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# SECRET SERVICE.

## THE BRADYS DRUGGED.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



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Old King Brady staggered along with the unconscious Harry in his arms, and the three Chinamen rushed after him. But the drug got the best of the old detective, and he let his partner drop and fell senseless to the floor.



# SECRET SERVICE

## OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE TALL CHINAMAN OF THE ST. CROIX.

Why is it that the average person despises a Chinaman?

Did you ever stop to think?

You have several answers ready on your tongue, of course—old chestnuts, every one of them.

In a sense they are true, but the real truth is that we in America despise the Chinese race through sheer ignorance of their real characters.

Here we have a few thousand Chinamen, ninety per cent of whom are from Canton and Hong-Kong, and all of the lowest social grade, or sons of such who were.

And by this poor sample we calmly judge a civilized nation which is the eldest in the world, and numbers 400,000,000!

At a glance it will be seen that the proposition is absurd.

Another mistake which many make about the Chinese is that we consider them all small people.

Those who visit Pekin get their eyes opened, for they promptly discover that just the reverse is the case.

The Cantonese are a small people, but the northern Chinamen are splendidly developed physically. Their average height is six feet, and many of them exceed this, and are perfectly proportioned as well.

And it is a fact which no well-informed traveler can dispute that this kind of Chinaman is as honest, as truthful, and intelligent as the average white man of any nationality.

And having spoken a good word for the kind of "Chink" of which we Americans know next to nothing, we may now introduce our readers to a Chinaman who passed through the Pullman sleeper St. Croix, on Erie train No. 4, the fast express from Chicago to New York, at twenty minutes to four, p. m., on a certain afternoon in the month of May, a year or two ago.

He was a man of magnificent physique, and had a most striking face.

As for his skin, it was whiter than that of the average Pullman passenger.

He was expensively dressed in American style, wore his hair short, had a big diamond set in a ring on the third finger of his left hand, and in his Ascot tie was the most superb opal ever seen by the Bradys, of the world-famous Brady Detective Bureau, of Union Square, New York.

For the Bradys were in that Pullman car.

So was Alice Montgomery, their accomplished female partner.

As these remarkable sleuths have had much to do with

the Chinese, their attention was naturally attracted to the man, whom they had not seen before.

"What a singular looking Chinaman," Young King Brady said, after the man was out of hearing.

"Indeed, yes!" replied Old King Brady. "You would hardly want to take a fall out of that fellow, Harry."

"I should say not! If his strength is in proportion to his build, he must be a perfect Sandow. Alice, what part of China is he from, should you say?"

"Pekin," replied Alice promptly. "Or at least from some of the northern provinces. It seems quite impossible to make you understand, Harry, that all Chinamen are not little fellows like the laundrymen we see around New York."

Now, Alice is an authority on all things Chinese.

The daughter of a missionary, born and brought up in China, she knows the race well. Not only that, but she can both speak and read Chinese, a most unusual accomplishment for a white woman.

"He must have one of the staterooms," observed Harry, "otherwise we should have seen him before."

"It does not follow," replied the old detective. "Remember we only got on at Binghampton, and we haven't left this car since."

"I'll ask the porter," said Harry; "and here he comes."

"Sam," he said to the dinky, as he passed, "who is that big Chinaman who just went through the car—do you know?"

"No, sah, I don't," replied the porter. "He got on at Chicago, sah. Has stateroom B, all alone by himself. Looks like he had plenty of de coin."

The Bradys could draw no other conclusion, judging by the man's dress and diamonds.

But this did not surprise them at all, for none know better than they do that there are many Chinese in America who are very rich.

"He must be in the dining-car," said Harry. "How I would like to pick up his acquaintance. I'd just like to see him open his eyes when he hears Alice speak Chinese."

"Thank you, sir!" replied Alice. "I am not ambitious to display my accomplishments to every wandering Chink."

"Do you know, Alice," said Old King Brady, "that with all due respect to you I also should like to know more of that particular Chinaman, just for the mere curiosity of the thing."

"I'll slip into the dining-car and see how the land lies," said Harry. "It might not be impossible if you want to get a bite in there."

Coming East the dining-car is open for such as want supper on this particular train.

Harry was gone only about five minutes when he returned triumphant.

"Say, it can be worked," he whispered.

"How?" asked Old King Brady.

"Why, as it happens, the car is about full. There are three seats at the table where the Chink is, but at no other are there three. I spoke to the head waiter, and told him who I was. He'll place us at the Chinaman's table."

"Good!"

"How much did you tip him, Harry?" laughed Alice.

"Not a cent as yet, if you please. I don't pay for goods before I get them, unless I have to."

"Let us go," said Old King Brady. "As you both know, I like to study peculiar types of humanity, and this Chinaman is certainly one."

They went.

The head waiter kept his word.

He did not even consult the tall Chinaman.

Why should he, a gentleman of color, show any consideration for the feelings of a "Chink," even if he did wear diamonds?

The Chinaman made no remonstrance.

He had ordered some dish which had not yet been served, and he sat quietly oblivious to those who had thus crowded in upon him.

Harry had been placed next to him, Old King Brady and Alice opposite.

Now that they had got there, they did not know exactly what to do, so dignified was their tall Chinaman.

Harry had been in hopes that Alice would take occasion to air her Chinese, but she did not.

It was the old detective himself who at last "bulted in," and the answer which was fired back at him came altogether as a surprise.

"I hope we are not crowding you too much," he said.

"Why, no, Mr. Brady; there is room enough for all of us, I think," was the quiet reply, spoken in perfect English.

"Bowled out," chuckled Harry. "That's one on the Governor. But he'll follow up the lead all right. Ten to one the fellow is a race-track Chink or a crook, perhaps both. He has recognized the old blue coat."

Old King Brady affects a peculiar style of dress.

A long blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a white felt hat with an extraordinarily broad brim, which latter article the head waiter had put up in the rack overhead.

For a moment Old King Brady sat in silence.

He was studying his man, and trying to place him.

As we have said before, the Bradys have had much to do with the Chinese, and Old King Brady's memory is good, yet he could not recall ever having seen the tall Chinaman before.

At length he broke out with:

"You seem to know me?"

The Chinaman smiled.

"I think I am not mistaken in taking you for Old King Brady, the detective," he replied.

"That is who I am."

"I have heard much about you. Once, perhaps two years ago, you were pointed out to me in the Oriental restaurant on Dupont street, in San Francisco."

"Indeed! I have frequently dined at the Oriental."

"You were not dining then. You arrested an opium smuggler who was."

"I remember the evening perfectly."

"And these are your partners, I presume," said the Chinaman, bowing to Alice. "My name is Ah Tai, if you care to introduce me."

"Certainly."

"But it is hardly necessary. Miss Montgomery's fame has spread widely among my people, and of course we all know Young King Brady."

"Yes, indeed! I am quite notorious," laughed Harry.

What Alice said we shall not attempt to repeat, for it was in Chinese.

Ah Tai responded in the same language, and they held a brief conversation.

"This is not only an honor but a privilege," he then said in English. "I would not have believed that any American woman could learn my difficult language so perfectly."

A general conversation followed.

Dinner served, it kept up to the end.

Ah Tai proved himself a most courteous gentleman; so much so that nobody presumed to question him about himself.

The dinner over, he retired to his stateroom, leaving the Bradys in their seats in the St. Croix.

"Well, Alice, did you find out how he got those diamonds?" asked Harry then.

"Indeed I did not," replied Alice, "but I am very glad this happened, for now you know that such a proposition as a Chinese gentleman exists."

It was only an incident, and it was soon forgotten.

The Bradys saw no more of Ah Tai, and by the end of the week he was only a memory.

But he was destined to crop up again.

It was evening, and Old King Brady and Harry sat in the library of the old house on Washington Square, where they have kept bachelor's hall for several years.

Alice lives around the corner on Waverly Place, where she has a comfortable suite of rooms, and she was not with them that evening, as she sometimes was.

"Harry," said the old detective, throwing down the evening paper, which he had been reading, "let's have a game of cribbage. What do you say?"

Harry said yes, but they were not destined to have the game, for just then over the telephone came a call to arms.

Harry answered the call.

"It's Quong Lee, and he wants to speak to you," he said.

Now, Quong Lee is the keeper of a Chinese opium joint on Chatham Square.

Once it came in Old King Brady's way to do this man a favor, which helped him out of a very bad hole.

Quong Lee had never forgotten it.

From that day on he has regarded the old detective as his friend, and many is the favor he had done in return.

Indeed, so valuable an ally had the old dive-keeper proved in working up their Chinese cases that the Bradys felt as if they could not keep house without Quong Lee.

So Old King Brady got to the telephone, but Harry

could not make out anything by listening to one side of the talk.

But at the end, when Old King Brady said:

"All right, Quong. I'll call up Miss Montgomery, and we will be right down," Harry knew that they were booked for another Chinese case.

"And what is it now?" he asked.

"A Chinaman came staggering into Quong Lee's place terribly cut up by knives. Quong says he has got big diamonds, and that he asked him to telephone for us."

"Did you get the name?"

"No; Quong says he refused to give his name, but from the description he gives me of the man, Harry, I am strongly inclined to think that he is our tall Chinaman of the St. Croix."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CALL FROM QUONG LEE.

Alice responded promptly to the telephone call.

It was now about quarter past nine.

By a quarter to ten the Bradys descended the steps leading down into Quong Lee's basement dive.

They hurried through the long, boarded passage, passing the guardian at the inner door leading into the smoking-room, who saluted them with immense respect, and opening a door at the end passed into Quong Lee's little office.

A young Chinaman came out of an inner door as they entered.

"De ole man upstairs," he said. "Me callee him."

"Tell him we are here," said Old King Brady. "Perhaps he wants us to come up to the sick man upstairs."

But Quong's clerk knew no sick man.

After the manner of his kind he was giving nothing away.

He left the Bradys to themselves, and vanished through a little door.

But he came back in a moment, and now he knew all about the sick man, and was ready to take the detectives into his presence.

Quong Lee's private apartments were reached by a narrow flight of winding stairs.

They found the old divekeeper waiting for them at the door.

"So you comee, yair," he said. "Him belly bad. You helpee me gettee him hospital—yair? I have much trouble so him die here."

"Found out his name?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yair. Him name Ah Tai."

The detectives glanced at each other.

It was indeed their tall Chinaman, and no one else.

Quong Lee now went on to explain that the man belonged to the same "tong" or guild as himself, and that was why he sought refuge in his place.

As the Bradys were well aware, Quong Lee's tong was but a small one, and very clannish.

The old divekeeper was not a member of either the

Hip Sing Tong, or "Highbinders," as they are usually called, which is really only an organized band of crooks—nor of the On Leong Tong, or Order of Merchants, a peaceable bunch enough if they could be let alone.

But Quong went on to say that he was not acquainted with Ah Tai other than that he had noticed him on the street in Chinatown during the last few days.

He then took the Bradys into his bedroom, where their tall Chinaman lay stretched upon a bamboo couch, with his head and hands tied up.

He was asleep, and breathing heavily.

There was a strong smell of opium in the room.

"Have you had a doctor for him?" demanded the old detective.

"Only Chinee dloctor," replied Quong.

"Where is he cut?"

It appeared that Ah Tai had been slashed across the forehead, and down the left cheek; that his nose had been badly cut, and there were also severe gashes on both his hands.

"Did he tell you how he came by his wounds?" asked Old King Brady.

"No," replied Quong. "He wouldn't tell me nloting. He only wantee you. 'Gettee Old Kling Blady,' he say, 'an' gettee him quick.'"

"Has he been smoking opium?"

"No. He say he no smokee, but dloctor givee him hop to dlink."

"It looks very much as if he had given him an overdose to me from the way he breathes," said the old detective.

And to Harry he added:

"Chase up the Bowery quick, and see if you can't get Dr. H— to come here."

Now, Dr. H— had been quite a character in Chinatown of late years.

Just who he was nobody knew, but he was certainly a most skillful physician, and was regularly registered, although it was generally believed that his name was assumed.

Himself an inveterate opium fiend, he has quite a practice among his fellow fiends, both white and yellow, although he was by no means always in a condition to attend to it.

Harry was off like a streak, for he also was satisfied that the Chinese doctor had given Ah Tai an overdose.

"Get coffee, quick, Quong," said Old King Brady.

Now, strong coffee is the antidote for opium.

Most dives keep it on hand, and Quong always did. He lost no time in bringing up a cup now.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that Old King Brady could get the injured man to swallow it, nor could he succeed in arousing him.

Soon Harry returned with a tall man, as thin as a rail, with haggard face and gleaming black eyes, who was dressed in a suit of greasy black.

This was Dr. H—, and he was pretty well doped himself. Still, he knew what he was about.

"There's your patient, doctor," said Old King Brady. "He has been treated by a Chinaman. Too much opium, I am afraid. All I could do for him was to give him a cup of black coffee."

The doctor nodded, and made his examination.

"It is as you say," he reported. "You have probably saved his life. I think I can finish the job and bring him around all right."

He administered medicine, after swallowing which Ah Tai breathed more naturally.

Alice was then ordered downstairs, and an examination of the wounds upon the unconscious Chinaman was made.

His face and hands were terribly slashed, but save for one unimportant cut on the left leg there were no wounds on the man's body.

"He ought to go to a hospital," said Dr. H—. "If he dies on your hands, Quong, you will be in a fix."

This was just what Quong Lee wanted, and he said so. "You can arrange it, doctor?" asked the old detective. The doctor nodded.

"Shall I send the ambulance?" he asked.

"As soon as possible," said Old King Brady. "But we don't want to get Quong Lee mixed up in this business."

"Have no fears. The case will be recorded as having been picked up on the street."

Old King Brady paid the doctor, and he departed.

He had not been gone ten minutes when the patient opened his eyes.

"Mr. Brady! So you came!" he murmured.

"Yes, my friend," replied the old detective. "I haven't forgotten you. How did you come to get into this terrible trouble?"

His eyes roamed from one face to another.

"Too many, too many! It confuses me," he murmured, and then began to babble in Chinese.

"Better leave him to Alice, had we not?" questioned Harry.

Ah Tai settled the question for himself.

Opening his eyes again he said:

"Just as you, please, Mr. Brady. It is not that I have any secrets to tell, but too many—too many! You understand!"

Old King Brady understood perfectly, and he requested Harry and Alice to go downstairs with Quong Lee.

It was twenty minutes before the ambulance came, and then they put Ah Tai into it, again asleep, but, as the old detective asserted, out of danger from the overdose of opium.

After he had gone the detectives gathered in Quong Lee's little office.

Quong was there, too, but he sent his clerk away.

"Now, I suppose you are all anxious to know what he said," the old detective remarked, "so listen, and you get what he told me.

"Ah Tai, it seems, has been a speculator in abandoned placer mines in California. He has had his ups and downs, and has been rich and poor, like most of his kind."

"Recently he leased an old mine near Dutch Flat, drove a tunnel, struck an old river bottom which had been buried under lava, and out of it took over two hundred thousand dollars in a month; then the gold petered out.

"With this money he came to New York with the intention of starting a Chinese bank. He tied up at a house on Pell street, and was negotiating with a man named Sing

Pow, whom he proposed to make his partner. To-night was to settle it, and he was to produce a hundred thousand dollars as a showdown against fifty thousand on the part of Sing Pow.

"While they were at it a bunch broke in on them, stole the money, and slashed Ah Tai, as you see him. He fought his way to the street, and scarcely knowing where he was going, made his way here, for he had heard of Quong as a member of his teng.

"We got as far as that when he began to talk about some boy for whom he was looking, when he fell asleep, and then the ambulance came. I am satisfied that I have not got the whole story, but I give it to you as he gave it to me."

"And what about Sing Pow?" demanded Harry. "Was he attacked, too?"

