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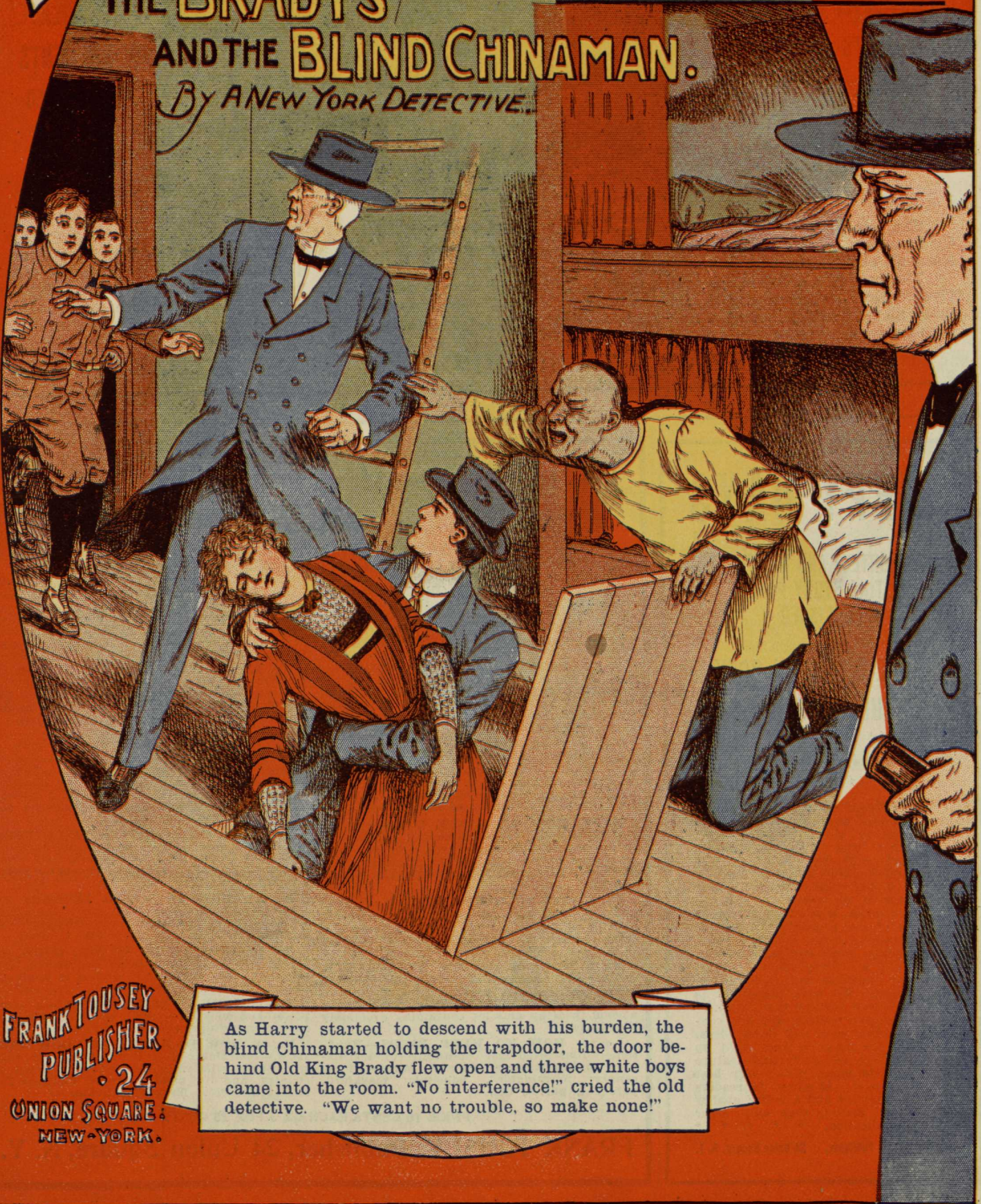
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# SECRET SERVICE.

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

THE BRADYS  
AND THE BLIND CHINAMAN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



FRANK TOUSEY  
PUBLISHER  
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NEW-YORK.

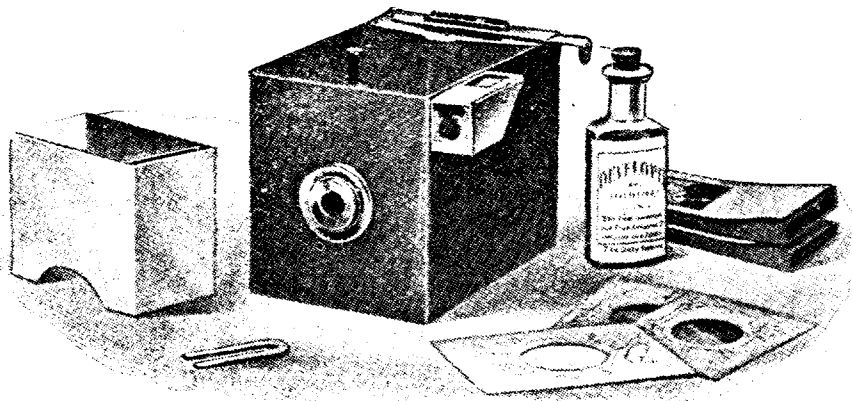
As Harry started to descend with his burden, the blind Chinaman holding the trapdoor, the door behind Old King Brady flew open and three white boys came into the room. "No interference!" cried the old detective. "We want no trouble, so make none!"

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# SECRET SERVICE

## OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

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No. 633.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1911.

Price 5 Cents.

# THE BRADYS AND THE BLIND CHINAMAN

OR,

## The White Slaves of Mott Street

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### ALICE GETS A BLIND CALL.

The events of this story occurred a few years ago at a time when the New York public were greatly worked up over the Chinese.

A beautiful young girl had been murdered, presumably by a Chinaman.

Her remains were discovered packed in a trunk in a vacant room over a Chinese laundry uptown on a prominent avenue.

It was one of two similar cases which had occurred within a few months.

In each of the other cases the victim had been identified, but in this case, so far as the newspapers had given it out, there was no identification.

The remains, as the public were led to believe, had been buried in Potter's Field.

No explanation of the crime was ever made, nor was the murderer apprehended.

So like many another tragedy, this one dropped into oblivion and was forgotten.

These few preliminary words are necessary to a better understanding of our story, which, let it be stated, has no direct connection with this trunk mystery, although indirectly growing out of it.

The combination of talent constituting the widely known Brady Detective Bureau, of Union Square, New York, then, as now, consisted of Old King Brady, Young King Brady and Miss Alice Montgomery, the famous female sleuth.

On a certain evening in the month of March, while the Bradys were absent in Boston, Alice received a call which came in rather a peculiar fashion and which led up to the case which is to serve us for our story.

This we now propose to describe.

It had been raining all day and a heavy fog enveloped everything in and around New York.

Such days are depressing everywhere, but they are particularly so in the great metropolis, where the necessities of

the weather send people about under umbrellas, banging each other with these dripping hat protectors and treading on each other's toes.

Everybody feels relieved when night comes and one can pull down the shades, light the gas and forget outside conditions.

Alice Montgomery shared in these feelings.

She was glad to get home to her comfortable rooms on Waverley Place, and felt that her day's work was done.

But, as it happened, on this particular foggy evening it was but just begun.

It was ten o'clock, and Alice, who had been reading for two hours, was just thinking that it was about time to retire when the telephone bell rang.

She could hardly understand who it could be.

For Alice is not on the regular telephone list.

Hers is a private wire connected only with the Bradys' house on Washington Square, and the Bradys were in Boston, as we have said.

She promptly answered the call, however.

It proved to be Julius, the Bradys' colored man of all work who, as usual, had charge of the house in their absence.

"Dat yo', Miss Alice?" the faithful fellow called.

"Yes. Well, Julius?" was the reply. "Nothing the matter, I hope."

"No, Miss Alice. On'y a gem'n here who says he am a doctah. He wants to see one ob de firm. I done tole him de boss an' Mistah Harry am out ob town. Den he axes me if dar hain't a lady partner in de firm, and couldn't he see her. I done tole him I'll find out, and dat's what I'm a-doin' now."

"What's his name, Julius?"

"Dr. Blake, Miss Alice—Dr. Joseph Blake, so him card says.

"And what does he want to see me about?"

"Waal, I didn't exactly like to ax him, Miss Alice. He am a pretty stylish looking proposition. I s'pose hit am about some case. Shall I tell him to go round to yo' house?"

"No. As you know, Julius, I don't care to have people

coming here if it can be avoided. Seeing that he is a doctor, I suppose he must be accommodated. I'll come around. Tell him to wait."

Alice had no desire to go out on a case that miserable night, but she felt that the matter must be of importance to have so prominent a physician as Dr. Blake, of whom she had heard but had never met, come to the Bradys' house at that hour.

So stopping only to put on her rain cloak and her oldest hat, she sallied forth and hurried around the corner to the Bradys' house.

A small but neat automobile stood before the door.

Alice ascended the steps and let herself in with the latch-key, which she carries, to find Julius coming towards her along the hall.

"He am in de library, Miss Alice," he said. "Shall I denounce you?"

"No, Julius, I'll announce myself," replied Alice, and she entered the library to encounter an elderly man with a kindly face, who arose to receive her.

"I am Miss Montgomery," said Alice.

"And I am Dr. Blake," was the reply. "I am exceedingly sorry to disturb you at this hour, but my business is of pressing importance. I have rather a singular request to make. I expected to put it to Old King Brady, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, but I am not sure but that you will serve my purpose better. When is Mr. Brady expected home?"

"To-morrow."

"Which will be in ample time to lend you his assistance. I fancy this is a matter which cannot be hurried. Permit me to explain."

"Be seated, doctor," said Alice, and she took a chair herself.

"In my explanation there can be no mention of names," began the doctor. "I am and have been for some months in attendance upon a lady of great wealth and social prominence whose mind has become unhinged by some great mental shock. What the nature of this shock actually was I do not know, although I have my suspicions, of which I do not feel justified in even giving a hint. For a long time this person has been in a very peculiar mental condition, but it begins to look now as if a change was at hand. She is very anxious to consult with one of your firm, and she particularly mentioned you. I feel that it may prove of benefit to humor her. Money is no object, but there are conditions attached which you may object to complying with."

"I see," replied Alice. "I am expected to go to this woman blindfolded."

"It is so; you are very shrewd, Miss Montgomery."

"Not at all. I have been up against such cases before, so could easily see what you were driving at. Why is this?"

"Principally because of the fear of the matter getting into the papers. The lady is supposed to be traveling abroad. Actually she has been concealed in her own home under my care."

"Am I expected to go to-night?"

"Yes; right now."

"Is it far?"

"About twenty miles. We are to go in my automobile if you consent, and I will return you to your own door. The blindfolding process will be brief."

"I certainly should not consent under ordinary conditions," said Alice. "But I know that Old King Brady would be happy to oblige you, doctor, so I will say yes and

we will go right along. Will you let me have your card, and in some other way assure me that I am actually dealing with Dr. Joseph Blake?"

The doctor seemed to take no offence at this.

He produced a card and showed Alice his name engraved on the case of a handsome gold watch.

"It is enough," she said. "I am ready, doctor."

They started off at once, going out of New York by the way of Kingsbridge.

Alice assumed that Tarrytown, where so many wealthy persons live, was their destination, and the event proved that she was correct.

Having entered the town limits, the doctor, who had but little to say during the ride, now informed Alice that the time had come for the blindfolding.

"Go ahead," replied Alice. "I merely want to say that the secrets of this woman are as safe with me as they are in your hands, doctor."

"I fully believe you, Miss Montgomery, but it is her wish. Personally I see no necessity for it."

Alice said no more, and Dr. Blake proceeded to tie a new silk handkerchief over her eyes.

The ride which followed was brief.

When the auto stopped the doctor removed the handkerchief.

The chauffeur was just opening the door.

It was too dark to get much of a view of the house.

All that Alice could make out was that it was built of stone and very large.

A light burned in the hall, but she saw no others.

Dr. Blake pressed the electric button three times in quick succession.

In a few minutes the door was opened by an elderly man servant dressed in black.

The doctor passed in without a word and led the way upstairs.

"You need not be surprised to find her dressed for the street," he whispered. "She sits so almost all the time. It is one of her vagaries. I shall leave you alone with her, for you must understand that she has made me no confidant of her secrets and does not intend to do so now. What she tells you may be all her insane delusions or it may be true. I cannot pretend to tell."

"Am I expected to confide our interview to you, doctor?" Alice asked.

"That is to be left to your judgment," was the reply.

They had now reached the landing, and the doctor, walking to the rear of the long hall, knocked on a door.

"Who is it?" a shrill female voice demanded.

"Dr. Blake."

"Have you brought Old King Brady with you?"

"No; I have brought Miss Montgomery, his partner."

"Wait."

"She sits constantly locked in this room," whispered the doctor. "Even her maid is not admitted without being interrogated in this fashion. She may keep us standing here ten minutes, you can't tell. She will tell you to count before entering."

"Count! Why?"

"Goodness knows. It is one of her notions."

And sure enough when at last the door was unbolted the voice called out:

"Count twenty-five and enter."

The doctor counted in a loud voice.

As soon as he came to twenty-five he opened the door.

The extensive chamber was furnished with a degree of magnificence such as Alice had seldom seen.

Nothing had been spared to make it at once comfortable and attractive.

But the windows were concealed by heavy curtains. Six gas jets burned at full height, the temperature was at least 8, and there was a breathlessness about the atmosphere which was most oppressive.

Seated in a straight-backed chair beside a table was a large woman, miserably wasted.

She was stylishly dressed and blazing with diamonds.

She wore an expensive bonnet and a long silk cloak. Her hands were gloved, and lying across the table was a parasol and a chatelaine bag.

As the doctor had stated, the woman looked as if she was preparing to go out.

"Miss Montgomery," announced the doctor.

