the offices of the Brady Detective Bureau, on Union Square, New York.

It was an unusual thing for the chief to come on from Washington to confer with the Bradys in this case.

When Alice got his card, she regretted that Old King Brady was not there to receive him, for she felt that there must be something important in the wind.

But neither of the Bradys were in just then, although both were expected shortly.

Alice took the chief into her private office and laid herself out to entertain him as best she could, for she perceived that he had no idea of starting his business until Old King Brady arrived.

The chief immediately began talking about Alice's very remarkable accomplishment, her knowledge of the Chinese language.

"Do you find you are forgetting your Chinese at all, Miss Montgomery?" he asked.

"I have very little chance to forget it, we have so many Chinese cases," replied Alice.

"I understand you speak the language most accurately."

"I get along very well with the Cantonese dialect, and can understand several others. There are as many different languages spoken in China as there are in Europe, you know."

"So I have heard; but most of the Chinese who come here speak Cantonese, do they not?"

"All of them practically."

Then the conversation drifted into the lines mentioned, as to what Chinese knew and what they lacked.

Alice was giving the chief a little insight into the matter when the Bradys entered.

Old King Brady was attired in his usual quaint costume, the long blue coat with brass buttons, the old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and the big white felt hat with its remarkably broad brim.

The chief got down to business as soon as the first greetings had been exchanged.

"I suppose you are wondering what brought me over here, Brady," he said. "The fact is, I have been forced to take up a case for the Chinese Minister. It is one which properly belongs to the San Francisco police. Why they should bother us with it is more than I can understand. However, my orders are peremptory. They include an order that the Brady Detective Bureau be put on the job, so here I am."

Old King Brady removed his big hat and sat down.

"Let us have the details," he said. "It must indeed be a matter of importance for the Minister to interest himself in it to such an extent."

"Yes; so it would seem. But I fail to grasp the situation fully. I'm afraid. It is all simple enough, though. Just a robbery in the new joss house in San Francisco. An ancient brass box containing certain Chinese papers was taken, and that seems to be the main thing the Minister wants recovered. There was also another box with a few diamonds, perhaps six thousand in cash, and some odds and ends in the way of idols taken. This is wanted, too, but the papers are the principal thing. It's a matter of a \$10,000 reward, to be privately paid. This between ourselves."

"Ha!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "The papers must indeed be valuable. Any idea what they are?"

"None. I asked the Chinese minister, and his reply was that I wouldn't understand if he told me, so, of course, there was no more to be said."

"Of course. What kind of papers do they keep in joss houses, Alice?"

"In some of the great temples in China they have books

and scrolls thousands of years old," replied Alice. "As I was telling the chief, they relate to history, theology, chemistry and other sciences as understood by the Chinese. Some of these records are on pieces of lacquered wood; others are on square sticks, others still on metal tablets and pieces of baked clay. The last are the oldest of all."

The minister said nothing about any such things as those," continued the chief. "He spoke only of papers."

"Perhaps they are the records of the old Jackson street joss house," put in Young King Brady. "They had a room downstairs full of queer idols, scrolls and wooden slabs, such as Alice described. I was in it once. But maybe all those things were destroyed by the fire."

"None of them were," said Old King Brady. "I was told positively that the Jackson street priests got everything out safely. But what are the details of this robbery, chief?"

"There is just where we fall down," replied the chief. "There are no details. The minister could not give me the slightest clew to the thief. The robbery is a complete mystery."

"Interesting. When was it pulled off?"

"About two weeks ago."

"And are we supposed to go out to California on a wild goose chase like that? It seems too absurd."

"Wait. You don't have to go to California. It appears that the minister has private information that some of those papers have been offered for sale here in New York."

"Ha! That alters the case. Who by? Who to?"

"That we don't get. The information came to the minister in the form of an anonymous letter. No details were given. The writer simply stated the fact."

"All very satisfactory. Was the letter in Chinese?"

"I so understand."

"Why does he place so much dependence upon it if it was anonymous?"

"Because it has on it a secret character which showed that the writer was a member of a Chinese secret society to which the minister belongs. This he regards as an absolute guarantee of its truth."

"And that is as far as we go?"

"That's as far as we go. There is nothing else. I had to promise to come here and confer with you personally, and here I am. Now then it is up to you to say how the case shall be handled."

"Oh, we will take it up and see what can be done," replied Old King Brady, "but really I am very doubtful as to success. But hold on a minute. An idea strikes me. Harry, get me volume 28; also volume 10."

This referred to the really wonderful scrap books the Brady Detective Bureau keeps.

Old King Brady has kept these books up for years. They carry between their covers some thousands of newspaper clippings, relating to criminal cases, together with hundreds of photographs of crooks and queer people of all sorts.

To this wonderful collection volume 28 is the index, and it has been most carefully repared by an expert.

Harry brought the volume, and Old King Brady opened it at the letter C.

"Here we have a list of Chinese crooks," he said. "Of

course it is imperfect, but at the same time it has been prepared with considerable care. Just wait a second. I'll see what we can find here."

Old King Brady ran his finger down the page.

"Ha! Here we have what I had in mind," he said.

"Let us look in volume 10."

"Jim Hip Long, known to the Chinese as 'Joss House Jim,'" he continued reading from the other book. "Was originally a joss house priest in China. Arrested out there and convicted of robbing joss houses. Escaped. Robbed other joss houses. Disappeared from Hankow in 1900. Arrested in San Francisco same year for attempting to rob the Jackson street joss house. Having no certificate, was deported. Escaped at Honolulu. Photo posted at all consulates in America, 1901. Speaks English. Native of Hong Kong.

"And here is the photo," he added. "Luckily I happened to think of this. The Chinese consul here had a copy made expressly for me. Thought I was so much in Chinatown that I might run across the man, but I never did."

All hands leaned over Old King Brady's shoulder to examine the photograph.

It represented a decidedly stylish looking young Chink in very English dress.

"See anything peculiar about that face, chief?" Old King Brady asked.

"No peculiar mark, if that is what you mean," was the reply.

"Take this glass and study it carefully."

"Has a facial mark been mentioned?"

"Yes."

"Then it is up to me to find it. The picture is very distinct."

"Excellent. You see it, Harry?"

"Certainly," replied Young King Brady.

"So do I," added Alice.

"Good for you," put in the chief. "I must find it or write myself down a poor detective. Ha! I have it. A spot under the right eye."

"Yes, a mole with a few hairs growing over it."

"But that may since have been removed."

"Indeed, yes, but the removal would leave its scar." They were thus conversing when a clerk looked in on them.

"There is an old Chinaman who wants to see you, Mr. Brady," he announced.

"Ha!" exclaimed the old detective. "A Chinaman, eh? The Chinks seem to be very much in evidence today. Did you tell him I was busy?"

"Yes, sir. But he persisted. Said his business was very important. He can't talk English. He showed a slip of paper with English written on it."

"Let him come in," said the chief.

"Just what I was about to do," replied Old King Brady.

"These Chinks are mighty slick articles. It may be that the joss house thief has got wind of your visit."

"It seems incredible, for I have mentioned the object of my visit to no one."

"Show the man into my office," said Old King Brady. They were sitting in Alice's office at the time.

Old King Brady arose and passed out into his own,

which is the one furthest from the street and immediately adjoining the public offices of the bureau.

The others went into the middle office of the suite, which is Harry's.

Here through the open door they could hear all that passed.

And into Old King Brady's office a Chinaman came shuffling.

He looked like a man of sixty at least.

His pigtail was white and tied up under his hat.

A thin gray mustache showed him to have surely passed the half century mark, for then the Chinese allow the mustache to grow, and never before.

He was in native costume, and he walked like a man well on in years.

Now all this was very fine—beautifully done, in fact.

The make-up of the man would have deceived any ordinary person.

But it did not deceive Old King Brady.

For he saw that the eyes were those of a younger man; he saw that the white eyebrows were false, and the mustache also.

And something else he saw which settled the matter. Underneath the right eye was a peculiar scar.

It looked as if a piece of flesh had been dug out of the Chinaman's cheek at some time, although the wound had long ago healed.

All this the old detective took in at one glance.

But that glance was enough to arouse his suspicion.

"As sure as I am sitting in this chair," he said to himself, "this man is Joss House Jim."

## CHAPTER II.

### A BOY WITH AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Walter Browning was a boy born to bad luck.

At least so he felt himself, and he had good reason for thinking so.

For it was a matter of record that not one year of the eighteen which the lad had lived had passed without bringing to him some accident or reverse.

Walter's father died in the third year of the boy's existence, and since then it had been a case of a widowed mother struggling hard to bring up her only child.

Twice Walter had been almost drowned; and he had been hung by his playmates and cut down barely in time to save his life.

Three times he had been in houses which had burned and—but why enlarge.

We could go on with a long list of accidents.

Sufficient to say this sort of thing got to be a continuous performance in Walter's case.

But Mrs. Browning, far from considering her son unlucky, always declared that he was the luckiest boy in the world.

For something was forever happening to him, and yet somehow or another he always managed to escape.

The year of our story nothing particularly unfortunate

happened to Walter up to about the time of which we write.

The boy therefore felt that some accident was about due when it got along into October, and it worried him not a little.

He could not help wondering what his next mishap was going to be.

But when he went on that western trip for the concern he was working for, the Dewson & Duffitt Company, dealers in building paper, and utterly failed to send in orders to a concern which saw fit to hold its prices ten per cent. above the market, Walter felt that his unlucky day that year would prove to be the day of his return when he fully expected to "get fired," as he expressed it.

"It was a fool business anyway, sending that boy on the road," Duffitt declared to the bookkeeper, "but Dewson would have it. I'll bounce him as soon as he gets in."

Thus it would seem that Walter might be right.

But it was not so.

This year there was to be a railroad collision and general smashup and other things.

It took place after midnight just east of Utica, on the New York Central road.

It is hardly necessary to go into details.

It was a case of an underpaid, overworked towerman, a head-on collision, the destruction of many lives and thousands of dollars worth of property.

One of those situations which railroad companies seem to prefer to paying living wages to proper men to have their signals properly displayed.

But Walter escaped again, and that without a scratch, when almost everyone in the overturned Pullman sleeper was either killed or maimed.

Just how he got out the boy hardly knew, but get out he did, and rendered good services in helping to rescue others.

Among those he assisted in carrying over to the grassy stretch where the dead and wounded were laid, was a tough looking young man who had occupied the same section with himself, and with whom he had had some conversation the day before.

Walter had not asked the man's name.

He did not like his looks. He regarded him as a "sport."

The man must have taken particular note of him, however, for he whispered to Walter while they were carrying him, the boy having hold of his shoulders, "Say, I want to speak to you. Hang back, will yer? It will pay."

"I've got to keep on working," replied Walter, "but I'll come to you again after everybody is out."

"Don't delay long den," moaned the sufferer. "Bote me legs is broke, an' say, I'll croak before you can get to me. Mind what I'm a-tellin' yer. It'll pay."

They laid him down, and Walter continued his rescue work.

But the memory of this appeal clung to him.

Walter got back as soon as he could.

A doctor who had been on the train had just completed an examination of the man.

The young tough was desirous of knowing the worst.

"Say, Doc, am I a goner?" he demanded. "Don't hold notin' back on me now. I know I'm blame hard hit."

"Then you know the truth," replied the doctor, with brutal bluntness. "I'll give you ten minutes, my friend. You may be out of this world in five."

"Den chase yerself! Beat it!" flashed the sufferer. "Dis kid is me side pardner. I've got private tings to say to him."

Such was the dying man's dialect.

If Walter Browning had found him dying in Kam-schatka he would have known that the fellow's home port was surely New York.

Naturally he wondered what such a character could possibly have to say to him.

The dying tough lost not an instant in getting down to business.

"Kneel down here beside me, boy," he said.

Walter obeyed.

"What's yer name?"

"Walter Browning."

"My name is Dooley. Yer live in New York?"

"In Brooklyn."

"What yer doing here?"

"I'm on the road for Dewson & Duffitt, of Maiden lane, selling building paper."

"Right. Dey wouldn't trust you unless dey knowed you was some good. Will you do someting for a dying man?"

"Anything I can do. Yes."

"Den, say, run yer hand up under me shoit, dere's two belts dere next to me skin, if dat blame sawbones hain't swiped 'em. Quick! Dat's it. Dat's de foist one. Is it loose? I can't feel noting at all. I'm paralyzed."

"No."

"Get it off den. It's hitched behind. Turn me over. Yer can't hurt me now! Oh, gee! Be quick!"

Walter got the belt.

"Now higher," said the tough. "Up under me arms. Dere's anoder. It's fastened in de same way."

Walter got that, too.

The first belt was pretty heavy, but the second one was very light.

"Now listen. You open dat foist belt. It's only but-toned. Got it open?"

"Yes."

"What yer see right dere in de middle?"

"A bunch of yellowbacks."

"Right. Say, dere's five hundred dollars in dat wad. Dat's yourn to keep. You promise me to take dat belt to Maggie Dooley, No. — Bowery. Tell her, 'Bat's dead,' and tell her how I died. Give her dat foist belt, but don't say a word about de second won unless yer have ter—see?"

"All right. What about that?"

"Dis. After Mag gets troo trowin' fits and takin' on—twon't last long, boy—den you say to her, 'Bat says to me, his last words, dat you was to gimme Joss House Jim's address.' She'll do it, if you ketch her on de fly before she has a chanst to chew de rag wit anny of de gang. Den when yous has got de address, you go to Joss House Jim—he's a Chink, understand—an' you give him dat second belt and say to him dat I says dat, even dyin'. I wouldn't go back onto him, an' dat I give you five hun-

dred bones to deliver de belt, and if he wants to make it good to Mag, dere's his chanst. Say just dat—see?"

"All right. But what if he goes for me and tries to get the money away?"

"Aw say, yer won't be green enough to carry it wit you, I s'pose? Will yer do dis for a dying man, young feller? I'm trustin' you."

Walter's sympathies were moved, and he gave the promise.

Dooley started in to make him swear to it, but before Walter had time to do that the man gave a groan and died.

Such were the happenings at the time of the railroad wreck.

Walter strapped the two belts around him and looked up the doctor, reporting Dooley's death.

"What's his name and where does he live?" demanded the doctor.

Walter gave the name and address given him by the dying tough.

The doctor wrote it down in a book, with Walter's own name attached.

"Do you propose to look after the remains?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Walter. "I can't do that. I'm not much acquainted with the man."

The doctor appeared to be perfectly indifferent.

Nothing more was said, and Walter, glad to get away, soon afterwards joined a party of passengers who were about to walk to the nearest station to take a local train which would help them on their way.

They got it, and in due time the boy salesman got to New York.

He arrived in the early morning, and after getting breakfast at a restaurant he went to the store.

Here he had a prize package handed to him, just as he expected.

It was the bounce!

It did not break his heart.

He fully expected it.

And now he had full time given him to think of Bat Dooley's errand.

Walter was just an ordinary New York boy, and as shrewd as his kind usually are.

He had little doubt that the dead Dooley had been a bad Dooley.

Walter opened both belts.

In Mrs. Dooley's belt was nearly three thousand dollars, mostly in gold coin.

Walter thought that in all probability the money had been stolen.

But on the other hand it might not be so.

He felt that it was none of his business.

He didn't steal! He had no idea of beginning now by robbing Maggie Dooley, either.

As for the rest, he had struck luck for once, and to the tune of five hundred dollars, which he had no intention of giving up.

But the other belt Walter could not understand.

It was simply stuffed full of small sheets of brown paper with Chinese characters printed upon them.

All the sheets were the same size, and very thin.