"So Ah Tai says. He saw him knocked down, and two of the gang were bending over him, but he seemed to have his doubts."

Just then Quong Lee broke out in Chinese, and he and Alice talked to each other for some minutes.

This is always the way with the old dive-keeper when Alice is around.

Then he seems to forget his English, and insists upon talking Chinese.

"What is it, Alice?" demanded Old King Brady.

"He says Sing Pow is a Highbinder and a rascal. He thinks the attack on him was only a fake."

"So? And I am much inclined to believe you, Quong."

"Did he see him monee? Did he see him monee?" cried Quong.

"He says that Sing Pow put money down on the table, but he had not counted it. They were engaged in counting his own when the attack came."

"I betcher him monee no good. Say, Blady, Sing Pow passee queer monee. I know it, too."

"Ha!" exclaimed the old detective. "Is that a fact? Then he is the kind of bird we are gunning for. But I wish I could have heard the rest of the story. I am satisfied that Ah Tai had more to tell."

"Did you get the number of the Pell street house?" asked Alice.

"He didn't know it," replied Old King Brady, "and he admitted that he had been very careless in not observing it. But I got the number of the house where he took his room."

"Me know," cried Quong, and he gave the number.

"I am afraid it's a case too hopeless to be worth considering," said the old detective. "Still, we can go around there and see how the land lies."

"Sing Pow no good. No good at all!" cried Quong. "He in deal for sure."

"If we are going we may as well go at once," remarked Harry.

"Surely," replied the old detective. "There is no time to be lost. Alice, you better pull out, had you not?"

"Indeed no!" replied Alice. "You may need me as an interpreter before you are through."

"Well, we will go," said Old King Brady. "If we meet with any success, Quong, we will come back and let you know."

They left then, and went around on Pell street.

It was now about eleven o'clock, the busiest hour of the day on that narrow, dirty thoroughfare through Chinatown.

Crowds of Chinamen elbowed crowds of slummers, for the night was a perfect one. It seemed to the detectives that they had never seen so many people on the street in Chinatown of a night before.

They found the house readily.

There was a grocery on the ground floor.

The building was one of the oldest on Pell street, and the Bradys know that in the past the rooms above had been largely occupied by Highbinders.

"Singular that a man as intelligent as Ah Tai seemed to be should have ventured to display so much money in a house like this," Harry remarked.

"It is, indeed," replied Old King Brady, "and this only confirms me in the belief that we are very far from knowing the true inwardness of the case."

"Is he to be believed?"

"I put that question up to Alice," replied Old King Brady. "I would not undertake to say."

"Then how can I say?" said Alice. "He seemed a perfect gentleman the night we dined with him on the train; a good specimen of the better class of Chinese. And yet you can't tell."

"I should say not," put in Harry. "Who can tell about any Chinaman when it comes to that."

"You can only judge by appearances, just as you judge white people. But Chinese can form better judgment of each other than whites can of them. Quong Lee seemed to take stock in the man."

"A point well taken," said Old King Brady. "But we must not stand here attracting attention. Ah Tai told me that Sing Pow's rooms were on the second floor in the rear. Let us go up and demand admission. We can judge better then."

They ascended the dark staircase.

A dimly lighted hall now confronted them. There was no one to be seen.

"A regular old rat-trap," said Old King Brady, as he pushed on to the last door in the rear.

At least it looked like the last door, but who can tell where the "last" door lies in a Pell street tenement?

For some of these places are perfect labyrinths, with secret rooms and passages deep underground.

Old King Brady knocked hard on the door, but there was no answer.

He then tried the knob, which yielded to his touch.

Throwing the door open, he peered into the room, exclaiming as he did so:

"Come! This is a matter of murder!"

And, indeed, it looked so!

A Chinaman lay stretched upon the floor.

### CHAPTER III.

#### IS THIS A CLEW?

If a murder takes place in Irishtown, in the Ghetto, in Little Italy, or any of the other queer quarters of New

York, the tenement is instantly swarming with people, and if a policeman or a detective wants to get in he has to push his way through the crowd.

It is a common saying that the Chinese do everything exactly opposite from every other race.

They certainly do when it comes to a murder.

For if all Pell street had known that a dead Chink lay in that room, not one man would come near the place.

That would be just the very time they would keep away.

Knowing this, it was no surprise to the Bradys and Alice to find the room deserted.

Harry shut the door and flashed his electric light around.

There was a gas bracket over a table, and this he lighted.

A second room opened off from the one they had entered.

Old King Brady stepped into it, finding a well-furnished bedroom, but it was deserted.

He came back and bent over the man on the floor.

"Oh, he is dead all right," said Harry. "I just put my hand on his forehead. It is already cold."

"Can it be Sing Pow, I wonder?" questioned Old King Brady. "His face seems to have been slashed like Ah Tai's. But look here! He has been stabbed in the heart! See, his blouse is all cut. This man's death must have been instantaneous."

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Alice.

She stooped and reached under the table.

When she got up she held in her hand a yellow-back bill.

"A hundred dollar bill!" cried Harry. "This find certainly gives color to Ah Tai's story."

"A yellow color," said Old King Brady, with a chuckle.

Harry and Alice glanced at each other.

It was about the closest approach to a joke which they had ever heard him make.

And he instantly hastened to tone it down by saying:

"But you are right. It does seem to prove that the man told the truth."

They searched the two rooms thoroughly.

Nothing was found to throw any light on the case, nor upon the identity of the dead Chinaman.

"Harry," said Old King Brady, "chase around to the Elizabeth street station and let them know that there has been a murder in this house. If you can get Captain Connors to come around so much the better. Incidentally learn if any of the ward men know Sing Pow."

Harry left, and Old King Brady proceeded to search the dead Chink.

There was no money upon his person, but he did find an ordinary memorandum-book in which there was much Chinese writing.

This he handed over to Alice, confident in the belief that she could read it.

Alice turned over the pages rapidly.

"It seems to be a sort of diary," she said. "There are no dates, but it is a sort of running record of important events. He went to the races last week and won sixty dollars on Pelican. Here we have something more to the point. I will read:

"'Came Ah Tai! He says he has the money. We shall

see. If so we open the bank with branches in Havana and Mexico City."

"Ah!" said Old King Brady. "It looks like Sing Pow. Anything else?"

"Wait! Here is a later entry. It reads:

"He expects me to help him find that boy. How can I? It is a puzzle, and yet I would like to oblige him if I could. I think he is a good man. I like him much."

"Come!" cried Old King Brady. "We are up to the boy again. It seems this don't look very much as if Sing Pow was altogether the rascal Quong Lee puts him down for."

"No, indeed," said Alice.

"And yet Quong is generally about right."

"We have certainly found him so in our experience. But, then, Ah Tai may be a rascal, too."

"Do you know I don't exactly think so," replied Old King Brady. "Yet I may be wrong. Anything else?"

"Oh, there is a lot more, but you must remember, Mr. Brady, that it is a very difficult matter to turn Chinese into English off-hand."

And Alice was spared the necessity of doing this by the arrival of Harry with a policeman and a wardman whom Old King Brady knew to be one of the most reliable of those employed in Chinatown.

He looked at the dead Chinaman, and promptly pronounced him Sing Pow.

"No chance of a mistake?" asked Old King Brady.

"No," replied the wardman. "I know the fellow well. But what do you know about this business?"

Having called in the police, Old King Brady was obliged to explain, and he did so.

"That's big money to talk about," said the wardman. "Do you believe any such yarn?"

"Some of the Chinks have big money."

"Sing Pow had, and I know it. He was one of the richest Chinks on Pell street. Sure your friend didn't pull off the job?"

"I am sure of nothing. But we have found proof that there was money lying around."

Alice exhibited the hundred dollar bill.

"That talks!" cried the wardman. "Did you search the other fellow?"

"We did not. But he has gone to the Hudson street hospital. They will go through his clothes there."

"And find nothing. Leave a Chink alone for that."

"That is about the size of it, I fancy. But this murder business is outside of our case. I shall leave it in your hands."

There was more talk, of course, but nothing developed worth recording.

The Bradys and Alice finally pulled out.

Here was a mystery in its way which in all probability would never be solved.

For there is no mystery less likely to be solved than a Chinese mystery.

No Chinaman will give away another.

Clews in such a case are hard to get.

When the Bradys got down on Pell street it was just the same.

Everybody seemed to want to get out of doors that pleasant May evening, and yet it was almost midnight.

A bunch of slummers "personally conducted" by a fake "ex-wardman" were just entering a tenement, six women all expensively dressed and four men.

Actually the fellow was in the pay of the Chinese.

His dupes would be conducted to a fake opium joint, where white people would be exhibited pretending to smoke opium.

The stuff which they put in their pipes is merely a harmless mixture colored to represent the drug.

These degraded creatures will light a fresh pipe for each bunch of slummers, who usually bestow money upon them, accompanied by good advice.

Sometimes they get the good advice without the money, and in such cases it would be interesting for the advisers if they could hear the remarks made about them after their backs are turned.

Lumbering heavily up the street was the "rubberneck" wagon on its last trip, filled with people, mostly women, who fancied themselves so very, very wicked for daring to visit this dreadfully wicked spot.

The Tuxedo and Port Arthur restaurants were crowded with people.

Surely midnight is the time to see Chinatown at its best.

The Bradys wandered along, feeling that they had about come to the end of their rope.

"Really, I see nothing for us to do but to ring off and go home," remarked Old King Brady. "Unless Ah Tai himself can give us a clew I doubt if we ever get one."

"It seems so to me," replied Harry. "But there is one thing more we might do."

"And what is that?"

"Go to Ah Tai's room and see what we find."

Old King Brady gave an exclamation of disgust.

"What's the matter now?" asked Alice.

"Really, do you know, I think I am losing my grip!" said the old detective. "It was the very thing I was intending to do, and yet it went completely out of my head. Let us do so by all means."

The number given by the wounded Chinaman was farther down the block, almost to Doyers street, in fact.

There was a bric-a-brac store on the ground floor.

The house was a new one, eight stories high.

The Bradys climbed to the top floor, for there Ah Tai had told Old King Brady that his room was located.

As he had been particular to describe its exact situation, it was not necessary to inquire of anyone.

The Bradys brought up against a door at the end of a long hall.

It was locked, as they expected to find it, but Old King Brady easily opened the door by means of a skeleton key.

They went in and lighted the gas.

The room was fitted up in the usual style of a Chinese lodging-house—a little better than usual, perhaps.

There were clothes hanging in the closet, and a large trunk stood against the wall, which had painted on the end "A. T., San Francisco."

"This is his hold-out, all right," said Old King Brady.

"We may as well make such a search as we can, but I fear it will amount to nothing."

He was right.

Nothing developed.



It might have been otherwise if they could have opened the trunk, but it was secured by a lock which their skeleton keys would not touch.

They were just about to give it up and retire when there came a low knock at the door.

"Come, who have we here," whispered Old King Brady.

"Shall I open the door?" asked Harry.

Now, whatever possessed Old King Brady to say "no," he could scarcely have told himself, but he said it.

"Ask who is there in Chinese, Alice," he whispered.

"Make your voice sound as much like a man's as you can. We may pick up something so."

Alice did it.

The answer was in Chinese, and in a woman's voice.

Several questions were put by Alice.

"It is a Chinawoman, evidently," she whispered. "She says she wants to see Ah Tai."

"Does she know you are a woman?"

"Yes. Shall I let her in? She won't tell me what she wants."

"Did you tell her that Ah Tai wasn't here?"

"No."

"Let her in, then."

Now, it is something most unusual for a Chinawoman to go on the street in New York, more particularly alone. Why this is we never could understand.

In China women are not kept hidden by any means, as they are in Turkey and other Mohammedan countries.

In San Francisco's Chinatown there are always crowds of Chinese woman to be seen on the streets, but it is not so in New York.

Thus naturally the curiosity of the Bradys was excited.

Alice opened the door.

But she was too late.

There was no one to be seen in the hall.

"She has been scared off," exclaimed Harry.

"For want of something better to do we may as well follow the thing up," said Old King Brady. "She can't have got downstairs yet."

"Perhaps she lives in the house," said Alice. "She may be some friend of Ah Tai's."

"Put out the gas, Harry, and we will chase downstairs," said the old detective.

And to Alice he added:

"I suppose she did not say what she wanted to see him for?"

"No. I could get nothing out of her," replied Alice.

"Quick, then!" said the old detective. "This may prove to be a clew."

As it was they came upon her at the top of the second flight.

She was a small person—the Cantonese Chinawomen are even smaller than the men.

Her dress was plain black, and she wore a heavy black veil over her head.

"That must be the person," whispered Alice. "Shall I hurry down and tackle her?"

"Wait a bit," replied Old King Brady. "Let us get a look at her face if we can. It may be best to shadow her, too. I don't imagine you can get anything out of her, even if you do speak to her."

"It is rather doubtful, I am afraid," said Alice, "but I'll do whatever you say."

"We will hold off for a while, anyway, and keep her in view. When we get on the street, Harry, you go ahead and see if you can get a look at her face. You can come back and let us know."

Reaching Pell street, the woman, who had not looked around, turned towards the Bowery.

Whether the veil concealed her face or not the detectives could not see, so Harry pushed ahead to investigate.

He came right back and reported that it did.

"I can't make out whether she is a Chinawoman or not," he said.

"She spoke good Chinese, all right," declared Alice.

"We will do a little shadowing," said Old King Brady.

"Not that I imagine it will do much good, but we may as well work the thing for what it is worth."

But it was written that as far as Old King Brady and Harry were concerned, they were not to shadow far.

The veiled woman walked rapidly to Chatham Square, and started to ascend the steps of the elevated railroad station.

Alice was slightly ahead of the detectives.

As they were going up the stairs Old King Brady slipped and fell heavily.

This Alice did not see.

Harry jumped to the assistance of his chief.

"Are you hurt, Governor?" he demanded.

"No, my dear boy. No, no! Not at all," replied the old detective, as Harry assisted him to rise.

Meanwhile Alice, supposing that they were right behind her, pushed on.

A Third avenue train had just pulled in.

The veiled woman boarded it.

Alice followed.

It was not until she had passed through the gate that she looked back to make sure that her partners were on hand.

They were, but they were just in time to be too late.

The guard slammed the gate on them, and the train instantly pulled out.

All Old King Brady could do was to make a secret sign to Alice.

"Look out for yourself, and don't go too far," was what it said.

"Confound the luck! This is bad business," growled Harry. "I don't like to have Alice going about alone at midnight."

Now, Harry is very careful of Alice.

## CHAPTER IV.

99 VAN EMBURG STREET.

It was well that the Bradys made haste, for there would have been no way of identifying the woman if they had seen her on Pell street.

And naturally so, since he is deeply in love with her, and they are practically engaged to be married.

But this is a case of long standing, and likely to continue so.

For Alice is devoted to her profession, and will not hear to giving up detective work and settling down to the humdrum existence of married life.

"All my fault," said Old King Brady. "But she will be able to take care of herself, I am sure."

But he was not so sure next morning when Harry came into his room, and told him that he had been around to Alice's house to see if she got home all right, and found that she had not returned.

"Is that a fact!" exclaimed the old detective, in dismay. "Unfortunately, yes. I must confess I don't like it any too well."

And Old King Brady was equally concerned.

They ate breakfast almost in silence.

"Go again, Harry," said the old detective, after the meal was over; "or I suppose it will do just as well to call up on the telephone."

Harry did the latter.

Alice has a private wire connecting the Bradys' house with her room.

But Harry could get no answer to his call, so he went around to the house to make sure.

He might just as well have spared himself the trouble, for Alice was not there.

They went to their office on Union Square, thinking it possible that she might turn up there, but she did not.

That day passed, and so did the next, but there was no word of Alice.

It now began to look like a serious case, and Old King Brady did something which he greatly dislikes to do, sent out a general police alarm.