"Doctor, I thank you," said the woman. "Miss Montgomery, I thank you. Actually, you are the person I wanted most to see, but I thought it would be more proper to ask for Old King Brady. May I enquire how it happened that he did not come?"

"Old King Brady is out of town," explained the doctor.

"Ah! When does he return?"

"To-morrow," replied Alice.

"So? Be seated, please. Doctor, we will excuse you."

The doctor left.

The woman arose and doubly bolted the door.

"Have no fear, Miss Montgomery," she said. "That good man who has just left us considers me quite insane. Dear knows I have been through enough to make me so, but I am not so very mad, if I am able to judge. Were you blindfolded the last part of the way?"

"Yes, madam."

"It is a shame to ask such a thing of you, but I am forced by circumstances to do it. Have you an idea where you are?"

"I will be perfectly frank with you."

"I desire it."

"I know that I am in Tarrytown."

"That is understood. Beyond that?"

"Beyond that I know nothing."

"It is well. Are you in such shape that you can undertake a case for me?"

"As far as any previous engagement goes, yes; but we never promise our services until we know for what they are required."

"Quite proper. You shall know all. I am now about to explain my case, and when you have heard it you will indeed wonder why I have not gone mad long ago."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BRADYS PICK UP A CHINESE CASE ON THE FALL RIVER BOAT.

There are some people in this broad land of ours, and we regret to say that their number is great, who think that the whole Chinese race is made up of crooks, opium smokers and tong murderers.

Nothing could be further from the truth, of course.

There are good and bad Chinese just the same as there are good and bad among every other race, while the average Chinaman is a very decent sort of fellow if you know him.

Because he minds his own business and declines to mix up with Americans except for business, he is lost in the shuffle, while his wicked brother gets into the limelight through his wickedness exactly as wicked white men do.

The Bradys know all this, of course. They have had much to do with the Chinese in America, and they have several warm friends down in Chinatown of New York and some in the Chinese colonies of other cities.

They had one in Boston at the time, and his name was Wing Tai. He was very wealthy for a man of his class. He kept a Chinese bric-a-brac store on Essex street.

He was a highly educated gentleman of about thirty-five, and strange as it may seem, a graduate of a Massachusetts college.

The way the Bradys came to get so well acquainted with him as to number him among their friends would take too long to tell, and has no bearing on our story.

Enough to say that both Old King Brady and Harry held the young man, who came of an excellent family in China, in very high esteem.

On the night of Alice's blind call the Bradys were actually on their way over from Boston via the Fall River boat.

They ran down to Fall River on the boat train and went directly aboard the steamer Providence.

As they passed up the main stairway to the saloon, who should they run into but Wing Tai.

They stopped and started to greet him heartily as was their custom, but to their surprise the young man failed to respond.

He would scarcely speak; in short, seemed barely civil and exceedingly anxious to get away from them.

Of course, they let him go.

"Now what in thunder ails Wing Tai?" questioned Harry after he had gone. "One would think he had some grouch against us from the way he acted."

"His action was certainly strange," replied Old King Brady, but I never pretend to judge a Chinaman. If he was an ordinary person I should say that he had something weighing heavily on his mind."

"That might be, too," said Harry. "Perhaps we shall run into him again before bed time."

But they did not.

Nothing more was seen of Wing Tai.

The Bradys had a state-room on the upper deck at the end of one of the long outside corridors.

After they had retired and before either of them had fallen asleep, they were suddenly startled by hearing groans and sobs in the adjoining state-room.

"What's all that about do you suppose?" asked Harry, who was in the upper berth.

"Goodness knows. It's a man's voice, anyway," was the reply.

"He seems to be having a hard time of it."

"Drunk, perhaps. I wish he would let us go to sleep."

The occupant of the next state-room quieted down after a little and the Bradys went to sleep in due course.

But some time after midnight Harry was awakened again by the same thing.

The man's agony of mind seemed fearful.

There was an open scroll work running along the top of the state-room, thus the sounds could be very distinctly heard.

Harry stood up in the berth and put his ear against it.

He could now hear the man talking to himself, apparently, for there was no answer.

Harry at once perceived that he was talking in Chinese, and he naturally wondered if it could be Wing Tai.

At length the man's sobs became so violent that Harry resolved to know.

"Is that you, Wing Tai?" he called.

Instantly all sound ceased.

"Evidently he don't want anybody butting in whoever he is," thought Harry, and he lay down again.

But it was not for long.

Presently the man called:

"Was it Harry Brady who spoke to me just now?"

"Yes," replied Harry.

"What's the matter?" demanded Old King Brady, waking up then.

"It's Wing Tai in the next room," whispered Harry.

"Harry," called the Chinaman, "will you come in here?"

"Sure, if I can help you any, Wing."

"I don't know. Perhaps you can. Come in."

Harry got down, slipped on his trousers, and went to the door of the next state-room.

It was unlocked and he passed in.

Wing Tai lay on the outside of the covers of the lower berth fully dressed.

On the washstand Harry saw a bottle labelled "carbolic acid."

Some of the stuff had been poured into a tumbler. The whole state-room smelled of it.

"In the name of sense, Wing, what are you trying to do?" Harry demanded. "Commit suicide?"

"Yes," replied Wing Tai. "That's just what I started to do, but I find I haven't got the nerve. I didn't know I was so much of a coward."

"The coward part lies the other way," retorted Harry.

He immediately emptied the tumbler into the wash basin and, opening the window, threw the bottle out.

"There!" he exclaimed. "That's better. Now what's the matter, Wing? Let it come. You know Old King Brady and I think a lot of you. What's a friend for if it isn't to help a fellow when he is in trouble?"

"Yes, but I'm only a despised Chink."

"That's fool talk, and only goes to show how little you have understood the real regard the governor and I feel for you. But you don't have to take me into your confidence. It's up to you."

"I am going to, Harry. I'm half crazy to-night. You mustn't mind what I said. It's about my wife. She has run away."

"I didn't know you were married, Wing."

"Yes. Two years now."

"A white girl?"

"Yes. I got acquainted with her when I was in college. She was dead in love with me and I loved her devotedly, but her father and mother opposed the match, so we kept apart. Three years ago they both died within a few months of each other. A year later we were married."

"Children?"

"Yes, we have two—two girls."

"Has she taken them with her?"

"No."

"And you would have killed yourself and deprived them of a father's care. What proof have you that she has deserted you?"

"Well, she's gone! I was in Maine on a business trip. When I got back this morning she wasn't there."

"Did she leave word?"

"No."

"Had you any reason to believe that you had a rival in her affections?"

"No. Quite the contrary, I thought she was devoted to me."

"I don't like to call you a fool, Wing, but to say the least you are very unjust to Mrs. Tai."

"Oh well, but you don't know all. A Chinaman I know told me that he saw her in the South station last night with a business acquaintance of mine. High Jack. He's a diamond dealer and lives in New York. They were just going aboard the steamboat train. Evidently she has gone to New York with him."

"That looks bad, of course, but it proves nothing. He may have drugged her; he may have lied to her and told her that you had gone to New York instead of Maine, and had got into trouble. One can imagine a hundred things. Did you ever have any reason to be jealous of this High Jack?"

"Why, as far as I know, my wife never even spoke to the man, although she has seen him when he came to my place on business."

"To say the least you are most unjust to your wife. What you want to do is to get to New York and hunt her up. You want to find her and give her a show."

Wing Tai got up and began pacing the floor.

"Harry, you are dead right and I've acted like an idiot," he said. "Will you help me to find her? I know nothing whatever of the New York Chinese except that a good many of them are a bad lot."

"Sure I will," replied Harry. "It ought not to be difficult to find her. Have you left your children in safe hands?"

"Yes; I looked out for that. I took them to an aunt of my wife. She will look out for them. At first I felt as you do, and then I got to feeling the other way. I see my mistake now."

"Is this High Jack a bad man?"

"Why, I never found him so."

"Did your wife leave the children entirely unprotected?"

"I found them locked in our flat on Essex street over the store."

"Did she take away many of her things?"

"Nothing but the clothes she wore, as near as I can figure it out."

"All in her favor. Has she ever had any mental trouble?"

"Well, to tell the truth she has been acting queer lately, and I was thinking of having a doctor examine her."

"She may have gone suddenly insane."

"Is there insanity in her family?"

"Yes, she had a brother who died insane."

"Then there you are. It will all turn out right, Wing. Take my word for it."

Thus Harry consoled his Chinese friend.

It ended in both going to sleep, and next morning Wing Tai called Harry the savior of his life.

"I surely would have drunk that stuff if it hadn't been for you," he declared.

"We will go directly to Chinatown together," said Young King Brady, "and see what we can learn."

Thus while Old King Brady went to his office, Harry accompanied Wing Tai to Chinatown, where, as the Boston man assured him, he did not know a solitary soul.

Harry took him first to the keeper of an opium joint on Chatham Square, one Quong Lee, who is an old-time friend of the Bradys.

No information being obtained here, they went to old Tom Lee, head of the On Leong tong, who for years was known as "mayor" of Chinatown.

This man had other unbounded influence.

He still has much and knows everybody.

"I'll send out a man to inquire if you will wait here,"

he said. "I don't know this High Jack myself, although I have heard of him, but there must be those who do."

It seemed the quickest way, so the messenger was dispatched.

Tom Lee had a telephone in his place and Wing Tai proceeded to call up the head salesman in his Boston store.

He at once got excited.

"There is a letter there for me from my wife!" he cried. "He is going to read it."

When he hung up the receiver he looked very grave.

"Come outside," he said to Harry, and they went out on Mott street.

"Well! What's in the wind?" Harry demanded.

"It is serious," replied Wing. "High Jack came to her and told her that I had gone to New York and had fallen in front of an electric car and had both legs cut off. He offered to take her to New York. The letter states that he promised to send a woman to look after the children. It goes on to say that when she reached New York she found that he had deceived her and that she is locked in an underground room somewhere in Chinatown in charge of a blind man whom she had bribed to mail this letter. She adds that High Jack has not been near her since, and that she can't imagine his motive. She winds up by begging me to come to her relief."

"And there you are," said Harry.

"Call me a fool as much as you like," cried Wing. "I deserve it. A nice man I am to think of killing myself with my dear wife in such terrible danger."

"We'll forget that, Wing," said Harry. "We want to find Mrs. Tai, and we will."

"You and Old King Brady will take the case?"

"Yes."

"Spare no expense. I've got plenty of money."

"Can you imagine any reason for High Jack's conduct?"

"I can't. We have had no trouble. I regarded him as a good business friend, although I never went so far as to introduce him to my family."

They waited an hour, and then the young man sent out by Tom Lee came in.

He had no report to make except that a certain diamond dealer—there are more of them among the Chinese than is generally known—had told him that he had not seen High Jack in a month, and that he did not believe he was in New York or he would certainly have come into his place.

"Mr. Lee," said Harry, turning to the mayor, "do you know a blind man here in Chinatown?"

"You mean a Chinese man?" asked old Tom.

"Yes."

"No. Dere used to be one, but him dead. Me no tink dere is a blind Chinese man in Chinatown."

"Headed off all around," remarked Young King Brady when they once more found themselves on Mott street, "but no matter. We will find your wife if she is alive, and don't you make any mistake."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE STORY OF AN AFFLICTED WOMAN.

Naturally Alice felt the deepest curiosity to learn what her mysterious client had to tell.

The woman instead of starting in on a long-winded story, went about it in a peculiar way.

Opening a drawer, she produced a newspaper with a marked article, and handed it to Alice.

"Read that," she said.

The paper was dated six months back. The article was the account of the trunk mystery which we alluded to in the first chapter.

Alice had read it before, but anxious to humor the woman, she now read it again.

"Well," she said, laying down the paper and looking inquiringly at the woman.

"I believe that unfortunate girl to be my daughter," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said Alice. "I had understood that she was never identified."

"That is because when I saw the remains at the Morgue the face was so disfigured that I could not fully identify her. To avoid family disgrace I kept silent. When she was not identified I saw to it that the remains were buried in a lot in Greenwood Cemetery which I bought for the purpose. Thus the matter was hushed up. My family and my friends believe my daughter to be traveling abroad with her brother. These two were my only children. I have lost them both through this dreadful affair."

"Both, madam?" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes," replied the woman, calmly, and she went on to say:

"My son, a boy of fifteen, was not convinced that the remains he saw at the Morgue were those of his sister. He persisted in believing that she was alive and hidden somewhere in Chinatown. In spite of my orders to the contrary he went there several times to try to search her out. He went once too often and failed to return. This happened five months ago. Do you wonder now that my mind has become slightly unhinged, Miss Montgomery, for I admit that it is so. The real wonder is that I did not go raving mad."

Her calmness was fearful to contemplate. Alice felt convinced that the woman was decidedly insane, and she hardly knew whether to believe her statements or not.

"Did you not report your son's disappearance to the police?" she demanded.

"No," was the reply. "I am a woman who has been very prominent in society. I could not bear the disgrace. Secretly I hired detectives. They did nothing but rob me. At last I gave it up."

"Do you consider your son dead?"

"I don't know what to think. Probably not. I am coming to that."

"And your daughter? What is your present opinion as to the matter?"

"I am equally undecided. I'll come to that in a minute. Oh, don't think I have been idle, Miss Montgomery. I have been to Chinatown night after night when my servants thought me locked in this room. All for nothing! All for nothing!"

"How did your daughter ever become mixed up with the Chinese? The usual way?"

"Yes. She taught them in a mission. It was I, poor deluded fool that I was, who introduced her there."

"It is a sad mistake for young girls to teach in these Chinese missions."

"Don't talk to me! As if I had not had my lesson! Well, it is too late to regret it now. So much for the situation in the past. Now for the present. I was told yesterday by a certain person that your detective agency had been exceedingly successful in handling Chinese cases, so I thought I would ask you to do what you could for me. I am even informed that you speak the Chinese language fluently."