They looked as if they might have been the leaves of a Chinese book.

There was nothing else in the belt.

It was hard to understand why a man like Bat Dooley should set so much store by these sheets, or to go to the trouble of strapping them around his body.

But again Walter reasoned that this was none of his business.

His mind was full of a scheme he had for getting into business on his own account.

The five hundred dollars given him by Bat Dooley for so slight a service seemed just to fill the bill.

So before going to the Bowery, Walter went to Wall street, where he deposited the money in the Seaman's Savings Bank.

The boy was thrifty, and he already had a small account there.

This done, Walter went to look up Maggie Dooley.

He failed to find her.

The room was locked.

It was on the top floor of an old building on the lower Bowery.

A woman in the next room told Walter that Mrs. Dooley had taken a job somewheres; that she was "woiking," and would not be back until night.

Thinking it a good way to avoid the fit part of the programme, Walter told the woman to say to her neighbor that Mr. Dooley had met his death in the upstate railroad accident, and that he would call at half-past-seven with some "things" which Dooley had given him to deliver to his wife.

This woman threw no fits.

All she said was:

"Good job if he is dead. Now Mag can get a man who will take care of her, which is more than he ever did."

Walter was not arguing the point, so he pulled out and went home to his mother, to whom he never said a word about the Dooley business.

For Mrs. Browning was a fretful, nervous woman, and Walter felt that there might arise some disagreement upon the propriety of his keeping the five hundred dollars.

Night saw the boy again on the Bowery.

Once more he climbed those dark, dirty stairs to the top floor.

And this time he struck Maggie Dooley.

She was a little woman, and looked as if she might be in consumption.

Evidently she had been crying, but there were no fits thrown.

Walter faithfully performed his errand, making no mention of the five hundred dollars.

The boy was not a saint. Neither was he a sinner. He just did what ninety-nine out of a hundred would have done.

Mrs. Dooley seemed not at all surprised to get the cash. She merely thanked Walter, and made no comments. This transaction settled, the boy sprung the Joss House Jim question on her.

Mrs. Dooley went "up in the air" at once.

What did she know about the "dirty Chink"?

Bat must have been "off his nut" when he thought she did. Why did Walter want to know, anyhow?

Then Walter had to explain about the other belt.

Mrs. Dooley insisted on seeing it and examining its contents.

"Well, dere don't seem to be no money into it, annyhow," she said. "As for dem Chinee papers, what good are dey? If it was me I'd jest chuck 'em."

"No," said Walter. "I promised a dying man I'd deliver them, and I propose to do it. If you can't give me Joss House Jim's address, I shall have to do the best I can to find it for myself—that's all."

Mrs. Dooley sat silent for a few minutes.

Walter wished he could read her mind, but he could not gain an inkling.

Nor was it any wonder.

What do boys of eighteen know of the thoughts of a woman of thirty, and Maggie Dooley was all of that.

At last she got up and said:

"You come along with me, young feller. I'll take you to Joss House Jim. After all I s'pose I owe it to Bat, seein' how liberal he's used me. He's my husband, sure enough, but I hain't seen him in two years."

Walter followed her downstairs and around into Pell street.

Here Mrs. Dooley, who maintained perfect silence as they walked along, entered a dark doorway alongside a small Chinese restaurant well down on the left hand side of Pell street, just before you get to Mott.

Walter rather balked at the place, now that he came to see it.

He felt a horror of Chinatown.

He had also taken a distrust of Maggie Dooley, for the woman seemed cold and calculating.

"You are sure this is the right place?" he asked.

"Av coorse I am," retorted Maggie. "Do you tink I'd be after doin' yous up for a lot of old Chink papers? You must be a fool. Come on upstairs."

And Walter Browning followed Maggie Dooley in through that dark doorway.

Ten minutes later Maggie came out again.

But if anyone interested had been watching for Walter to emerge from that same doorway he or she might have waited and watched in vain.

Was this Walter's unlucky day?

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CHINESE VISITOR.

Old King Brady needed no time to study his Chinese visitor.

All that we have described about the man the old detective took in at one glance.

"Did you want to see me?" he demanded.

The Chinaman bowed low.

He fumbled in his pocket and took out a dirty scrap of paper upon which was scrawled:

"Want talk with white Chinee woman."

This he handed to Old King Brady.

Now if this was really Joss House Jim then it was all a bit of clever acting.

For the record in Old King Brady's book showed that the man spoke English fluently.

Old King Brady put the paper in his pocket for future reference and passed into Harry's office.

Here he wrote on a pad:

"This man I believe to be Joss House Jim in disguise."

Then aloud he said:

"Come, Alice, there is an old Chink inside who can't speak English. I want your help."

Alice went with him into the other room.

The Chinaman had taken a seat, but he arose and bowed politely to Alice.

Then they both sat down and went at it in Chinese.

Old King Brady waited patiently.

At length Alice turned to him and said:

"This man's name is Charley Long. He is interested in finding a young man named Walter Browning, an American, who disappeared in Chinatown one evening about a week ago. He says that this Browning boy was caught in that railroad accident on the New York Central, and that he received some papers of value from a man named Dooley, who lost his life in the wreck. The papers belong to Long, so he claims, and he wants to get them. They are in Chinese, and are of no value to anyone but himself."

All this, of course, Harry and the chief of the Secret Service Bureau heard.

They exchanged significant glances.

"Can these be the papers?" the chief whispered in Harry's ear.

But Young King Brady was talking now.

"Ask him who sent him here?" he was saying.

The conversation which followed was translated by Alice, be it understood.

"A friend of mine; you don't know him," was the answer.

"But he must have known us to know that we had this lady with us, who can speak Chinese."

"Everybody in Chinatown knows that."

"What are those papers about?"

"About doctoring sick people."

"Are you a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Do you live in New York?"

"I live all over."

"Where does this young Browning live?"

"In Brooklyn. But it is no use to go there. His people don't know where he is."

"Has he no place of business?"

"He worked for a man who sells paper on Maiden lane, but he was discharged from there."

"How are we to get trace of him if you can't tell us anything about the young man?"

"I don't know. That is detective business. I will pay well."

At this point the Chinaman produced a large roll of bills.

"Put up your money," ordered Old King Brady. "We want none of it until we have finished the case."

"Will you undertake the case?"

"Yes."

Charley Long seemed immensely pleased.

"But we must know more," said Old King Brady. "Who was the man who gave Browning the papers?"

Now right here Charley Long balked.

At first he said that he could not pronounce the name.

Old King Brady told him to write it.

Charley Long declared that he could not write that either.

Then when Old King Brady said that without the name he could not take the case Charley Long suddenly discovered that he could pronounce the name well enough.

That was the first time Old King Brady got Bat Dooley.

More than that, he was informed that Dooley's widow had been seen with Browning on Pell street.

◆ The mystery of the matter seemed to deepen in the eyes of the old detective now.

Satisfied that this man was actually Joss House Jim cleverly disguised, he could imagine no reason for his applying to white detectives for help to accomplish his purpose.

The Chinese attend to their own affairs. They have their own detectives and spies.

"Now, my friend, just what is it you expect me to do?" the old detective asked through Alice. "You must have had some idea in your head or you never would have come here. Where am I to start my work? Who do you think is holding this boy a prisoner? Let us have something definite."

The Chink looked decidedly puzzled by the time Alice had translated all this.

"I don't know," he replied. "I think you can get the boy and get me the papers. That is all. I can't tell you how to do your work."

Then Alice took matters in her own hands.

"I know what's the matter with you," she said. "You have been told by the joss sticks that Mr. Brady is going to find those papers, or else you dreamed it. Is it not so?"

"I dreamed it," replied the Chinaman. "You are right."

"Where did you dream he found them?"

"In a cellar."

"Did you dream how or where in the cellar?"

"No. I just dreamed that I saw Old King Brady in the cellar with the papers in his hand."

Alice repeated this in English.

"So," replied the old detective. "Now I understand. Ask him for his address, and the Dooley woman's address, and tell him we will see what we can do."

This seemed to set wrong with Charley Long.

As for his own address, he said that he was stopping with friends sometimes one place and sometimes another. As for Mrs. Dooley, he did not know where she lived now, but she used to have a room on the top floor of No. — Bowery. He added that he would call in every day to see how the case progressed, if Old King Brady would take it up.

"Tell him to wait," said Old King Brady, and he passed into Harry's office and closed the door.

"You have been taking in all that?" he asked.



"Every word," replied Harry.

"And all the more so since the man is unquestionably Joss House Jim in disguise."

"Is that really so?" exclaimed Harry.

"I am satisfied of it. Now you follow him, Harry. Make a disguise quick."

"I think Alice better go with me, Governor."

"I have no objection. But how to hold the man while she disguises without exciting his suspicions?"

"Then let her follow me. Tell her to look out for me in Chinatown."

"What a peculiar turn of affairs," remarked the chief as Harry went to the Bradys' costume room across the hall.

"It is, indeed," replied the old detective.

"Isn't it possible that the man may have the papers, and that this is merely a game to trap you?"

"Quite possible, but I can't see the motive. However, it is a decided lead in your case, so I propose to take right hold and work it for what it is worth."

Harry was back in a minute.

"Ready," he said.

"Quick work," exclaimed the chief. "Your disguise is excellent, young man."

Then Old King Brady dismissed Charley Long, and Harry went on the shadow.

Alice was after him in no time, made up in the style of the women who frequent Chinatown.

Old King Brady went on the job, too.

Getting rid of the chief, he made all haste in getting to the lower Bowery, where he visited the same house in which Walter Browning had found Maggie Dooley.

He was successful enough in a way, for he learned that a Mrs. Maggie Dooley had a room there, to which she had not been in a week.

The woman in the front room told him that Mrs. Dooley's husband had been killed in the railroad accident; that his wife had not seen him in two years; that a young white man, or rather a boy, had called to tell her this and to deliver some things which the dead man had placed in his charge, but Mrs. Dooley was out when he came; that he went away, promising to come again, but whether he kept his promise or not the woman could not tell; at all events she had not seen Mrs. Dooley since.

All of which went to confirm the story of "Charley Long."

"Look here, what is your name?" Old King Brady asked the woman when she announced that she had no more to tell.

"Well, it's Mrs. France," was the reply. "But who are you, anyway?"

Old King Brady showed his shield.

"Mrs. Dooley is missing," he said, "and I'm trying to find her. Do you think she has gone upstate to look after her husband's remains?"

"No, I don't. If you ask me, I tell you plain, I don't think she'd stir a peg. More likely she has gone and married a Chink."

"Ha! Some Chinaman was paying attention to her?"

"Two. Dooley was mixed up with Chinks, so she said."

"In what way? Was the man a crook?"

"I don't know. Shouldn't wonder. She never told me so, though. I didn't know the man."

"Did she ever say she intended to marry a Chinaman in case her husband died?"

"Yes she did, more than once. She said if she had a Chink for a husband he'd make a good home for her instead of leaving her to shift for herself the way Dooley did."

And this was as far as Old King Brady was able to get with Mrs. France.

He now entered Mrs. Dooley's room by the aid of his skeleton keys.

Here he searched the woman's few belongings thoroughly, but before beginning he saw enough to satisfy him that someone had been ahead of him in the work.

But Old King Brady found something which confirmed Mrs. France's story.

Tucked away in the folds of an old waist in a drawer were the photographs of two Chinamen.

Both looked to be very much Americanized, and both were comparatively young.

But the interest to Old King Brady lay in the fact that one of the photographs certainly represented Joss House Jim.

Nothing else was discovered.

Old King Brady hoped to find out by what means the Dooley woman supported herself, but in this he fell down, and Mrs. France professed not to know.

"It looks as if the fellow had told a straight story," thought the old detective. "Probably he is or was in love with this woman. Chances are the other Chink was his rival. If Dooley was mixed up with Chinamen in race track business, opium smuggling or smuggling in Chinamen both these men may have been associated with him. I must show their pictures to Quong Lee."

Now Quong Lee is an old Chinaman who keeps an opium joint on Chatham Square, and a great friend of Old King Brady's.

To Quong Lee's place Old King Brady now went, and he was fortunate enough to find the old man in.

"Jim Hip Long," said old Quong as soon as he looked at the first picture Old King Brady handed him.

"Otherwise known as Joss House Jim?" asked the old detective.

"Yair. Dlat him, Blady. Him one big crook."

"And who is this?" demanded Old King Brady, showing the other picture.

Quong Lee gave a start, and an exclamation of surprise.

"Dlat man!" he cried. "What for you want dlat man?"

"Well! And who is he?" demanded the old detective.

But for once Quong Lee balked.

"Blady," he said, "me know dlat man, but me no must tell."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### DRUGS AND DREAMS.

Walter Browning had very little idea of what he was going up against when he followed Maggie Dooley upstairs into that Pell street house.

As we have stated already, there is no deep mystery in the working out of this story.

We propose to make things plain as we go along, and shall therefore state now that Maggie Dooley had as little idea of what the Chinese papers were about as Walter himself.

Deserted by her husband, who was a professional crook, a sneak thief, a "handshaker," a "strong arm man"—any old thing where he saw a dollar to be stolen—Maggie Dooley very naturally turned to Chinamen for sympathy, for the reason that Chinese crooks had been her husband's principal associates from the day she knew him and long before.

Joss House Jim was one of these.

The original of the second picture was another.

At first Maggie thought that if Bat ever died she would marry Jim Hip Long.

But the joss house crook had been away from New York for some time, and in the meanwhile Maggie took up with the other.

She believed him to be a crook, but she really knew very little about him except that he dressed well, wore diamonds, and always had plenty of money.

Truth told, Maggie had no idea where Joss House Jim was, so she thought she would take the papers around to Hop Chu, her other Chinese acquaintance, and let Walter go with her.

It would be up to Hop Chu to decide what to do.

Just this much Maggie Dooley had to do with the business, and nothing more.

Reaching the top floor of that Pell street house, Maggie knocked on the door.

Her summons was responded to by a young Chinaman, who received her smilingly, while he scowled at Walter.

"Hello, John," said Maggie. "Come out here in the hall. I want to talk to yer. An' say, young feller, you go on inside a minute if you want me to introduce you to Joss House Jim."

As there appeared to be nobody else in the room, Walter made no objection.

The room was well enough furnished in the Chinese style, which is plain at the best, and the boy amused himself by looking around at various odd curios on the mantelpiece and bureau.

In a minute the door opened and Maggie Dooley looked in. The Chinaman had disappeared.

"Say, boy," she exclaimed, "dat Chink has gone to fetch Jim. You wait a few minutes. Much obliged for what you've done for me. Another one would have swiped de hull business. I shan't forget. Good-night." She closed the door and went away.

Walter had a long wait, but this he did not mind. He wanted to be through with his mission, and not have to bother with it again.

At last the door opened, and the young Chinaman entered the room, accompanied by two others, both older than himself.

One was in American dress, while the other, who was a very thin and peculiar looking man, was attired as a Chinaman.

The first, looking Walter over curiously, said in perfect English:

"You are the boy Bat Dooley sent to me?"

"Yes, if you are the one he called Joss House Jim," replied Walter.

"I am. What's this you have got for me?"

"A belt with some Chinese papers in it."

"All right. Let me have them."

Feeling the utter impossibility of deciding whether he was dealing with the genuine Joss House Jim or not, Walter handed over the belt and started for the door.

Instantly the thin Chinaman stepped in front of him and locked the door, at the same time saying something in Chinese.

The other looked up quickly as he answered in the same language.

Both stared hard at Walter, and more talk was exchanged.

"What's the matter?" demanded the boy, growing alarmed. "What do you mean by locking me in here? I've given you the belt. I want to go home."