But it was done quietly, and the newspapers were not allowed to get hold of it.

Harry's anxiety was terrible, and when the third day passed he was in despair.

It was one of those cases which seemed absolutely hopeless, for there was no point of beginning to start their search.

Meanwhile the Chinese case remained at a standstill.

Sing Pow was given a big funeral on the third day by his tong, but there was no clew to his murderer.

Nobody expected there would be any, least of all the Bradys, who attended the funeral in the vain hope that in some way they might pick up some clew to help solve the mystery of Alice.

Nothing of the kind occurred.

As for Ah Tai he lay in the hospital, hovering between life and death.

For erysipelas had set in, and brain fever followed.

The house surgeon informed Old King Brady that there was not one chance in a thousand that the man would survive.

Late on the afternoon of the third day the Bradys visited the hospital again.

Harry remained below, as only one person could be admitted to see the sufferer.

"And how is he now?" Old King Brady inquired of the orderly, when he entered the ward.

"Very low," was the reply. "Really, it will be a miracle if he pulls out of it."

"He is not conscious, I suppose?"

"No, indeed; but there is one thing which may interest you, Mr. Brady."

"And what is that?"

"For the last two hours he has been saying over an address. If he has said it once he has said it a hundred times."

"What is it?"

"99 Van Emburg street."

"Never heard of such a street."

"Nor I."

"It may be in the Bronx. No living man could ever hope to memorize all the streets up there."

"Nor in Brooklyn."

"I know Brooklyn pretty well. There is no Van Emburg street over there, I am certain."

Old King Brady approached the bedside.

The tall Chinaman was indeed in a serious condition. It needed but one glance to show the old detective that the chances of his recovery were very slight.

He lay on his back with a cold compress on his head to keep down the disease as much as possible from his brain.

His face was fiery red, and much puffed.

The wounds were also bandaged, and the swelling was so great that scarcely a trace of the man's eyes could be seen.

"He's done for, all right," remarked the orderly.

"It would certainly seem so," replied the old detective, "but hush! He is saying something now."

The sufferer was muttering thickly.

"Same old business," said the orderly.

Old King Brady bent low.

"Ninety-nine—ninety-nine—ninety-nine!" the man kept repeating.

Then there was a pause, and he added a lot of gibberish.

"Chinese, I suppose," said the orderly.

"Sounds like it," replied Old King Brady, "but I would not undertake to say. He don't seem to say anything about Van Emburg street, either."

"Hold on! He'll get it out in a minute. Sometimes he don't get any further than the number."

And as the orderly predicted, the name came.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then, in a loud, distinct tone the Chinaman called out:

"Ninety-nine Van Emburg street! Ninety-nine Van Emburg street! Tell Old King Brady!"

"By jove! That's a new one!" muttered the orderly.

"One would almost think he knew you are standing here."

"That is impossible," replied Old King Brady. "The man is dead to the world."

He had scarcely spoken when Ah Tai called out again:

"Ninety-nine Van Emburg street!"

He repeated it three times, and then, with a deep sigh added:

"Tell Old King Brady."

"Very strange," muttered the orderly.

It was strange, for the Chinaman was certainly unconscious.

Five times the same thing occurred while the old detective stood there by the cot.

The doctor in attendance now appeared, and after some conversation Old King Brady went downstairs and rejoined Harry, feeling that possibly he had got a clew.

If so it was the first.

No money had been found on Ah Tai when his clothes came to be searched at the hospital.

As for the memorandum-book or diary found on Sing Pow, Alice had carried that off with her.

Old King Brady told Harry what had occurred.

"I never heard of Van Emburg street," said Harry. "Might it not be in Albany, being a Dutch name?"

"The suggestion is a good one," replied the old detective, "but it is just as liable to be in Jersey. They must have directories of Newark, Paterson, and Jersey City here in the office. We will consult them."

This was done, and the result was the discovery that a Van Emburg street was on the outskirts of Newark.

There was no other street of that name that the Bradys could discover.

"Shall you follow this thing up?" questioned Harry.

"Most decidedly," replied the old detective, "and that right now."

They hurried to the Desbrosses street ferry, crossed to Jersey City, and went out to Newark.

Here they found difficulty in learning how to get to Van Emburg street.

Nobody seemed to know what car to take. Nobody ever does in Newark, but at last they got aboard one which they were assured "went out that way."

"What a big place this is," remarked Harry, as they followed one of those endless streets for which Newark is noted.

"Indeed, yes," replied the old detective, "and, strange to say, less known to the average New Yorker than is Chicago, for instance. If Newark was located anywhere else everyone would know all about it, but it is overshadowed by New York, and as a large portion of its male population come to New York every day they hardly get time to learn their own city."

All of which was true enough, but it scarcely interested Harry, who was so concerned about Alice that he could think of little else.

Van Emburg street proved to be in a new section of Newark, between Bloomfield and Belleville.

After they left the car the Bradys had to walk quite a distance, and they passed several market gardens. Presently they came upon a small one, where three Chinamen were at work.

It was Harry who spotted them.

"By jove, look at the Chinks!" he exclaimed. "We are getting warm, surest thing."

"Yes, yes!" said Old King Brady. "I knew that there were plenty of Chinese farmers out on Long Island in the Bowery Bay section, but I didn't know that there were any here."

"Probably they supply the laundrymen in Newark, Paterson, and Jersey City with their Chinese vegetables."

"Doubtless; but we better inquire our way before going any further."

A boy was passing with a baker's wagon, and the old detective hailed him.

"This is Van Emburg street," replied the boy. "You are on it now."

Not being aware that they had turned, this was something of a puzzle, for the street had certainly had another name a few minutes before.

But the boy explained this by saying that after it crossed a certain avenue the street took a new name.

"And where is 99?" asked Old King Brady.

"There's only one house on the street," said the boy, "and there it stands. 'Who do you want to find?'"

This, of course, was an unanswerable question.

The house to which the boy pointed stood just beyond the garden in which the Chinamen were working on the left.

It was a large, square mansion in very bad repair, which had evidently once been occupied by some old family.

"Who lives there?" asked Harry.

"Chinks," replied the boy, and shaking the reins he drove on.

"That seems to be our destination, all right, Harry," said Old King Brady. "Let us push ahead, and may Heaven grant that this adventure brings us some news of Alice."

## CHAPTER V.

### ALICE FINDS HERSELF IN A SERIOUS SITUATION.

Alice was disgusted when she saw the gate close on the Bradys.

She asked the guard to open it, even displaying her detective's shield, but he paid no heed.

Of course, she could have got out at the next station, and at first she was tempted to do this, the hour was so late.

But Alice is venturesome, and as we have already said, she is fascinated with her work.

Thus it is not strange that, having begun this case of shadowing, she was in the mood to see it through.

So she went into the car and seated herself in such a position that she could see the veiled woman's face if it was to be seen.

But it wasn't.

Alice at once discovered that the woman wore two veils, one within the other.

She could not make out her features at all.

And now she began to think about the probable outcome of her adventure.

"If I simply shadow her to her destination she will just go in somewhere, and that will be the end of it," she said to herself. "I have a great mind to tackle her. It seems to me that it will be the best way."

She resolved to do it, so she got up, and crossing the aisle, seated herself beside the veiled woman, who turned sharply upon her, but did not speak.

"You were looking for Ah Tai," said Alice in Chinese. Silence.

The veiled woman was now looking straight ahead.

Alice went at her again.

"I am the person who answered you behind Ah Tai's door," she said. "You need not be afraid of me. I know you must be Chinese."

"And so I am," said the woman in that language. "But you are not."

"Oh, no!"

"Then how is it that you speak Chinese?"

"I learned the language when I was a child."

"Do you know Ah Tai? But of course you must, or you would not have been in his room."

"Yes, I know him. He was not there to-night."

"Not there! Where then?"

"He has met with an accident. He was set upon by Chinamen, robbed of a large sum of money, and nearly murdered. He is now in the hospital."

"Oh!" said the veiled woman, drawing a long breath.

"I shall probably see him to-morrow," continued Alice, "so if you have any message for him I will undertake to deliver it."

The woman was silent.

"You understood what I said, did you not?" Alice asked.

"Yes, I understood."

Alice waited.

But the veiled woman said nothing.

It was a puzzling situation.

Alice could not imagine what to do.

But in spite of this there is not a doubt that Alice was best calculated to handle that same situation of any white woman in New York.

For she knew the Chinese female character thoroughly.

If Chinamen are secretive, their women are even more so as a rule.

Alice decided to wait.

Many stations were passed.

The train was nearing 42d-street before the woman spoke again.

It would seem as if by hard mental exertion she had been able to grasp the situation.

"You are a detective," she now said.

"Yes," replied Alice. "I am a detective."

"I thought so. You want to find out why it is that I went to Ah Tai."

"Yes. Will you tell me?"

"No," replied the woman, "but there is another who will if you will go with me to see her."

"A woman?"

"Yes."

"Where does she live?"

"I can't tell you the name of the street. I leave this train when I hear the man say sixty-six. Then I can find the way to the house."

"And who is this woman?"

"My orders are not to tell, not to talk about her at all."

"Suppose I give you my card and this woman can call at my office to-morrow."

"No; she cannot. She is very sick. She cannot leave her bed."

"Do you think she would like to talk to me?"

"I'm sure she would."

"What are you to her?"

"Just her servant."

"Is she a Chinese woman?"

"No; she is a white woman. Her husband was a Chinaman, but he is dead. Will you go with me?"

It was a mystery, and a Chinese mystery, such as Alice loves.

If it had been Chinatown she would have hesitated, but away up in the Sixties there seemed to be little risk involved.

"You must tell me this woman's name and your own," she said. "You know what the Chinese in New York are. I don't want to get into trouble."

"She is in deep trouble. Perhaps you can help her. She needs help, but I must warn you; it may get you into trouble, but not through her."

"You arouse my curiosity; you must tell me more."

"I cannot. It is no use to ask me. It is for her to tell."

"But at least you can tell me her name and yours."

"Mine is Ming Wee. I am only her servant. It is not for me to speak her name, but perhaps you can help her. Then perhaps she will not want to see you. I don't know. Will you go?"

"Yes," said Alice. "I will go."

Her curiosity was now fully aroused.

She had resolved to take her chances, hit or miss.

The train was just pulling into the Sixty-sixth street station.

"Sixty-six!" the guard yelled through the door.

Ming Wee at once arose.

"This is the place," she said. "We will go to her. I think you are a good woman. Help her if you can."

They left the train and walked along Third avenue to 68th street, where Ming Wee turned west.

About the middle of the block they came upon a row of old-fashioned private houses of red brick.

Ming Wee turned into the basement of one of these, and opened the door with a key.

The hall was unfurnished, and so was the front basement, the door of which stood open.

"We live upstairs," explained Ming Wee. "We hired two floors furnished. Nobody lives downstairs."

"Lead on," said Alice, curious now to see where the adventure was going to end.

The woman produced a match, and lighted the hall gas. Then she closed and locked the door, and led the way upstairs.

It was dark here, too, and again she lighted up, turning the jet down low.

They ascended the main flight, and here Ming Wee paused.

"Let me go in first and tell her," she said. "I don't know how it is with her. She might even have died while I have been away."

"Do you two live here alone?"

"Yes, all alone."

"What is the matter with your mistress?"

"It is consumption, I think; she coughs all the time."

"But what does the doctor say?"

"That is what the doctor in San Francisco said. We have had no doctor since we came to New York."

"Go and tell her. I will wait."

Ming Wee walked to the end of the hall, and opened the door of the rear room.

Alice stood listening.

Now she could hear someone going through with a violent fit of coughing.

It bore out Ming Wee's statement.

The coughing was evidently that of a consumptive.

It grew worse and worse.

"Really I don't know but I ought to interfere there," thought Alice.

She advanced to the door and stood listening.

She would have done better if she had looked behind her.

For down the stairs two Chinamen were stealing.

They were both in American dress, and wore hats.

Their eyes were fixed upon Alice, and they had a good chance to see her, for a gas-jet burned in this hall also, and it was turned up high.

But Alice was intent upon her own thoughts, and the Chinks, who had rubber soles and heels on their shoes, moved as noiselessly as a pair of cats.

So much so, in fact, that Alice never knew of their presence until they were right upon her, and one flung an arm about her neck, pulling her back, while with his other hand he stifled her cry.

The first now swung around in front of her, thrusting a cocked revolver in her face.

"You see I was right," he said in Chinese. "She is the Bradys' woman, Montgomery."

"Trapped, and by my own folly," thought Alice.

But it looked as if she might be wrong next minute.

The door of the back room flew open, and Ming Wee appeared.

She gave a yell, and slammed it shut, and Alice heard her turn a key.

Then the coughing, which for the moment had ceased, was renewed with redoubled force.

Meanwhile the two Chinks stuck to their job.

Alice was almost choked by this time.

"Gag her," said the man who held her prisoner.

The other thrust a handkerchief into her mouth.

"Now you come upstairs with us, or you'll be killed!" hissed the other. "Walk or I shoot."

Alice was frightened, of course—terribly frightened.

It is no joke for a white woman to find herself thus attacked by two Chinamen.

But there was nothing to do but to yield for the moment, hoping that help might come through Ming Wee, whose cry and after action seemed to show that she was not in the deal.

So Alice allowed herself to be hurried upstairs to the third floor.

It was dark here.

The Chinamen ran her into a front bedroom, and it was dark there, too, and removed the gag.

Alice's fears were now redoubled.

She was released, and she laid her hand on her revolver, but she did not dare to draw the weapon, for the revolver of the Chinaman was now pressed against her forehead.

The other Chink addressed her out of the darkness.

"You are the Montgomery woman?" he asked.

"I am," replied Alice, knowing that it would be useless to deny it.

"Why did you come to this house?"

"Because I was requested to do so by the woman who screamed."

The questions and answers were in Chinese.

Alice's assailants seemed to know that she spoke that language.

"Where did you meet that woman?" was now asked.

"In Chinatown," Alice replied.

"Where in Chinatown?"

"On Pell street."

"In a house."

"I said on the street."

"You tell lies. You have been in the room of Ah Tai."

"You can make out any story you please, and put the words into my mouth."

"You are a bold woman. We know you. Are the Bradys mixed up in your coming here?"

"I shall answer no more questions since you tell me I lie."

"You will answer every question I put, or it will be the worse for you!" hissed the Chink.

Then there in the darkness he threw his arms about Alice and tumbled her backwards.

The situation had become serious—very serious, indeed. There could be no doubt that she had been caught by a pair of Chinese crooks.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DRUGGED.

Could Harry but have known of Alice's situation that night he would indeed have had just cause for alarm.

But it is impossible to see how the Bradys could have acted other than as they did.

For New York is a big town, and to have traced Alice under the circumstances would have been impossible.

And so the days passed without word from the missing girl, and now the detectives found themselves on the outskirts of Newark, working up their Chinese clew, as has been told.

After the departure of the baker's boy the Bradys stood for a few minutes leaning against the fence which cut off the Chinese farm from the road, discussing the situation.

"If we find Chinks in there how shall we go at them, Governor?" Harry asked.

"Now that is certainly something of a problem," replied the old detective. "What would you suggest?"

"Have you no ideas upon the subject?"

"I have, certainly. But I would like to hear yours."

"It seems to me that there is but one way."

"Which is?"

"To tell frankly how we came to be interested in this case, and how we got the clew which brought us out here."

"Your idea is mine, Harry. I can see no other way."

"The only thing is we have not got Alice to help us in this instance, and it may not be so easy to make the Chinks understand."

"That is so; we can only try it on."

"We will proceed on those lines. You do the talking. I don't get along very well with the Chinese as a rule."

"Oh, I don't know about that, Governor."