"I do, madam."

"How did that ever come about?"

"I was born in China, where my father spent many years as a missionary."

"And you learned it in childhood?"

"Yes; from my Chinese nurse."

"I see. Now to resume. Day before yesterday I received this letter. I have blotted out my name, you will perceive, for which I know you will excuse me. I have strong reason for concealing my identity."

The letter read as follows:

"MADAM: Your daughter lives. I can restore her to you, but the price I charge is high. I understand you are worth many millions. I will not ask you to give me one of them; I shall be content with half a one. If you care to do business on this basis, address me as below. I enclose a picture of your daughter as she now appears.

"Care of A. Quee,

"No. — Mott St."

"Here is the photograph," continued the lady as Alice laid the letter down.

The photograph represented a very good looking young white woman of anywhere from 28 to 30 years of age, sitting in a Chinese chair surrounded by Chinese bric-a-brac. The place seemed to be a store where such articles were on sale.

"Do you identify it as your daughter?" inquired Alice.

"Only in a way," was the reply. "There is certainly a strong resemblance, but something seems to tell me that the original is not my Irene."

"This young woman is certainly 30 years old."

"Twenty-nine is my daughter's age."

"And your son only fifteen?"

"Half brother, Miss Montgomery. Child of a second marriage."

"Your husband is not living, I take it?"

"He died several years ago."

"May I ask his first name? Your son's, I mean?"

"Arthur. But before we proceed any further, tell me if the Brady Bureau will undertake this case?"

"Just to find your son and daughter if they are living, or to secure proofs of their death if they are not. You don't want any one arrested, I take it?"

"You have the idea."

"I think I can safely promise. Of course, it rests with Old King Brady. I know he will be anxious to oblige Dr. Blake."

"Then look at these two photographs and read this other letter," replied the woman, producing the articles in question.

The photographs were of a young woman and a not over bright looking boy, whose age was probably about fifteen.

"Your son and daughter?" questioned Alice.

"Yes."

Alice compared the woman's photographs with the one which had accompanied the H. J. letter.

"There seems to be considerable resemblance here," she said, "but at the same time I should not want to say it was the same person."

"Just the way I feel," replied the woman. "Now for the letter."

Alice read it half aloud as follows:

"MADAM: I have not heard from you in answer to my previous letter.

"Perhaps you doubt me. Possibly you consider my demand too high. In the former case I can only say that if

you don't make terms now you will never again see your daughter alive; in the latter, I will be liberal. Let me add to what I have already told you, the information that your son also lives.

"He is at present being held as a slave in Chinatown. Accede to my demand and I will throw the boy into the bargain.

"In other words, both your children shall be restored to you for half a million cash. H. J."

"Do you believe him?" demanded the woman as Alice laid the letter down.

"Impossible to say, madam," she replied. "The Chinese are a very peculiar people. The honest ones are as square and practical as Germans. The other kind set no limit to their rascality. You can't believe a word they say."

"I know it," replied the woman, calmly, and she added:

"Now, look here, Miss Montgomery. I don't want to give up half a million unless I have to. Moreover, my investments are of such a nature that it would be next to impossible for me to raise so large an amount at short notice without great sacrifice; still, I am prepared to do this if necessary. What do you advise?"

"That you give me twenty-four hours for investigation before asking me to express an opinion."

"That's sound advice. I agree."

"Have you anything further to say?"

"Nothing."

"When and where shall I report to you?"

The woman appeared to hesitate.

"I have been too sick to leave the house for several weeks," she said. "Hoping that I might feel better and be able to go out, I have sat here prepared as you see me now. I am feeling much better. I think I shall be able to call on you to-morrow evening if you will give me your address."

Alice did so and arose to go.

"May I take your two photographs?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I shall want them returned."

"I will be very careful of them. I am going now. Shall I let myself out?"

The woman nodded and said good-evening abruptly.

Alice then unbolted the door and went downstairs.

Dr. Blake met her in the lower hall.

"All through?" he asked.

"I am," replied Alice.

"Then I must blindfold you again, and we may as well do it here."

It was done, and a few minutes later Alice was being whisked away in the automobile.

The doctor soon directed her to remove the handkerchief.

"What do you think of my patient?" he asked.

"Do you know all she has said to me?" inquired Alice.

"If she has confessed her remarks to her son and daughter, I presume I do."

"She did. Is it all true?"

"Oh, yes, but her daughter is surely dead. I saw the remains at the Morgue. There was not the least doubt as to who the dead woman was, but she refused to believe."

"And the boy?"

"Is half a fool. I doubt his being held as a slave in Chinatown myself, yet it may be true. Of course, the demand of this anonymous letter writer is perfectly absurd. Those letters ought to be turned over to the police."

"The Bradys will do quite as well," said Alice, quietly. "We have had much experience with these Chinese cases."



"I am not even suggesting to the contrary," replied Dr. Blake, hastily, "but what was the upshot of it all?"

"I have arranged to look into the matter and report in twenty-four hours."

"How?"

"She is coming to my house."

"She is not able. The woman hasn't been outside her own door in three months. She has a complaint which is liable to carry her off at any moment."

"I only know what she said."

"I must look into this."

"Do you know how she got those letters, doctor? I neglected to ask her."

"They came by mail she claims. You can't believe all she says. She is quite insane."

"Is she ever violent?"

"She is at times. There have been dreadful scenes. Of course, I don't want to throw any stones in your way, Miss Montgomery, but you won't succeed. This is just a case of blackmail on the part of some of those Sunday-school Chinese the mother and daughter formerly interested themselves in; nothing more. I believe the boy ran away and went West. He was stupid and headstrong. He hated his school, and his sister's death upset him completely. I am inclined to think he is dead."

"Time will show," said Alice. "If he really is being held a slave in Chinatown the Bradys will get him."

"I wish you success," said the doctor, and the conversation was dropped.

Just as they drew near Alice's house she asked the doctor if he knew of any particular Chinaman in which the girl Irene had been interested while she taught at the mission.

The doctor replied that he did not.

Alice then asked what mission it was, but the doctor shied at the question.

"I have promised to say nothing which will give any clew to my patient's identity," he said, "and I must keep my word."

Alice was set down at her own door and thus ended the blind call.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### OLD KING BRADY TRIES A DIAMOND BAIT.

Alice went to the office of the Brady Bureau bright and early next morning.

She found Old King Brady there ahead of her.

"Any news?" he asked.

"Why, yes," replied Alice. "Rather a singular case has been offered, or rather the way in which it was offered is singular."

And she went on to tell of the visit she had paid the night before.

"Oh, I know that woman's name," said Old King Brady. "She did manage to keep it out of the papers, but it became known to the police at the time, and Inspector Black told me. She is a Mrs. Mandeville, widow of one of the National Oil magnates. The dead girl was a child by her first husband, who was a Mr. Fitch."

"Sure it is the same person?" questioned Alice.

"She lived at Tarrytown, and the story I got from Black is substantially the same as the one you have just told me, but oddly enough, Alice, Harry and I have taken a Chinese case, too."

"I have not taken this one by any means. That rests with you."

"Oh, we may as well take it, seeing that we have the other. We can work the two together."

"What is your case?"

"We picked it up on the boat. You remember Wing Tai?"

"The bric-a-brac dealer on Essex street, Boston?"

"The same. His white wife has mysteriously vanished, leaving two little girls. Harry is down in Chinatown with Wing Tai now."

And Old King Brady went on to tell about the happenings of the previous night.

"Of course," he said, "it will probably turn out in the usual way, but there seems quite a chance that this particular disappearance is the kind that is different. Wing is rich and intelligent. He claims to have been engaged to the girl a long time before they married, and that she is devoted to him. But be that as it may, I am anxious to help the poor fellow out."

"Is he coming here?" asked Alice.

"I think very likely, although there was no arrangement to that effect. Why?"

"Remember, Mr. Brady, the initials signed to those letters which Mrs. Mandeville received are H. J. The man with whom Mrs. Wing Tai was seen is High Jack."

"By Jove, that is a coincidence!" exclaimed the old detective. "I never thought of that."

"I should like to show him that photograph," said Alice. "It will be interesting to know if there is any resemblance between his wife and the unfortunate Irene Fitch."

"Happy thought. You are full of them, Alice. Your idea is that this High Jack, admitting that he is the writer of the letters, may have detected such resemblance, and he is intending to palm off Mrs. Tai as Irene."

"Such a thought crossed my mind, yes. Of course, it is only a theory."

"And an excellent one. But it is not likely that they will come here before noon. I would suggest in the meantime that you get down to the Bowery Mission and see if that is not the one in which Mrs. Mandeville was interested. Of course, it may be some uptown church affair."

"I'll do that," said Alice, and she went.

But it was only to meet with disappointment.

The managers of the mission assured Alice that Mrs. Mandeville was never connected with it, nor did he know of any other in which the lady had been interested.

Alice then went on to Chinatown.

She thought it possible that she might run into Harry and Wing Tai, but in this she failed.

Calling on Quong Lee, she found that they had been there and gone.

She had quite a talk with the old dive-keeper on the white boy slave question.

Quong pooh-pooched the idea.

"For why dley keepee dlem, Mliss Alice?" he questioned. "Lockee in! Vot nonsense. Vot dley do; so dley makee dlem lobbygows dlat dliffent. But to lockee in—nonsense! Nonsense!"

"But for blackmail—to raise money on, Quong," she said.

"Vell, p'laps so; mebbe so," replied the old man. "Me no know. Me askee some feller, dlough. Mebbe me flind out slometings. Callee 'gain, Missy Alice; callee 'gain."

Usually Alice talks with Quong Lee in his own language, but this morning for some reason the old dive-keeper seemed to prefer his pigeon English.

Alice now made the rounds of Mott and Pell street

twice, thinking, or rather trying to think, for she could light upon no scheme.

Of course she looked up A. Quee's number.

It was attached to a new tenement on Mott street, near its junction with Pell street.

The house was swarming with Chinese. To locate A. Quee without making himself conspicuous would be impossible.

At last Alice gave it up and went back to the office.

Harry and Wing Tai had just come in.

They had not met with the least success.

Alice was now introduced to Wing Tai whom she had never met.

"Have you told him about my case, Mr. Brady?" she asked.

"No," replied the old detective, "I am leaving that for you."

"Another Chinese case on hand!" cried Wing Tai. "I hope it won't interfere with mine then."

"It may help it," said Alice, and she produced her photograph.

"Why, that is Mrs. Tai!" cried the bric-a-brac dealer.

"Sure?" asked Alice.

"Of course. Don't I know my own wife? That's my store."

"I thought it might be so. But the picture is only a snap shot enlarged. It has no photographer's name."

"I took it and had it enlarged. The picture was in a frame which stood on the bureau in my room. What is all this? Where did you get it then?"

Alice told her story.

Wing Tai was deeply impressed.

"I believe your theory to be correct, Miss Montgomery," he declared. "High Jack is H. J., but how he ever got that picture beats me."

"How long were you in Maine?" asked Harry.

"A week," was the reply.

"Needless to speculate on the question then. There are a dozen ways in which High Jack might have got the picture in that time."

"What shall we do?"

"This is a night job. Let us wait till after dark and then we will go down to Chinatown and look for that blind man. He is our cue."

"And in the meantime I am going out and I can't say just when I shall be back," remarked Old King Brady, and he left the office.

The fact was the old detective's interest had been aroused.

He had determined to see what he could do towards finding the blind Chinaman on his own account.

As he walked across Union Square many turned to look at him, for Old King Brady is a marked man on account of his peculiar dress.

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

The old detective rather enjoys the notice he attracts. Sometimes it works well to be thus readily recognized by the criminal classes, but often it is quite the reverse.

Harry and Alice decidedly object to Old King Brady's style of dressing, but it is not likely he will ever change.

The old detective walked over to Third avenue and went down to Chinatown by the elevated railroad.

On the lower Bowery just before you get to Pell street is a drug store which has been there time out of mind. It is largely patronized by the Chinese.

With the present proprietor Old King Brady is well acquainted, as he was with those who preceded him.

He entered here and asked the druggist if he happened to know of any blind man among the Chinese.

"There is one," was the reply. "A big fellow. He has been in here several times. I have sold him a wash for his eyes which he claims pain him constantly. I never saw him in the street. He only comes here at night. Is he mixed up with one of your cases, Mr. Brady?"

"Yes, he is," replied the old detective. "What's more, he is the key to the whole situation, and I want to find him. I suppose you have no idea where he lives?"

"No, but I don't think it will be difficult to find out. The last time I sold him the wash he sent a lobbygow after it. My young man was in the store at the time. I daresay he could identify the lobbygow. I will ask him."

He went into the back room and came out with the young man.

"Why yes, I should know the boy," said the clerk. "He often comes in here. I don't know his name, though."

"Go with Mr. Brady and see if you can't point him out," said the druggist. "Likely he is hanging around on Mott or Pell street."

The clerk complied, but they did not find the lobbygow.

"I'll keep an eye out for him," he said. "When will you be around this way again?"

"This evening."

"All right. I'll try to have him where you can put your finger on him."

It was a disappointment, but that was nothing.

Old King Brady was not giving up yet.

He had a scheme of his own for getting at High Jack. Among his other peculiarities Old King Brady is a great lover of diamonds.

"Nothing so peculiar about that," will be truthfully said, "but the old detective loves the sparklers for their own sake and not for their money value.

He has quite a collection of unset diamonds.

Usually he keeps a few in his desk, and once in a while takes a sly look at them.

He slipped one in his pocket before he left the office, and this he proposed to make use of now.

Ascending the steps of one of the older houses on Mott street, Old King Brady opened the door of what had once been the front parlor, and entered.

The room was fitted up as an office, with a counter surmounted by an iron railing everywhere except at one small opening.

Behind it sat an elderly Chinaman counting foreign silver.

The man was a banker and money-changer. He had carried on business in that room for many years, and was reputed very rich.