"Wait," said the supposed Jim, who we may as well state was Maggie Dooley's other Chinese admirer, Hop Chu.

"But why?" persisted Walter.

"Don't I want to see what's in this belt? You may have stolen some of the papers."

"What nonsense! What good would they be to me?"

"Say, you sit down and wait, and don't you make any more talk," was the answer, and it was spoken so threateningly that Walter thought it best to obey.

He dropped into the chair he had been sitting in, and the two Chinaman proceeded to examine the contents of the belt.

They squatted on the floor, spreading the papers out all around them.

They made three piles of them, and at last they came to one paper which called forth a prolonged discussion.

Both seemed to get highly excited, particularly the thin man.

He kept shaking his fist, but not at his companions.

He said the same thing over and over again, and more than once he pointed at Walter, all of which only served to increase the boy's alarm.

At last he bundled all the papers into the belt except the sheet in question, which he concealed in his blouse.

Getting up then, he passed into the other room.

"May I go now?" demanded Walter, rising.

"In just a minute," replied Hop Chu, blandly. "Just sit down for a minute. I want to reward you for bringing me this belt. My friend has gone for the money."

The boy believed him, for the tone in which this was said was most friendly.

His conscience began to smite him a little, too, for it will be seen that he had not carried out Bat Dooley's full instructions. Not a word had he said about the five hundred dollars, nor the suggestion that Joss House Jim was to pay a like sum to Maggie.

The truth is, Walter had been afraid to go in for that for fear it would get him into trouble.

He began to think that perhaps he ought to do it now, and perhaps he might have done it if something had not happened which upset everything.

For the thin-faced man was creeping up behind Walter, his padded shoes giving out no sound.

Suddenly he seized the boy by the throat and drew his head back, at the same time saying something in Chinese.

Walter kicked and struggled.

Yell he could not, for the Chinaman's long fingers held him like a vise.

Hop Chu soon put a stop to this, for he drew a revolver and planked it at Walter's head.

"Be good, boy," he said. "Be good and we won't harm you. If you fight us, you are going to get killed."

He put up the revolver and disappeared from the line of Walter's vision.

But in a moment he was back again.

Now he held a small bottle, containing a reddish liquid, in his hand.

This he uncorked, and as he did so the other so pinched Walter's throat that he was forced to open his mouth.

And the boy got his dose!

He had to swallow it—there was no help.

Surely this was Walter Browning's unlucky day!

The drug, whatever it was, lost no time in getting in its fine work.

In a few seconds a perfect peace began to steal over Walter's senses, and every muscle was relaxed.

Then the thin-faced man came around in front and said something in Chinese.

Hop Chu now addressed their victim.

"Young feller, how do you feel?" he asked.

"Queer," mumbled Walter. "Have you poisoned me? Am I dying?"

"Not on your life. We don't want to kill you. If my friend is right, then you are altogether too valuable to us for that."

Walter heard this in a dreamy way.

He tried to answer, but now his tongue seemed tied.

But he did not lose consciousness yet, although perhaps they thought he did, for they went away, presumably into the other room, and left him alone.

Walter's head was swimming horribly, but he still knew what he was about.

There was the door right in front of him.

If he could only get out through it and gain the street.

He made a desperate effort, and got upon his feet.

But he forgot the door was locked.

It resisted his efforts.

He turned, staggered towards the chair, and fell on his face.

The drug had completed its work at last.

Walter was completely under the influence now.

What immediately followed the boy could never feel certain.

But in his mind there rested afterward a most vivid impression, or rather series of impressions, of what took place.

Walter regarded it as all a dream.

Perhaps it was. On the other hand, perhaps his mind really worked in some mysterious way while his body remained chained by the drug.

We propose to give it as a dream, for although the Chinese have strange beliefs, and do strange things, it is hard to believe that the boy's imaginings that night could have any foundation in fact.

It began with a singular thing.

It seemed to Walter as though he came out of himself, so to speak.

He fancied that he was standing there dressed as he had been, and that on the floor lay his very duplicate, white and still.

The two Chinamen were talking in their own language.

The thin man knelt down and examined the drugged Walter, listening particularly to his heart.

Then he got up, said something, and unlocking the door, left the room.

Hop Chu lit a cigarette and began pacing up and down.

Each time he passed the drugged Walter he would look down upon him. Occasionally he would mutter something to himself. To the other Walter he was utterly oblivious.

At last the thin-faced man returned.

Words passed between them.

Hop Chu went into the other room and came out with a big bag.

Into this they put the drugged Walter.

And the dreaming Walter saw it all.

He did not care!

He was merely curious to know what was going to become of his double.

As far as he was concerned, he felt perfect indifference.

The door was then opened, and they carried the bag out into the hall, locking the door behind them.

The dreaming Walter went with them.

He was right alongside the bag when they carried it downstairs, and he held his position as they passed out into the back yard.

They carried the bag through an opening in the fence into the next yard, and then descended into a cellar.

A door was opened here, and they went through a long narrow passage.

Then a trap door was raised, and they went down many steps.

Coming at last to an iron door, they put down the bag and knocked.

The knocking was repeated three times before there was any response, and then the door was opened by a very old Chinaman with a long, drooping white mustache. Both men bowed low before him.

Then they picked up the bag and carried it into a large room, where there was a big wooden idol resting upon a rude altar, hung with the cheap red cloth Chinamen are so fond of using.

The door was closed, and the bag removed.

This was done with extreme care.

They seemed to want to avoid hurting the drugged Walter in any way.

And the other Walter watched it all!

Then the old man went away and presently returned with a suit of yellow pajamas.

Hop Chu and the other man now proceeded to undress the sleeping Walter.

Strange how vivid dreams sometimes are!

An odd part of this dream was that as each garment came off the sleeping boy the same one came off the dreamer, who stood by watching it all until at last he stood naked looking down at his naked double.

Hop Chu put the yellow pajamas on the double, and then Walter found that he was attired just the same.

They lifted the boy between them, and carrying him into a little room which opened off from the secret joss house—for such the place was—they laid him on a bed.

And Walter's dream ended there.

But was it a dream?

Is it not possible that the boy had a confused consciousness of what actually happened.

Be that as it may, when hours later Walter came to himself he was clothed simply in a suit of yellow pajamas and lying on that identical bed.

## CHAPTER V.

### WHAT HAPPENED ON MOTT STREET.

Young King Brady found himself balked in his shadowing at the very start.

The unexpected happened.

For there, drawn up at the curb, was a cab, and into that cab popped the disguised Chinaman.

It was all done before Harry could get out of the door.

So unusual is it for a Chinaman to ride in a cab that Young King Brady had never given the matter a thought.

All he could do was to get the number and then start in to look for a cab himself.

Now one might go a thousand times to the west side of Union Square and never fail to find a cab.

This must have been the thousand and first time, for certain it is that no cab was there now.

If ever there was a disgusted detective it was Young King Brady then.

But to go back and report failure was no part of Harry's purpose.

What he did was to make for the subway.

The only thing to do now seemed to be to get down to Chinatown just as quick as possible.

If the cab was bound there, then it was quite possible that Harry might be able to head it off.

He took a local train, and getting out at Worth street, struck across to Chinatown.

As there had been no wait for a train, nor other delay, there could be no doubt that Harry was ahead of the cab, if he had come to the place where it was bound.

He took his stand about opposite Quong Lee's basement joint on Chatham Square, for here he could command a view of the entrance to Mott, Pell and Doyers street.

Of course there was the chance that the cab might come down Mott street.

If so, Harry was not to be in it. But even in that case

chances were the driver, after leaving his fare, would come through to the Bowery.

And just this happened.

Harry had held his position only a few minutes when, sure enough, the same cab emerged from Mott street, and he hailed it.

The driver stopped, and Young King Brady displayed his shield.

"Huh! A detective, eh!" said the driver. "Well, dat don't surprise me. So much for driving a Chink. Are yous woiking for Old King Brady?"

"Yes."

"You are, hey? Well?"

"Where did you pick up that Chink, and where did you leave him, driver? It's a five spot for the truth, and trouble if you deceive me."

"Oh, I shan't do that," replied the driver. "I picked him up over on Broadway, near the Astor House. I left him at No. — Mott street, and I seen him go in the basement door, too."

"Thanks, and here's your five. If you know anything more about the man kindly tell me."

"I don't, except that he asked me to drive him to the office of the Brady Detective Bureau."

"Oh, he did, eh? Did he ask it in English?"

"Sure ting. Do yous tink I understand Chineese?"

This ended it with the cabman.

Harry chased up Mott street to the number in question.

It was one of the older houses, and appeared to be inhabited by a number of Chinese families.

Just what to do Young King Brady hardly knew, but what he did not do was to stand looking at the house.

After walking up and down for a few minutes he determined to go boldly in, and using his detective's shield, try to locate the man.

Joss House Jim had not seen him.

Moreover, his disguise was a fairly good one.

There seemed to be but little risk.

So Harry entered at the open basement door, and passed through the length of the hall.

There was a door at the other end which opened upon a back yard.

This yard was very narrow, being only half the width of the house.

This for the reason that a long extension occupied the other half.

There was a door opening into this extension from the yard, and also several windows.

It was an unusual arrangement for Chinatown.

Harry had never seen anything just like it before, and he walked on to the end of the extension, glancing in through the windows, which did not extend quite to the ground level.

Each window was barred as, of course, was necessary to make such a place any way secure.

Suddenly Harry heard a sharp cry.

It seemed to come from further on.

He looked at the next window he came to, which was also the last one.

And now Harry saw that he had located his man.

But in a most unexpected situation.

He was sprawling on the floor, struggling with two men.

They appeared to be trying to do him up, and yet neither one was armed.

"This won't do," thought Young King Brady. "We are not through with that fellow yet."

He chased back to the door and entered.

A long, narrow hall ran the length of the extension.

Harry chased to the last door.

It was not fastened, and he burst into the room.

As he did so, he heard a cry of agony.

But it was not the right man yet—that lay beyond.

Harry drew his revolver and pushed through an intervening door.

There lay the supposed Charley Long on the floor with the blood oozing from a wound in his side.

There was no one else in the room.

Harry hurried to the man to find him almost unconscious.

He would have fainted if Harry had not given him a swallow of whisky from a little flask which he usually carries for use in such emergencies.

He had been very roughly handled, and had been stabbed in the left side below the heart, if one could judge from the condition of his clothes.

And in the struggle the false mustache which Old King Brady had so easily detected had been pulled off.

So had a scalp wig with a false gray pigtail, leaving a short crop of black hair exposed beneath.

"Oh! Oh! Help me, I am dying! They have murdered me! They have stabbed me in the heart!" groaned the Chink, who could now speak English well enough.

"No, they haven't. You would be dead if they had," answered Harry. "Brace up! Whose work is this?"

"I don't know. Highbinders, I guess. They don't know me. They were hired by my enemies to do the job."

"Where are they? I saw them through the window a minute ago. Where are they now?"

"I don't know. They were here only a minute ago, as you say. I don't know where they went."

And that was the last spoken, for the Chinaman fainted then.

For the moment Young King Brady thought he had a dead man on his hands.

His first impulse was to go for help.

This he did not yield to, however. He decided to manage the matter himself.

The first thing he did was to open up the fellow's clothes and examine his wound.

Although he had bled considerably, this was not as bad as Harry had anticipated.

The knife or dagger had struck a rib and glanced off.

Actually the man was more scared than hurt, and the wound had already ceased to bleed.

In the other room, where there was a bed, a trunk, and other things, Harry tore strips from the sheet and bound up the wound.

The Chinaman revived before he had completed the operation.

"Come," said Harry, "you are not so hard hit. Let me help you up and onto the bed. I'll get a doctor for you or see you taken to a hospital, either you wish."

And Harry was right.

The man's condition was by no means dangerous.

He seemed to realize that after he got on the bed, which he did without much difficulty, and Harry had further explained.

"No, don't get a doctor," he said. "Stay with me a little while till I pick up strength. Then get a cab and take me to a friend of mine over in Williamsburg. I'll pay you well if you will."

"I'll do it," said Harry.

He saw that he was taken for one of the white toughs who hang out around Chinatown.

He was uncertain whether he ought to declare himself or not.

The Chinaman closed his eyes and for a few minutes lay silent.

At last he opened them again and said:

"Say, what's your name?"

It was a case of to be or not to be.

Harry concluded to keep his secret.

"My name is Jack Harvey," he replied. "What's yours in case you die?"

"Never mind. There is no one who cares."

"No woman?"

A change came over the Chinaman's face.

"You don't happen to know Maggie Dooley, of No. — Bowery?" he asked.

"I don't know Maggie, but I know her husband, Bat Dooley."

"He's dead."

"Is that so? How long since?"

"He was killed in a railroad accident upstate about a week ago. Say, if I die, you can tell Maggie that Joss House Jim is dead. I used to think she cared for me. But I don't know. You never can tell."

Old King Brady had made no mistake then.

The man was Joss House Jim.

"Haven't you anything else you want to tell me in case you croak?" demanded Harry.

"No; I don't know as I have."

"Have you been robbed?"

"No! They tried it. They did not succeed."

"I see you had a wig and a false mustache on. How was that?"

"I was disguised as an old man. Never mind why. That's my business."

This question seemed to arouse Joss House Jim's suspicions.

He had very little to say after that until finally he declared that he felt much better, and was sure that he could walk to a cab with Harry's help.

"That's my trunk," he said. "I want that to go, too."

"Do you live in this room?" asked Harry.

"I have been living here for a few days, yes. They rent out these rooms. I hired these two. It was a big mistake."

"Shall I go for a cab now?"

"Yes, I wish you would."

"But how did these men come at you? Is there no danger of them returning?"

"I don't think so. I've got to take the risk. I had been out. When I came in they were here. I don't know

how they got in, nor where they went to. But go on and get the cab."

Harry left the room, closing the door behind him.

In both rooms he had looked for trap doors and secret panels, for it seemed to him that the two Chinks he had seen could have vanished in no other way, but he did not succeed in discovering anything of the sort.

He made a discovery as soon as he got out on Mott street, however, and that was Alice in her disguise, coming towards him along the block.

"Well, and what luck?" she demanded when they met.

"Good and bad," replied Harry, "but we must not be seen talking here. Come along with me, and I'll explain."

He did so as they walked towards Chatham Square.

"The man seems to have enemies in Chinatown all right," Alice remarked.

"He most certainly does," replied Harry. "What do you think about taking him to Williamsburg, Alice?"

"I think it would be a good scheme to consult Old King Brady, if we could only put our finger on him. He must be knocking about Chinatown somewhere."

"I tell you what. I'll get the cab, but I'll hold the man off for a little while. I can easily do it. Meantime you go to Quong Lee's and around on Pell street, and see if you can find the governor. If you do, why bring him right in there. Now is the time to get next to Joss House Jim's secrets, it seems to me."

"I'll do it," replied Alice. "What's that number again?"

Harry gave it to her, and they parted on Chatham Square.

Young King Brady now engaged his cab and returned to the house on foot, directing the driver to pull up on the other side of the way and wait.

He then went through to the yard and entered the extension.

The door of Joss House Jim's room was closed, as he had left it.

Harry opened it and passed in.

The bed was vacant. The wounded Chinese crook had disappeared.

"Come," thought Young King Brady, "that was the time I missed it, and yet he could not have gone far in the condition he was."

And he pushed on into the other room to meet his fate, for no sooner had he crossed the threshold than two Chinamen, who had stood concealed on either side of the doorway, jumped on him and bore him down to the floor.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF WALTER WITH CHINESE DRUGS.