"I do, then. Talk to them, and do your best. I shan't object even if you come out flatfooted about Alice. Let us go."

They advanced on the old house then.

Dilapidated as it looked from a distance, and actually was, the Bradys found that the doors and windows were all intact, and what was more, they were tightly closed, the windows on the lower floor being concealed behind heavy green shutters.

Indeed, but for a wagon in the yard, and the farming implements to be seen scattered about, they might have been tempted to believe the old house deserted.

They ascended to the piazza, and Harry worked the old-fashioned knocker.

The answer came promptly.

The door was opened by an elderly Chinaman in native dress.

Harry at once displayed his detective's shield, usually the best way with Chinamen.

"Who is boss here?" he demanded.

"No sabee. No speakee English!" chattered the Chink, and he tried to close the door, which Old King Brady prevented with his foot, at the same time displaying his own shield.

"It won't do, John," he said sternly. "We are detectives. We must see the boss."

"He go Newark."

"Somebody else, then. Either that or we go through the house."

Finding that he could not close the door without resorting to force, the Chink gave it up and went away.

"Excuse me, Governor, but I think you made a mistake in saying that," said Harry.

"Perhaps I did," replied the old detective. "I have got so used to that sort of thing in Chinatown that it came out before I thought. It can't be helped now. Chances are the fellow won't come back. Having taken that stand we may as well butt in."

"Just wait a minute, and see if he comes back. There is no haste."

Now, this was the time the Bradys were to be treated to a surprise, for in less than two minutes a middle-aged Chinaman wearing American clothes came to the door.

Old King Brady gave a visible start.

The Chink bowed with the utmost politeness.

"How do you do, Mr. Old King Brady," he said. "It is many years since we met."

His English was as perfect as his manner was courteous.

Here was a case where Harry had no chance to get in his fine work. It was up to Old King Brady now.

"You are Wing Gum?" he said.

"I am Wing Gum," replied the Chinaman. "You may imagine that I am not pleased to see you, but I am. It is

like meeting an old friend. Welcome to my poor house. Is this young man your son?"

"My partner."

"Indeed! I might have guessed. I heard you had a young partner. Also a lady partner who speaks Chinese."

"It is so. Harry, let me introduce Wing Gum, who formerly kept a large tea importing house on Sacramento street, California. That was twenty years ago, was it not, Wing Gum?"

"Twenty-two," replied the Chink, with a peculiar grin. "I have reason to remember the date, you know."

"Yes, I know," replied the old detective, dryly.

"I must explain to the young man," continued Wing Gum. "What is the name, please?"

"Also Brady," replied Harry, and he added:

"You speak very good English."

"Yes. I had a good chance to learn English. I was a clerk in the office of the San Quentin State Prison out in California, for five years. He knows."

Wing Gum pointed to Old King Brady and laughed.

"Is it necessary to explain, Wing Gum?" asked the old detective.

"Sure thing. I don't care," was the reply. "That's all over now. I am running a vegetable farm out here. Those days are forgotten long ago."

"Then let me say, Harry," added Old King Brady, "that twenty-two years ago it came my way to arrest Wing Gum for opium smuggling. He got five years."

"Exactly," said Wing Gum. "And let me say that I regard it as no disgrace. You Americans refuse to let us Chinese become citizens. We have no part in your government. You treat us like dogs, and tax us besides. Why should we not get out of paying taxes when we can?"

"Why, indeed?" laughed Harry. "I must admit that there is a whole lot of truth in what you say."

"Of course there is," said Wing Gum. "But that is neither here nor there. I bear no malice. I've got nothing against Old King Brady. Come in. You know our Chinese ideas of hospitality, Mr. Brady. Before you open your mouth about the business which brought you here you must break bread with me, as you Americans say. In other words, drink a cup of tea."

Now, as Old King Brady well knew, this is Chinese hospitality.

He knew nothing worse of Wing Gum than what he had said. He also knew that the Chinese among themselves regard opium smuggling as no crime, precisely for the reasons which Wing Gum had stated, and secretly the old detective was much inclined to agree with them.

So they entered the house, passing into what had once been the back parlor.

The room was comfortably furnished in the Chinese style, and apparently was used as a dining-room and a sleeping room combined, judging from a bamboo couch with its tumbled-up bed clothes, which occupied one corner.

At the back was a flight of four or five broad steps which led down into an extension.

At the foot of these steps an ornamental Chinese lantern hung.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said Wing Gum. "I will go and see about the tea."

He descended the steps and disappeared.

"Come, you seem to have taken the talk job off my hands, Governor," Harry remarked.

"Why, yes," replied the old detective. "This fellow was certainly the last man I expected to meet."

"Do you consider him a crook?"

"I know nothing more of him than what you have heard. He was the head of a bunch of opium smugglers bagged by me in San Francisco years ago, that is all I can say."

"Then do your own talking. Shall you tell him the whole story?"

"I think I shall, Harry. I can think of no better way."

And this was what Old King Brady did, and he was justified in so doing, for this case was strictly Chinese, and there were no confidences in it to keep.

Over the tea, sweetmeats, and cigars, he told Wing Gum all about it, and got what he considered a return of confidence in exchange.

"Ah Tai is my friend, Mr. Brady," said Wing Gum. "I have been wondering what became of him. He stayed here with me two nights after he came to New York. I have been meaning to go over to Chinatown to look him up, and I shall certainly go to the hospital at once, and see what can be done for him. This is the work of High-binders, surest thing you know."

"Is it a fact that he had all that money with him?" inquired the old detective.

"He made a lot of money in mining," was the reply. "I don't know how much he had."

"Did he carry it about with him?"

"Oh, no. He deposited it in the Bank of Nevada. He had letters of credit on their agency in New York."

"Did you hear him allude to any enemies?"

"No."

"And Sing Pow?"

"I did not know Sing Pow, but it is true that Ah Tai meant to go into the banking business with him."

"And I suppose you can't help us a bit in the matter of Miss Montgomery, or you would have said so."

"Indeed, I should be only too glad to help you if I could, but I know of no way. I very seldom go to New York. Things are too hot in Chinatown. I am an On Leong man, and I keep away from the Hip Sing Tong men all I can."

There seemed to be no use in prolonging the interview.

It was impossible to doubt Wing Gum, his manner was so frank and open.

"We must go," said Old King Brady at last.

"Do you know," said Wing Gum, "I think I will go to New York with you if you have no objection. I will go to the hospital and see how it is with Ah Tai."

"I am afraid you will find him dead," said Old King Brady. "But come with us, by all means, Wing Gum."

"Thank you," said Wing Gum. "You are very kind to be willing to be seen on the street with a despised Chink. I will go and put on a clean shirt, and be with you in a minute. Meanwhile try a glass of California port. It is some sent me by a friend up at Sonoma, which, as perhaps you know, is the best wine-growing district in California."

He opened a cupboard in a cheap sideboard, and took out a bottle.

It was sealed in what appeared to be the usual way, and Wing Gum proceeded to draw the cork.

Then, placing the bottle on the table, he withdrew.

"That fellow carries the despised Chink business too far," observed Harry.

"Rather," replied the old detective. "But he is naturally a talker, and he seems to be sensitive on that point."

"Are you going to sample his wine?"

"Oh, I don't know that it is worth while. I am not particularly fond of port wine."

Harry poured some into a glass.

"It has a fine color, at all events," he remarked. "Yes, and it has a fine bouquet, too."

Harry looked at the wine up against the light. Harry smelled of it. Having smelled of it, he proceeded to drink it.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," says the Scripture.

Better for Young King Brady would it have been if he had remembered the text.

Better for Old King Brady if he had not allowed Harry to persuade him to taste the wine, for the bottle had been tampered with, and the wine was drugged, but there was nothing about its taste to make this apparent.

"Try a glass, Governor. It's first-rate," Harry said.

And Old King Brady did try a glass.

At the same time Harry drank another.

That was the time the discovery came.

For he had no more than got the wine down than his head began to buzz.

"By jove, Governor, I believe we are up against it," he murmured.

"Up against what?"

"Drugged wine."

"No."

"My head is swimming."

"You drank too much of the stuff. You had no business to take that second glass. It will pass."

They sat in silence."

"It is not passing. We must get out of here at once," said Harry thickly.

Old King Brady, who is more sensitive to the influence of drugs, made no answer, but sat looking at his partner in a dazed fashion.

Harry staggered to his feet.

"Governor! Governor!" he gasped, and then, reeling, fell sprawling on the chair.

His head dropped upon his breast. His hands hung limply at his sides.

Harry was now quite unconscious.

The sight aroused Old King Brady, who had fallen half asleep without knowing it.

With a muttered imprecation he got on his feet and looked behind him.

Then he knew.

Three grinning Chinamen stood watching at the open door.

One was Wing Gum, in native dress, as they all were. Half unconscious himself now, Old King Brady was

possessed of but one idea—the necessity of standing by Harry and getting him out of the place.

He rounded the table with difficulty, and got the young man in his arms.

And still the three Chinks stood watching, saying never a word.

Old King Brady staggered along with the unconscious Harry in his arms, and the three Chinamen rushed after him.

But the drug got the best of the old detective, and he let his partner drop and fell senseless to the floor.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HUNG CHEW, THE HIGHBINDER.

Alice was in a position when the Chinamen flung her down there in the dark room where she simply had to yield.

Had the brave girl attempted to hold out against these yellow crooks, serious indeed might have been the result.

She also reasoned that she was bound by none of the usual confidences to keep silent.

For the whole case was but an accident, so to speak.

"Unhand me!" she cried. "Treat me as a man should treat a woman, and it shall be as you wish."

The Chink released his hold.

"Light the gas," said Alice. "It is not right to keep me here in the dark."

"Shall I?" asked the other Chinaman.

"Yes, do so," was the reply. "We are in here to stay; there are only three women in the house, and one sick in bed. What do we care?"

From the way he spoke it now occurred to Alice that these men did not belong in the house.

She was right, as she was later to learn.

They had sneaked in during the absence of Ming Lee downtown.

A match was struck, and the gas lighted.

Alice was now able to recognize her assailant.

He was a noted Chinese crook, a Highbinder, gambler, and thief.

The Bradys had been up against him in another Chinatown case.

Just as they thought they had him the fellow slipped through their fingers and vanished.

Alice's heart sank as she looked at his familiar face.

"So you recognize me, girl," said the crook, still sticking to his Chinese."

"Yes; I know you, Hung Chew," replied Alice, with such calmness as she could assume.

"That is well. Then you know who you have to deal with."

"What is it you want? I promised to answer your questions. I am ready to keep my word."

"Are the Bradys in this case?"

"Yes."

"Quong Lee called you into it?"

"A man came wounded into Quong Lee's place. We happened in there. Naturally he told us about it, and we interested ourselves."

Alice was not giving Quong Lee away.

"I don't believe it," said Hung Chew. "I believe Quong Lee sent for you. But it makes no difference whether he did or not. You know the man who got cut?"

"His name is Ah Tai, so he said. You seemed to know him awhile ago."

"Is he dead?"

"Wasn't last accounts."

"Where is he?"

"Old King Brady sent him to the Hudson street hospital."

"What did he tell Old King Brady?"

Alice repeated Ah Tai's talk as nearly as she could recollect it.

"Did he say anything about a boy?" Hung Chew then asked.

"Well, he did begin to talk about a boy, but he lost his senses before he finished."

"You are telling me the truth?"

"I tell no lies. I will leave that job to you."

"Don't be insolent, Miss Montgomery, or you may regret it. I tell you frankly that I would make things warm for you as it is were it not for the fact that we have a use for you."

"For me?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"As a detective."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"Be more definite."

"Listen."

"I am listening. Call off your man. Let him put up his revolver. I don't want to remain lying here as I am."

Hung Chew gave the order.

The revolver was pocketed, and Alice sat up on the bed.

"This is better," she said. "Now, what is it you want of me?"

"We don't belong in this house," replied Hung Chew.

"I guessed as much."

"We got in by aid of a false key."

"Well?"

"Before I say any more I want to know how you came to be here."

Alice told, omitting no detail.

"And this woman did not tell you any more?" Hung Chew asked.

"There you go again," said Alice. "It does little good to tell you the truth. You won't believe."

"Answer."

"Well, then, she did not tell me any more."

"Remain here until we return," said Hung Chew.

"Don't you dare to leave the room."

"Better search her first," said the other. "Probably she has a revolver."

As a matter of fact Alice had two.



One was so skillfully concealed that she flattered herself that it was safe.

She was mistaken.

Hung Chew searched her without ceremony.

He got both.

Alice was now helpless in the hands of the Chinese crooks.

The pair then left the room, and closed the door.

Alice thought she heard them both go downstairs, and in a minute she opened the door, resolved to get out of the house if the chance offered.

But there was no chance.

Hung Chew's partner was in the hall, standing at the top of the stairs.

He raised his revolver, and Alice was glad to jump back and close the door.

For nearly an hour she waited, not hearing a sound.

More than once she was of a mind to fling up the window and call for help, but she could not but feel that such a course was pretty certain to result fatally to herself.

At last, talking was heard in the hall, and the door opened to admit Hung Chew.

"I am here again, you see," he said.

"Yes, I see," replied Alice. "What is it to be now? Are you going to let me go about my business, and leave you to attend to yours?"

"Not at all. You have made my business your business. Now you must abide by the result."

"Well?"

"Listen."

"I am listening with both ears."

"I want you to play the detective for me."

"You said that before. Be more definite."

"I will explain."

"That is what I want."

"On the floor below there is a white woman dying of consumption. I want you to go and nurse her. You are to stay with her night and day. You are to listen to all she says to you, and report to me."

"In other words, you want me to play the spy on this unfortunate woman."

"In other words, yes."

"It is a job that I don't like. Suppose I refuse?"

"If you refuse, Miss Montgomery, it will be the worse for you."

"How the worse? You mean to kill me, I suppose?"

"Perhaps worse than that. How would you like to have me smuggle you into Chinatown and keep you a prisoner indefinitely?"

"You would not dare."

"Don't you dare me, or you will find out how far I dare to go. Will you do as I say?"

"I suppose I must, since you have me in your power. Who is this woman?"

"She is the white wife of Ah Tai."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Are you ready?"

"As well now as any other time."

"Then follow me. Don't expect to find Ming Wee. She is gone. We have scared her away. Follow me."

And thus it happened that Alice was installed as nurse to a dying consumptive.

She was ushered into a well-furnished room, where in bed lay a white woman who must once have been a most beautiful blonde.

But she was sadly faded now, and it was evident that she had not long to live.

"This lady is the nurse I have brought you in place of Ming Wee," said Hung Chew in English, and he immediately retreated, and closed the door.

The woman half raised herself and looked at Alice.

"Are you another?" she murmured.

"Another what, madam?" asked Alice, gently.

"Another white girl who has been fool enough to become the wife of a Chinaman?"

"Oh, no."

"Then why are you here?"

Alice came close to the bed, and bending down, whispered in the woman's ear:

"Every word we say is being listened to, I suppose. We must be very careful. Did not Ming Wee tell you about the detective?"

"Yes. Are you the detective?"

"I am."

"Ming Wee has deserted me. That wretch has so frightened her that she has run away."

"He drove her away, I have no doubt. I came here with her because I wanted to help you. Now I have been captured by Hung Chew, and he is holding me a prisoner."

"Is that his name? I did not know."

"That is his name. I know the man. He is a crook."

"All Chinamen are crooks."

"Oh, not all."

"All that I ever knew were, and I have known a lot of them."

"We will not discuss that point. Who are you?"

"Never mind who I was. Don't ask me that. I am now the widow of a Chinaman named Ah Tai."

"Can you mean the man in whose room I was when Ming Wee came to-night?"

"No, no! That man is not Ah Tai! He is Ah Tai's brother. He killed my husband and robbed him of a fortune. He stole my child. Oh, it is a shame! And he is an educated man, too."