"Hello, Woo," said the old detective.

"Howdy, Mlister Blady," replied the banker, working his sampan or counting machine. "How you?"

"Well. And you?"

"Muchee bully. Vant slomedings?"

"Yes, Woo. Got any diamonds?"

"Yair."

Old King Brady had bought diamonds of old Jim Woo before.

The banker always managed to keep a few on hand, and he was an excellent judge of gems.

"Can you match this one?" continued the old detective, taking a two-carat stone from a little leather case.

It was a beauty, and but for a decided yellowish tinge would have commanded a large price.

Off color diamonds are what Old King Brady likes. He has them all shades, even to jet black, which, of course, possess no value as gems.

Jim Woo took the stone and examined it, but he did not enthuse.

The money value was all that interested him.

"Baddee color," he said. "Likee Chinee man's face. Too yellor."

"That's your idea, Woo. All the same I want a match for it. Can you help me out?"

"No tink. You can slee for you ownself."

He produced a little tray from his safe which was filled with colored stones. Among them were several fine diamonds, some of considerable size.

It is scarcely necessary to say that there was no match for Old King Brady's yellow diamond.

"Nothing doing, Woo," said the old detective.

"Dlat's what me tellee you, Bloss Blady. No can."

"Know any one who has got a stone to match it? Of course, I am buying cheap. You understand that."

"No, me no know," replied the Chinaman, shaking his head.

"Didn't there used to be a fellow who dealt in diamonds here in Chinatown by the name of Low Jack, or something like that?"

"You meanee High Jack."

"I think that was it."

"Yair. Me know him."

"Where's his office?"

The Chinaman grinned and pointed to his hat.

It was the nearest approach to a joke which Old King Brady had ever heard a Chinaman attempt.

"In his hat, eh?" he said, "but the question is, can I find him? Is he in New York at the present time?"

"So he is. I see him lesterday."

"Where can I find him?"

"Dunno. Him smokee hop lesterday. Pletty dlunk. Mebbe he smokee now."

"But where?"

"Gimmee dliamond. We lookee. You come moller."

This was evidently another attempt at wit.

"Oh, no! That won't do, Woo," said the old detective.

"Come, tell me where to look for High Jack, that's a good man. If he sells me a diamond you shall have a commission."

"You comee flifteen minute. Me go see if me can find."

"That's more like it," said the old detective. "Go for that commission, Woo."

The old fellow called something in his own language, and a younger man came out of an inner room.

Leaving the office in his charge, Woo came out from behind his counter and walked down Mott street with the old detective.

Coming to a basement door, he turned in, saying as he did so:

"Flifteen minute."

"Come, I seem to be making some headway," the old detective thought.

He crossed the street and remained watching that basement door.

Knowing all the recognized opium joints in Chinatown, he felt certain that there was none in this building.

"It must be the man's private hold-out," he said to himself.

Within ten minutes Jim Woo reappeared.

Old King Brady crossed the street and joined him.

"Well, did you find him?" he asked.

"Yair. Him dere," replied the banker. "Belly muchee hop, dlough. Him pletty dlunk."

"Has he got a yellow diamond? That's the point."

"Him say yair, so he know what him talkee bout. Him wantee see sltone."

"Will you take me to him, Woo?"

"Yair. Me no takee no oder 'tective in New York, but me thust you, Bloss Blady. Comee long. Yair."

And Jim Woo led Old King Brady in through that basement door.

## CHAPTER V.

### WORKING UP A QUEE.

Evening came but it brought no Old King Brady back to the office.

Harry and Alice were there expecting his return.

At half-past five Wing Tai, who had been down in Chinatown working on his own account, turned up.

His face showed his discouragement as he came into the room.

"Well, how have you made out?" Harry asked.

"I have accomplished nothing; absolutely nothing," was the reply. "I have done all that it is possible for a man to do, but nothing has come of it."

"I hope you haven't done too much," said Harry. "You know I warned you."

"I have been very cautious. Took it out in listening, mostly. I have been in the Savoy, the Port Arthur, the Tuxedo and other restaurants listening to the talk around me. I haven't heard High Jack's name mentioned once. It begins to look as if he was not as well known in New York as he pretended to be."

"Did you never have his New York address?"

"No. He always said that he stayed sometimes at one place and sometimes at another. You know I did a little something in diamonds. That's the way I happened to come up against High Jack, and it is really all I know about him."

"We must see if we can't improve our acquaintance to-night," said Harry.

"What time do you expect that woman to call on you, Alice?" he asked.

"She said somewhere around ten o'clock," was the reply.

"Do you want to come along with us then or are you afraid of being delayed?"

"I don't see any reason why I should not start out with you. There is plenty of time between now and ten o'clock."

"Let us get ready then, Wing. You stop here. We will be back soon."

Harry and Alice then left the room.

The former was glad enough to have Alice's company, not only on account of her great use in Chinese cases, owing to her knowledge of the language, but because they are practically engaged and he is her devoted slave.

Wing Tai had no idea where they were going.

He supposed that they had left the building.

Actually they had only gone across the hall to the costume room, which the Bradys keep there.

When they re-entered the young Chinaman did not know them.

Both were made up like men of his own race.

It was not until Harry spoke that he recognized the true state of the case.

"Yes, here we are," said Young King Brady. "Don't you think we make a pretty good pair of Chinks?"

"It is wonderful how you do it," replied Wing Tai. "I don't remember ever to have seen you made up like a Chinaman before, Harry."

"No? Oh, this is an everyday racket for Alice and me. Now let's go down to Chinkville and have supper at the Savoy."

They went.

Needless to say the supper was a good one.

Whatever people may say against the Chinese, it is not to be denied that they can't be beat as cooks.

Harry, as always on these trips, pretended to be deaf and dumb, and remained in absolute silence.

Wing Tai and Alice did some talking in Chinese, but it was principally listening to the talk which went on around them.

But it did not interest them.

Not a word bearing on either of their cases did they catch, nor was it to be expected.

And now what is the programme?" asked Wing Tai when they passed out on to Pell street.

"Alice has prepared a letter which she proposes to take to this man A. Quee if she can find him," Harry said. "It is addressed to High Jack, and is supposed to have been dictated by Mrs. Mandeville, demanding that Alice be allowed to see both the girl and the boy before she will even begin to negotiate."

"That's a good idea. Why didn't you mention it before?" said Wing Tai.

"Oh, we thought it would keep," replied Harry. "We will try it on now, but you mustn't show yourself, Wing. That won't do at all."

"I realize that," replied Wing Tai. "I'll wait for you on the street. Where is this place again?"

Alice named the number on Mott street.

They reached the tenement and Harry and Alice entered, while Wing Tai walked on, having agreed to meet them outside of Quong Lee's place.

Alice rapped on the first door they came to, and asked for A. Quee.

The Chinaman assured her that he knew no such man, but when Alice pressed him, he admitted that he had only been in the house a week, having just moved over from Newark.

They went upstairs and here Alice tried it again with better success.

A stolid looking Chink answered her knock.

He informed her that A. Quee lived in the back room on the left.

As neither of these men seemed to entertain the least suspicion that they were not addressing their own countrymen, Alice and Harry concluded that their costumes were all right.

They now started to beard the lion in his den.

Alice knocked three times before receiving any answer.

Then the door was opened by an elderly Chinaman with a long, drooping mustache.

"Are you A. Quee?" demanded Alice.

"That is my name," was the reply.

"Letters addressed H. J. in your care are received here."

The old man started.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"No matter about my name," replied Alice. "I come from the sick lady in Tarrytown."

"I don't know what you mean," replied A. Quee, and he started to close the door.

"Wait," said Alice. "I've got a letter for H. J."

A. Quee looked puzzled.

"In English?" he asked after a moment's hesitation.

"No, in Chinese," Alice replied.

"Who wrote it?"

"I did."

"For the lady?"

"Yes."

"You can give it to me."

"No; I will give it only to H. J."

"Come inside, I want to talk to you alone," said the wily Chink.

"No," replied Alice. "You can talk to me here. This man is my brother. He is deaf and dumb. He can't understand what we say."

"What do you know about this business?"

"All. Mrs. Mandeville has told me everything. She is my friend."

At the risk of spoiling everything Alice had mentioned the name.

She spoiled nothing.

"You seem to know," said A. Quee. "Let me ask a question. Will Mrs. Mandeville pay the money?"

He made sad work of pronouncing the name, but he came near enough to it to satisfy Alice that Old King Brady was right in his suspicion that the sick Mrs. Mandeville was the woman she had talked with the night before.

"Yes, she will pay if it is all right," replied Alice.

"It is all right."

"That she must know. Are you H. J.?"

"No, no. I have nothing to do with the business. The letter should have been sent by mail."

"Mrs. Mandeville does not think so. Since she is going to pay this large sum of money, she has something to say."

"Give me the letter and I will give it to H. J."

"But what about the answer. I want it now."

"Will you wait for it?"

"Yes."

"Wait then. Give me the letter. I will give it to H. J."

Alive gave him the letter then.

It was sealed and addressed to H. J., care of A. Quee.

"Stay where you are," said the old man. "If you attempt to follow me I shall tear up the letter."

"All right. We will wait here," said Alice.

He went inside and closed the door.

"Looks as if High Jack might be in there," breathed Alice.

Harry nodded.

But evidently this was a mistake.

In a minute A. Quee came out with his hat on.

"Mind what I told you," he said. "If you attempt to follow me I shall destroy the letter."

He then went downstairs.

"He ought to be shadowed," Harry said with his fingers.

"No," replied Alice. "We are doing finely. We best let well enough alone."

The letter which the old Chinaman had carried off Alice prepared with especial care.

Translated into plain English it read:

"H. J.: I have received your letters. I am willing to pay the price you ask, but not until the bearer sees my daughter and my son.

"He knows both. I will not run the risk of being deceived. With him goes his brother for protection. This young man is deaf and dumb, so you need not be afraid to speak before him. If you mean business, you will comply with this request.

"MRS. MANDEVILLE."

At the time she prepared the letter Alice scarcely hoped for the success of her somewhat bold scheme.

But it appeared to be working all right thus far.

If it worked out to a finish and she was brought into the presence of a blind Chinaman, then Alice would know where to look for Mrs. Wing Tai.

It must be admitted that it was a plan well conceived.

A. Quee was gone about twenty minutes.

When he returned Alice thought he looked somewhat surprised.

"You can see them if you will consent to go alone with me and to being blindfolded," he said.

Alice had rather expected the last.

She had talked it over with Harry deaf and dumb style, and they had agreed to take the risk.

"I am willing to be blindfolded," she said, "but my brother must go with me. I will not go alone."

"You must if you are to go at all," replied A. Quee."

"Then I don't go at all," said Alice. "The matter will be dropped. You will hear no more from Mrs. Mandeville."

Then A. Quee, just as though it was all a matter of course, said:

"All right. Then you both go. Follow me."

"Is it far?" demanded Alice.

"No; not far."

"You promise that no harm shall come to us?"

"Certainly. H. J. wants money. Why should he make you trouble?"

"Very well. We will go."

They then went out on Mott street, and walking towards Chatham Square for a short distance, A. Quee turned in at a basement door.

It was the same door through which Old King Brady had followed Jim Woo earlier in the day.

They walked through to the end of a dirty hall where the Chinaman opened a door and ushered them into a small room, where two Chinks in native dress stood.

The room was poorly furnished and lighted by a grimy lamp.

"I had to bring them both," said A. Quee, adding as he pointed to Harry:

"This is the one who is deaf and dumb."

The two Chinks looked Harry and Alice over so critically that for a moment they thought that their disguises might have been penetrated.

But it did not seem to be so.

"Very well," said one, addressing himself to Alice.

"You understand that you are to be blindfolded?"

"Yes," replied Alice.

"We will attend to that now."

He produced a strip of red cloth from under his blouse and proceeded to bandage Alice's eyes.

Harry was then served the same way.

"Turn around five times," the man then ordered.

"You'll have to turn my brother," said Alice. "I can only make him understand with my fingers, and I can't do that now."

"All right," replied the man, and he proceeded to turn Harry around, Alice turning herself.

It is wonderful how completely one loses one's bearings under such circumstances.

Alice tried to hold hers, but it was no use.

She was then taken by the arm and led forward.

Whether they passed out by the door or by a secret panel she could not tell, but she took the precaution to hold on to Harry's hand lest they fool her.

There seemed to be no disposition to do this, however. In a moment they were descending stairs.

Thus as they were already in the basement Alice concluded that they were going down into some underground den.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TRAPPED.

Old King Brady was taken into the same room where Harry and Alice went afterward.

There he met a young Chinaman who stood apparently waiting for him and the banker.

Nothing was said about blindfolding.

The banker spoke in Chinese, and the young man opened a little door behind a red curtain which scarcely could be termed secret. Through this the banker led the way along a short, narrow passage to a flight of steps which led them down to the cellar level, but the place where they landed was cut off from the cellar by a stout partition.

Another door opened here, revealing a second passage extending off in the direction of Pell street.

Jim Woo hurried on, Old King Brady closely following.

The passage was well lighted by several bracket lamps.

The old detective keeping his trained eyes open saw more than the Chinese banker bargained for, probably, for he distinctly perceived three secret panels as he walked on.

Reaching the end of the passage, the banker knocked three times on an ordinary door.

Old King Brady, it will be remembered, started out with the hope of being able to locate the blind Chinaman.

In this he now succeeded, for the Celestial who opened the door was most certainly blind.

Not only that, but his eyes were horribly disfigured, so much so that it was not to be wondered that he did not care to show himself on the street in the day time.

He was probably a person of about forty.

There was nothing repulsive about the face except so far as the eyes were concerned. Indeed, there was a mild, kindly expression to it.

"Dis Bloss Blady, de 'tective," announced Jim Woo.

The blind man gave a start, then nodded, and held the door wide open.