Walter Browning remained for days in that secret joss house more or less under the influence of the Chinese drug.

It was given him in his food, no doubt, and he knew it. Yet so weakened had his will become that he ceased to care.

Indeed, he grew rather to enjoy the strange dreamy state into which it threw him.

Probably it was some preparation of opium known only to the Chinese, for not only did it produce peculiar dreams and weaken the will, but it seemed to have the effect of practically destroying this boy's memory.

Everything relating to the past became dim and misty to Walter.

It seemed to him as if he had been living in those underground rooms for years.

He spent most of his time in bed, either asleep or in a half dreamy state.

Occasionally he would read the newspapers and old magazines with which he had been liberally supplied, but he found it hard to fix his mind on anything.

While he was conscious he saw nobody but the aged Chinaman, who either could not or would not speak a word of English, but when the dreams were on him, he saw Hop Chu and the thin-faced man.

These two always figured in the dreams.

But how to describe Walter's singular drug dreams? We find this a hard task, nor shall we attempt to enlarge upon them.

But to give a general idea.

They all ran in the same groove.

Walter when he dreamed always found himself lying in front of the altar before the idol.

Hop Chu stood over him, and kept up such a line of talk as this:

"Now, boy, do you see the man?"

This was always the first question.

Then Walter would see a Chinaman whose face became so familiar to him that he felt that he would know the man anywhere.

He saw him traveling in a railroad train, in bed and asleep, in Chinese laundries talking with other Chinks, in opium joints smoking, and so on.

And the final question put by Hop Chu always was, "When will he come?"

To this Walter always made one answer.

"He is coming now. He is coming all the time."

At last he saw the man in New York Chinatown, and his answer was, "He is here."

The next night there were no dreams, and Walter, after a long sleep, awoke in the morning more like himself than he had been for days.

He had lost all run of time. He hardly knew day from night. If this was really day, it dragged more slowly than any day he had yet put in.

But we propose to cut out all details and take up Walter's case, when, some hours later, after what the boy considered his breakfast, Hop Chu and the thin-faced man suddenly entered the joss house by the secret door which Walter had never yet been able to discover.

They were there behind the bamboo couch upon which he lay stretched before he knew it.

"Get up and dress yourself right away," said Hop Chu.

It was the first time Walter had seen them while fully conscious since his capture.

He sprang to his feet and faced them.

"What are you going to do with me now?" he de-

manded. "Why do you keep me here doped all the time? You have no right to. Let me go!"

He was surprised at the energy he displayed. Certainly the drug was losing much of its hold. Hop Chu took it very coolly.

"Look here, boy," he said, and his English was perfect, "I know it has been hard for you, but we are working for something. I think to-night we shall get it. Then you go free—see? Not only that but you go with a big wad of money in your pocket—see? You keep your mouth shut then and you won't be sorry you came up against the Chinks—see? If you tell what happened you here you'll get killed. Now dress yourself just as quick as you can, for we shall be back in a few minutes, and then you go away with us."

"But where are my clothes?" demanded Walter.

Hop Chu seemed to put this question to the thin-faced man in Chinese.

The man did not seem to know.

They searched both rooms with nervous haste.

At last the clothes were discovered behind the red curtains of the altar, which was nothing but a packing box turned on its side.

"Dress, and be quick," said Hop Chu.

He stepped to the wall, pressed a secret spring, and a panel shot aside.

Through this they passed, and the panel instantly closed.

Of course Walter naturally expected them right back, and there was the mystery of it.

Many hours passed, and they failed to return.

Nor did the old Chink come with Walter's dinner, and it was the same about supper.

Meanwhile almost all the effect of the drug passed away.

Walter made every effort to find the secret spring that day, but failed.

It was a terrible disappointment.

With Walter it had been anything for a change.

He felt sure something must have happened to the two Chinamen, and to the old man, too, for most certainly they had been in earnest.

At last Walter went to sleep on the couch, worn out with thinking and wondering.

How long he remained thus he could not tell, when he was suddenly aroused by someone shaking him.

It was Hop Chu.

The hanging lamp burned low for want of oil, but there was light enough for Walter to see the revolver which the Chinaman held.

"Did you think I was never coming?" he asked. "If you did, I don't blame you, but here I am at last."

"And what now?" gasped Walter. "Are you going to kill me?"

"Not if you obey me. I have no wish to hurt a hair of your head," was the reply. "You are to let me blindfold you. Then you are to follow me."

"But where?"

"Never you mind that. Do as I tell you or I certainly will kill you."

"Put up your revolver and don't keep threatening me

if you want me to work with you," retorted Walter. "I'm no baby. If there's money in this business I am out for it. I am ready to see it through, but don't you drug me again, either."

"That's the way to talk," replied Hop Chu, who seemed greatly pleased.

"And don't you worry about the drugging," he added. "You didn't get your dose last night, and now see how clear-headed you are to-day. Come, let me tie the handkerchief around your eyes, and we will get out of this."

"All right," assented Walter, "but why didn't you come before?"

"Oh, things went different from what we expected."

"I suppose the detectives got after you. I guess you are only a bunch of crooks, anyhow," replied Walter, surprised at his own boldness.

Just then the secret panel opened, and the thin-faced man popped in.

The blindfolding did not take place immediately.

The two Chinks got into an argument in their own language.

For a moment Walter thought they were coming to blows.

The end was peculiar.

The thin-faced man suddenly stopped talking, and from under his blouse produced Bat Dooley's belt.

He opened it, and took out the sheets of paper with the Chinese writing which had been the cause of all Walter's trouble.

Whether they were all there or not it was impossible to tell, but there were a lot of them.

Hop Chu took them from him and scattered them about the floor.

"There!" he exclaimed, with a grin. "Those are for the Bradys to find if they get in here."

"The Bradys! Do you mean the Brady detectives?" demanded Walter, who had heard of the famous sleuths.

"That's just who I mean," replied Hop Chu. "If they find those papers perhaps they will ring off and leave us alone, and that is what we want. Come, take the handkerchief now, and we will be going."

Now do not for a moment fancy that Walter was not thinking of escape.

His head was pretty clear now, and he was thinking of nothing else.

"If I can only get the chance to give them the slip," he kept saying to himself.

But the chance did not come, for the two Chinamen kept close beside him.

The boy was led through passages and up steps, out into the open, and then into other passages, then into the open again.

Now he knew he was on the street.

Before leaving Hop Chu had put a soft felt hat on Walter's head, his own derby had been left behind.

This, as they emerged into the street, Hop Chu pulled down over Walter's eyes.

The next the boy knew he was lifted into a cab.

The door was slammed, the shade pulled down, and away they went.

We have said that New York Chinamen seldom ride in cabs.

Certainly the Chinks in this story have given us the lie in this particular.

And here they are again in a cab with a kidnaped white boy with them.

Bound where?

Walter could not guess.

He was hoping that Hop Chu would remove the bandage now they were actually in the cab.

But no!

Walter asked him to do so, and the answer was "not yet."

"So there was little chance of the prisoner finding out where they were taking him.

There was more than might be supposed.

Born and brought up in Brooklyn, Walter happened to know that big borough of Greater New York as well, even better, than most boys who reside there, for he had once been on the District Messenger force, and his work took him all over town.

Thus when they hit the Brooklyn Bridge Walter was readily able to recognize where he was by the sounds he heard.

"I must keep my wits about me," he thought. "I want to know where they are taking me if I can."

And he was able to do a lot.

When the cab hit Brooklyn he knew that they were running up Washington street.

He knew when they passed Concord street, for he heard the trolley cars swinging around the corner.

Thus when the cab turned to the left at the next corner he knew he was on Tillary street.

He knew when they crossed Adams street, for here were more trolley cars, and when they turned to the right at the next street he knew that they were running up Pearl.

Thus he might have been able to follow his own trail for the entire distance if he had been let alone.

But that was not to be.

They were still on Pearl street when suddenly the thin-faced Chink seized him by the throat and forced his mouth open, while Hop Chu gave him another dose of the drug.

Walter was furious.

He struck out and began yelling the instant the thin-faced man let go of him.

"Here! None of that!" cried Hop Chu, and then the boy felt cold steel against his forehead.

"Do that and I'll fire!" hissed the Chink.

And Walter resigned himself to his fate.

He sank back, and for the first time indulged in the weakness of tears.

Was it all going to begin again?

Should he never get away from these horrible Chinamen?

It began to look so.

No comforting words came from his captors, however.

On the contrary, Hop Chu continued to hold the revolver against his head until the drug got in its fine work, and Walter passed into the land of dreams.

And now once more the boy found himself separated from his body, so to speak.

And this sensation had not come to him during his captivity in the secret joss house.

This was the second time it occurred.

He seemed to be sitting in his own lap.

Hop Chu had put up the revolver.

He was talking to the thin-faced man in Chinese.

The cab rolled on, but Walter was unconscious of the sensation of moving.

To him the cab seemed to be standing still.

Time was nothing now.

Suddenly Hop Chu opened the door and got out.

The thin-faced man followed.

It was dark. There were shabby frame houses here on one side, while on the other Walter could see the masts of vessels at a short distance away.

The two Chinks looked warily around.

Walter found himself able to follow their glances.

He could not see a soul.

Just then a door in a dark store opened and light streamed across the sidewalk.

A Chinaman stood in the doorway bareheaded.

Over the door was the sign "E. Woo, Laundry."

The two Chinamen now turned to the cab.

Walter, who in his drugged dream fancied himself standing beside them, saw them lift his unconscious self out.

Supporting him between them as they would have done for a drunken man, and allowing his feet to drag, they carried him into the laundry and the door was closed.

And the conscious Walter went with them.

He could not get away from his unconscious self.

## CHAPTER VII.

### JUST IN TIME.

Alice, having left Harry, went up Chatham Square and called in at Quong Lee's.

She found the old divekeeper in his little office, apparently in rather an excited frame of mind.

"You," he exclaimed in Chinese, which it always gives him the greatest satisfaction to speak with Alice. "Why didn't you come before? Did Old King Brady send you? He said he would. I had to disappoint him. It made me so sorry. But now you come I will fix him off all right. Sit down."

"But, Quong, I am in a hurry," replied Alice, in Chinese. "Has Old King Brady been here?"

"Just left."

"Where did he go?"

"I don't know. He is looking for a Chinese crook, who goes by the name of Joss House Jim, you know."

"Yes, I know. But explain what you mean as quick as possible, Quong. We are all working on a Chinatown case. Harry is waiting for me, and I have to find Old King Brady right away."

"But wait. I want to help. I can only go just so far."

"You help me a great deal, Quong, and I am sure you will help us in this case if you can."

"Of course I will. Why not? I am always glad to help



you, but as I said before, I can only go just so far. I couldn't make the old man understand, but you will, Miss Alice. Sit down."

Alice hardly knew what to do, but she did know Quong Lee.

Rascal though the old fellow was, he still had a certain sense of honor, when it came to betraying the secrets of his countrymen.

As he expressed it himself, he would only go just so far, but he was usually ready to go further with Alice than with Old King Brady himself, for the reason that he could make her better comprehend.

So feeling that she might be missing valuable information, Alice gave in and sat down.

"Now see here," said Quong Lee, "Old King Brady comes to me with two photographs, Miss Alice. One I tell him is Jim Hip Long. He's a crook, and they call him Joss House Jim. The other I don't dare name, and I can't make him understand why, so I told him to send you here, and he went away. He didn't like it very well."

"Well, explain," said Alice. "Is this man a priest in the joss house?"

"That's just it, but not in this joss house. San Francisco."

"Oh! The Jackson street joss house in San Francisco?"

"No, another. The one I used to go to. I won't say any more."

"I understand, Quong."

"And I won't tell his name on that account."

"I understand that, too, and I think Old King Brady would have understood if you had told him."

"He wants the name. I won't give it. But I tell you this; the man is no good. They kick him out of San Francisco. He has been in New York for six or eight weeks. That's as far as I'll go."

And Alice fully understood that it was of no use to press the old divekeeper further.

But she made a try for one more piece of information and got it.

"At least tell me where he lives, Quong," she said.

"No," said Quong. "I won't tell you, Miss Alice, but I'll show you. Follow me. The door I turn in at is his door. That's as far as I'll go."

Laughing inwardly at Quong Lee's queer distinctions, Alice followed the old fellow around on Pell street.

Quong Lee, who never will dress in anything but native costume, shuffled along until he came to the identical door through which Maggie Dooley led Walter Browning, and here he turned in.

He immediately turned out again, and without even looking at Alice, shuffled off down Pell street.

Such was Quong Lee's method of beating about the bush.

Alice noted the number of the house, and hurried on up Pell street, hoping to strike Old King Brady, but there was no such good luck.

She turned into Mott street and saw a cab standing opposite the house in which Joss House Jim had his rooms. Harry had given her the number.

She looked up and down, but could see nothing of the old detective.

At once she decided to look further into the case.

Perhaps Harry needed help, and if so Alice was ready to give it.

So she passed in at the basement door.

Dressed as she was this attracted no attention, for there are many white women living in these Mott street houses.

Alice hurried through the hall and into the back yard.

She remembered that Harry had told her that the last two windows opened upon Joss House Jim's rooms, and to the second of these she now went.

Alice peered in at the window.

There stood Harry, bound hand and foot, and tied up against the wall.

Old King Brady was having a hot struggle with a Chinaman.

Another was trying to grab the old detective.

At Harry's feet stood what Alice first thought might be a dynamite bomb, but when she looked again she saw that it was just an acid jar from some electric battery, with the wires attached.

But Alice did not waste much time looking.

Back to the door she flew, and came down the corridor on the run.

She was just in time to help the old detective clench his good work.

For Old King Brady had floored one of his assailants, and stood over him, covering the other with a revolver.

"Put up your hands or I'll shoot!" cried Alice in Chinese, at the same time drawing her own weapon and covering the fellow from behind.

And this settled the business.

Your average Chinaman is always a coward when cornered.

This pair yielded at once.

Old King Brady handcuffed one, and tied the other's hands behind him.

Although considerable noise had been made, no one came near them.

Alice flew to Harry's assistance at the first possible moment, wondering why he did not speak, for apparently he was not gagged.

It proved to be otherwise, however.

When Alice got to him she found that a round piece of wood, almost as big as a silver dollar, had been forced into his mouth.

No more effective gag could have been used.

Alice made all haste to remove it.

Harry gave a gasp of relief.

"Thank heavens you came as you did!" he said.

"How on earth did you come to let them get you?" demanded Alice.

"It was done before I knew what I was coming up against," was the reply.

"And what about the jar of acid?" inquired Old King Brady.

"Don't ask me," replied Harry. "They had just brought it in as you came butting in. Lucky job you did come! Whether they intended to make me drink it or whether the idea was to throw it over me, I can't tell."

"And those Chinks won't tell, either," replied Old King Brady, grimly. "But you can thank your cab driver. He saw me coming down Mott street, and hailed me, telling me you were in there. So I came along."

"In that case I have myself to thank," said Harry, "for I told him to; this business makes me tired. I never was so nicely trapped. But how could I help myself, when one held me covered while the other did the tying? I don't think he could have had a revolver."

"I fancy not," replied Old King Brady, "or he would have used it on me after I wrenched the pistol away from his pal."

Of course long before this talk was finished Harry had been set free.

He started to talk further about the matter, but Old King Brady checked him when he got as far as the vanishing of Joss House Jim.

"We will continue these explorations after we round up our men at the station," he said. "You have no idea who they are?"

"Not the faintest," replied Harry.

"Tackle them in Chinese, Alice, and see if you can get their names," said Old King Brady. "Ask them what they meant to do with that jar of acid, too."