"He is certainly that. I did not think he was a crook."

"He is worse than a crook, for he comes of a good family in China, and knows better. My husband was no common laundryman, I want you to understand. He was a Chinese gentleman, but he got to gambling and playing the races. That threw him in among crooks, and he became one himself. But the brother was worse than he. Not long ago my husband leased an abandoned mining claim in California, out of which he took a quarter of a million in gold."

It was Ah Tai's story repeated.

But Alice now felt that the wounded man could not be Ah Tai. She was sure that this dying woman was telling the truth.

"And what happened then?" she gently asked.

"What happened then!" cried the woman fiercely.

"Why, then, after my husband, who was always good to me, put his money in the Bank of Nevada, his brother, who very closely resembled him, shot him in an under-

ground den on Dupont street. He came to me dressed in Ah Tai's clothes, and pretending to be my husband. As though I could not tell the difference! I accused him of murdering Ah Tai, and he admitted it. Then he stole my boy, my little Willie, and robbed me of my husband's bank-book and papers and disappeared. I was very sick then, and all this brought on worse troubles, but I managed to pull myself together, and I went to the bank and tried to expose him. They would not listen to me. Neither would the police. Joe Tai, as we called the wretch, had caused all my husband's money to be transferred to New York, where he had so fixed it that half was to go to Willie when he became of age. I was cut out entirely. He hated me. As I could do nothing in San Francisco, as soon as I was able to travel, having a few hundred dollars by me, I came to New York to look for my child, traveling alone with my servant, Ming Wee. I did not want to go to Chinatown, so I hired these rooms furnished. I only arrived three days ago. Yesterday I wrote to a friend of my husband's, one Sing Pow, asking his aid. He answered in a few lines, saying that he could not help me, but he gave me Joe Tai's address, and told me that I had better see him, and that he would urge Joe Tai to give Willie up to me, but that I must not expect to get back the money, for I never would. To-night I sent Ming Wee to the address. You know the rest. She found you there instead of Joe Tai, and you followed her. She was glad when she knew you were a detective. These two Chinamen must have followed you. Who they are or what they want I have no idea. And now, miss, that is all I have to tell."

It was well that it was so, for at this moment the unfortunate woman was seized with a fit of coughing, which Alice thought would prove her finish.

Her story had thrown some light on the mystery.

Still, Alice was at a loss to imagine what Hung Chew, the Highbinder, had to do with the matter, or why he had intruded into the house and virtually made prisoners of herself and Mrs. Ah Tai.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BRADYS IN A BAD WAY.

It could not have been opium which was used to drug the Bradys; the effects of the dose were too long-enduring for that.

Besides, it did not act like opium.

In fact, it acted differently with each detective.

But opium produces dreams, and in this case neither of them dreamed.

Old King Brady, according to calculations made afterward, must have lain in a state of absolute unconsciousness for fully eight hours.

But Harry, who swallowed a double-dose, had an entirely different experience.

As absolute unconsciousness spells nothing, there is

nothing to tell about Old King Brady in his drugged condition.

We shall therefore for the present confine ourselves to his young partner.

Harry reckoned that he remained unconscious about three hours.

At the end of that time, be it more or less, he found himself lying on his back upon a bamboo couch, looking up at the ceiling.

The room was light.

He could both see and hear, and yet his condition was so exceedingly peculiar that when we come to tell it we doubt if we shall be believed.

But be this as it may, we can only give what we find in Old King Brady's note-book, in which the painstaking old man keeps a very correct record of these cases.

The peculiarity of Young King Brady's condition was principally that he appeared to divide into two persons a few minutes after his first awakening.

He lay there in a sort of dreamy state for those few minutes, and then he thought that he got up off the couch and began to walk about the room.

Then came the surprise.

His walk took him past the couch.

There he could see himself still lying, with closed eyes, looking precisely like a man asleep.

On another couch on the opposite side of the room, lay Old King Brady, in the same situation.

There was no one else in the room.

Harry, who declared afterward that he was in perfect possession of his senses, was terribly startled.

To tell the truth, he thought he was dead.

An awful fear that such was the case seemed to seize him, and the instant it did so he found himself back on the couch again, unable to move so much as an eyelash, while before he had been able to walk about and move in any way he chose.

He lay there wondering.

Then it occurred to him that he ought to make an effort, remembering the circumstances of the drugging.

"If I could only get up and get out of here I might get help in time to save the Governor," was his thought.

He tried to rise.

Why, it was dead easy!

The instant he gave his mind to it there was no trouble at all!

So Harry thought until again he glanced at the couch. There he lay just as before, sound asleep.

"Come," he said to himself. "There is no question about it. I am a dead one sure!"

He did not feel the same fear this time, however.

Indeed, it seemed to him that he might as well remain as he was until something better turned up.

He walked over to where Old King Brady was, and spoke to him without effect.

He could hear the sound of his own voice plainly, but it had no effect upon the unconscious detective.

He put out his hands, and tried to shake him.

Another unpleasant discovery followed.

Harry's hands seemed to pass right through his partner.

The shaking process did not work.

Harry could not get a grip.

Frightened now, he crossed the room, and tried it on the other Harry—the sleeping Harry on the couch.

Same here!

His hands seemed to pass right through the body of his other self.

He tried it with a chair.

His hand went right through the back.

He tried it with a table.

Same old business.

Young King Brady now resigned himself to his fate.

He felt not the least doubt but that he was dead.

And what happened next went a long way towards proving it.

The door opened, and Wing Gum, in his Chinese dress, entered with another Chinaman.

They did not appear to see him—the conscious Harry, we mean—but walked right past him to where Old King Brady lay, where they stood talking in Chinese, which tongue was still as unintelligible to Harry as it had ever been.

Harry determined to try another experiment.

He spoke Wing Gum's name, first in an ordinary tone, then louder, and then fairly shouted it.

Neither Chinaman paid the slightest heed.

"Dead, sure thing!" thought Young King Brady. "But the Governor can't be, or he would be the same as I am."

Wing Gum now went over to the other Harry.

He rolled up an eyelid, he felt for his pulse, and listened at his heart.

Then he shook his head, and said something to his companion.

"He is telling him that I am dead," thought Harry. "Great Scott! This is tremendous! But if I can hear him, why can't he hear me? Perhaps he can feel me. I'll try."

He walked up to Wing Gum, and started to bump into him, instead of which he went right through him, and the Chinaman paid not the slightest heed.

In fact, he and his companion left the room then, closing the door behind them.

"By gracious, I'll follow him," thought Harry. "If I can go through Wing Gum, I can go through his door,"

He was wrong!

Right there the illusion ceased.

When Harry came up against the door he seemed to bound back.

He tried to grasp the knob, but his hand went through it, yet the door offered a perfect resistance, which seemed strange.

It was all an illusion of the young detective's drugged brain, of course.

This discovery seemed to upset the moving Harry, and he vanished, so speak.

In other words, he found himself on the couch again.

There was only one Harry now, and so it continued, but from that on he was conscious of his surroundings, and could even see a little out of half-closed eyes, which he was unable to open wider, for he could not as yet move any part of his body.

As he lay he could not see Old King Brady, but as he

could hear no sound he concluded that the old detective's condition must remain unchanged.

And thus Harry lay long. Perhaps he slept some of the time; at all events, when his senses became alert again, made so by the entrance of two men, it was growing dark.

One of his visitors was Wing Gum, the other a rough-looking white man who had "crook" written all over his face.

"Is dem de guys, John?" he demanded, looking at the detectives.

"There they are as you see," replied Wing Gum.

"Gee! But youse muster given dem de dope for fair."

"They got their dose.

"Have dey croaked?"

"The young one has. Old King Brady is still alive, but I'll fix that before you are called upon to act."

"I don't know about dis. I don't mind helping youse yaller guys wit yer hop smugglin', but dis here's kinder out of my line."

"You will make it in your line for money, I think, Chuck."

"Gee! I dunno whether I want or not. Youse Chinks is good pay, all right. But when it comes to doin' a big bull like Old King Brady dere hain't no tellin' where de job will land yer. I've been up de river wunst. Dat's bad enough. But dis is Jersey. I don't want to get into Trenton, where a bloke has to wear pants wid one leg red an' de other yaller!"

"Nonsense, man! Where's the risk? I agree to put the Bradys in the old boat-house. When you and your bunch go down the bay to-night to meet the steamer and get the opium you just take 'em with you and drop 'em overboard in deep water. That's all you've got to do."

"Sounds easy."

"It is easy."

"But de why of it?"

"The why of it?" cried Wing Gum fiercely. "Old King Brady put me away for five years out in California. Your kind may forget, but a Chinaman never does."

And then he added in an undertone: "And there's another reason besides."

"Den your reason is wengeance," said Chuck.

"Yes, if you will have it so—vengeance."

Chuck pulled off his greasy cap and scratched his head. "I dunno," he said. "I dunno what to say about it. You've stood me fren', John, an' I shan't never forget yer. All the same I shall have to ask de fellers about it. Let yer know later, old man."

"But later won't do!" cried Wing Gum. "Looker here. I've made all my arrangements to get their stiffs to the boat-house. Do I want to be balked now?"

"Well, take 'em to de boat-house den. I hain't got no doubt but de oder fellers will agree."

"And if they don't what am I to do with the stiffs?"

"Can't you chuck 'em into Newark Bay?"

"Not on your life! They will be sure to come to light. It's deep water or not at all."

"I'd like to accommodate you, John, but I want to be sure?"

"We must be sure."

"S'posen I chase down and find out. I'll come back and let you know."

"I'll go with you. You might forget."

They left the room then.

The unfortunate Harry had heard every word!

And that was the time Young King Brady struggled for all he was worth to pull himself together, but it was simply no use.

And yet he knew that his life depended upon it.

He had now abandoned the being dead idea.

He also had hopes for Old King Brady in the light of what Wing Gum had said.

But all his efforts went for nothing, and at last he sank away into unconsciousness—probably it was a deep sleep which marked the departure of the influence of the drug.

From this he was aroused under startling circumstances.

It was night. A light was burning on the table.

Several Chinamen stood around, among them Wing Gum.

There were also two villainous looking Italians.

But still powerless to move, what they were doing Harry could not see.

He knew in a moment, though, when they carried from the room something wrapped in burlap.

It was a man, and, of course, could be none other than Old King Brady.

"If they have dosed the Governor again he's a dead one," thought Harry. "I suppose it will be my turn next.

It was so.

Wing Gum and another Chinaman now approached the couch.

They wound Harry up in many folds of burlap.

Then two men—presumably the Italians who had handed Old King Brady, came and carried him downstairs.

He was put into a wagon, and a few moments later it started.

Harry could feel a body alongside of him.

It was Old King Brady, of course.

Certainly the detectives were in a very bad way, for if the plans of Wing Gum were successfully carried out—and there seemed no reason why they should not be—that night they were destined to make their bed at the bottom of New York Bay.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ALICE PLAYS THE SPY.

To cover all the details of Alice's imprisonment in that house in which the two Chinamen had so boldly installed themselves would carry us far a-field.

It is necessary to generalize in this case.

Alice soon discovered that she was there for precisely the purpose Hung Chew had stated, as a nurse and a spy.

The Chinks treated her well enough.

She was kept locked in with Mrs. Ah Tai most of the time.

A third man soon joined the plotters. One was always on the watch at the door, which was kept locked. If Alice

desired to leave the room to visit the kitchen in order to get hot water, or for anything else connected with her nursing, she was allowed to do so, and had only to knock on the door and make the request.

Hung Chew cooked for them, and served their meals.

Escape was impossible, for the Chinks were always on the watch.

The only way would have been to call for help from the window, but at the start Hung Chew informed Alice that if she tried it she would instantly be shot. Thus it seemed too risky to make the attempt.

On the morning of the first day following her capture Hung Chew had a long talk with Alice in another room, questioning her as to what Mrs. Tai had told her.

As the best way to find out the Chinaman's motive seemed to be to display absolute frankness, Alice told him what she had heard.

"What I want," said Hung Chew then, "is to get possession of that boy. She knows where he is, and she must tell."

"Why do you want the boy?" demanded Alice abruptly.

"You seem to talk out straight to me," replied Hung Chew, "and I am going to do the same to you. I want him because there is a lot of money coming to him. The woman is bound to die. If I get the boy I propose to pass myself off as his guardian, and get hold of that money. That's why."

"Well, she doesn't know where the boy is, and that's all there is about it," said Alice. "Joe Tai put him away somewhere. If she knew she would have gone to the police about it before this."

"She knows!" persisted Hung Chew. "I am sure she knows, and she has got to tell."

"It seemed to Alice as time passed that Hung Chew was a man possessed of one idea.

Nothing could turn him from this.

It was "Question her! Question her! Make her tell!"

And this he repeated again and again.

But Alice was certain that the woman did not know, and had it been otherwise and had she learned the secret, she would not have told Hung Chew.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Mrs. Tai was hourly growing weaker.

It seemed to Alice that she could not long survive.

At last came a time when she thought the poor woman was going.

It was one of those sinking spells which accompany the last stages of consumption.

Alice got so alarmed that she pounded hard on the door, demanding to be let out.

Usually the response was prompt.

One of the Chinks should have instantly opened the door.

But this time there was no response.

Alice knocked again, with the same result.

"Can they have abandoned the game and gone?" she asked herself.

Just then a moan from Mrs. Tai showed that she had revived, and Alice turned her attention to her patient.

And this occurred on the afternoon when the Bradys lay drugged in the Van Emburgh street house out in Newark.

Mrs. Tai was not dying, and she soon regained her former condition.

Alice told her what had occurred.

By this time they had come to be very good friends, and the woman felt every confidence in her.

"Why not call for help from the window, Miss Montgomery?" she asked. "This would seem to be your chance."

"No," said Alice. "I prefer to investigate first. I think I can open that door, and I am going to try."

"It is an awful risk. With me it makes little difference, for I am dying, anyhow; but you are young, and life is sweet."

"Oh, I am not so much afraid of them," replied Alice, adding:

"But listen, Mrs. Tai. It is very possible that your brother-in-law is dead by this time. The Bradys may have obtained a confession from him. In that way, or by some other means they may find your Willie. What do you wish done with the boy in that case?"

"I have been thinking of that," replied the consumptive. "I know something must be done. I had made up my mind never to appeal to my father for myself, but I suppose I ought to do so for my son."

"You certainly ought. I shall respect your confidence if you bestow it upon me. Is your father still living?"

"He was the last I knew. He is a rich and influential man, Miss Montgomery."

"And your mother?"

"Oh, she is dead long ago."

"Where does your father live?"

"In Sacramento, California."

"I suppose yours is a case of being a Sunday-school teacher and falling in love with one of your Chinese pupils?"

"It is, Miss Montgomery. Oh, if the girls only knew!"

"It is all wrong, of course, but we will not talk about that now. If you will give me your father's name and address, should the Bradys get little Willie I shall make it my business to see that your father is informed."

Mrs. Tai then gave Alice her father's name and address.

The man is still living, and is a well-known citizen of California, for which reason we suppress these particulars.

When Alice was searched there in the dark room—no attempt had been made to search her since—her revolvers and some other things had been taken from her, but Hung Chew failed to find her skeleton keys.

Upon these she was depending now.

She examined the lock and found, as she supposed, that the key was in it.

Attached to the bunch was a pair of peculiar nippers which the Bradys use for turning keys straight inside a lock, so that they can be pushed out.

Alice used this tool now, and with such good success that in a moment she heard the key drop on the floor outside.

She drew back and listened, expecting an explosion.

None came.

"What are you doing?" asked Mrs. Tai, from the bed.

"Pushing out the key," whispered Alice. "There can't

be anyone there, or we should have heard from them by this time."

"Oh, do be careful, Miss Montgomery!"