The place seemed to be a little ante-room not much bigger than a good-sized closet. There was a door at the other end through which Jim Woo led Old King Brady, and they came into a room fitted up as an opium joint.

There were six bunks arranged two and two.

In one a Chinaman was smoking, the "cooking" being attended to by a boy in Chinese costume.

In one of the other bunks lay a second Chinaman half dressed and to all appearance asleep.

Old King Brady looked at the boy closely.

He was manifestly white, but he bore no resemblance to the photograph of Mrs. Mandeville's son.

Jim Woo went to the sleeper and shook him up.

"Here Bloss Blady," he said.

"This is High Jack?" asked Old King Brady.

The old Chinaman stared at him stupidly, and then in perfect English replied:

"No matter about my name, boss. Let me see your diamond."

Old King Brady produced it.

High Jack looked it over, and then getting out a magnifying glass, examined it critically.

He did not attempt to rise, but balanced himself on one elbow.

While he plainly showed the effects of his opium debauch, he seemed to know what he was about well enough.

"The stone is all right for a yellow diamond," he said. "I can match it. I have got one that is almost a duplicate."

"Have you got it with you?" inquired the old detective. "No. I don't carry diamonds with me when I go to hit the hop."

"When and where can I see it?"

"I'll leave it with Jim Woo to-morrow."

"What's the price?"

"Four hundred."

"I'll take it if it suits me, but it must be a perfect match."

"You will find it so," replied High Jack, and handing the diamond back he lay down on the wooden head rest and closed his eyes.

"Come on," said the banker nervously.

Old King Brady got the idea that he was afraid some one might come and catch them there.

He followed him back to the street.

The young Chinaman in the room sat on a stool smoking a cigarette.

He nodded as they passed out, but did not speak.

Thanking Jim Woo, the old detective walked away.

He was proud of his work.

He felt that he had settled Wing Tai's case, and made a fair start on Mrs. Mandeville's.

What he should have done was to have communicated with the office at once.

But there are times when Old King Brady, like other old men, gets the idea that his younger associates secretly feel that he has passed his usefulness and likes to show them that he is as good as ever.

"I'll settle this whole business up before night and surprise them," he said to himself. "There is some special reason for the existence of that secret hop joint, and I am determined to know what it is. If Mrs. Tai is there I'll get her. As for white boy slaves, I feel that I have seen one of them, and that they do exist. This diamond bait of mine has worked out all to the good."

At first he thought he would act at once, but on thinking it over he determined to wait until nearer nightfall, so having business in Brooklyn, he went there, returning to Chinatown shortly after five.

He went at once to the Elizabeth street station, where, of course, he knows everybody.

The captain of the precinct happened to be behind the desk, and after a few general remarks Old King Brady said:

"Captain, is McClusky in? I want to do a little business in Chinatown. Harry is busy uptown. I should like his help."

The man alluded to was a well-known ward detective, whose work lies principally in Chinatown.

"He is asleep upstairs," replied the captain, adding:

"Sure you can have him if you want him. What's up?"

"I have caught onto a secret hop joint, and I want to know what it is all about."

"Where?"

"Under No. — Mott street."

"I never heard of any place there. All right. I'll send for Mac."

The detective was summoned.

He was a most able man, and he and Old King Brady were great friends."

Knowing him to be a man who liked his beer, the old detective took McClusky to a neighboring saloon and ex-

plained Wing Tai's case, but made no mention of Mrs. Mandeville's.

"I want that woman," he said, "and I also want to know what that white boy is doing down there."

"Oh, I guess he is just some lobbygow," said McClusky, carelessly; "all the same he ought not be let stop in a joint like that."

"I have heard a rumor recently that there was a bunch of white boys held as slaves somewhere on Mott street," Old King Brady went on to say. "Do you know anything about that?"

"Well, I did hear something of the sort awhile back, but I don't take no stock in it. There is always some yarn or another flying around Chinatown."

"You are not afraid to jump in there with me and see what we can do? Take another man if you think best."

"Me afraid!" cried the detective. "Well, I guess not. We don't need nobody. We'll blame soon settle the white slave story and get the woman, too, if she is there. I'll take a pair of handcuffs along to fix the watchman with."

He went back to the station after them and then they went to Chinatown.

That it was necessary to betray the confidence of Jim Woo troubled the old detective not a little, still there was no help for it.

With McClusky he went to the door of the room and tried it to find it locked.

Knocking brought no response.

Old King Brady got out his skeleton keys and readily opened the door.

There was no one in the room, and the door behind the curtain stood wide open.

"The guardian seems to have gone below, Mac," observed the old detective. "This would appear to be our chance."

"Come on. No use hanging back," said the detective, and he started down the stairs.

They pushed on through the underground passage, encountering no one.

Reaching the first of the secret panels which he had observed, Old King Brady called McClusky's attention to it.

"Think so?" said the detective. "I don't know."

"Oh, this is an easy one," replied Old King Brady, and he pressed the secret spring.

"By Jove, you were right!" whispered McClusky. "Here's a ladder leading down into some sort of a rat hole, but we don't want to get side-tracked, boss."

"That's so, too," replied the old detective; "all the same I want to see what is behind these secret doors."

He tackled the next one, but was not so successful.

Here the existence of the panel was more apparent than in the other case, but try as he would Old King Brady could not find the secret spring.

"Oh, come on, come on," said McClusky impatiently, "let's get down to facts. We can look into this business afterwards."

"There is one more," replied Old King Brady, who is nothing if not stubborn. "I give up here because I have to, but that other one must be tried."

The third panel was on the left of the passage, these two being on the right.

The spring was discovered at once, as it was the same as the first.

Behind was what appeared to be a large closet, and in it stood what they took for a Chinaman in native dress in the dim light, for now all the lamps in the passage were out but one.

McClusky whipped out his revolver.

"Come out of there, you blame Chink!" he cried.

Meanwhile Old King Brady had produced his electric flashlight, which he turned on the figure.

"It's only a bundle of clothes with a mask for a face!" he exclaimed.

"You're dead right," said McClusky, stepping inside. "I don't see what holds it up."

Involuntarily Old King Brady followed him in.

He had no sooner let go the door, which he had been holding with his left hand, than it closed on them with a snap, and a bell rang sharply somewhere below them.

"Caught in a trap, by thunder! So much for your secret panels. Now we are sidetracked for fair!" the detective cried.

Old King Brady quickly turned his flashlight on the panel.

It was as he feared. There was no apparent way of opening it from the inside.

"This is a bad job and all my fault," he admitted.

"You can't twist it into anything else, boss," growled McClusky. "However, we won't let them get us without putting up a fight."

"Listen," said the old detective. "I hear voices below us."

"Yes, and they are talking Chink talk."

"Sure. Probably this floor is movable. That bell has warned them of our presence here. We shall be dropping down in a minute."

And so it proved.

The floor descended slowly.

They could hear somebody turning a crank of some sort.

But when they reached bottom—it was only a few feet—they could see no one.

They now stood facing a narrow passage at the end of which a light burned.

"There you are, Mac," breathed Old King Brady, after waiting a few minutes. "An invitation to walk on deeper into this trap. Do we accept it or not?"

"I'm blamed if I know. We can't stop here."

"No, nor pull this thing up again. I see no way."

"If they would only show themselves I'd make short work of them."

"They are too shrewd for that. I have been much to blame."

"You hadn't ought to have done it, boss, I will say that."

"I acknowledge it. I think we better advance."

"Let's wait a few minutes and see what they do."

They waited at least ten in perfect silence, but no move was made on the part of the Chinaman, nor did they hear a sound.

"There is only one way to bring this to a head," sighed Old King Brady, "and that is to advance to the light."

"Come on," replied McClusky, recklessly.

They pushed on through the passage with drawn revolvers.

At the end was an ordinary door above which a small bracket lamp burned.

Old King Brady opened the door and saw beyond a small room in which was a bamboo table, a couch of the same material and a chair.

Chinese scrolls hung on the walls—there was nothing else.

"Looks harmless enough," remarked Old King Brady, "but I suppose the door will close on us if we enter."

"At least there will be a chance to sit down. Better than standing here. We are prisoners anyway."

"Let us wait. I hate to cut off our retreat."

But waiting did no good.

Old King Brady carefully examined the door, but could see no way by which it could be made to close automatically so as to latch itself.

At last they gave it up and entered, the old detective taking down the bracket lamp and placing it on the table.

The door did not close. No one came near them. Search as they would they could find no way out of the place but the one by which they had entered.

At last as it was cold, McClusky shut the door.

It did not fasten itself, and they sat there smoking, waiting for some one to turn up, but not until they had made a trip back to their elevator, as Old King Brady called the descending floor.

It remained as they had left it. There was nothing visible to show how the thing was operated.

"We have just got to wait the good pleasure of the Chinks, that's all," remarked Old King Brady. "I suppose the idea is to tire us out."

They smoked and talked for nearly an hour, when all at once Old King Brady saw that his companion was nodding.

"Sleepy, Mac?" he asked.

"Blamed sleepy," replied the detective, drowsily.

"Doze off then."

"I think I'll lie down," remarked McClusky, and he threw himself on the bamboo couch.

Old King Brady felt sleepy himself, but he did not like to own it.

He started on a fresh cigar.

Next thing he knew he felt it drop from his mouth.

He pulled himself up with a start, and as he did so he became conscious of a peculiar odor.

McClusky was now sound asleep on the couch.

"Heavens! They are pumping ether or something into this room," thought the old detective.

He started to rise, but to his horror found himself quite powerless to do so.

For a moment or so Old King Brady by a violent mental effort was able to resist the influence, but even then he realized that it could not be for long.

Nor was it.

In a few minutes he was quite helpless, but still the force of his powerful will prevailed, for he did not quite lose consciousness then.

"Something is going to happen, and I must brace up and be ready for it," he kept saying to himself.

He seemed to be floating in the air, and it was as if hours had elapsed when he saw the door open and a Chinaman in native dress peer into the room.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A POINTER FROM THE BLIND CHINAMAN.

Guided by A. Quee, Harry and Alice passed along the underground passage, but they were not taken on to the upper joint.

A. Quee now removed the handkerchief and stopped at the second of the secret panels, the one Old King Brady had failed to open.

Here he gave three sharp raps.

There was a brief delay, and then the panel was opened by a Chinaman in American dress.

He looked sleepy and haggard, and his clothes were much disordered.

His eyelids were red on the underside. Harry and Alice at once saw that the man was deeply saturated with opium.

"Are these the men?" he asked in Chinese.

"Yes," replied A. Quee.

"You stand back. I want to talk to them. You are not to hear."

A. Quee meekly retreated along the passage.

"You come from Mrs. Mandeville?" asked the Chinaman, still speaking in his own tongue and looking hard at Harry.

"My brother is deaf and dumb," said Alice, adding:

"Yes, we come from Mrs. Mandeville."

"Will she pay?"

"Yes, if she is satisfied that you can really restore her son and daughter."

"Who are you?"

"No matter what my name is."

"Are you a detective?"

"No."

"Are you a friend of Mrs. Mandeville's?"

"I am hired by Mrs. Mandeville. That is enough."

"Did you ever see her daughter or her son?"

"No, but I have seen their photographs. I shall know them if I do see them."

"Was this High Jack?" Alice asked herself.

She had not been given a description of the Chinaman. Harry, on the contrary, had.

He felt satisfied that they were in the presence of High Jack, and needless to say he was most anxious to see what the outcome of all this was going to be.

The Chinaman seemed to hesitate.

At last he called to A. Quee to wait and then told Alice to follow him.

"Leave your brother behind," he added.

"No," replied Alice. "Where I go he goes, and that is all there is about it."

"Well, then come on," was the reply, and he started along the narrow, lighted passage which opened off here. They advanced about ten feet and came to a door.

"You stay here," said High Jack then—it was actually the diamond dealer—"in a minute a peephole will open in the wall here. You are to look through it. You will be shown the woman and the boy."

He then opened the door and passed into a room, closing it behind him.

A few seconds later a little panel was drawn aside and Alice found herself looking into a small room where there were two bunks, one above the other.

A ladder led up to regions above, and there was a trap door in the floor, apparently communicating with regions below.

In a chair sat a man with his eyes closed.

"The blind Chinaman," thought Alice, but her attention was more particularly drawn to one of the bunks in which lay a white woman sound asleep.

Her face was turned towards the open panel, and Alice and Harry were able to identify it with the face of the photograph.

High Jack was not in evidence.

"What is the matter? What is going on?" the blind Chinaman called out. "Don't you dare give that poor girl any more opium, High Jack. I won't have it."

"You shut up, you fool," cried High Jack's voice from a distance. "Nobody's going to give her any more opium."

The blind man, who had partly risen, dropped back on his stool with a deep sigh.

Just then the patter of naked feet was heard.

"Chase yourselves, you boys!" High Jack was heard calling in English. "Go on through into the other room."

Three barefooted white boys dressed only in shirt and trousers then trooped through the room and passed out by a door on the other side.

All turned and looked at the open panel.

They must have seen the faces peering in at them, but none of them stopped nor spoke.

The foremost boy, who was the tallest of the trio, was manifestly the original of the photograph of her son which Mrs. Mandeville had given to Alice.

No sooner had the boys vanished through the door than the panel closed.

"That's the boy," Harry said with his fingers.

"Surely," replied Alice in the same fashion, "and the woman is Mrs. Tai."

There was no chance for any more, for High Jack came out through the door then.

"Well, did you identify them? Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Alice.

"Then make your report. Say to Mrs. Mandeville that if I don't hear from her in twenty-four hours that boy dies; as for her daughter, she will never see her again; as for bringing the police or detectives in here, try it if you dare. They will never get me nor the girl, nor the boy, nor will they get out of it alive."

"I will tell her," replied Alice, rather wondering if she was allowed to go out herself.

But she was.

High Jack led the way back to the passage and called A. Quee.