Alice tried it, but with no success.

An arrested Chinaman can seldom be made to talk.

These two stared at this Chinese-speaking white woman in amazement.

One answered her in broken English, and pretended that he could not understand her, which was nonsense. The other could not be made to speak.

They were run around to the Elizabeth street station, a crowd following.

There it was different.

One of the Chinatown wardmen happened to be in the station at the time, and he recognized the pair as two notorious Highbinders who had long been wanted by the police. He even knew their names.

Then one of them consented to say that they had simply been hired to catch Harry by a Chinaman whose name they did not know.

Of course it is a wellknown fact that Highbinders do not hire out their services for murder and robbery.

The wardman could get no further.

Alice also had to give it up, and the pair were locked in cells to await Old King Brady's further orders.

"All this is a peculiar turn for our case to take," observed Old King Brady after they had left the station. "Let us walk over to the Bowery and talk the matter over. Just go over the ground again, Harry. I was so rattled with my struggle that I only half comprehended what you were saying."

Harry complied.

"Then I was right in taking that man for Joss House Jim," said Old King Brady. "Pity we lost him. Now we have got to begin again, and there is no job so hard as the tracking of a Chinese crook. However, Quong Lee knows something about this business, if he can only be made to tell. For once the old fellow refused me."

"No, he didn't," broke in Alice. "He felt that he could not make you understand, that's all. He told you to bring me to him."

"Ha! And so he did. That's right. But you must have seen him, Alice, since you know this."

"I have. I only left him a short time ago."

"Then explain."

"The Chink whose picture you have was formerly a priest in one of the San Francisco joss houses—not Jackson street."

"Yes, yes! Then that's the reason he would not give his name. But why couldn't he have said so?"

"Oh, you know Quong Lee is always peculiar. He says the fellow is no good, and was kicked out of San Francisco, and has been hanging around New York for the last six or eight weeks."

"So? Did you get his name?"

"No. Quong would not tell it, nor where he lived, but he took me up Pell street and showed me the house."

Old King Brady laughed heartily, and remarking that this was just like the old divekeeper, he went on to inquire the number on Pell street.

Alice gave it.

"Why, look here," exclaimed Harry. "We pulled a secret joss house under there once before unless I am greatly mistaken."

"That's what we did," replied Old King Brady. "Strange the police can't see to the permanent closing of those places. However, let us get back to Mott street, calling at the Pell street house on the way. I expect we shall find that the one backs on the other."

Such was Old King Brady's opinion, but it was not correct.

The Pell street house was two doors below the scene of Harry's provoking experience.

Knowing how hopeless it was, the detective did not attempt to go through the house then, but returned to Mott street to try and solve the mystery of the vanishing of Joss House Jim, and incidentally to dismiss Harry's cabby, who had been patiently waiting all this while.

They got back into the room to find the jar of acid gone.

There was a big hook in the wall, the purpose of which was not plain. To this Harry had been tied.

Old King Brady's first thought was that this hook controlled some secret panel, but if this was so then he could not work it, try as he would.

Nor did the careful search of the Bradys result in anything.

"We must get at it some other way," remarked the old detective at last. "It is up to us to track that Chinese crook, but even that isn't going to satisfy the Secret Service people. Those papers must be found."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BOY IN THE YELLOW PAJAMAS.

When Walter Browning followed his own body into the Chinese laundry, so to speak, his dream was remarkably clear.

The same condition lasted for a few minutes longer.

Hop Chu and the thin-faced Chink carried the sleeping Walter into the back room and laid him in a bunk.

There were two other bunks.

In one of them lay a Chinaman sound asleep.

The three stood looking at the man and talking a steady stream in Chinese.

• And it was while this was going on that Walter ceased to dream.

The next he knew daylight was streaming in through the window, and he was himself again, still lying in the bunk.

He could hear someone groaning as though in pain.

He could also hear the pounding of flatirons in the room outside.

The laundrymen were evidently busy at their work.

It seemed to Walter that now might be his chance to escape.

As he did so he discovered to his disgust that he was dressed simply in the yellow pajamas.

This seemed to block the game.

Even if he succeeded in getting out of the window, and in climbing over the fence, could he go through the street dressed in yellow pajamas?

Not unless he wanted to get arrested. That was sure.

His head was swimming, too. He felt horribly dizzy.

He knew what that meant from experience.

He would have to wait until he had eaten something before he made a move, for he was liable to collapse as he was then.

Just as he was about to draw his head in someone touched it.

"Hist! American boy! Listen!" a voice said.

Walter looked up and saw a Chinese face looking down from the bunk above him.

And he remembered it as the face of the man he had seen in his dreams.

"Who are you?" demanded the Chink. "What's your name?"

Walter hesitated.

He did not know what he ought to do.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me," breathed the Chinaman. "Only thing is to look out they don't hear us outside there. I know all about you, boy."

"You do!" whispered Walter.

"Yes, I do. You were in that railroad accident up-state. Bat Dooley gave you a lot of Chinese papers to give to me."

"Then you must be Joss House Jim," murmured Walter.

"That's who I am. Pity we didn't meet sooner. You would have given me the papers, wouldn't you?"

"Sure! I gave my promise to a dying man."

"So they tell me. What's your name? I've told you mine. Let it come. I always like to know who I am talking to."

"My name is Walter Browning. But look here, I thought I did give the papers to Joss House Jim."

"No; Maggie Dooley deceived you, worse luck. Still, she could not have given you my address, for she did not know it. I wasn't in New York then. Say, they've had you drugged, haven't they?"

"I should say they had."

"They are a bad lot. The man you gave the papers to is Hop Chu. What's he been doing to you? Tell me all about it now. I have a right to know."

"And I had just as soon tell you," replied Walter, "but first you tell me where we are?"

"I don't know. I was brought here drugged, same as you. It's some Chinese laundry somewhere."

"It is in Brooklyn."

"Is it? I didn't even know that much. How do you know?"

"They had me blindfolded in a cab, but before they drugged me we crossed the bridge."

"Is that so? Likely it is in Brooklyn, but at the same time they may have taken you any old place after you got the drug. Now tell me all that happened. Be quick or some of them may come in. They'll give you another dose. Are you tied up down there?"

"No; are you?"

"No; they don't have to tie me. I got the knife between my ribs. I am so weak I can hardly stand on my feet. I couldn't get out of here if I tried."

At least it was something to have a companion in misery.

Walter was growing interested now, and his head appeared to clear up in proportion as he used his brains.

So in the same low voice he gave Joss House Jim some account of his experience.

"Huh!" said the Chinaman. "So you think you were dreaming, do you? Well, so you were in a way, but it's different."

"How different? What do you mean?" Walter asked.

"Oh, I couldn't make you understand," was the reply.

"Perhaps it's all nonsense, anyhow, but Hop Chu don't believe that. He thinks you really were able to follow my movements in what you call your dreams. I see now how they got on to me. So they left the papers in the little joss house, did they?"

"Yes. Hop Chu strewed them all over the floor."

"He did, eh? Pity you can't understand Chink talk. I'd like to know why."

"Oh, but I do know," whispered Walter. "He said that out in English. For the Bradys to find."

Joss House Jim seemed to double all up into knots.

"Did he say that?" he hissed. "Did he? But never mind! I'd sooner Old King Brady got it, and it went back to Frisco, than to have it blow his way!"

"Get what?" Walter demanded.

"Never you mind," replied the crook. "At least not yet. Give me time to think. Say, they'll drug you again. If it was only night, and you could get out of that window, but you can't go as you are in the daytime."

"I should be arrested."

"But even that wouldn't be so bad. You could tell them you were working for Old King Brady."

"What do you mean? I don't even know the man except from what I have seen in the papers about him."

"You don't understand. Say, I tell you what! Pretend to be doped when they come to you. Then they won't give you any more of the drug, and when night comes you will get your chance to escape—see?"

The conversation was cut short by the entrance of one of the laundrymen.

Walter closed his eyes and lay back in the bunk.

He considered Joss House Jim's advice good, and he decided to act upon it as best he could.

The laundryman looked him over.

Joss House Jim talked to him in Chinese.

The man turned to a cook stove and began to prepare breakfast.

When the laundrymen had eaten—there were three of them—the prisoners were fed.

Walter kept up his game.

In a dazed way, with his eyes half closed, he ate a few spoonfuls of a mixture of chicken and rice which one of the men fed him with a spoon, and then appeared to sink off asleep again.

The laundrymen returned to their work after providing Joss House Jim with a pipe of opium ready lit.

The man appeared to be half paralyzed.

He explained to Walter afterward that his right leg was quite so, and that he found difficulty in moving his right arm.

During the morning the laundrymen never came near them. It appeared to be ironing day, and all three kept at it.

Occasionally Joss House Jim made some little talk with Walter, but he did not allude to the matter of escape again except to say, 'Wait till it is dark,' and this he repeated many times.

Both slept a good deal, and by dinner time Walter was quite himself again.

But he took precious good care not to let the laundrymen know it.

They seemed unable to account for his condition, and a good deal of chattering took place when they found it next to impossible to make him eat dinner.

Joss House Jim told him afterward that they thought he had been overdosed, and would probably die.

About four o'clock one of them, who seemed to be the boss, came at Walter again and tried to rouse him.

Failing in this, he said something to Jim, and then proceeded to dress himself for the street.

A few minutes later he went away.

He had no sooner gone than Jim leaned down and whispered to Walter:

"Hist, boy! Listen to me."

"I'm on the job," replied Walter in the same low tone. "What now?"

"He is scared about you, and he has gone after Hop Chu. He will have him here in an hour's time."

"Well! And what am I to do?"

"Get out. You can't wait for night."

"But I can't go as I am. Besides it is raining."

This was true. A storm had set in, and the rain was now coming down in torrents.

"Well! Will the water hurt you?" sneered the crook. "It will do you no harm to get washed. Look at me! They stabbed me over there in Chinatown, and I know I'm the worst off, anyhow. But stay where you are and let them dope you to death if you will. I don't care."

"Hold on!" said Walter, seeing that he was angry. "I'm not kicking. Tell me what you want me to do."

"Listen, then, for you must be quick. I knew all about you before you were brought here. Old King Brady knows all about you. His office is on Union Square. I forget the number, but you can easy find it. You get out of that window. Find out where we are. Get word to Old King Brady somehow. See him if you can. Tell him where I am, and how I am fixed. Tell him that Hop Chu

is after a big lot of stolen money which I'd sooner he would get than have it fall into Hop Chu's hands, which it sure will if something is not done. Tell him to get busy and come here right away. Are you able to walk now, think?"

"I am all right, but I haven't a cent. If I am arrested—"

"Get arrested then. Tell the cop that you are working for Old King Brady, like I told you, and say, I am going to give you something now, and you give it to Old King Brady when you get to him, which you sure will sooner or later. Tell him it's only half, and Bat Dooley had the other half what was with the papers I told him about. Don't you lose it, now! They have searched me three times, and didn't find it, so you see how slick I've had to be. It's what they want, and without it they will never get the dough hid the night he died."

Walter listened, not half understanding what it was all about.

The drug was not all out of his head yet, although he fancied the contrary.

He was to find out when he got on his feet.

Joss House Jim now passed him down a little pellet of the soft brown paper which the Chinese use.

It was rolled up very tight. It had been wet, and even now was scarcely dry.

"Tell him to be careful when he opens it out," Jim said. "And mind now, it's only half."

"But how shall I carry it?" asked Walter. "I've got no pocket. Oh, if I only had my clothes!"

"They are in the other room, and you can't get them. Take pins from that cushion hanging against the wall and pin it in your pajamas. Say, do be quick!"

Walter crawled out of the bunk.

He felt singularly weak when he got on his feet.

The fact was the boy had been dosed once too often. The drug was beginning to tell on his strength now.

He was barefooted and bareheaded. He had nothing on but those horrible yellow pajamas, which he pinned up as best he could, securing the paper pellet at the same time.

He crept to the window and raised it, looking out into the dirty little back yard.

"I'm going now," he whispered.

"Go," said the Chinese crook. "Chances are they'll find me dead when they get here. The paralysis seems to be creeping all over me now."

Walter crawled out through the window into the rain.

There was a gate in the fence, and he opened it, finding himself looking out upon a side street.

And now he knew where he was.

This street was one of those ending at Nevins street, which skirts the easterly bank of the Gowanus Canal, notorious for its evil smells.

The rain was coming down heavily.

Walter turned the corner hardly knowing what to do.

His head was reeling, his limbs seemed to refuse to support him. He staggered like a man on a three days' drunk.

And the unfortunate boy ran into trouble right then and there.

On the corner was a low grogery, and under the awn-

ing were half a dozen young toughs lounging, sheltering themselves from the rain, all of whom were more or less loaded with beer.

Walter's doom was sealed.

The instant they saw him a shout went up.

"Look at de yeller boid!"

"He's outer de Chink's!"

"He's doped!"

"Ketch him!"

Thus and more of it—things said that would not bear repeating.

And Walter ran for his life.

If they caught him they would drag him into the saloon. There was no telling what his fate might be.

Fear lent strength to his failing limbs.

Across Nevins street was an open gate which led into a lumber yard, and the yard extended on to the canal, whose dark, turbid waters were sending up all manner of foul odors in the rain.

Walter darted through this gate and slammed it behind him.

But the yelling gang were right after him.

They would have got him, too, if the overload of beer had not made them even more unsteady than the luckless boy.

Walter dodged in among the piles of lumber, but he could not lose them.

All this only made his tormentors the more determined to get him. The chase ended up at the string-piece of the canal.

Against this there were a big lot of boards stacked up.

"If I can only get around on the other side," thought Walter.

The gang were right behind him.

It was this or nothing.

Walter ventured on the slippery string-piece and tried to round the lumber pile.

This settled his fate.

Instantly his feet flew from under him.

There was a fall and a splash.

Walter Browning had been swallowed up by the slimy waters of the Gowanus Canal.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

"The remarkable thing about this place is that all we have been doing here seems to have attracted no attention," observed Harry when they entered the yard behind the Mott street house.

"It would be remarkable anywhere else but in Chinatown," answered Old King Brady. "We have been observed all right, and don't you fool yourself. These people know when to mind their own business—that's all."

"Perhaps it's the big white hat which keeps them quiet," laughed Harry, for Old King Brady had changed back to his usual quaint costume while at the station.

"Perhaps," was the brief response. "However, here we are. In with you, and we will get on the job again."

They passed into the room which had been the scene of their previous adventures.

And now a change had taken place.

The jar of acid was missing.

The iron hook in the inner room to which Harry had been tied was no longer in evidence.

Where it had been was an open panel.

The detectives glanced at each other meaningly.

"An invitation to enter," remarked Alice.

"Of course," added Harry.

Perhaps it was because both were so certain that Old King Brady, who sometimes likes to be stubborn, took the opposite ground.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "It may be that the rats have fled to their holes and left this door open behind them."

Harry started to argue the point.

"It is not going to scare me," broke in the old detective, cutting it short. "If it is an invitation to enter, then I accept it. Follow or stay behind. I think I ought to be good for a parcel of Chinks."

This settled it, of course.

Harry expressed his readiness to follow his chief anywhere, and Alice chimed in to the same effect.

Old King Brady now examined the mechanism of the lock of the secret panel, behind which was a ladder leading down.

It consisted of a simple spring.

Producing a small screwdriver, the old detective unscrewed this and put it in his pocket.

"Now let them fasten us in if they can," he grunted; adding "Come on."

They descended the ladder.

It ended at an iron door, which also stood open.

"Can the police have been making a raid here?" questioned Harry. "It's a good half hour since we left the station. That may be the explanation."