"I intend to observe every care."

"But how will you open the door?"

"I have my skeleton keys here. We use them constantly in our business. This is just an ordinary lock. I shall have the door open in a minute now."

And she did.

Strange that the truth had never occurred to her, but it never did, and yet it was just what she might have expected.

There, curled up on the floor outside, lay her jailer asleep.

An opium pipe was clutched in his nerveless hand.

The man was deep in the "dope."

Alice closed the door softly, and came inside.

"He is there. He has been smoking opium, and is asleep!" she whispered.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Tai. "We might have known!"

"Yes. I am going to explore now. I'll fix it so no suspicion will attach to me."

She went outside, and closing the door, bent down over the sleeper.

Gently withdrawing the opium pipe, she laid it aside, and put the key in the Chinaman's hand.

"Now if I am caught I will put it up to him," she murmured, and she started downstairs to explore.

She was prepared to sacrifice her own desires for the sake of her charge.

There was nothing now to hinder Alice from opening the door and going out on the street, but she felt that she owed it to Mrs. Tai to first find out if Hung Chew was in the house, so she descended to the kitchen, and opened the door.

Here was another case of too much "hop."

Hung Chew sat at the kitchen table with his head on his arms, fast asleep.

The opium layout alongside of him told the tale.

The third Chinaman was not in evidence.

"I'll chase back and tell Mrs. Tai, and then go for the police," determined Alice.

She had just reached the foot of the basement stairs when she heard a key grate into the lock of the outer door.

It was the third Chinaman returning.

His name Alice did not know, but he was the man who had been with Hung Chew at the time of her capture.

Fearful lest she should be heard on the stairs, Alice dodged into the basement, and pushed the door shut.

The man entered at the same instant.

It was a close shave.

He passed through the hall, heading for the kitchen.

Now that she was here Alice's curiosity was aroused.

It was the first opportunity she had found of hearing the talk of these men to each other, and understanding their language as she did it seemed to her a chance not to be missed.

There were many things which might develop.

Several days had now passed since her capture, and she had heard nothing of the Bradys, of course.

Neither did she know whether Joe Tai was alive or dead.

She determined to play the spy, and post herself on these points if possible.

So she glided to the door which separated the front basement from the kitchen. It stood partly open, and she slipped behind it.

Thus placed, Alice knew that she could hear all that passed.

The Chinaman started to arouse Hung Chew.

In this he succeeded easier than Alice expected.

And listening she overheard the following:

Hung Chew began:

"So you are back?"

"Yes. You have been hitting the pipe. You promised you wouldn't."

"Only a little one. I'm all right. Did you go to Newark?"

"Yes."

"See Wing Gum?"

"Yes."

"What's the word?"

"We are to be at the old boat-house on the bay at the foot of ——— street at midnight."

"So? Then they are going to run the hop in to-night?"

"Yes, they are."

"We can't both go. I suppose I must."

"Wing Gum expects you."

"Did you ask him if Joe Tai was at his place?"

"Yes, I did. He says he wasn't there."

"I believe he lies."

"So do I. But we shall never know now."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Joe is dead."

"Is that so? When did he die?"

"This afternoon at two o'clock."

"Who was telling you?"

"Quong Lee. I went into his place and asked. He thinks I am a friend of Joe's, you know. They telephoned him from the hospital."

"Is that so? Then we have two dead men to account for—Sing Pow and Joe Tai! Ha! I must burn joss sticks, or their spirits will haunt me. Do you know, I think Sing Pow is haunting me as it is. I saw something white last night in the hall."

"I don't know. You believe in spirits. I don't. Anyway, it's up to you, for you killed them both."

"I'll burn joss-sticks. But I must go to Newark to-night."

"You must. There is something else to tell."

"Hello! What's that?"

"Wing Gow has captured the Bradys."

"You don't mean it! I know he has had it in for Old King Brady this long time."

"Yes, because he put him away in San Quentin years ago."

"That's it. How did he get them?"

"Dead easy. They came to his house. He drugged them with wine. They are both dead."

Alice almost betrayed herself.

The announcement was made with the calmness which only a Chinaman can assume.

"I am glad of it," said Hung Chew. "It's a good job

they are dead. They are the Highbinders' enemies. I would have liked to have had a hand in the game."

"You are likely to have a hand at the finish if you go to the boat-house to-night."

"How is that?"

"He is going to take the Bradys there."

"Wing Gum?"

"Yes; who else?"

"Go on."

"At midnight."

"What for?"

"He is going to send them down the bay in the boat. They are to be dumped in the water."

"Good! Good! I shall like to see them go. Now there will be nobody to look up the girl. We will run her down to Chinatown and keep her a prisoner. But I must get upstairs now."

Alice instantly got on the move.

Her hope was to gain the sick room ahead of him.

Serious as was her situation now, she felt that she could not desert Mrs. Tai.

But she was scarcely quick enough.

Her step on the stairs was quickly heard.

Before she could gain the second flight she heard the Chinks coming.

Alice turned instantly, and started down the basement stairs.

## CHAPTER X.

### HARRY GOES INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH THE FIRM OF "CONKEY AND SLIM."

The jolting of the wagon restored Harry to himself.

It must have been that—we can account for it in no other way.

He felt it coming, and it came slowly.

Gradually he was able to move his legs, then he found that he could do the same with his hands.

He tried speaking, and it was a relief to find that he could hear his own voice.

But he was still far from being master of his own movements.

Swathed in many folds of burlap, such movements as he could make were very slight.

Even his head was covered, and he felt almost suffocated.

He worked and struggled to spread the stuff, and at last succeeded to some extent.

It was his right hand that he wanted to free, for he could tell by the feeling as he lay that a certain knife was still in a secret pocket.

That the Chinamen had got his revolvers he knew in the same way, but he was sure that the knife was still in place.

And at last he was able to reach it.

Luckily it was not a jack-knife, for to have opened it as he lay would have been impossible. It was what is termed

a "Lloyd" knife—the sort used by pupils in our manual training schools, an open blade set in a stout handle.

Harry carried it in a little case which was attached to the inside of his trousers' leg.

And with this effective tool Young King Brady went to work to get his hand outside the burlap.

He cut and slashed as best he could, and at length accomplished this.

But much time had elapsed before all this was carried out.

Meanwhile the wagon had been going steadily on.

Harry did more cutting, and managed to get his face uncovered.

He now slightly raised himself on his elbow, and looked around.

It was Old King Brady, presumably, who lay beside him, completely swathed in the bagging.

The wagon was a covered one, such as corner grocers around New York use.

There was a seat in front upon which three men were crowded.

All three wore American clothes.

It was impossible to determine whether they were white or yellow.

At first Harry's idea had been to cut away Old King Brady's covering. But he now began to question the wisdom of this.

The old detective lay absolutely motionless.

He probably had been dosed a second time with the drug.

As he pondered over the problem then Harry felt that the chances were the old man was dead; but even if such was not the case, to attempt to free him might result in trouble.

He might be in the drugged trance, in which case Harry could do nothing with him.

On the other hand he might spring up suddenly and say something, and so give the alarm to the men on the seat.

Confident now of being in full possession of his powers, Harry decided to make good his own escape, follow the wagon to its destination if possible, and try to get help.

And it was with the greatest reluctance that he thus decided to abandon his chief, even temporarily, but it seemed best.

So Young King Brady renewed his exertions along these lines, and started to cut away the burlap which secured his legs.

In this he was successful.

He was now free, and he had done it all so noiselessly that the three men on the seat never looked behind them once.

Harry now determined to get out of the wagon. This was a more difficult matter, and involved a lot of risk.

He turned over on his stomach, and wriggled along till he could look over the tailboard at the back of the wagon above, which was open.

This was secured by two iron pins, and Young King Brady easily removed them.

He then turned again, got on his hands and knees, and

quietly lowered himself out of the wagon, until his feet touched the ground.

But now came his trouble.

Up to this point his head had not bothered him, but now the dizziness seized him again.

Harry clutched the wagon and ran with it, not daring to let go, hoping that it would pass.

And doubtless it would have done so in a moment, and he would have been all right had he been given a chance.

But he wasn't.

Just at that unfortunate moment the driver took occasion to whip up his horse.

There could be but one result.

The wagon was jerked away from Harry's grip, and he fell flat on the pavement.

His forehead struck the stones, and he lay stunned!

It did seem a pity after all his trouble.

He revived, but his condition had now changed.

When he staggered to his feet poor Harry's clothes and face were smeared with blood.

His head throbbed as though it would burst.

The dizziness was strong upon him. He reeled and staggered like a drunken man.

Still he knew what he was about, and making for the sidewalk, he got up against a fence and tried to pull himself together.

A long vista of yellow light lay ahead of him. It was the street lights, all jumbled together. The sidewalk seemed to rise under his feet, the houses were rocking and tumbling about.

All he could do was to brace his back against the wall and wait.

Relief came after a few minutes, and things seemed to quiet down.

There was nobody in sight that he could make out. The wagon had vanished, of course.

As for the time which had elapsed since he fell, he could only guess at that.

It might be much longer than he supposed.

As a matter of fact, it was only a few minutes.

Harry was not alone, as he supposed.

Hawk eyes were upon him—evil eyes!

The owners of those eyes were only waiting to make sure that no other eyes were watching them to descend upon him like birds of prey.

It was now almost midnight.

Young King Brady was, if he had but known it, on a certain street notorious for its hold-ups.

For this street led off on an angle from the thoroughfare, and ran down to a remote corner of Newark Bay, a region of small factories, slaughter-houses, boat-houses, and so on.

It was a common thing for heavily loaded pedestrians to wander off that main thoroughfare late at night and get onto this street unawares.

Frequently they were robbed by the harpies who held out here watching for their prey.

It was a common thing to hear cries for help late at night on this street.

Only the boldest ever ventured to respond.

It was not an uncommon thing to find dead men float-

ing on the bay in the neighborhood of this self-same street.

So it was all a part of the programme when two typical toughs suddenly tacked up alongside of Young King Brady, coming from some mysterious concealment.

"Johnny, what's de matter?" one asked.

"I have had a fall," muttered Harry, knowing that he spoke with all the thickness of a drunken man.

"What's your name? Where do youse live?"

Harry realized what he was up against, but he was powerless to help himself.

He tried to say: "I am a detective. You better let me alone!" but his speech was such a jumble that he could not understand himself.

Then the two toughs went for him, after the manner of their kind.

One pinned him by the throat against the wall, while the other went through him.

But, needless to say, they got nothing.

The Bradys' Chinese druggers had attended to all that.

"Hully chee! Somebuddy's been troo de guy already yet," growled one, with a mixture of slang and German accent.

"Who kin it be? Somebuddy workin' our beat! I'll make it warm for dem if I kin ketch on. Hain't dere notin' on de guy, den?"

"Naw! Hole on! Say, by time, what's dis? He's a bull!"

"Rats!"

"Luk at his shield! A private detective, surest ting!"

Wing Gum had not disturbed the shield, it seemed.

Probably it was his intention to have it found on Harry in case his body was ever recovered—that he wanted it to be known that the Bradys were dead.

The tough instantly let go his hold on Harry's throat.

"Hully chee!" he gasped. "Mebbe he hain't lush, after all. Mebbe he has been doped."

"Better pull out, anyhow. We don't want to get mixed up wid dis."

"Hold on! Say, young feller, is youse a detective?"

"Yes."

The word was plainly enough spoken. Harry was recovering his grip.

"Where do youse want to go? We hain't mussin' wid your kind. I'll help you out if I can."

Probably it was the very excitement of this adventure which was giving Harry back his grip.

At all events his mind was clearer now—clearer than his speech.

"Did you see me fall?" he asked.

He had to say it twice before they understood him.

The one who had last spoken had informed him that he had seen him fall.

"Which way did the wagon go?"

"That way," said the man, pointing.

"Listen! Did you ever hear of the Bradys?"

"Sure ting!"

"I am Young King Brady. Help me to-night and each of you get a check for twenty-five when I get out of this."

"I'm on. What shall I do?"

"You will make nothing by doing anything else than what I tell you—understand that."

"I'm on. I won't go back on you."

"Get me somewhere—where I can clean up and rest for a minute. Then I'll be able to talk."

They led him to a stable in the rear of a nearby house and treated him well enough.

"Conkey" was the name given him by the man who had done the choking.

It was but a nickname, of course, and so was the name given by the other—"Slim."

Harry did not try to speak until he felt the confusion in his head pass, which it soon did.

"Listen to me, Conkey," he said then. "I was out with my chief, Old King Brady. We were drugged by Chinks. They started to drown us in the bay. I managed to get out of the wagon the time you saw me fall, but I left Old King Brady behind me. They were taking us to some old boat-house on the water front, where Chinamen hold out. Do you know of any such place?"

"Sure ting!" replied Conkey, promptly. "Don't we, Slim."

"Betcher life!" growled Slim. "Dat's Wing Gum's holdout youse talkin' of. Dat's what dat is."

"Then that's where I must go. I thought of going to the police, but if you'll stand by me——"

"We will!" cried Conkey.

"Betcher life!" added Slim.

"You know Wing Gum?"

"Yair. He pulls in de crooked hop. I've got it in for him. He's trun me down twict."

"Where does he live?" demanded Harry, to make sure that the crook was giving it to him straight.

Conkey knew.

"Sure he lives out on Van Emburg street, where de Chinks have de farm," he promptly replied.

And Slim chimed in with his usual: "Betcher life!"

"All right. I see you know the man," said Harry. "Help me out to-night, boys, and there will be more than the twenty-five coming your way."

It may seem to some that Harry named a small reward, but he knew his business.

To offer too much to creatures like Conkey and Slim would have been a mistake.

"Are you able to travel now?" the former asked.

"I am," replied Harry. "Lead on, and I am with you for better or worse."

## CHAPTER XI.

OLD KING BRADY SEES A RAY OF HOPE—ALICE FREE AT LAST.

Old King Brady never got his second dose of the drugged wine.

To this fact the old detective undoubtedly owed his life.

Probably Wing Gum did not consider it necessary, judging the old detective already dead.

As we have said already, Old King Brady seems to be more susceptible to the influence of drugs than Harry.



Perhaps we should have added in a way.

They make him unconscious quicker, and that state lasts longer with him.

On the other hand, when he comes out from under their influence it was not as Harry did on this occasion, but in full possession of all his faculties.

This, at least, is the rule, and it held good in this case.

Old King Brady awoke when the wagon stopped, which must have been very shortly after Harry's escape.

He awoke to full consciousness, but he had not the least idea how long he had been asleep, nor where he was.

Instantly there came a suppressed shout, followed by a lot of chattering in Chinese.

Then into the conversation a white man butted.

"Hully chee! Don't you put it up to me, John! I hain't no idee how it happened. He's given us de slip, annyhow, an' dat's all dere is to it."

Somebody came into the back of the wagon and gave Old King Brady a kick.

Wisely the old detective held his peace.

"This one will never give us the slip then," Wing Gum's voice said. "But I can't understand about the young fellow," he instantly added. "He was surely dead."

"Dead men don't use knives, den, John. Dis here baggin' has been cut wid a knife, surest thing you know," replied Harry's friend Chuck, for the driver was no one else.

"It sure has," replied Wing Gum. "However it happened, the young feller came to life and cut his way out; yet I took away his knife, too."

And listening to this, Old King Brady inwardly heaved a sigh of relief.

"Good for Harry," he thought. "If he has got away he will surely bring help. I may look for a raid on this house any time now, if only they don't put me in a box and dispose of me before help comes!"

He knew nothing of the wagon ride. He supposed himself still in the old house on Van Emburgh street.

But he was speedily undeceived.

"It's too blame bad," said Wing Gum. "But we must make the best of it. We must get the old man out of the wagon now, and take him into the boat-house. If we can't plant both Bradys at the bottom of the bay we can at least put away the old one, and it's him I've got it in for anyhow."