They were blindfolded again, and when the handkerchiefs were removed, found themselves in the hallway of the Mott street house.

"So-long," said A. Quee when they got out on the street, and he hurried away.

"Alice, I congratulate you," said Harry as they walked towards Chatham Square. "Your scheme was a perfect success."

"I would not have believed it," replied Alice. "They are certainly a bold pair. I should not wonder if they carried Mrs. Tai and those three white boys elsewhere, though. That's what he meant when he defied the detectives to get them."

"Perhaps. But here we are, and now where is Wing Tai?"

They had come out on the square, but the Chinaman was not standing in front of Quong Lee's.

He may have grown tired of waiting and taken a turn around the block then," said Alice, adding:

"Really, I must be going, Harry. I have barely time to get home and keep my appointment with Mrs. Mandeville."

"If she keeps her end of it, which is doubtful," replied Harry. "But go on, Alice, I'll wait for Wing Tai."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Nothing till I see the governor. I shall take Wing Tai home with me for the night."

Alice boarded a Third avenue surface car then, while Harry returned to Quong Lee's.

Whether to tell Wing Tai that he had seen his wife or not Harry did not know.

He did not care to bring the police into the matter, nor did he feel equal to attempting to recover the woman himself with no other help than Wing Tai.



So upon reflection he decided to keep his mouth shut and to confer with his chief before acting.

Wing Tai came along a few minutes later.

"Any news?" he asked.

"Lots," replied Harry. "We smoked out High Jack and had a talk with him. He swears he has Mrs. Mandeville's son and daughter prisoners. We learned where his hold-out is located, and now you want to come to my house, and Old King Brady and I will arrange to raid it. Early to-morrow morning will be the best time, I think."

"Then you did not find out anything about Mrs. Tai?"

"Nothing definite, but I don't doubt that the so-called daughter of Mrs. Mandeville will prove to be your wife."

"I suppose it is all I can expect," sighed Wing Tai. "I must be patient. Let us start along."

They crossed Doyers street and were just coming to Pell, when Harry's attention was attracted by a tapping on the pavement, and an instant later he saw a Chinaman, evidently blind, advancing by the aid of a cane, with which he was tapping the sidewalk.

"There's your blind Chinaman now," exclaimed Wing Tai in great excitement. "Let's arrest him and make him tell what he knows."

"Hold on! We want to go slow," said Harry. "You tackle him. See, he pauses and seems uncertain which way to turn. Now is your chance."

Wing Tai advanced and said something in Chinese.

The blind man responded, speaking rapidly, and there was some little talk.

"What does he say?" demanded Harry, wondering if his plans were going to be all upset.

"He says he wants to get to the police station," replied Wing Tai, "but he won't tell me why. He seems afraid of me. Perhaps you better tackle him in English."

"Does he speak it?"

"I don't know."

"Ask him."

The blind man was moving on, helplessly tapping with his cane.

"He's steering away from you," whispered Harry. "Better let him alone. We will follow."

The blind Chinaman evidently knew that he was on the Bowery, as he might well do by the rumble of the elevated trains.

He worked his way slowly until he came opposite the old drug store already mentioned, and then began feeling about with his cane.

Apparently he was able to identify it, for he opened the door and entered.

Harry, who was also acquainted in the drug store, at once followed him in, accompanied by Wing Tai.

"Me wantee see dloctor," the Chinaman was saying.

The clerk with whom Old King Brady had talked was behind the counter, but the druggist was not in evidence.

Before he had time to reply to the blind man, Young King Brady flashed his detective shield.

The clerk came nearer and looked at it over the show case.

"I am Young King Brady in disguise," whispered Harry. "I am shadowing that blind man. Talk to him. I want to hear what he has to say."

"You're mighty well disguised then," muttered the clerk, "but I see your shield reads Brady Detective Bureau all right."

"I wantee slee dloctor," the blind man repeated.

"The doctor is out," replied the clerk, "but you know me. Want some more of that stuff for your eyes?"

"No; me wantee go stlation-house—see?"

"Why?"

"Slometing to tell 'tectives. Dloctor him bestee man. So him here, him helpee me."

"Look here," said the clerk, "there is a detective right here in the store now. Talk to him."

The blind man looked around helplessly.

"I am here," said Harry, coming to his side. "What's your name?"

"No maller me nname. You 'tective?"

"Yes. I am Young King Brady."

The blind man gave a start.

"You no speakee Chinee?" he asked. "Me speakee velly bad Englees."

"No, but I have a Chinaman here who you can trust. Talk to him."

Wing Tai went for him then.

Probably his voice sounded different in the store, for the blind man did not seem to recognize him.

Wing Tai seemed to grow excited as they talked.

Then he turned to Harry and said:

"Why he says that bad Chinamen have captured Old King Brady and another detective and are going to kill them."

"Yair," broke in the blind man, catching the name. "Ole Kling Blady. He savee me bludder's life one time, Slan Flisco; me savee him life now, so me can."

"Good for you!" cried Harry, getting excited in turn. "Let my Chinese friend tell it."

"He says they were trapped and drugged," continued Wing Tai. "He won't tell where. He says they have been carried away in a wagon and are to be taken to Little Chinatown, wherever that is. They are to be killed there after they have been bled for all the money they can be made to put up. He says Old King Brady saved his brother's life—"

"Yes," broke in Harry, "I understand that; but get the street and number where they have been taken."

Wing Tai tackled the blind man again.

"It is No. — North Sixth street," he announced.

"That's right, that's Little Chinatown," said Harry. "I must get on the job at once."

"I am going to ask him about my wife," said Wing Tai.

"You can try it," replied Harry, "but I don't believe you will get anything out of him."

And this proved to be the case.

The blind Chinaman shut up like a clam and assured Wing Tai that he knew nothing about any white woman being held a prisoner, and that he never heard of High Jack.

As for Harry, he kept his own council.

He was thankful now that he had not revealed to Wing Tai the full extent of the discovery he and Alice had made, for he needed all the help the Chinaman could afford him to rescue Old King Brady.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OLD KING BRADY FINDS THINGS PRETTY WET.

Whatever the subtle gas was which had been pumped into the little underground room, and the Chinese possess knowledge of such things of which we detectives know nothing, Old King Brady was able for some time to resist its full effect.

But just the same the old detective was perfectly paralyzed and all but unconscious.

He could see nothing of his surroundings, but in a dim

hazy way he was able to tell what was going on around him.

Thus he knew that the door was flung wide open and that fresh air penetrated the little room.

Later he was aware of the presence of people; they were talking and he knew that their talk was in Chinese.

He remembered afterward wishing that he could understand what was being said.

The next he knew they were rolling him around on the floor.

He could not understand why until he suddenly made the discovery that something had been wrapped around him which he was powerless to remove.

After that he was being carried along head and heels; he knew it when they threw him into some sort of vehicle and when it was started.

For awhile after that he was conscious of riding over rough pavements, but that was the last.

The next Old King Brady knew he awoke to full consciousness to find himself tied hand and foot and lying on a hard board floor.

The place was dark and smelled horribly.

Slowly the old detective began to pull his wits together and to realize what had occurred.

But about the last thing which came into his head was the recollection of Detective McClusky.

"Mac," he called suddenly, "are you there?"

There was no answer.

"He is either dead to the world or they have separated us," the old detective thought.

He called again, but got no reply.

Then for some time Old King Brady lay in a dreamy condition until at last he was again aroused by hearing some one heave a deep sigh.

"Is that you, Mac?" called the old detective, who was now quite himself again.

"It is, what there is left of me," came the reply. "What has happened? Where in thunder are we? My head aches to beat the band."

"It will pass," replied the old detective. "Mine did at first, but it is all gone now. We were dosed with ether, or something like it, in that room. That's what happened."

"You don't say. I have had such strange dreams."

"Never mind the dreams. The reality is bad enough."

"Where are we? Not in that same room, I judge, by the way you speak."

"Not in Chinatown even. I was carried away in a wagon and I judge you were, too, from the fact of me finding you here."

"Is that so? You have no idea where?"

"No. I think it was a long ride, though. I shouldn't be surprised if they have brought me over to Williamsburg."

"Little Chinatown?"

"Yes."

"What a beastly smell. What is it then?"

"Give it up. Some sort of chemical, I suppose. It is bad enough at all events. Are you tied up same as I am?"

"You bet I'm tied. My wrists feel as if the veins would burst. I never was quite so uncomfortable in my life."

"You want to brace up to it."

"Yes, but it makes me mad to think that I should ever have got into such a fix. This is the first time the Chinks ever got me. I feel quite ashamed."

Oh, you needn't blame yourself. You can charge all that to me, where it belongs."

"We are both in the same boat. I'm not blaming you, Brady."

"Yes, and it is a mighty bad boat; but blame away, my shoulders are broad; moreover, I am to blame, but we want to do something if we can."

This was easier said than done.

Try as he would, McClusky was not able to loosen his bonds, and Old King Brady found himself in the same fix.

It was just about this time that a light was seen and footsteps heard approaching.

It proved to be a Chinaman with a lantern.

He was an ill-looking fellow, horrible pockmarked.

Old King Brady was quite certain that he had never seen him before.

He was in American dress, and apparently American-born, judging from the excellence of his English.

"Well, gentlemen, how do you find yourselves?" he demanded, flashing his lantern first in Old King Brady's face and then down upon McClusky.

"As you see," replied the old detective. "What do you people propose to do with us?"

"What ought we do with two detectives who come spying about in a place where they have no business? We despised Chinks are men same as you are. We have our rights. What business had you in that place where you were captured?"

"I have no disposition to argue with you," sighed Old King Brady. "Answer my question or not, as you please."

McCluskey now butted in, and in no such wild fashion.

He demanded to be set free, and threatened the Chinaman and his bunch with all sorts of vengeance from the police.

But the yellow man merely laughed at him.

"That's all very well, but we are on top," he said. "You want to know what we propose to do with you? Well, I'll tell you. We propose to drown you like rats in a trap unless you accede to our terms. This is an old pork packing house. The floor is water-tight, and there is but one outlet by which water turned in here can run off. We propose to close that outlet and turn on every tap—there are six in this cellar. You can judge for yourselves, gentlemen, how long you are likely to last under such circumstances. I don't have to tell you."

McClusky began threatening again, but Old King Brady cut him short.

"Just a moment, Mac," he said. "Let me ask this man what his terms are."

"Why, we know you, Mr. Brady," replied the Chinaman, "and we also know how rich you are. You can buy your life and that of this other fellow, but there is no other way of saving it."

"All very well, but the price?"

"Twenty thousand. Ten thousand apiece. That is nothing to a man as rich as you are."

"Do you imagine I carry any such sum about with me?"

"You carry nothing of any value at the present moment. We have got it all, even that lovely yellow diamond, but there are such things as checks."

"I haven't my check book with me."

"That makes no difference. You can write an order on your partner for it."

"He would never deliver it to you."

"Don't you fret yourself. There are ways and ways. We can put the case up to him in such a way that he is bound to deliver it."

"Don't you do it, Brady," broke in McClusky. "We will get out of this. They will never dare to drown us."

(Continued on page 20)

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**ITEMS WORTH READING.**

Such is the skill of modern counterfeiters of antiques that the most learned experts are often deceived into paying enormous prices for relics of bygone ages. Frequently, too, the task of the swindler is made easy by the enthusiasm of the antiquary. An instance of this was when Vallenceyl, the celebrated Irish antiquary, paid a great sum for a sculptured stone found upon the hill of Tara. He reproduced the six letters engraved on the stone in his costly work on antiques, and made them out to be Belus, a God of Fire. They proved afterward to be only some of the letters of the name of an Irish laborer, scratched upon the stone with a knife.

A new industry has sprung up in Golden since the old Overland Hotel was torn down, as a couple of old-timers are attempting to pan gold from the ground upon which the historic building stood. Of course there was a barroom in connection with the hotel, and in the early days the greater portion of the business transactions were made with gold dust as the circulating medium. On the hotel desk and on the bar sat delicate scales used to weigh out the precious dust given in exchange for solid and liquid refreshments and in the latter place it is said that unsteady hands often allowed quantities to slip to the floor. Stories are told of fancy pistol artists somewhat in their cups shooting holes through the buckskin bags as their owners poured out the dust. Times were too good then for any one to take the trouble to scrape the floor for loose change and the dust and small nuggets easily found a way through the loosely fitted boards of the floor.

Harvesting tomatoes at Christmas time is a novel industry that keeps thirty-five men busy at North Wales, Pa. The tomatoes are growing on a four-acre tract, all of which is under a monster greenhouse, the largest in the world. Some years ago a company that made a specialty of raising American Beauty roses put up a greenhouse 150 feet wide, 575 feet long and 32 feet high on its grounds at North Wales and 45,000 plants were grown in the great glasshouse. The profits were so satisfactory that another greenhouse of the same height and width, but 700 feet long, was built. As it was not completed in time for last year's planting of roses the owners raised tomatoes in it. Apparently the returns were even greater than those from roses, for this year tomatoes were again planted. There is virtually a big truck farm under glass, and 80,000 tomato plants are now producing fruit, which is sold at high prices in the big cities. Elsewhere on this tract 55,000 carnation plants are now in bloom.

The Great Northern is constructing a new concrete bridge across the river in Fergus Falls, Minn., and in excavating for the foundations it finds that the bottom of the river is literally filled with logs. When the city was established in 1870 its first industry was a sawmill and logs were floated down in large numbers to be sawed into lumber here. Many of these logs appear to have become water-soaked, gradually burying themselves in the bed of the stream, and they are now found to be in an excellent state of preservation. In view of the present price of lumber it is quite possible that it will prove highly profitable to raise them and have them cut up.

**WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.**

Cholly—How do you know she won't marry you, deah boy?  
Chappie—Precedent, me deah fellah. She nevah has married anyone. Cholly—That's so, by Jove!