"I doubt it," replied Old King Brady. "Come on! Whatever the explanation is, I propose to see this thing through."

Behind the iron door was a narrow passage boarded up on all sides.

It appeared to lead through to Pell street.

They followed it to a flight of five steps, at the top of which was a wooden door slightly ajar.

Old King Brady and Harry drew their revolvers, the former pulling open the door.

Behind was another passage—a short one.

This ended at what might have been taken for a dead wall, but for a panel which stood wide open.

But now the Bradys found themselves looking into the secret joss house where Walter Browning had been so long confined.

"This is not the place we pulled before," said Old King Brady. "Wonder is how many of these underground burrows the Chinks keep. Nobody appears to be in evidence; but what's all this?"

He pointed to the papers scattered about the floor.

Alice and Harry began gathering them up.

The hanging lamp had been filled with oil since Walter left, and was now burning brightly.

"Can these be the papers the Chinese minister is after?" queried Old King Brady. "What about 'em, Alice? Keep your eye on that panel, Harry."

Alice examined the papers.

"Old Chinese," she said. "Very hard to read. They appear to be the leaves of a very old book on magic and the art of healing by means of magnetism. I can't make out one word in ten."

"That fills the bill with what Joss House Jim said," replied Old King Brady. "I should also imagine that such a book might be highly prized by the priests of the big San Francisco joss house."

And he added:

"Harry, I ask your pardon. I now agree with you. Those doors were left open for a purpose. These papers were put here for us to find, but there is more to it than appears on the surface, you may depend. We shall not be able to understand this case until we have successfully tracked Joss House Jim."

The words had been scarcely spoken when a groan from the smaller room attracted their attention.

"Ha! We are not alone, it seems," muttered Old King Brady. "Who have we here, then?"

It proved to be the aged Chinaman who had attended upon Walter.

He lay on the cot with nothing on but a suit of dirty pajamas.

His face was deathly white. He looked altogether like a dying man.

But he was not quite unconscious.

In a low, dreamy voice, he said something in Chinese, looking at the detectives with glassy eyes.

"What does he say, Alice?" demanded Old King Brady.

"He knows you," replied Alice. "He says he has been drugged, and is dying."

She went no further, for the man was still muttering.

Alice bent low to catch the words.

"He says he has something very important to tell you," she added. "He speaks of one Hop Chu as a bad man. He wants you to arrest him."

Old King Brady immediately produced his two photographs and held them up so that the old fellow could see them.

And Alice translated as follows:

"Yes, I know them. That one is Hop Chu; the other is Jim Hop Long. Get me out of here, and get a Chinese doctor, or I shall die."

"Do you know what drug you have taken? Do you know what the antidote is?"

The name of the drug was new to Alice, but luckily for the sufferer she was able to translate the name of the antidote.

"He says that three drops of belladonna will save him," she announced.

"If that is all, I can soon fix him off," declared Old King Brady, who always carries a little medicine case with him.

And while he was preparing the dose the old man made more Chinese talk.

He got his belladonna, but the result was rather alarming, for he immediately fell into a deep sleep.

"What now? Have you killed him?" demanded Harry.

"It looks bad," admitted Old King Brady; "what did he say that last time, Alice?"

"It was about money and gems stolen from the Jackson street joss house at the time of the fire, and brought

here and hidden," replied Alice. "He said Hop Chu was after them, and so is Joss House Jim. He said he would tell you all about it, as soon as he was strong enough to speak at length."

"Come," muttered the old detective; "it is a pity I gave the old fellow that dose; he seemed to be doing well enough as it was. But we can only wait."

Ten minutes passed and brought no change.

Meanwhile Old King Brady went on an exploring tour outside the secret panel. The aged Chinaman continued to sleep peacefully.

"I have found what I believe to be a way out via Pell street," announced Old King Brady when he returned. "I believe I'll go for an ambulance, while you stay here and watch the old man. If he can be saved it is all to the good for us, for we certainly want to hear what he has to tell."

"Good scheme," said Harry. "I don't believe he is going to die. He appears to be breathing regularly."

"I'll be as quick as I can," said the old detective. "You can't miss the way out. It is plain enough."

"Better take those papers with you," added Alice. "There is no telling what may happen."

Old King Brady assented, and departed with the papers.

"What a peculiar case this has been," remarked Harry after he had gone.

"Peculiar enough. So much crowded into one day. But really, Alice, these Chinese cases are too dangerous. I do wish you would consent to marry me and give up this life."

"A hundred and one," laughed Alice.

"Oh! You regard my simple remark in the light of another proposal?"

"What else? Most certainly you have proposed to me a hundred times before."

"I have kept no tabs on that business. Why not end the monotony by naming the day? You know you mean to marry me sometime."

"Well, I'll say this for your comfort. I have no intention of marrying anyone else; but, all the same, I am not going to give up business yet awhile."

Now, this is an old story, and has been going on for a long time.

Harry is desperately in love with Alice, but as yet nothing has been sufficient to bring matters to a head.

Tired of watching the old Chinaman, they went back into the joss house to examine the idol.

Alice was of the opinion that it represented the Chinese rain god, and was explaining to Harry, when suddenly their attention was attracted by a loud pounding.

"What on earth is that?" exclaimed Harry, wheeling about.

To their disgust he saw that the secret panel, which had been standing open, was now closed.

Worst still, somebody appeared to be in the act of nailing it up on the other side.

"Trapped!" he exclaimed.

And it was so.

For when the pounding ceased, no effort of Harry's was sufficient to open the panel.

The secret joss house, it will be remembered, contained no regular door.

Harry and Alice looked at each other in disgust. But their disgust was to give way to a fear inside of a few moments.

For then smoke began to steal into the room. They smell it first, but neither spoke. At last they began to see it.

"Alice, we are up against it again," said Harry, assuming a calmness which he was far from feeling. "I declare again that I never want to see you work on another Chinese case."

Just then Old King Brady was around at the Elizabeth street station ringing for an ambulance.

There was some little delay.

While the old detective waited for an answer from that particular hospital, and to see if it was going to be necessary to take the old Chinaman to another, he heard the fire engine pass.

"What now!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Another fire in Chinkville. If it is it will be the third inside of a week."

He got busy at his desk telephoning.

Presently he hung up the receiver and said:

"Brady, what number was that place of yours on Pell street again?"

Old King Brady gave the number, anticipating what was coming.

And it came.

"Well, you better get on the job and let me attend to the ambulance. That's where the fire is."

He knew it, as we have said.

Knew it before the words were spoken.

A great fear came upon him, for now he felt that he knew why all doors had been left open, and the stolen papers strewn about on the joss house floor of the secret joss house.

Faster time the old detective had not made in years than the time he made now between the Elizabeth street station and that Pell street house.

And when he came in sight of it his worst fears were realized.

Smoke was pouring out through the hall door, out of the store windows on the first floor above the street.

And Harry and Alice?

It needed neither priest nor prophet to tell Old King Brady that it had all been a trick to entrap them, and that Harry and Alice were prisoners in the secret joss house beneath the burning building.

Using his detective shield for what it was worth. Old King Brady pressed through the fire lines and vanished in the cloud of smoke.

But however it was all destined to end, one thing will have to be admitted.

Joss House Jim claimed to have dreamed that Old King Brady found the missing papers in a cellar.

And in a cellar the old detective certainly had found them.

But had he found all?

Had the Chinese crook's dream come out literally true?

That remained to be seen.

## CHAPTER X.

### BOUND FOR THE RAGING CANAL.

And all this happened on the afternoon of the day when Walter Browning made his escape in the rain.

It was beginning to rain even as Old King Brady rushed into the burning house, but as yet only a few drops had fallen, and the old detective was too much excited to notice the fact.

He made his way into the cellar, and in spite of the smoke succeeded in reaching the secret door.

The firemen were there.

They were a badly puzzled lot.

The smoke was coming in volumes from some source, but they could find no fire.

Used as he was to Chinatown, the fireman in charge suspected the existence of secret rooms below, but he could find no entrance to them.

It took Old King Brady to enlighten him on this point, and this he speedily did.

The door opened, the rush of smoke drove all hands back.

It was useless for Old King Brady to risk his life in remaining there.

He could not pass through the secret passage or down the secret stairs as matters stood, and far from being of any assistance to the fireman, he was only in the way.

So he returned to the street and hurried around to the Mott street entrance, thankful now that he had removed the secret spring.

But this had apparently not benefited him much.

The enemy had been ahead of him.

The secret panel had been nailed up.

That there had been a deliberate plot to burn the Bradys and the old Chinaman with them, there could be no doubt.

But Old King Brady was not giving up so.

He got busy with his foot.

The secret panel opened inward, and had been nailed from the inside.

It took time and strength, but in the end Old King Brady succeeded in kicking it in.

He could smell smoke now, but none was in evidence.

This time the racket Old King Brady had been making was sufficient to arouse the attention of even the stolid Chinese, and three joined him.

One could speak English, and recognizing the old detective, called him by name, asking what the matter was.

"Secret rooms—fire at the other end! People locked in!" cried Old King Brady. "Follow me if you will, but if you try any tricks there will be a dead Chink before you have time to think twice."

He hurried on, but the Chinamen did not follow him.

Soon he came to the smoke, but it was not so bad until he approached the secret joss house.

Then he saw that he could go no further.

But he got near enough to see more than smoke.

The wall in which the secret panel was located had burned away.

The interior of the place was all in flames.

Satisfied now that he had seen the last of his partners, as, indeed, well he might be, Old King Brady beat a hasty retreat.

There had been no attempt made to cut off his escape, and he gained Mott street unhurt.

"It all up with them," he thought, "and it is all up with me, too. I never shall survive it. The Brady Detective Bureau closes its doors this very day."

And he started on his return to Pell street with a sinking heart.

Meanwhile to see how it fared with the prisoners in the secret joss house.

The case was certainly serious enough, and this both realized as soon as they found that the secret panel had been closed against them.

"Another sample of the way your yellow fiends work, Alice!" exclaimed Harry, pointedly. "Who is right now? Is there not always danger in handling a Chinese case?"

"Hush, Harry!" she replied, calmly. "Don't condemn a whole race for the work of an individual. We have white crooks on our book as well as yellow ones, I think. Get to work and try to find some way of escape."

"I stand rebuked, and justly so," said Young King Brady, and he wasted no time in talk after that.

The secret panel first claimed his full attention, but he soon saw that he could do nothing with it.

"The case is hopeless. There seems to be no other outlet," he groaned, "and even if there is one, by the time we can find it the jig will be up."

"Let us try to arouse the old Chink!" cried Alice. "If there is another outlet, he knows it, and he must be made to tell."

They went at it together.

Certainly no Chinaman ever got a more strenuous handling than the sleeper in the other room received.

Harry slapped him, shook him, stood him on his feet and kicked him, but all to no purpose.

Meanwhile the smoke had become so dense that they could scarcely breathe.

"No go," groaned Harry, dropping the old fellow back on the cot. "There don't seem to be anything for it, Alice, except to sit down and calmly face our fate."

"None for me!" cried Alice. "Wait! I have an idea." She flew into the other room, Harry after her.

"Lift the idol off that box!" cried Alice, after trying to do it herself.

But it was easy for Harry, and he placed it on the floor, Alice pulling the altar away.

Behind it was a hole in the wall, through which no smoke appeared to be issuing.

"As I supposed!" cried Alice. "Sometimes the Chinks make their idols talk, you know, and, of course, there must be a way for the priest to get inside, or at least behind them, to do the job. This is our avenue of escape, and we must take that old fellow with us."

"If we can," replied Harry, "but your life is not to be endangered by so doing, you bet!"

He looked into the hole.

The opening was back about ten feet, and then there was a flight of secret stairs leading up.

"I guess we can do it," he said, pulling out with his flashlight. "At least I am willing to try."

They returned and got the old man between them.

He was a mere bag of bones—no great weight.

By this time they were coughing and strangling.

It is doubtful if they could have endured the situation five minutes longer.

They got the old Chink through the hole and up the stairs, where they found their way barred by an iron door.

The smoke was as thick here by this time as it had been in the secret joss house.

Harry tried the door, but there was no way of opening it apparently, unless one had a key.

And they had it and did not know it!

Alice found it in the old Chinaman's pocket.

Behind the door was a narrow flight of stairs which led up to a comfortably furnished room unoccupied.

"Thank heaven!" breathed Harry, as they laid the old fellow down on a bed.

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if this is his own room," said Alice, "and that the second key you found in his pocket fitted the door."

It proved to be a fact about the key.

The door opened into a hallway.

All danger over now, Harry began to think about Old King Brady.

"He will hear of the fire and think we have been caught in it," he said. "Let us get right out and look for him."

"And spoil our case by losing this man!" cried Alice. "I think not. I'll stay right here. You go and look Mr. Brady up."

"I won't, but you can," replied Harry. "You are right, as usual, Alice. Go, and I'll hold the fort."

Alice went.

When she got down on the street she found that she had come out of the house next door to where the fire was.

Making her way through the fire lines, she started her search.

But it was some time before she succeeded, though at last she ran into the old detective coming out of the fire lines.

One glance at his face was sufficient to show Alice what anxious moments had been his.

By this time the fire was under control, and, as Alice guessed, Old King Brady had just come out of the secret joss house.

"Well! My dear girl!" he exclaimed, throwing up his hands. "And Harry?"

"Is all right."

"I guessed as much when I saw that hole in the wall down there, and found you all missing. You saved the old Chink?"

"Yes; and have him safe."

"Alive?"

"Just the same as when you left him."

"Good! And the fire? Do you know its cause?"

"No more than you do, except that it certainly must have been a plot to do us up. They nailed up the secret panel just as it started."

Details were in order now, and then Old King Brady followed Alice back to where they had left the old Chinaman with Harry.

There was no change.

But there was no reason to believe that the old fellow was in any danger, either.



Old King Brady determined to cut out the ambulance, which had not come up to the time he met Alice.

"Let us sit quietly here and await results," he said. "I agree with Alice that the old man probably had charge of the joss house. Perhaps his would-be murderers and ours will come here to look matters up. I'll arrest any Chinaman who enters this room."

It was an idle threat, for none entered.

The Bradys and Alice sat there watching and waiting until long after dark.

But before night closed in Old King Brady, who is not without medical skill, announced positively that the old fellow was certain to come around all right in the end.

"He knew his business when he said that belladonna was the antidote," the old detective declared.

At last, while sitting near the window, their attention was attracted by a faint moan.

They hurried to the bedside to find the old man awake and looking at them.

His face wore an entirely different appearance now, and he spoke in Chinese.

The conversation which now took place between him and Alice was as follows:

"You are still with me?"

"Still with you. How do you feel?"

"Weary, but I am saved. That old man—tell him. I thank him. I owe my life to him."

"He shall be told."

"I see I am in my own room. How came I here?"

"We brought you here. The joss house has been burned."

"Burned! Then Hop Chu did it."

"Why should he want to burn you?"

"He is a bad man; what you call a crook in English. He is after hidden money. I knew too much. He did not want me to have my share."

"Tell me all about it."

"Not now. I am too weak. Give me something to drink. Then I will tell you."

"What shall we give you?"

The old fellow said sam-shu, which is Chinese rice brandy.

He also mentioned the important fact that there was a bottle of the same in the closet.

Alice hastened to get it, and poured him out a liberal dose.

Sam-shu is hot stuff, and it takes a white man with a strong stomach to stand it.

It fixed old Hip Wing up in good shape all right, though, and this was the time Alice got his name.

She got the whole story also, and it came bit by bit.