Interesting listening for a man in Old King Brady's situation!

His heart almost failed him.

"Doubtful if I escape this time," he said to himself. "Will the boy be able to find me? I fear not! Can it be possible that Alice has also been caught by this gang of Chinese crooks?"

But it was all conjecture, of course.

They took him out of the wagon now, and he was carried forward head and feet.

He judged by the combination of foul smells and salt air that he must be somewhere on the shore of Newark Bay.

Old King Brady is very expert at forming conclusions in such situations when he cannot see.

Thus he knew when they crossed a shaky bridge that they must be passing over water. But of course a boat-

house had been mentioned in this particular case, so there was no such great trick about that.

They carried him inside and up a shaky flight of stairs.

"That's all now," said Wing Gum. "Lay him down on the floor. You go for the boat, Chuck."

"Dat's what I will," replied Chuck. "But say, John, you want to remember wot I told yer. None of de bunch want to know nothin' about dis here business. Dey don't want to even see de stiff put aboard. What dey find dere dey dumps in de bay, dat's all dere is to it—see?"

"All right! All right!" replied Wing Gum. "I understand. You needn't say any more."

Then Old King Brady could hear feet tramping downstairs.

There was a long wait. As much as half an hour the old detective judged.

Then somebody came upstairs. An opening and shutting of doors followed.

Somebody ran through the room.

Next Wing Gum's voice could be heard calling:

"Willie! Willie! where are you, Willie?"

This was repeated several times.

Again hurried footsteps passed the old detective.

Someone was talking.

The voice was Wing Gum's, but the words were Chinese, so what it was all about Old King Brady could not tell.

At last the footsteps descended the stairs again, but not until there had been another great opening and shutting of doors.

Then another long wait followed.

If Chuck & Co. had been as prompt with the boat as was promised, Old King Brady's final resting place that night would surely have been the bottom of the bay, but for some reason which did not then develop there was delay.

At last the old detective began to hear other sounds.

Soft footsteps came pattering over the floor.

They halted close beside him.

There was silence for a moment, and then a childish voice was heard to mutter:

"I wonder if they really have got a dead man in that bag?"

It seemed the nearest to a chance to obtain help that he was likely to get, and the old detective determined to raise his voice.

"No!" he said aloud. "There is a live man in the bag, and Wing Gum means to drown him. Help me, if you can!"

"Oh!"

It was a childish exclamation of surprise.

"Are you Willie?" demanded Old King Brady.

"I am Willie," was the prompt answer. "Who are you?"

"A detective who has been made a prisoner by Wing Gum."

"Oh! A detective! I am Wing Gum's prisoner, too."

"You are a boy?"

"Yes. I am eight years old my next birthday. Oh, Mr. Detective, if I set you free will you help me to get away out of this? Will you help me to find my mamma?"

"Indeed I will, my child. Only get me out of this bag."

"Wait," said the boy. "I found a knife. I hid it so

that Wing Gum couldn't take it away from me. Wait till I go get it, Mr. Detective. Then I will set you free."

The light footsteps were heard retreating.

Old King Brady heaved a sigh of relief.

"Heaven grant that Wing Gum don't come and catch him before he can accomplish his purpose!" he breathed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Leaving the old detective hoping for freedom, we must return to Alice now.

It will be remembered that when the brave girl found that she could not get away from Hung Chew she turned on her tracks and started down the stairs.

It was the wisest move she possibly could have made.

An instant later she came up against Hung Chew and the other Chink.

"What are you doing here? Have you been playing the spy on me?" the former roughly demanded in Chinese.

"Spy nothing," retorted Alice. "What is the matter with everybody? Are you all drunk or doped? Mrs. Tai is dying, I think. I have to get mustard and hot water to make a plaster. Lucky for me that watch-dog of yours opened the door before he fell down dead to the world."

"What are you gabbling about?" demanded Hung Chew fiercely. "I heard somebody going upstairs a minute ago, now I meet you coming down. You have been playing the spy on me."

"Nonsense. Your ears deceive you. You have been hitting the hop, too. Your eyelids are all red underneath. You can't fool me."

"She's right. I didn't hear anyone coming downstairs," the other Chinaman put in.

Hung Chew gave right up, knowing as he did that Alice was right about the opium smoking at least.

Thus by her shrewdness she completely fooled him.

He asked about the guardian at the door upstairs, and she told him that he lay unconscious from opium.

They went with her to the kitchen, and she got her hot water and mustard. Then they returned with her to the upper floor, and found things as she had stated.

Hung Chew was furious.

He kicked the unconscious Chink savagely, but he could not arouse him.

The presence of the key in the man's hand seemed to satisfy him that Alice had spoken the truth.

He went inside and took a look at Mrs. Tai.

And here again Alice's statement was borne out.

The consumptive was in another of her sinking spells.

At first they thought she was dead.

Hung Chew stayed in the room until Alice had applied her mustard plaster, which she was glad enough to have, for the poor woman was icy cold.

She revied under its influence, and then Hung Chew went out and locked the door.

Alice heard him take the key out of the lock and go downstairs, where his companion had already preceded him.

"Oh, why didn't you make your escape while you had the chance, Miss Montgomery?" sighed Mrs. Tai, when Alice explained what had happened.

"Because I could not bring myself to leave you," replied Alice. "But I must do so now. The Bradys may not be dead. I must act at once. Hung Chew has gone away,

and perhaps I can escape now if I try. I will go at once to the police and send help. They will arrest these yellow fiends and you will be taken to a hospital where you will be better cared for than is possible here. Do you agree to this?"

"Yes, yes!" replied the woman earnestly. "Go at once, and may Heaven's blessing go with you, for you have been very good to me."

Alice immediately unlocked the door with her skeleton keys, half expecting to find either Hung Chew or the other Chink outside.

But it was not so.

There was no one in evidence but the sleeper.

She looked back into the room to tell Mrs. Tai, and then went downstairs, let herself out by the front door, and leaving it unfastened behind her, hurried down the steps.

At last she was free!

Alice was full of action now.

She had been able to get her hat, fortunately, so there was nothing about her appearance to attract attention.

It was later than she thought.

Reaching Third avenue, she looked into a jeweler's window and saw that it was already half-past ten o'clock.

Perhaps Hung Chew had started for Newark.

She could not tell.

She hurried on down the avenue until she came to a telephone pay-station, where she called up police headquarters.

Here the Bradys are all-powerful, and it was the quickest way.

Who she got on the wire Alice did not know, but before she could say a word the voice exclaimed:

"You, Alice Montgomery! Where in the world have you been? There is a general alarm out for you these three days."

"That's right," replied Alice. "I lost myself, but I have found myself again now," and she hurriedly told what she wanted.

"All right," replied the voice. "I will start a bunch for that house inside of two minutes. The woman shall be looked after. Will you be there?"

"No," replied Alice. "I have an appointment with Old King Brady which must be kept."

It was as far as she cared to go.

The New York police could be of no help to her in Newark.

That was a separate matter. The Bradys like to keep their business to themselves.

Having disposed of this matter, Alice called up Newark police headquarters.

Here it all went wrong.

There had been a police shake-up in Newark, as it turned out later.

Alice could get no satisfaction.

The man who answered had heard of Old King Brady, he admitted, but he professed not to know Alice.

He would "look into the matter in the morning," he said. "It was too late to do anything about it that night."

Discouraged and disgusted, Alice started to argue, but she was promptly cut off.

Under the circumstances there seemed to be nothing for

it but for her to go out to Newark and make a personal application to the police, and this she did.

## CHAPTER XII.

## CONCLUSION.

"Where is this old boathouse, Conkey?" demanded Harry, now that he had come to an understanding with his hold-up firm.

"Right down at the foot of this street," replied the tough. "It's just an old wreck of a place. Wing Gum hired it as a sort of Chinese market. Some of de Chinks do come dere and buy his vegetables and tings. He has it open for an hour or so twict a week, but he really uses it to carry on his hop smuggling."

"And how does he manage that?"

"Oh, he stands in wit de stewards of some of de Cuban and South American steamers. Dey run de stuff up, and Wing Gum sends boats to meet dem down de bay. He never goes his ownself. Just sends boats."

"I see," replied Harry.

He was satisfied that Conkey could have told more had he chosen, and that he and perhaps Slim, too, had made trips on those same boats.

They started out of the stable about this time.

It was later than Harry could have wished, for it had taken a long while for him to pull himself together. Conkey said it was nearly one o'clock, to which statement Slim subscribed with his usual "Betcher life."

As they turned out the alley onto the street, they almost ran into a young man who was hurrying in the direction of the bay.

He stopped on the instant, which action Conkey resented.

"Aw, beat it! Chase yerself!" he snarled. "Do you tink we's a movin' picture show de way you pipe us off?"

But the young man stood his ground.

"Harry!" he said, in a low voice.

"Great Scott! Alice!" cried Harry.

It was indeed Alice in disguise.

Of course, Conkey and Slim had to come down off their perch.

"My partner, boys," said Harry hastily. "Give me one minutes with him alone!"

He drew Alice aside.

"Thank Heaven you are all right," he whispered; "but don't let those fellows know you are a woman. They are a bad pair. How in the world came you here?"

"Here because I heard you and Mr. Brady were dead, Harry," Alice answered. "Needless to say, I am rejoiced to find that false, but——"

"It may be true—, as far as the Governor is concerned, Harry broke in. "We were both caught by Chinese crooks and drugged."

Hastily they compared notes.

Alice, it appeared, had hurried to Old Schmitz, the Bowery costumer, and assumed this disguise before starting for Newark.

"I have got the police awake at last," she said at the

finish. "I am to meet the police boat at the foot of this street, or near there. This boat-house is cut off from the land, it seems. It is known to be a hang-out for Chinese."

"I must make these fellows understand," said Harry. "I don't know whether they will care to butt up against the Newark police or not."

He was right.

Conkey and Slim decidedly objected.

"If youse is goin' to get help from de bulls youse don't want us, an' de bulls do," the former declared, adding:

"Say, boss, we shall have to dissolve partnership, dat's all. Hope youse won't forget what youse promised, annyhow."

"You may rely upon it that I shall not," replied Harry. "Suit yourselves, but you each get your twenty-five just the same."

Conkey then gave a Newark address, and with his pal hurried away.

Harry and Alice, still discussing their affairs, kept on to the foot of the street.

Here they could see the boat-house standing out in the water.

The bridge leading to it had been removed.

"That must be the place," remarked Harry.

"Yes, but I see nothing of the police boat," replied Alice. "I most sincerely hope they dont go back on me."

"Who did you see finally?"

"Inspector Burgmeister."

"He is reliable, and a fairly good friend of the Governor's. I think they will come."

There was nothing to be done but to wait, and after a time they saw a tug heading for the bulkhead a little further down.

It made a landing, and a policeman jumped ashore.

Harry and Alice lost not an instant in joining him. Teh man proved to be Inspector Burgmeister himself.

"So you are here, are you?" he exclaimed. "And who is this? Young King Brady, I declare! Then things can't be as bad as you feared."

Harry and Alice hastily explained.

"Well, if one is all right let us hope the other may be," said the Inspector. "We will tackle the boat-house now. We knew that this Chinese farmer, Wing Gum, kept a sort of vegetable market here for his own people in Newark, Paterson, and Elizabeth, but it is news to me that he has anything to do with opium smuggling. Get aboard, and we will pull around to the front of the boat-house and see what can be done."

They did so.

The building was shrouded in darkness. There was nothing to indicate that anyone could be on the premises.

They landed at a float, and the inspector and his men kicked the door in when they found they could open it in no other way.

The lower floor was just one long room, in which were stored potatoes and cabbages and various vegetables used by the Chinese.

"No signs of Old King Brady here," said the inspector, looking around.

"I am afraid we are all too late," sighed Harry.

"Hark!" said Alice. "I hear somebody walking around upstairs."

The stairs ascended from one corner, and all hands hurried up the flight to find a door at the top locked and bolted on their side.

Harry shot the bolts, but there was no key.

"We shall have to break in here, too," said the inspector.

"If you will wait a minute I have a bunch of skeleton keys which may serve our purpose," said Alice.

She got them out and had the door open in no time.

The inspector flashed his light ahead.

"Ha!" he cried. "I thought as much, boss! You're as hard to kill as an old tomcat!"

But Harry and Alice had more agreeable remarks to make, for to their immense joy there stood Old King Brady, safe and sound, holding by the hand a little boy in Chinese dress.

"They went away and locked the door," said the old detective. "Probably they thought me dead, but I am still in the land of the living, and I owe my partial freedom to this young man. Let me introduce Master Willie."

"Willie Tai?" cried Alice.

"Willie Tait is it," replied the old detective, "and he wants his mamma, whom I have promised to look up."

"I am glad!" cried Alice. "No search is needed. I left his mamma not two hours ago. Won't the poor soul be thankful when she knows of this!"

And such was the beginning of the end of this Chinese case of the Bradys, which worked out rather differently from most of the cases they have where Chinese are concerned.

Of course, there was another grand comparison of notes.

Willie's story was simple.

His uncle, Joe Tai, had put him in the charge of Wing Gum at the Van Emburg street house.

Later the boy had been brought to the boat-house, and locked in upstairs. Why, he could not tell.

He had become terribly afraid of Wing Gum, who beat him, and on this night he hid when he heard the Chinese farmer coming. The rest we know.

But what had become of Wing Gum?

The supposition was that he had gone after the opium.

Why he had not taken Old King Brady in the boat it was impossible to say then, but later it developed that Chuck's "gang" went back on him in the end, balking at this kind of crooked business.

They failed to turn up with their boat, so Wing Gum and his companion had to go about their errand in a row-boat, in which there was no room for the supposed corpse.

The Bradys talked over with the police, and came to some such conclusion, so it was decided to send the police boat out of sight, and for all hands to go on watch and keep on it until morning, if necessary.

They waited for hours.

Day was just dawning when at last sounds were heard on the float outside.

Harry peeped out of the window and immediately drew back.

"Chuck and the Chinks," he whispered. "I think they have got a load of hop."

"I wonder if Hung Chew can be with them?" questioned Alice. "He is the murderer of Sing Pow and Joe Tai."

Yes, Hung Chew was with them.

And Hung Chew was promptly bagged by the Bradys, and the police when he entered the boat-house, as were Wing Gum and his yellow and white companions.

It must have been an immense surprise to all hands.

Resistance was out of the question. They could only yield to fate.

And thus it all ended.

Joe Tai was dead, as stated.

The police got the two Chinks in the 68th street house when the raid was made.

Little Willie was restored to his mother's arms at Bellevue Hospital.

The poor woman lived long enough to communicate with her father, who came East after her death and took charge of the boy.

In prison Hung Chew did something very unusual for a Chinaman, broke down and confessed.

It was he and his pals who slashed and killed both Sing Pow and Joe Tai, robbing the latter, as he had claimed.

The money was given up and turned over to Willie's grandfather, who also got that portion stolen from his murdered father which remained in the bank.

"It is to be hoped that in due time Willie will come into it all.

Certainly the Californian acted squarely with the Bradys, for he paid them most liberally for their work.

Nor was this all.

A large quantity of opium came to the old boat-house in Newark that night.

This the detectives turned over to the Secret Service people, and got their usual fees.

Hung Chew went to the electric chair; his pals got long terms in Sing Sing.

Wing Gum is now in prison along with his pal.

The man Chuck turned State's evidence, and escaped, his confession making lots of trouble for a certain steamship steward, who must have devoutly wished that he had never embarked in the smuggling business, nor heard of the case of The Bradys Drugged."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE BLACK SNAKE BRACELET; or, TRAPPING A SOCIETY QUEEN," which will be the next number (591) of "Secret Service."