Judge—If you were at the club during the trouble, tell what you saw. Witness (a colored waiter)—Well, sah, de cha'man ob de entertainment committee jes' swatted de secretary obah de head wif de lovin' cup.

Dolly—Papa, do they get salt out of Salt Lake? Papa—Yes, my dear, large quantities. Dolly—And ink out of the Black Sea? Papa—No; now keep quiet. Dolly—Yes, sir—are there any women on the Isle of Man?

"Why don't you cry 'enough?'" said a bystander to a little Frenchman who was being badly pounded and who kept crying "Hurrah!" "I give a t'ousand dollar," said the little Frenchman, "to know zat word before."

Committeeman (to public school teacher)—We was thinkin' of puttin' up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge is Wealth" do? School Teacher—That wouldn't do. The children know how small my salary is.

"Every year," said the professor, "a sheet of water fourteen feet thick is raised to the clouds from the sea." "What time of the year does that happen, professor?" asked the freshman from the interior. "I should think it would be a sight worth going to see."

Farmer Whiffletree. You say you want a job and would work for a cent a minute? Why, that is sixty cents an hour, six dollars a day, thirty-six dollars a week, a hundred and—Weary Willie (faintly)—Hold on dere, boss! Call it half a cent a minute, den. I only want to do five cents' worth.

A little girl who had been told not to ask for anything to eat at a neighbor's came home with a face very suggestive of lurching. When asked by her mother why she had asked for something, she said: "But, mamma, I didn't ask Mrs. G. I just looked at her and said: 'Can't you see how hungry I am?'"

Sybil—It's no use denying it, Maud. It was too dark for me to see who it was, but I distinctly saw some young man kiss you in the garden. I'm ashamed of you. Maud—I don't see why you should be. I've often seen George kiss you. Sybil (engaged to George)—Yes; but I allow nobody but George to kiss me. Maud—Well, it was nobody but George who kissed me.

## HIS OPINION ABOUT IT.

By Horace Appleton

He was a man with a habitual suspicion of everybody—a man who believed that all in the world were his enemies.

It was my pleasure—or pain, rather—to have him for a traveling-companion on a certain journey up the Hudson, on one of the famed day boats.

He sat upon the camp stool next to me, and he had a guide book.

It was very evident that he was a foreigner, for nobody except foreigners or gentlemen en route for the insane asylum ever buy that gross fraud known as a Hudson River Guide Book.

He perused it intently for awhile (when the episode of which I am writing occurred, we were between Tarrytown and West Point, the loveliest part of the American Rhine), then shutting it up, he turned to me.

He did not speak to me at once.

First he took a careful scrutiny of your humble servant, as if to persuade himself that no subtle villainy lurked in my form or features—that I was neither receiver for a life insurance company, nor a Missouri marauder.

"Got a knife?" at last he snapped.

"Yes," I replied.

"Pen-knife?"

I replied that he had named the knife's breed correctly.

As a rule, American gentlemen do not cumber themselves with carving or bowie-knives.

"Lend it to me?"

I passed it over.

He looked at it inquisitionally.

Perhaps he suspected that there might be a deadly poison impregnating its blade.

Finally, though, he condescended to use it, and began to clean his nails.

The way he did it was a key to the nature of the man.

He did not softly, artistically remove the erring soil, but he dug at it viciously, roughly, like a small boy hoes potatoes when he would rather be fishing.

Presently he spoke.

"It's a lie!" said he, jabbing away at a speck beneath one thumb nail.

"What?" asked I, wondering whether he was referring to the thumb nail, the speck, or my knife.

He indicated the guide book, which had slipped from his lap to the deck.

As he uttered the assertion he gave a kick which sent the object of his abuse fluttering far out into the stream.

He noted my look of wonder.

"Ah! it is so," said he. "What does it say? One part says 'The white house nestling amongst the trees upon the left bank, just after you leave McGuire's Dock, was once General Washington's headquarters.' Have we stopped at McGuire's Dock?"

"No," I returned.

"Did you ever hear of McGuire's Dock?"

"No."

"Is there a McGuire's Dock?"

"Not as I know."

"Did you perceive any white house nestling amongst the trees upon the left bank after we left Tarrytown? for that infernal book says McGuire's Dock is just above Tarrytown."

"I did not."

"And you couldn't see it. It ain't there. There never was a white house, because there never was a McGuire's Dock.

General Washington never made his headquarters there, because he could not headquarter at a house which does not exist, and——"

He paused suddenly.

He pointed out a dilapidated old building which stood proudly forlorn, upon a high promontory, which jutted out upon the river.

"See that?" queried he.

"Yes," I replied.

"What is it?"

"Looks to me like a cow shed in hard luck."

"Just what I say. What do you suppose the guide book called it?"

"What?"

"Said it was a castle, built by an eccentric French nobleman. It's nothing but a three-board shanty put up by a drunken Irishman, who was not so drunk but that he was horrified at his work, and fled wildly to the woods."

Next, as the boat glided along, he pointed out a mountain. It was a small, unostentatious, shrub-covered mountain.

"Ain't that a noble peak?" asked he.

I said it was not, to my idea.

It was quietly respectable, but I did not perceive where the noble came in.

"Neither do I," growled he. "Neither does anybody else except the premeditated liar who made up that guide book. He says it is noble. In one sense it is. It is a noble fraud. A peak!—a mountain! It's a hill, that is all that it is, a mean, measly hill. Give me a gang of Italians and plenty of dirt and I could make a mountain that would beat that all hollow inside of ten days; yes, inside of a week. Now, do you see that blighted oak?"

I looked where he pointed.

There was a skeleton tree upon a lonely rock.

It did not appear to me, though, like an oak—more like an elongated cucumber vine.

And I said so.

My opinion appeared to please my fellow passenger.

"Yet that guide book," said he—"I studied the contents of it as far as Poughkeepsie—had the printed gall to say that it was the famous oak upon which Miss Hop-Scotch or some other flat-nosed Indian squaw hung herself on account of disappointed love. If she wanted to hang herself she could have done it in her wigwam. Suppose she would walk five or six miles through tanglewood and briers to attach herself to an old kindling-wood ruin like that? Not much. Besides, she could not have hung herself onto it if she wanted to."

"Why not?"

"Her weight would have pulled it down. Nice tree that to hang yourself on. Might just as well attempt strangulation from a grape vine. Pshaw!"

The speaker was silent for awhile until we turned around a curve of the river, and beheld upon our left an island.

Then he burst out again:

"Notice that island?"

"Yes."

"Ordinary island?"

"Yes."

"Know what the guide book relates concerning it?"

"I don't."

"I'll tell you. The guide book says that Captain Kidd is supposed to have buried a good deal of his treasure there. Supposed! Just think of the absurdity of the thing—Captain Kidd sailing forty or fifty miles up the river to bury his treasure upon a little island. Couldn't he have buried it somewhere around New York?"

I agreed that he could.

My questioner fumed afresh.

"Just what I say," he exclaimed; "and besides, the island is all rock. To bury anything there he would have had to make a blast. He wouldn't do that, for he was not that sort. Make a blast and wake up the whole river when he could go quietly and unperceived over to Jersey and bury his treasures in the deep red mud with no trouble at all. Decidedly new. Oh, I would just like to have the maniac who concocted that guide book up in my grip for long enough to kill him. As I said before, that pamphlet is a lie."

With that he returned my pen-knife and relapsed into his former state of suspicious misanthropy.

And as the boat just then touched the dock at Newburg, I let him relapse.

But after all I have an idea that his opinion about guide books was not so far out of the way.

#### THE FIRST PIANO IN THE MINING CAMP.

It was Christmas Eve in a California mining town in 1858, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling house with sprigs of mountain cedar, and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

Getting a piece of paper he scrawled the words:

100 Dollars Reward  
To a compliant Pianer Player.

This he stuck on the music rack, and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from the shell.

So the merry-making went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouching near the fireplace. His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression.

He looked about him once in a while, as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nog, advanced, and remarked, cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this?"

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and, walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon the roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and brighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merry and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the confession.

"I used to play when I was young."

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune. Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music box."

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle box, he drew it up, and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro dealer, who was about to take in a fifty-dollar bet on the tray, paused, and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking with the glasses at their lips.

The old man brushed back his long, white locks, and looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spell upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys, like a man treading uncertain paths; but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

The player wandered off into the old ballads he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the old New England States; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they saw the heather of the Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

When the player ceased the crowd slunk away from him. Goskin put him to bed and asked how he felt.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning? I'd like to see his face once more before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As he dashed out in the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin.

It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was as pale as death.

"My! I hope he's alive. I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll, wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny pointblank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration, on the night of December 24th, 1858.

(Continued from page 16)

"Very good," said the Chinaman. "You shall soon find out what we dare do. However, I am not talking to you. Will you give the order, old man, or will you not?"

"No," said Old King Brady. "Your demand is ridiculous. It would be of no use to give the order. There is no way in which you could approach my partner to make him honor it."

"Then you defy us?"

"Yes."

"All right," said the Chinaman shortly, and with that he went away.

"Well, upon my word, I call that nerve," growled McClusky, after he had gone. "Twenty-thousand dollars to a bunch of dirty Chinks! Something must be done. I'd see them hanged before I'd pay them any such ransom, Brady."

"Oh, I've no intention of yielding," replied the old detective. "What we want is to think of some scheme to get out of this snap. I can think of only one way."

"And what is that?"

"For one of us to gnaw through the rope or whatever it is that the hands of the other are tied with."

Unfortunately you will have to count me out on that," sighed McClusky. "My teeth are the crockery kind. Such work would pull them out of my mouth."

"So? Then it is up to me. Thank goodness I still have a few teeth left which I think may prove equal to the task. Can you roll over here alongside of me?"

"I can try it," replied McClusky, and after considerable exertion he managed to get himself into such a position that Old King Brady could begin business.

But it was slow work, for their hands were tied with new rope, which was decidedly strong.

Still the old detective made headway, and he felt that he had almost succeeded, when suddenly a light flashed and the Chinaman came again.

"Well," he said, "and what's the word now?"

Both Old King Brady and McClusky had rolled over on their backs at the first alarm.

They expected the Chinaman would say something about the latter's change of position, but he made no allusion to it. Evidently he had no suspicion of the truth.

"I haven't changed my mind," replied the old detective. "I shall submit to no such extortion. That's all there is about it."

"Oh, all right," said the Chink, cheerfully. "Then we must try the water cure. I think that will bring you to terms."

He walked off, and in a moment they heard water running.

"Say, I guess we'll have to do something desperate, Brady," whispered McClusky. "I must confess I'm not anxious to die to-night."

"Wait," said Old King Brady. "I'm almost through."

They heard the Chinaman retreat upstairs, which he did without speaking again.

Instantly Old King Brady renewed his operations.

But the water was flowing around them before he could finish with the rope, and when at last he tore away the final strand it was a good six inches deep, and McClusky had to hold his head up to prevent being strangled.

"There!" cried the old detective, "you are all right, Mac, if they haven't robbed you of your knife."

"They have taken one, but I have another where I don't think they can have found it. Yes, here it is all right. Keep your head up. I'll have you free in no time."

It was but the work of a moment.

McClusky helped Old King Brady to his feet.

"Now to turn off those infernal water taps!" he exclaimed.

"No, no! Do nothing of the sort," said Old King Brady. "Some of the gang may be listening. We want to let the water run and make our way through it to the stairs."

This they did, and were soon high if not dry.

The stairs led up to an ordinary door which was locked.

Old King Brady felt for his skeleton keys, but they were gone.

Again he tried the door, and came to the conclusion that it was not locked, but bolted.

"We can do nothing here," he said. "Some other scheme must be tried. Did they get your revolver, Mac?"

"Yes; bad luck to them."

"I have my spare one, which I carry in a secret pocket. I also have a box of matches. We shall have to fall back on those, seeing that they have swiped my flashlight."

He struck one and looked around.

The cellar was of considerable size.

Old King Brady saw that it would take a long time for it to fill.

"We have plenty of time," he said. "I see windows over there. We must wade over to them. If you stand on my shoulders you may be able to pull out the sash."

McClusky assented, and they waded to the window.

It was but a small affair, one of three at the top of the stone foundation wall.

"I'll crush the life out of you, Brady, if I stand on your shoulders," said the detective. "I weigh a ton."

"No, no! It's all right. Go ahead," said the old detective, standing close to the wall. "Put your foot on my hip. Clutch me around the neck. I can stand it."

The detective after several attempts succeeded in getting into position, but scarce had he done so when the window came flying in, and through the opening was projected the head of a Chinaman.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ALICE AND THE MAD MRS. MANDEVILLE.

Alice scarcely expected that Mrs. Mandeville would show up, but she did.

About ten o'clock the colored butler at Alice's boarding-house came to the door and announced that there was a lady in the parlor who wanted to see her.

"All right," replied Alice. "Show her up."

She expected to see Mrs. Mandeville, in the costume in which she had seen her in the room at Tarrytown, diamonds and all, but it was not so.

The woman had evidently attempted a disguise, for she was dressed in the plainest fashion in clothes which might have been rejected by one of her servants.

Her eyes flashed and her face kept twitching. She looked much more like an insane person than when Alice had seen her last.

"Well, Miss Montgomery! Well!" she exclaimed, "you see I am here. Now what's the news? Good, I hope. Have you decided to take up my case?"

"Yes, and I have already begun work on it," replied Alice. "Be seated. I will tell you all about it."

"No; I prefer to stand," said Mrs. Mandeville, and she began pacing the floor nervously, locking and unlocking the fingers of her hands.

Alice related what had been done, first explaining the case of Mrs. Tai.

"Good! Good!" cried the woman. "You are very sharp. So you got into this underground den. Did you see my

children? Don't keep me in suspense. Did you see them I say? Why don't you speak? Can't you see how terribly anxious I am?"

The narration had reached the stage where Harry and Alice were about to follow A. Quee when this outburst came.

Suppressing all detail, Alice came at once to the point.