Old King Brady and Harry kept out of the way while they were talking, feeling that a word or a movement might turn the old fellow off and spoil all.

At last Alice came over to where they sat and said:

"We want to go to Brooklyn right away. Go over and speak a word to the old man, Mr. Brady. He has told me everything. He feels very grateful to you."

And accustomed to rely unhesitatingly on Alice's judgment, Old King Brady did so.

But the old Chinaman could not speak a word of Eng-

lish, so the interview was not very satisfactory, yet the greatest gratitude was displayed.

The Bradys then pulled out into the rain.

"Where now, Alice?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Brooklyn. Nevins street, near Butler," was the reply.

"Ha!" cried Harry. "So we are bound for the raging canal."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE BRADYS COME UP WITH THEIR CHINESE CROOK.

The "raging canal" was where Walter Browning had got to with a vengeance.

He was in it not only with both feet, but head under. Yet, strange to say, Walter did not mind it a bit.

It was not his first drop into the Gowanus Canal by many.

To look at this interesting water course from one of its many bridges one would scarcely suppose that even a boy would care to bathe in it, yet such is not the case.

From time out of mind boys have been accustomed to swim in that same dirty canal.

And Walter was one of them.

He had been born on the banks of the Gowanus Canal.

Until within two years he had always lived there. He knew every inch of this neighborhood.

And this was what made him so much afraid of the Nevins street gang—he knew their ways too well.

Walter could swim like a duck.

The water was decidedly cold, and it served to revive him.

He did not immediately rise, in fact he kept down just as long as he could, swimming all the while.

When he came up finally there was no gang in sight.

They had given Walter up for drowned, and went sneaking back under the awning by their favorite "gin mill" again.

Their kind travel in a very small world. They never like to wander far from home.

Coming to the surface, Walter looked over towards the lumber yard, and seeing how the case stood, chuckled to himself.

"I've doubled on them all right," he thought. "Great Scott! I only wish I could go to the old house now!"

It was on the other side of the canal, and not so far away, but, alas! it was no longer Walter's home.

Question now was what to do, and the mystery was soon solved, for looking around Walter spied an old-fashioned lighter lying at the wharf of Jenks & Poplins' brick yard, across the "creek," as the Gowanus Canal is locally known.

"Why, it's the old Comet, surest thing," thought the boy.

Well he knew the lighter! Many a time had he dived from its deck into that selfsame slimy stream.

"If Captain Charley is aboard, he'll fix me off all right," thought Walter, and he struck out for the lighter, which he gained in a moment.

Jumping up and seizing the low rail, he swung himself aboard as he had done many a time in days gone by.

It was raining in torrents, and there was nobody in evidence on deck.

Walter made his way to the little cabin and looked down through the open door.

There sat a grizzled old German playing cards with another man.

It was Captain Charley Buddemann, whom he had known since he was a little boy.

Walter staggered down the steps, for the same strange feeling which had left him while in the water had now returned.

Captain Charley looked up from the game of pinochle. "Vy vat de plazes! Vas dis Valter?" he cried.

"Oh, captain, help me!" gasped Walter.

It was all he could say.

A terrible faintness had come over him.

Then all at once everything grew black.

Walter had dropped unconscious at the old lighterman's feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having temporarily disposed of Walter Browning, we must again return to the Bradys.

We find those noted detectives in one of the old-fashioned hacks which hang around Chatham Square, passing over the Brooklyn Bridge.

"And now let us have it, Alice," said Old King Brady. "Let us hear what the old Chink had to say to you. I must confess I am all curiosity to know."

"Well, then, here goes. It seems that when San Francisco burned the priests of the Jackson street joss house were made the custodians of quite a sum of money by various Chinamen, who had the idea that their ancestral spirits would protect the joss house, and it could not burn. Besides the money there were quite a lot of diamonds and other gems deposited with these men. Altogether the value was considerable. Just how much our old Chinaman does not know. This money and the gems were placed in a brass box, an ancient affair, which was supposed to be under special guardianship of their gods.

"But the joss house did burn, and the priests, having plenty of warning, got everything out. The brass box was entrusted to one of their number whose name was Dunk Fang. He was told to take it to a certain laundry in another city. He never turned up there. For a long time it was not known what became of him, but some six weeks ago the priests received a letter from New York signed by this man. It stated that he was very sick, and that he had been insane for a long time, but had now recovered his reason and that he believed himself to be dying."

"And the money and diamonds?" demanded Old King Brady as Alice paused.

"Hold on, I am coming to that," continued Alice. "He had spent some of the money, but not much. The gems he had disposed of. It appears that he loaded up with opium until he went insane, and the letter went on to state that on the night he went crazy he had hidden the brass box somewhere in Brooklyn, writing out a description of the hiding place, and then tearing it in half, as a Chinaman tears a laundry ticket. Half of this he gave to an old Chinaman, who is a priest. The other half he kept. This to prevent anyone from getting the treasure, and yet to preserve a record of its hiding place, I suppose. However, it was the act of an insane man, and the

motive is not plain; anyhow the man was in the asylum on Blackwells Island for a long time. When he came out he went to a Chinese laundry on Nevins street, near Butler, in Brooklyn, where he had friends. It was from there he wrote the letter to a fellow priest enclosing the half of the paper which he had left and telling that old Hip Wing had the other half. The priests wrote to Hip Wing and demanded the paper. This letter fell into the hands of Hop Chu, a renegade priest, who was living with Hip Wing, and he wrote to this Joss House Jim, telling him all about the matter, and suggesting that he try to get hold of the other half of the paper which the joss house priests had, he being in San Francisco at the time. The night Jim got this letter he broke into the new joss house, nearly murdered one of the priests, and stole a lot of the sacred papers. Among other things he got the half sheet in question. Some of the papers he appears to have destroyed. Those we found, which are highly prized by the Chinese priests, he gave to his friend, Bat Dooley, and started him for New York.

"The idea was to use them as a bait to interest Hop Chu and make him show up the half of the paper he and Hip Wing were holding on to, as the old man supposes. But Dooley was killed, and these papers were brought to them by the Browning boy, to whom Bat Dooley gave them. They held on to the boy and kept him drugged in the secret joss house."

"And why?" demanded Harry. "All this is very complicated, it seems to me."

"It is complicated," replied Alice, "and I don't fully understand it myself, but I can only give you what I got. Hip Wing was not inclined to talk much about the boy, but judged they used him as a sort of, hypnotic subject to describe the movements of Joss House Jim. They believe that certain drugs will produce that effect."

"Never mind about all that," broke in Old King Brady. "Where is the boy now?"

"They sent him to this laundry to where we are going now."

"To use him for the same purpose then?"

"I suppose so. They have Joss House Jim there, too. They tried to kill him, but that was done in rage. They got wind of the fact that he had hired us to look after those papers, and that is why they went for us."

"But why was Jim so anxious about these other papers? I don't understand that," said Harry.

"Nor do I, and as I can't read them, I don't know how we are going to find out," answered Alice, "but the fact remains that the San Francisco joss house people regard them of sufficient value to interest the Chinese minister in the matter, and to offer \$10,000 reward. Altogether they probably form some rare religious treatise. The Chinese set great store by their old books."

"Like most Chinese business, it is one great big muddle. Is Hop Chu supposed to be at this laundry?"

"That is what Hip Wing supposes."

"Then the only thing we can do is to bust ahead and gather in every Chink we find on the premises," remarked Harry.

"That was my idea," replied Alice, "and that is why we are here now."

"And you are quite right," said Old King Brady. "As

for the papers which I have in my pocket now, mark my words, we shall never know their real value, nor what they really are. Hop Chu tries to destroy them, the Chinese minister offers ten thousand for them. Old, you say they are, and probably therein lies their value. Beyond that we are not going to get."

They kept on until they reached the immediate neighborhood of the laundry, where they left the hack and advanced on foot.

Turning into Nevis street, out of Butler, they saw the sign E. How.

"Here we are," said Alice.

Two Chinks were ironing in the front shop.

The Bradys entered without ceremony.

Flashing their shields, they pushed on into the back room.

A Chinaman sprang up from a table where another was sitting—a thin-faced man. There was another in a bunk.

"What want?" he demanded.

"You want him, Mr. Brady!" cried the man in the bunk. "He is Hop Chu!"

"I want you all!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "I want you, too, Mr. Joss House Jim!"

The Bradys had come up with their Chinese crook.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

The Bradys rounded up Hop Chu and the thin-faced man in the Butler street station that night.

Joss House Jim went in an ambulance to the Long Island College Hospital, for he was now almost entirely paralyzed and could not stand on his feet.

Now the best of us make mistakes at times.

In our humble judgment Old King Brady made a great big one when he called out to Joss House Jim the way he did when with Harry and Alice he broke into that laundry.

For the Chinese crook shut up like a clam after that, and not a word could be got out of him.

It is our belief that if Old King Brady had acted differently he would have learned all about Walter and the paper.

As it was, the two Chinks solemnly declared that they had never heard of the boy.

Joss House Jim denied having seen him.

At the station Hop Chu was thoroughly searched.

The result was interesting.

For in a pocketbook which he carried was found a sheet of thin brown paper which appeared to have been torn from another. It carried divided Chinese characters like a laundry ticket.

This was passed on to Alice, of course, and she proceeded to examine it.

"This is what we want," she exclaimed.

Hop Chu's face was a study.

"Where is the other half?" Alice asked him in Chinese.

They talked for several minutes.

"He will tell nothing," said Alice at last. "This paper is signed by Dunk Fang, however. He says that man committed suicide by jumping into the Gowanus Canal."

"There was such a case," put in the police sergeant. "It happened about six weeks ago."

"Hah!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "That coincides with Hip Wing's story. Can you make anything out of the paper, Alice?"

"Something," replied Alice. "We will talk of it later." Soon after they left the station.

"Well?" demanded Old King Brady then.

"The paper is undoubtedly what we want," said Alice. "It mentions a brickyard kept by Jenks & Poplins. The firm name is written in English."

"There is such a firm located on the Gowanus Canal," said Old King Brady. "What else?"

"It speaks of the brass box, and diamonds are alluded to. The word hide is here. There can't be any doubt that it is the paper Hip Wing had."

"Of course we can do nothing more about it to-night," remarked Harry. "Pity we couldn't have got next to Joss House Jim. I am satisfied that he knows more than he told."

"Perhaps he did," replied Old King Brady, "but certainly he did not have the paper, and the half we got from Hop Chu seems to be all there is in evidence."

The rain had now ceased.

As Old King Brady was about to enter the hack in which the prisoners had been brought to the station, he abruptly said to the driver:

"Take us to Jenks & Poplins' brickyard, — street and Gowanus Canal."

"Now what's that for?" demanded Harry. "What on earth can we do at the brickyard to-night?"

They had entered the cab now, and were already under way.

"Upon my word, I don't know," replied Old King Brady. "All I can tell you is that the notion suddenly seized me to go there, and I am going."

And on board the lighter Comet, lying alongside of that very brickyard, was Walter Browning, the boy they sought.

Walter's swoon was short lived.

Captain Charley Buddemann, who knew the boy well from Walter swimming off his lighter, promptly brought him around with a good stiff swig of brandy.

"Vat in tunder pring you here mit noting on but your yaller nightgown, Valter?" he demanded. "Vas you using dot for a bathing suit, den? I haven't seen you dese two years. Vat's de matter mit you, anyvay? Got der gramps?"

Walter had to do a lot of explaining.

"Now dot vas schust de strangest peezeess efer I hear tell about," he said. "Led me see dot paper, Valter. I was anxious to know what it vas all about."

Walter produced the pellet.

It was not to be opened then, however.

But Captain Charley put the pellet in a pan, and the pan on top of his little cook stove, where it soon dried out.

Meanwhile Walter had disposed of his pajamas and put on some of Captain Charley's old clothes.

As the captain happened to be a little man, and Walter large for his age, they fitted fairly well.

The opening of the pellet was now in order.

It took time, but at last they got it spread out upon the table.

"They are sure enough Chinese letters," said Captain Charley. "But say, Valter, you stop here on board a vile till you get stronger. Time enough to-morrow to look up dis Old King Brady."

He lay down in Captain Charley's bunk and fell asleep.

He was sleeping still when some hours later Captain Charley heard a carriage coming down the street to the canal.

It was something so unusual that the old man went on deck to see what it was all about.

Now Captain Charley had not only heard of Old King Brady, but once he had seen that famous sleuth.

He saw him again now!

It was Old King Brady who first got out of the hack.

A young man and a young lady followed.

"Can you tell me, my friend, if there is any watchman connected with this yard?" Old King Brady called.

"Come ride aboard!" roared Captain Charley. "You are schust de man ve vant! Der poy is here."

"Boy, what boy?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Vat poy? Vy Valter Prowning, to be sure. Come ride away, quick."

The Bradys boarded the lighter.

No questioning was necessary.

The boy went right ahead and explained.

Old King Brady saw at once that he was telling a straight story, and the production of the paper confirmed it.

Still greater was the old detective's triumph now.

"This is as it should go," he exclaimed. "Now, Alice, get in your fine work."

"What! Have you got the other half of the paper?" cried Walter.

"We certainly have," replied Old King Brady, and he went on to tell of the arrest of the Chinaman.

Meanwhile Alice was matching up the paper.

"Shall I speak right out?" she asked Old King Brady by a secret sign of which the Bradys have a regular code.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then, this is all right. It is Dunk Fang's statement. It simply tells that feeling madness creeping over him again, he decided to hide the brass box in this brickyard. It is so rambling that I think he must have been mad when he wrote it."

"Likely, seeing that he jumped into the canal and drowned himself immediately afterward," said Old King Brady.

"Who you talk about?" demanded Captain Charley. "De Chinese man vat gommited suicide in de canal? I vas de man vat found his body already yet."

This was interesting, of course, but what Alice had to say next was more to the point.

"I think that if we can go into the brickyard with a lantern I can locate the spot," she said.

"Sure ting," replied Captain Charley. "I haf a lantern. Dere vas no vatchman. All ve haf to do vas to step ashore. But vat's in dot box already?"

"Stolen money," replied Old King Brady, "and after

it has been returned to its owners perhaps there may be something coming to you in the way of a reward."

This seemed to suit Captain Charley all right.

He got the lantern, and they all went into the brickyard.

Alice led them to the south end.

Here there was an enormous pile of bricks up against a fence.

But the pile did not quite touch the fence.

There was a space between above, while below to the right of perhaps six feet, bricks had been placed close to the fence.

"I think if you will pull away those bricks, Mr. Brady, you will find the box," Alice said.

And find it they did, behind the bricks, which had evidently been placed there by the insane Chinaman to plug up the opening.

For there lay a queer oblong brass box with Chinese characters engraved upon it—evidently very old.

They did not open the box that night, but they did next day, and found within money and diamonds. The total value was nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

As the chief of the Secret Service Bureau was still in town, the Bradys turned box and papers over to him, and they were taken to Washington.

And this was all the detectives ever knew about this singular business, except that they duly received their share of the \$10,000 reward.

Be sure Walter Browning was not forgotten.

With what he got, added to Bat Dooley's \$500, the boy was able to establish himself in a snug little business.

Captain Charley Buddemann got enough to buy himself several new suits of clothes.

Joss House Jim died of paralysis within a week.

Hop Chu went to Sing Sing for attempted murder and arson. The thin-faced man went with him. Old Hip Wing was not disturbed.

The two Highbinders admitted that they had been hired by Hop Chu to do up Harry, and they went up, too.

Alice wrote the Jackson street house in Chinese asking for information about the papers, but she never received a reply.

Thus even at the close there remained much that was mysterious about the case of "The Bradys and Joss House Jim."

#### THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS' FATAL NIGHT; or, THE MYSTERY OF THE MAD SHERIFF," which will be the next number (561) of "Secret Service."

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## ITEMS WORTH READING.

Mount Etna, the volcano that rises above the cities and towns of Sicily, not only supplies them with land on which to grow their vines and olives, with sulphur out of which to draw profit in trade, but, strange as it may seem, with snow to cool their drinks and keep their fruits fresh in the summer. The annual snow crop is being gathered now. The crest of Etna, which rises to a height of 10,760 feet, is thickly covered with snow in winter. This snow gathers in narrow, deep ravines to a thickness of fifteen or sixteen feet. In the spring these deep drifts are carefully covered with a layer of ashes. These natural storehouses of snow are situated in many places above the 5,000 foot level, far beyond the cultivated regions, and are looked after by special guardians. They belong to the Archbishop of Catania, whose dominion includes all the higher parts of the volcano.

The Austrian battleship Radetski, which is to be launched at San Marco, near Trieste, shortly, is one of four ships which are said to possess several unusual features, among them being an elaborate double-bottom arrangement, which, it is said, will render them practically unsinkable by torpedo explosions, and an extensive system of watertight compartments. Rolling in a seaway will be almost eliminated by an arrangement which is kept strictly secret. Every vital part is sheathed in armor, the armor of each vessel representing a total weight of 3,070 tons. The pumps are capable of dealing with 2,400 tons of water per hour. Eight steam and two hand pumps represent the fire installation. Fresh bread will be supplied daily to the crew from the well-equipped bakehouses on board. Steam will be raised by twelve water-tube boilers of the Yarrow type, fitted with Howden's artificial draft arrangement. Four main and four auxiliary pumps will supply the boilers. The special machinery for distilling is able to supply 160 tons of pure water every twenty-four hours. Another unique feature is the special breech mechanism of the 12-inch guns (four in number) adapted to the use of brass cartridge cases, which will be the first to be used with guns of this caliber.

"A Chinaman will live on what a Frenchman throws away; a Frenchman will live on what a German throws away; a German will live on what an Englishman throws away; an Englishman will live on what an American throws away." We are the most wasteful people in the world. This, says a writer, is so much the better for those who deal in our waste. The humble junk business, the trade of unconsidered trifles, has prospered in America more than in all other countries.

In Boston lives a dealer who has accumulated more than a million dollars; several of his competitors could sign checks in six figures. The leading dealer in Providence, who handles nothing but scrap-iron, is worth half a million. Philadelphia has two junk millionaires and a cluster of near-millionaires. One of these Philadelphia dealers has half a million invested in buildings and equipment alone. Ground in New York is too costly for many large warehouses or iron yards, and most of them are located in New Jersey. Scattered over that State are a dozen dealers who have made fifty, one hundred, two hundred, five hundred thousand dollars from that which the metropolis has thrown away. One of these New Jersey dealers recently bought the greatest "lot" of junk ever handled in the world's history—the old iron and refuse which the French abandoned at Panama. The original cost of this material was about twenty million dollars. What was the tune of the mere song he paid for it, or how much he has made by selling off the scrap-iron and metal, no one has ever dared to estimate.

## WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

"Tell me," said the lovelorn youth, "what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?" "Marry her," replied Peckham promptly.

Grocery Drummer (in cross-roads store)—That venerable fossil who just went out must be one of the oldest settlers around these parts, isn't he? Storekeeper—Settler be darned! Why, he ain't yet settled fer the suit he was married in, nor nuthin' since!

Little George Washington had just told the corner gang about the cherry tree incident. "Aw, but why didn't you keep mum an' let de old man prove his case?" asked Fatty Smith. "Father is there too strong with that old third-degree thing!" said the wise Georgie, giving a few imitation "ouches!"

From the classroom occupied by the roughest boys in the Sunday-school came a great uproar. The secretary in the next room went in to investigate. Complete silence followed the opening of the classroom door. "Have you got a teacher?" "No." "Do you want one?" "No." "Then be quiet or you'll get one." Result—comparative peace.

He (desperately)—Tell me the truth. Is it not my poverty that stands between us? She (sadly)—Y-e-s. He (with a ray of hope)—I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father, but I have an aged unclé who is very rich, and a bachelor. He is an invalid and cannot long survive. She (delightedly)—How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?

A visitor to one of the hotels at Carlsbad, Germany, tells the story of a gentleman to whom the servants and the proprietor paid the most profound attention. He was royally treated, rather to the neglect of the rest of the guests. Every time he came out of the hotel door a strip of green carpet would be rolled down in front of him, and the attendants would take off their caps and bow in the most deferential and obsequious manner. Neither the visitor thus so strangely honored nor the other guests could make out what this deference meant. At last some one looked in the printed register, or "kurgast liste." There was the entry: "James the 1st, King of Buffalo, N. Y." It was the native printer's rendering of the American's name—James I. King, Buffalo, N. Y.

## THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHIN.

By JOHN SHERMAN.

Nettie Dare sat on the gray rock beside the sea, watching the long swell as it came in from the ocean, and singing the old song:

"He broke the token, and half he gave to me,  
While the other's rolling—while the other's rolling  
At the bottom of the sea."

The maiden who sung that old, old song of love and constancy was beautiful; young and fresh, with abundant hair, lustrous black eyes, and lips which seemed to ask for kisses.

So thought the young sailor, Ned Valton, as he leaped down from the rocks, and stood beside her.

"Will you take a token from me, Nettie?" he said, tenderly. "I, too, am going across the sea."

"Ned!" she cried. "Where did you come from?"

"I just dropped in," replied the gay young sailor, passing his arm about her waist. "I have only a little while to stay, my darling, but that will be long enough to tell you that I love you better than any creature on the earth. I'm going out as mate this trip, and I hope, when I come home, that the owners will think I have done well enough to make me captain. And if they do your father will give you to me, for the captain of a whaler is a great man in Dundee."

"But three years is a long, long time, Ned. I'd sooner see you follow any other vocation than the sea."

"It's the best I can do, dear girl. I've been a sailor since I was big enough to lift a marline-spike, and I shall be a sailor till I die."

He took a small gold ring from his finger, and cut it in two pieces with his knife, and gave her one.

"Keep it, Nettie," he said, "and on the day when you get it back you may know that the hand that held the token is cold in the dust or under the sea. Then you may bid good-by forever to your sailor-lover, and look for another. I don't want to hamper you, my girl. If, when I am gone, you find another you care for more than poor Ned Valton—"

"Ned!"

"I won't say what I was going to say then. I believe that you are true to the core, dear girl, and, indeed, I never doubted you. But I must say good-by, for the Dolphin has set the signal to recall the boats, and it won't be long before the anchor is off the bottom. One kiss, my darling, and then a long good-by."

He clasped her in his arms, and their lips met in a long and tender kiss.

At this moment they heard a hissing laugh, and starting quickly, Ned Valton saw a man in seaman's garb standing upon the rocks above, and looking down at them.

"I don't like to interfere, Ned, old boy," said the man, "but we must make the best of this wind. Go down to the 'Ship' and find the second mate, and go to the boat. I'll stroll along the shore, and get there as soon as you."

It was Captain Saul Wilson, of the ship Dolphin—a successful captain, one who never went upon the whaling-grounds but that he filled up before the rest of the fleet—a man who never lost a ship, and who made money for his owners.

"I'll go, captain," said the young man. "Nettie and I have made a bargain, and if I come back, after doing good work, and the owners give me command of the new ship they are going to build, she is to be my wife. Kiss me again, Nettie; Saul knows that we love each other."

Again he pressed her to his heart, and then tore himself away.

"Take her home, Captain Saul," he said. "I—I can't stay." He sprang over the rocks and disappeared, and Captain Saul gave Nettie his arm.

She took it, and as she walked along the shell-strewn beach she looked up again and again into the weather-beaten face of Saul Wilson.

It was not a bad face, but that of a man who had suffered in secret.

His eyes, even now, had a dreamy look, and he kept them steadily turned away from her.

For he loved her.

He dared not look at her, for she loved Ned Valton, and he feared for himself.

Once or twice the thought came to him:

"If he should die; if anything should happen to him on the voyage!"

But he drove the thought out of his heart, and when they came near the cottage of old Captain Dare, he bade her good-by as an elder brother might have done, and hurried down to the boat, which lay there in waiting with only three men in it.

Two hours later the anchor was hove, the head-sails filled, and the Dolphin hove away on her distant voyage.

Long months had passed, and again we see the Dolphin.

She is on the sperm-whale fishing-grounds, and a look at her is enough to show that she has seen service.

On either side of the ship a strange object is suspended, the head of a gigantic sperm-whale, and the men are working in the great cells, scooping out the rich sperm from the depths.

"I'd like to get rid of these heads as soon as we can, captain," said Ned Valton. "I don't like the look of the sky."

Saul Wilson cast a gloomy look to leeward, and saw that a storm was brewing.

"Let it come," he said, in a surly tone. "I think sometimes it would be better for me if the next storm sent the Dolphin to the bottom. Blame it, why do you stand staring at me? I'd have you know that you've got a man to deal with, Ned Valton."

"I used to think so, Saul," said Ned, sadly. "Well—well, this voyage must come to an end some time."

"Do you want me to send you forward among the men?" cried the captain, fiercely. "By goodness, I'll do it if you don't look out. I won't stand a sea-lawyer, you know."

Ned went forward without a word. He did not understand all this.

From the moment the ship had rounded Cape Horn Saul Wilson had begun to show his hatred of the man who had been his friend.

Nothing he could do was right, and the captain repeatedly interfered with him in the line of his duties, where no captain who has any respect for his first mate will interfere.

"I wish you would speak to the captain, Benton," said Ned, as he passed the second mate in the waist. "I don't know what has come over him lately. I try to do my duty like a man, but, do the best I can, it is impossible to satisfy him. He has made the ship a hell to me, and I can't stand it much longer."

"I don't understand it, either," said Benton. "What have you done to him?"

"Nothing whatever. He has acted in this way for nearly a year. All I can say is, when we get to Honolulu I leave the ship. But there is a storm brewing, and if it strikes us before the heads are gone, I wouldn't give a penny for our lives."

At this moment the captain, who had been glaring at them from the quarter-deck, cried out to the first mate:

"Why don't you move, you Valton? Start those men lively."

Ned made no reply, but went to the rail and spoke to the men in a low voice.

They loved him, and there was not a man among them who

would not have worked his fingers to the bone for the young mate. They sprang to their work with a will, and the work was nearly done, when even the captain saw that they could wait no longer.

"Stand by to cut away!" he cried. "The gale will catch us if we don't look out. Lively there with your axes."

The men saw that the storm was rolling up with frightful rapidity, and the blows of the axes fell fast.

A moment more and the two great heads went plunging down into the sea, and the men sprang out to set the storm-jib and stya-sails.

Scarcely had it been done, and the sails drawn up to tight leach, when the gale struck her, and the Dolphin went over on her beam ends as if smitten down by the hand of a giant.

The men at her side let go over, and the ship slowly righted and went off before the wind with frightful speed.

All was enveloped in utter darkness now, and Benton, who had missed Ned Valton from his side, called to him, but he was gone!

"Heavens, captain!" cried the second mate. "Ned is overboard!"

Saul Wilson uttered a terrible cry, and glared at the water with widely-dilated eyes.

"I killed him!" he cried. "I am a murderer; do you hear? I killed him as surely as if I had brained him with an axe! Confound the darkness; but for that I'd save him yet!"

He sprang to the rail and looked out, and, raising his powerful voice, sent it ringing out across the sea.

A feeble shout from astern told that Ned was there.

"Throw her up into the wind!" screamed the captain. "Up with her, if it takes every stick out of her! Now, then, who is with me to save that poor fellow?"

Four men quickly manned a boat, and the captain sprang into the stern-sheets.

The crew worked at the falls, and scarcely had the boat touched the water when the oars dropped together, and the boat shot away from the ship into the black night beyond.

Again the captain hailed, and the feeble voice replied, far ahead:

"Pull, my men, pull! A hundred pounds to every man in the boat if we save him. Lift her, my boys; start every plank and stretcher, but pull. Brace up, Ned—we are coming!"

As he spoke a red light flashed from the bow of the ship, and a blood-red glare fell upon the sea.

Benton was burning red fire to show them where the young mate was.

Then they saw him rising upon the crest of a mighty wave and again sinking from sight, but struggling manfully to keep afloat.

Then from the ship arose a resounding shout; the drowning man took heart and struggled manfully; but, weighed down by his heavy clothing, he was nearly spent, and all at once they saw him throw up his hands, and with the name of the girl he loved upon his lips, go down in the dark water.

Then, in the glare of the red fire, they saw the captain rise in the stern-sheets and plunge headforemost into the water.

A moment of wild suspense, and then the head of Saul Wilson appeared above the waves, and a wild shout went up as they saw that he bore upon one arm the form of the young mate.

A moment more and they were in the boat and pulling towards the ship.

And that night, when Ned lay in his bunk, the captain came in and told him how he had loved Nettie for five years, and how his passion drove him nearly mad; but his good angel triumphed, and three years after, when Ned Valton and Nettie were married, Saul Wilson said amen to the prayer for their happiness with a fervent heart.

He never married, but all through life they had no better friend than the captain of the Dolphin.

## DROWNING IN GOLDEN SAND.

C. F. De Jersey-Grut and L. Simpson, both of Sydney, Australia, are traveling on pleasure through the United States.

Mr. Simpson has had an experience that does not often fall to the lot of man—of being nearly drowned in gold.

And it happened in this wise, he says:

"I was in New Zealand about a year ago, and was down in the southern part of the place. There is a river there, named the Zaldas, and a very peculiar river it is in a good many ways. It is remarkable for the strength and swiftness of its current in the mountains, and it goes underground for a space of about a mile in its middle course. But the chief of its peculiarities is the gold-bearing quicksand to be found near its mouth. There is about a mile of the river there, where it spreads out, that is full of quicksand, and for a good distance this sand is full of gold. It assays as high as \$1,200 a ton, and is, of course, a very valuable thing. Until recently there was no known way of utilizing this gold, but about a year ago a new method was found whereby the gold could be extracted.

"Well, I was near there, with a party of friends, camping and shooting and fishing. The first night I rode out on my horse down the river to see some people that lived on a farm near the mouth of the river.

"There was a light wind blowing at the time, and it blew my hat all of a sudden from my head, and out into the stream.

"It floated down slowly, and I rode on the bank and followed and watched it.

"I thought that it would soon come near the bank and then I would be able to go out and get it by making my horse wade in the stream.

"I had not heard of the quicksand.

"Pretty soon it did not come near the bank, and I urged the animal out into the river.

"The horse would not go, however, and neighed loudly when brought near the water.

"After I had made repeated efforts to get the horse out into the stream, I gave it up, and then thought that I would wade out and get the hat myself.

"It was close to the bank, and the river did not look very deep.

"So I jumped off the horse and into the stream, and then in an instant I knew what was the matter with the animal. For I had struck the quicksand.

"It was the place where the gold is most to be found, and that sand there is worth lots of money, but it did not seem to make any difference to me whether it was gold, I was sinking in or just plain sand.

"It rose higher and higher on me, and I felt that it was surely the end.

"But the luck was with me, and I was pulled out by a chance passerby on a horse, who threw a lariat over my shoulders.

"I thought that I was surely being cut in two by the lariat. "But I was not, and I was pulled out after a while and got over my scare.

"That sand where I was is now worth millions of dollars, and I was literally drowning in gold, but it wasn't any fun, I can tell you."

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