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**ITEMS WORTH READING.**

Mrs. Mandanna Miller, who recently finished working at the watch factory after completing forty-six years of service, was the oldest woman employee of the company, having reached the age of seventy-eight, says the Kennebec (Me.) "Journal." During the forty-six years that she has worked in the plate department, Mrs. Miller has been employed in drilling. The largest sized drill she has used is 2.24 centimeters, or about 9-100 of an inch. The smallest hole she has ever drilled is 0.45 centimeters, or roughly 2-100 of an inch. The latter is considered remarkable for a woman of the age of Mrs. Miller. Allowing four holes to a single plate, Mrs. Miller could average 400 plates an hour. That means that she could bore 1,600 holes of minute diameter every hour.

On the mountain frontier between the Argentine Republic and Chile, nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, at Cumbre Pass, is a piece of statuary absolutely unique in history, "The Christ of the Andes." Cast in the bronze from the cannon of opposing Chileans and Argentines, it was placed on the boundary line of the two nations in March, 1904, as a symbol of the perpetual peace which should henceforth obtain between them. It stands a colossal figure, 26 feet in height, placed on a gigantic column surmounted by a globe on which the configuration of the earth is outlined. One hand holds a cross and the other is extended in blessing. At the base are two tablets, one inscribed with the history of the monument and the other bearing in Spanish the following legend: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentine and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

It is interesting and somewhat curious to note the persistence with which misfortune has dogged the name of "John" when borne by royal persons, although no ill omen seems to attach to it in the case of ordinary citizens. For instance, King John of England has always been regarded, whether altogether justly or not, as a most infamous prince. John of France was taken captive by the Black Prince, and John Balliol of Scotland was most thoroughly despised by his countrymen on account of his fawning attitude toward the English. Robert III. of Scotland changed his name from John, but this did not save him from his destiny. He himself was a cripple and died of a broken heart, the most tragic fates having overtaken all most dear to him. John I. of Bohemia was blind. The Pope John I. was imprisoned by the King of the Goths, and Pope John X. was driven from Rome by the Duke of Tus-

cany. Pope John XI. was imprisoned by his brother, and is supposed to have been poisoned, a fate similar to that of Pope John XIV. Pope John XV. was forced to flee from Rome, and died of fever in Tuscany. John XVI., dubbed the "Anti Pope," after a troubled career, was brutally tortured and consigned to a dungeon for the brief remainder of his life. John I. of Constantinople was poisoned, John II. was killed while hunting wild boar and John III. was dethroned, his eyes put out and left to die in prison. John I. of Castile was killed by a fall from his horse. This is not by any means a complete list of the unlucky Johns, but it serves to show the fatality which seems to cling about the name in so far as royalty is concerned.

**WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.**

Algy—Anything unusual happen while I was out, James? Valet—Yes, sir, none of your creditors called.

Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a Washington man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck. Mrs. Spriggs—Well, what of it? Mr. Spriggins (meekly)—Nothing, only the button must have been on.

Dauber (struggling artist)—What do you suppose the poet meant by the words, "Art is long, but life is fleeting?" Frank Friend (examining Dauber's last picture)—I think likely the poet meant that life is too short for some folks to learn to paint.

Pat, Sr.—Phwat do ye be shtudying in school now, Patsy? Patsy—French, English composition, algebra, and geometry. Pat, Sr. (shaking his head hopelessly)—Divil a help'll wan av thim be to ye whin ye grow up t' be carryin' th' hod!

Aunt Mandy is an old colored mammy, with a philosophical turn of mind, but given to many platitudes. Last Christmas Day her mistress, an exceeding pious lady, was in a contemplative mood. "Just think, Aunt Mandy," she said, "1908 years ago to-day the Saviour was born, 1908 years ago." "My! My!" said Aunt Mandy, "how time do fly!"

"Mamma," said little Ethel, with a discouraged look on her face, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, my dearie, what's the matter?" the mother gently inquired. "'Cause it ain't no use at all. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."

She (as the clock neared midnight)—Are you fond of music? He (a rejected suitor)—Very much so. It completely carries me away! She (rushes over to the piano and plays several popular airs)—But I see you haven't gone. He (with a yawn)—No. She—Yet you said music always carried you away? He—To be sure—music.

Tommy, whose varying points of view are illustrated by the Farm Journal, had not yet learned the Golden Rule. Neither had a good many of his elders. "I should think, Tommy," said his father, "that you might find some boy to play with you. Now, what's the matter with Johnny Jenkins and the little Dobbs boy?" "Pooh! Why, they're a whole year younger than I am," said Tommy, contemptuously. "I couldn't play with them!" "Well, there's Jack Spear and Willie Harlow. Won't they do?" "Yes, but they're a year older than I am," said Tommy, wistfully, "so the mean things won't play with me."

## MY ADVENTURE WITH SMUGGLERS.

By Col. Ralph Fenton.

The war of the rebellion left the United States with an enormous debt to pay, the interest on which ran up into many millions. To meet the interest, as well as reduce the principal a little every year, required a revenue system that taxed the patriotism of the American people severely. The duties on imports were doubled—in some instances they were trebled—and thus the prices of certain articles were raised to very high figures. For instance, the duty on silk goods was put at seventy-five per cent.

Dealers took advantage of that to ask one hundred per cent. more for all kinds of silk goods. The result was that many attempts were made to smuggle silks through without the payment of duty.

To smuggle through \$10,000 worth of silk was to make a clear profit of \$7,500. No wonder, then, that men in the silk business were watched by the customs officers.

One day the head of the custom-house in New York city sent me a note requesting me to call on him at his private office, after office hours, that afternoon. Of course I went, wondering what he could want of me. We were well acquainted. I had done some fine detective work for him on a former occasion, for which I was well paid, and received honorable mention in his report to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington.

"Ah," said the collector, as I entered the private office, "you are very prompt, as usual."

"Promptness is one of my hobbies," I replied.

"Take a seat."

I sat down on a large easy-chair, facing him.

"I've got some work for you."

"Smuggling?" I asked.

"Yes, and I have located it as going on somewhere around the circumference of the United States."

"Have you nothing more definite than that?"

"No. It's a profound mystery to all in this department."

"Are you sure none of your officers are engaged in it?"

"Yes. We have watched all the custom-houses along the coast and along the border of Canada, and still it goes on."

"Then there must be collusion somewhere," I remarked.

"I am quite sure there is not. We have been on the watch for six months."

"What line of goods is it?"

"Silks. Certain parties in this city and Boston have immense quantities of silks on the market, which they are willing to sell at prices that savor of smuggling. Honest dealers reported them to us, and we have exhausted all our ingenuity in trying to find out where they got them. You are the only man whom I believe can unearth the mystery. You can have carte blanche for men and money. Take hold and do your best. Don't waste any time in watching custom-houses. The smuggling is not done there."

"Have you no clew?" I asked.

"None whatever, further than the fact that they have the silks on the market for sale."

"Have you watched them?"

"Of course we have."

"Well, I'll see you again in a week or so," said I, rising and shaking hands with him.

"Good luck to you," he replied, as I left the office.

"Here's a hard job," said I to myself. "If I work it I will have a grip on a fortune."

The first thing to do was to disguise myself so completely as to utterly sink my identity. My long experience as a detective had taught me that art to a marked degree. Then, armed to the teeth, I began hanging around the large house

that was putting the silks on the market, waiting to see what points I could pick up.

On the third day I made a discovery. A grocer's wagon drove up to the rear of the house and emptied a load of barrels on the sidewalk. I also noticed that while there were many packages waiting to be carried into the basement of the immense establishment, the barrels were rolled in first.

"What does a silk house receive in barrels?" I asked myself, as I saw them disappear in the basement.

An hour later the same truckman returned with another load of barrels. That decided me to watch the truckman. I followed him, and found that he came from a grocery house on the other side of the city. While waiting and watching there, I saw another truck come and deliver a load of the same kind of barrels to the grocer.

"Oh, ho!" thought I, "the grocer and silk man are partners in this thing. I'll follow that truckman and see where he gets the barrels."

The truckman led me to the depot of a certain railroad. There were a lot of other barrels there waiting to be removed to the grocer's place. I saw from marks on the barrels that they came from a grocery house in Portland, Maine.

Satisfied that something was wrong down in Maine, I hastened to prepare myself for a visit to that part of the world.

Two days later I was in Portland, quietly loitering around the grocery house whose name I had seen on the barrels. Inquiry at the Portland custom-house revealed the fact that Dodge & Jump, the grocers, never imported any goods through that port.

"I am on the right track," I muttered to myself, as I left the custom-house. "But where do Dodge & Jump get the silk?" That's the question. They deal largely in potatoes, and ship thousands of barrels annually to New York. I could see the potatoes in the barrels. I noticed, however, that the potato barrels were different from the others sent to the New York grocer.

Farmers came in with wagon loads of potatoes every day, and for a whole week I stood around and watched them come and go. One day I saw a farmer come in with nine barrels. Seven of them contained potatoes; two of them I was sure contained something else. Keeping my eye on the two suspicious barrels, I noticed they were immediately separated from the others.

"Now, Mr. Farmer, I'll attend to you," thought I, and immediately I went to a livery stable and hired a good saddle-horse.

Once in the saddle, I defied the farmer to get away from me. He left town, crossing the river. So did I. He kept the shore road. So did I. He passed leisurely along, and I kept far enough behind to avoid exciting his suspicions.

At last I saw him turn toward the beach and drive down to an old weather-beaten house that looked as though it might be a fisherman's home. The house was not fifty yards from the water's edge, and just high enough to be above the waves in a storm. To the left of the house was a small inlet in which several boats were riding at anchor.

"Oh, ho, my fine fellow," thought I, "you may be a fisherman, but I don't believe it. I'll ride down and have a talk with you, to see what you look like."

I rode back a mile or so, and then turned again. When I reached the locality I saw a man come forward, as if to meet me before I could reach the house. He was a brawny, muscular-looking man, with a pea-jacket and a pair of great boots on, the whole surmounted by a fisherman's hat. In his mouth he carried a pipe, from which he puffed clouds of smoke.

As I rode up he gave me a stare that plainly asked:

"Well, what do you want here?"

"Good-day, sir," said I, "do you reside hereabouts?"

"I do," was the reply, as he thrust his left hand in his pocket and puffed away at his pipe.

"I am looking for a place to purchase for a summer residence," said I.

"Whar do you want to buy, stranger?"

"Anywhere along the coast here."

"Wal, I dunno as I know any one as wants ter sell, 'thout it's McNaughton up the coast a bit."

"How far is it from here?"

"A bit of five or six miles, sir."

I looked around at the setting sun.

It was just sinking behind the hills.

"Could I hire a man to go with me there to-night?" I asked.

"No."

"Can I stop here, then, for good pay?"

"No. We aren't got room."

"Oh, I can sleep anywhere as long as I have a roof over my head."

"Couldn't do it, stranger," was the emphatic reply; "ther old woman wouldn't have it."

"Let me talk with your wife, and I——"

"Yer can't stop hyer, stranger. We ain't got room."

He was very emphatic.

"It is a good road to McNaughton's. Yer can't miss it no-how."

"I shall have to try it, then," I remarked, turning away very reluctantly.

Riding back up the hill, I noticed the old fisherman eyeing me very suspiciously. In looking back I also glanced seaward, and saw a bark standing out, low down in the water.

"Here's the nest of the silk smuggling," said I to myself. "I'll go into the woods, and to-night slip down" the hill and see what's going on in and about that old house."

Under cover of darkness, and leaving my horse tethered in the woods, I crept down the hill toward the cottage. I saw four stalwart men come out and start for the beach. I was about to follow, when a blow from behind on the back of my head stretched me senseless on the ground.

When I came to I was lying in the bottom of a boat, out at least a mile from shore. I made a movement with my hand, and found that I was bound a helpless prisoner.

"Hello!" exclaimed one of the four men in the boat. "Did yer buy McNaughton's place?"

"I couldn't find it," I replied.

They laughed.

"We'll send you to Davy Jones. Maybe you'll find that. Yer can't miss it."

"Where does Jones keep?" I asked, anxious to gain time to think.

"Just a little below hyer," was the reply, at which the others chuckled.

"I say, stranger, ye're a New Yorker, eh?" one asked.

"Yes."

"Come out ter see about that 'ere silk, eh?"

"Yes."

"Thought so." Another chuckle among them. "Wal, we're the very chaps. We do the thing fine. Thar's a bark out thar thet's full to their decks with silk. We git it in o' nights, an' carry it in like tatters in barrels. That's how we do it. Now, don't you wish you hadn't come, eh?"

"Yes, I do. You've got me foul. I weaken."

"Don't do thet, mister. Die game. Chuck him over, boys!"

Two of them seized me in spite of my protests, and hurled me headformost into the sea.

Splash!

Down, down, I went, seemingly a hundred feet. I made a desperate twist and freed my hands. A thrill of joy flashed through me. I was a splendid swimmer. Exerting myself,

I rose to the surface and found the boat out of sight in the darkness. On the shore I could see the lights in the hut, and commenced pulling for them. In an hour I struck the beach. I crept up the hill to my horse, mounted, and hastened back to Portland as fast as he could carry me, reaching there a little before daylight.

That morning I went to the collector of the port and got a dozen men, armed and mounted. Then a revenue cutter was placed at my service. I led the men by land whilst the cutter went round to intercept the bark.

We descended on the hut on the beach like a thunderbolt. The men were so surprised they did not fire a shot. The fact that I was alive and on top completely unnerved them. They surrendered without a blow.

We found an immense quantity of silk in barrels ready to be carted to town as potatoes. The cutter captured the bark, and the whole cargo was confiscated. My share of the haul gave me money enough to retire from business, if so desired. But I shall never forget the adventure and my close call.

### ENGINEERING SKILL OF TINY MOLLUSKS.

A new exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington recalls the fact that one of the most interesting of nature's inventions is the spiral staircase—a mode of construction admirably exhibited in the shell of a mollusk, known to science as *scalaria*. Its name, in fact, is descriptive. The most beautiful species of *scalaria* is found in the Indo-Pacific and in former days fetched great prices.

The origin of the screw is lost in the mists of antiquity, but the idea might well have been suggested to its inventor by the "columella," or axis, of the terebra shell—another kind of mollusk. This, in fact, when the outer wall of the shell has been removed is a perfect screw.

Yet another mollusk, the "keyhole limpet," is provided with a keyhole in its shell for the passage of a food-carrying current of water. Undoubtedly it was the first keyhole in creation. But it lacked a key and, being not connected with a lock, is unlikely to have offered any practical suggestion to the early inventor.

It is entirely conceivable, however, that the idea of the comb was first suggested by a molluscan shell of the South Pacific, which is ornamented with long spines arranged in a row like the teeth of a comb. Indeed, savages in that part of the world often use it to comb their hair. The shell is very beautiful and would make an exceedingly pretty ornament for the hair coiffure if civilized women could be persuaded to adopt it.

The original rock drill was a bivalve mollusk, known to science as *pholas*. It uses the sharp edges of its shell to bore into rocks at the water's edge along the seacoast, sheltering itself from the breakers in the burrows thus made and finding security against most enemies.

The hinge, of course, was one of the earliest of nature's inventions, being found in one form or another in all the bivalve mollusks. But in some it is very highly developed—as for example in the case of the "thorny oyster" of the Pacific, which has a hinge as perfectly constructed as any that can be bought at a hardware store and provided with a special arrangement to prevent the two parts from moving laterally upon each other.

It may be added that the first pneumatic tube is to be found in the shell of the pearly nautilus. The animal, a cephalopod, dwells in the outermost chamber, and the others, which it has successively occupied during its growth, are connected by a small tube—the latter supposed by some naturalists to provide a means whereby the air pressure inside the shell is controlled, enabling the creature to rise to the surface or descend to the bottom of the sea at will.

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