"Yes," she said. "We were taken to a secret panel, through which we looked into a room. There we saw a young woman asleep. Apparently she was drugged——"

"But was she my Irene? Did she fill the bill with the photograph?"

"She did, but the photograph was identified by Wing Tai as a picture which he himself took of his wife."

"Ah! And you believe the woman you saw to be Mrs. Tai?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"Oh, Heavens! what a disappointment! Then this villain High what you call him must have intended to pass her off on me as my Irene, doubtless with the full consent of the wretched creature."

"I think such must be the plan. She certainly bears a very marked resemblance to the picture of your daughter which you showed me."

"The wretch! But why don't you go on and tell me about my Arthur? Why keep me in suspense?"

She was pacing the room almost at a gallop now.

Alice began to feel decidedly afraid of her.

"I saw him," she said, feeling that every preliminary must be cut out.

"Did you speak to him?" demanded Mrs. Mandeville.

"No. Three white boys went past the secret panel. One was certainly the original of the photograph of Arthur."

"But why didn't you rush in and drag him out? I'd have done it quick enough."

"Understand, the door was locked. We were merely looking into the room through a little panel."

"Why didn't you go to the Elizabeth street station-house and get help? Do you mean to tell me that you came away and left the poor boy there?"

"It was necessary. Just as soon as I can communicate with Old King Brady he will arrange some plan to arrest High Jack and rescue your son."

"What! What! Have I to wait? I won't do it. If you won't act, then I must. I'll go there myself. I'll beat down those secret doors. I'll have my boy out of that den of iniquity if it costs me my life."

"But my dear Mrs. Mandeville——" began Alice.

She let the name out without thinking.

The result was disastrous.

The insane woman gave a scream and cried out:

"Oh, you spy! Oh, you treacherous cat!" She made a rush for Alice and tried to seize her by the throat.

Then poor Alice had the time of her life.

At first she thought she would have to call for help.

Mrs. Mandeville did not scream again.

What she said, and it was a volley of foul abuse directed against Alice, came in low, hissing whispers.

She struck at her when Alice dodged.

Again and again she tried to get her by the throat, and once she succeeded, but Alice succeeded in disengaging her hands.

Then followed a hand-to-hand struggle.

Alice did not dare let go.

It was hard to know what to do.

They wrestled all around the room, chairs and a table

were overturned. Alice wondered that nobody came, the noise grew so great.

The end was sudden, for Mrs. Mandeville uttering a loud cry, fell on the floor in a heap, writhing and foaming at the mouth.

It was all over now, and Alice saw that she had a case of epilepsy on her hands.

All breathless with what she had been through, she almost lost her head, and was about to run downstairs to get help and telephone for a doctor.

But wiser thoughts prevailed.

She did not wish to betray Mrs. Mandeville. It seemed pretty certain that when she came out of the fit the unfortunate woman would be calmer.

So Alice, knowing just what to do, applied the usual remedy, and at last the woman ceased to struggle.

Alice now put a pillow under her head and left her to sleep, the only way in cases of this sort.

Two hours passed before Mrs. Mandeville awoke.

Like all epileptics, she was at first very weak, but quickly recovered her normal strength.

When she first opened her eyes she gazed fixedly at Alice for some seconds, and then asked:

"Was I very violent, Miss Montgomery?"

"You were, Mrs. Mandeville," replied Alice, somewhat coldly, using the name because she thought it best to have it out with the woman now while she was in this condition.

"Did I try to choke you?"

"You certainly did."

"Have I done you any real harm?"

"No, Mrs. Mandeville."

"Thank heaven for that."

She closed her eyes and was silent for some minutes.

Then opening them again, she asked:

"How did you know my name?"

"I found that Old King Brady knew it."

"But how?"

"He got it from the police at the time the trunk tragedy appeared in the papers."

"He did! You can't trust them. Heaven knows I paid enough to have my name suppressed."

"No one shall ever hear it from me, I assure you. There never was any necessity for secrecy on your part."

"Miss Montgomery, I am exceedingly sorry for what has occurred. I am subject to these attacks and I want you to understand that I have no recollection of anything that occurred after you pronounced my name."

"I understand. Won't you let me help you up? How are you going to get home? You better remain here until daylight."

Alice had been downstairs and looked out, so she knew that Mrs. Mandeville had not come either in an automobile or a carriage.

The woman now arose feebly.

"I should like to bathe my face," she said. "I shall be better soon."

Alice saw to her wants, and as she supposed would be the case, Mrs. Mandeville speedily resumed her normal condition.

It was now after twelve o'clock.

The woman was very quiet.

So far she had made no allusion to Alice's story.

At length she began adjusting her bonnet before the mirror and seemed to be preparing to depart.

"Miss Mandeville, you surely ought not to go to Tarrytown to-night," Alice ventured to say.

"I am not thinking of it," was the short reply.

"You will remain her with me?"

"No, thanks."

"Do you propose to go to some hotel where you are acquainted then? Really, I ought to know after what you have been through."

"I am not going to a hotel, Miss Montgomery. I am going down to Chinatown to rescue my Arthur."

"But my dear lady, this is madness."

"I am mad according to Dr. Blake, and I believe he is right."

"Mrs. Mandeville, I beg——"

"Useless, Miss Montgomery, quite useless, I assure you! I am a mother. I am going to my boy."

"But you don't even know the address of this place."

"Yes."

"I have not given it to you."

"Have you not? Then I must have dreamed that you did. I sometimes dream true when I am in my fits."

She mentioned a number on Mott street.

It was correct.

Certain that she had not supplied the information, Alice never could understand this.

"If you insist upon going then I shall have to go with you," she said.

"I wish you would," replied Mrs. Mandeville, quietly.

"I shall take it very kindly of you, Miss Montgomery, but go I must and shall whether you accompany me or not. Don't attempt to stay me, unless you want me to have another fit."

Alice accepted the inevitable.

"At least I can turn her over to the police for protection if she becomes unmanagable," she thought.

"It will be best for me to go disguised as a Chinaman," she added aloud. "If you will wait I will make myself up."

Mrs. Mandeville seemed to like the idea, and Alice accordingly resumed her disguise.

"And now let me telephone Old King Brady and see if he would not like to join us?" she said. "If we can get him, something may come out of this trip to Chinatown after all."

No objection was raised.

Alice has a direct wire to the Bradys' house.

Their end of it has three switches, and every night it is so arranged that Alice can call up at any time.

When Harry is home the connection is always set for his room.

If he is out and Old King Brady is in, it is switched on to the old detective's telephone.

Should both be out, Julius always connects Alice's wire with a telephone which is alongside of his bed upstairs.

So Alice rang up, and to her disappointment it was Julius who answered, informing her that neither of the Bradys were in.

"Mr. Brady has not come home," said Alice. "He went away on business this afternoon and said he did not know just when he would be back."

"Then we must go alone," said Mrs. Mandeville, "for go I must and will."

Seeing that further argument would be useless, Alice raised none, and they left the house.

Her hope was that the woman once she was in the street would find herself too weak to carry out her crazy plan, but it was not so.

Whatever weakness she may have felt, Mrs. Mandeville kept it to herself.

They walked across town and took a Third avenue car to Chatham Square.

Of course they attracted attention, but at that hour of the night nobody dreams of interfering with anyone unless it is a policeman.

If one tackled them, Alice resolved to tell him the whole story and leave him to decide what to do with Mrs. Mandeville.

But they met no policeman, and in due time they turned up Mott street.

Now was the time to find out if the mad woman had weakened on her crazy plan.

"Well, here we are," said Alice, "and now what are we going to do? There isn't a chance in a thousand that we can get into the place, and even should we succeed, it is certain that we shall tumble into trouble."

"I don't know anything about that," replied Mrs. Mandeville stubbornly, "I am either going in with you or I am going alone. My boy calls me and I must go. As for Irene, I never could see her in this place anyhow."

"See her? What do you mean?"

"In my mind's eye."

"Oh, I understand. No, I am certain that the woman I saw was not Irene."

Alice was in hopes that she could get her past the house by thus keeping her attention distracted, but Mrs. Mandeville was too sharp for her.

She was watching the numbers, and when they reached the right place she paused.

"Here we are, Miss Montgomery," she said. "Is not this the house?"

It seemed useless to attempt to deceive her, so Alice could only admit that it was.

Mrs. Mandeville walked into the area and tried the basement door.

Alice's hope was that it might be fastened, but it was not.

Seeing that the case was hopeless, she followed the mad woman into the house.

## CHAPTER X.

### HARRY TO THE RESCUE.

Harry left the blind Chinaman at the drug store getting the wash for his eyes.

He offered to take him home, but the offer was declined with such emphasis that Young King Brady saw it would be no use to press the matter further.

"No, no," the blind man said to Wing Tai in Chinese. "You tell him to go and rescue Old King Brady. He must not mind me, nor try to find out who I am even. It will do him no good."

Then just as they were going out he called them back and spoke rapidly in Chinese.

"What does he say now?" demanded Harry.

"He says to tell Old King Brady that if he can get his diamond back for him he will," replied Wing Tai, "whatever that means."

And when they got out on the Bowery he added:

"That must be some mistake. Surely Old King Brady would not carry a diamond with him if he knew he was going into that place where they captured him, wherever it was."

"I don't know; Old King Brady is given to carrying diamonds around with him," Harry replied.

He did not understand, of course. The blind Chinaman had refused to give further explanation, but it seemed



pretty certain that the place where the detective had been captured must be the one to which he and Alice went.

Anxious to avoid committing himself with Wing Tai, Harry dropped the subject and they made all haste over to Williamsburg, and in due course turned up at that part of North Sixth street known as "Little Chinatown."

Here quite a number of Chinese have located during the last few years.

As a rule they are a peaceable, industrious lot, who have abandoned Mott and Pell streets on purpose to avoid the constant shooting affrays between the Hip Sing tong, the On Leong and other tongs.

It was rather a surprise to Harry to hear that Old King Brady's captors had taken him here.

They found the number in question attached to a gate in a high board fence.

Behind the fence was a low, two-story brick building, which appeared to be a factory of some sort.

"Here's the place," said Harry; "now comes the question how we are to get through the gate."

He shook it and declared that it was secured by a pad-lock on the inside.

"There is nothing doing here," he said. "Let us see if we can't descend upon this fortress from the rear."

They went around the block.

Harry paced off the distance and paused in front of a shabby frame tenement.

"That building is in the rear of this house," he said. "I wonder if there are Chinese living here?"

"Shall I try to find out?" asked Wing Tai.

"Yes; you might as well. I'll walk along. Look out for yourself now."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me taking any chances," replied Wing Tai, and he entered the house.

Joining Harry a few minutes later, he informed him that there were Chinese living in the house on the first floor, at all events, for here he had knocked and inquired for himself.

"Then we have to look sharp," said Young King Brady. "The ones who carried the governor off may be among the tenants. Come on, Wing, we will push through into the back yard.

There was no trouble, for doors stood wide open at either end of the hall, which is usually the case with these Williamsburg tenements.

Reaching the yard, they saw the rear wall of the brick building looming up over the fence.

Here nearly all the upper window panes had been broken by stones, so it looked as if the building was abandoned.

"We have to get over that fence somehow," said Harry. "I see no gate, but perhaps there is a loose board."

A brief search revealed one, and they slipped through into a very shallow yard behind the brick building.

Here there were steps leading up to a door which proved to be locked; also three windows opening into the cellar.

They went around in front to find the door securely fastened there also.

"We must try it by the cellar windows," said Harry, and they returned to the rear.

Harry knelt down and gave the window sash a push.

It was only secured by two nails on the inside.

It went flying in and there was a splash.

Harry thrust in his head to find himself facing a white man who appeared quite as much surprised as he was himself.

It was Detective McClusky, of course, and that was the time Mac let his temper get the best of him again.

"Pull back, you yaller snoozer!" he cried. "Pull back or I'll blow a hole through your nut."

"Hold on, Mac," said Harry, quickly. "I'm all right. Is Old King Brady there?"

"Harry!" gasped the old detective from the depths, adding:

"For heaven's sake, Mac, cut it short. You are crushing the life out of me."

"Come out! Here, I'll lend you a hand," whispered Harry, "but make as little noise as you can, for the house behind here is full of Chinks."

McClusky was outside in a moment.

"Gee! I never would have knowed you, Harry!" he exclaimed. "Say, you make up like a Chink to beat the band. How did you ever find out that we were here?"

"Seeing that you are here, perhaps you may have heard of a certain blind Chinaman."

"Sure. Mr. Brady was telling me."

"Well, it was he who tipped me off. This is my friend, Wing Tai, Detective McClusky, Wing."

Mac shook hands rather reluctantly, being opposed to Chinks as a class, and seeing no difference between an educated Chinese merchant like Wing Tai and the lowest tonger on Pell street.

"But now how in thunder are we going to get the old man out?" he hastily said. "They tried to drown us. He is standing in water, and the cellar is rapidly filling."

Harry pushed his head through the window.

"Governor, are you all right?" he asked.

"I am wet, Harry. Otherwise O. K."

"Got your rope ladder with you?"

"Unfortunately not."

Old King Brady has an ingeniously contrived ladder of very fine rat line which folds up into a case which he sometimes carries.

Lacking this useful aid now it was necessary to devise some other plan.

"Mac," said Harry, "you lower me down until he can get a grip on my feet. You two ought to be able to pull us both up then, I think."

"I guess so," replied McClusky, and it proved so.

A moment later Old King Brady was free.

He also wanted to know how Harry got the tip.

"I saw that blind man, but did not recognize him as anyone I have ever seen before," he said, "yet I do recall that he gave a start when he saw me. As for having saved his brother's life in San Francisco, I have saved the lives of three Chinamen out there, so it is impossible to tell who he is, but there is one Chink around here whom I propose to arrest."

"That's right," replied McClusky. "We want that feller what turned on the taps before we leave this place."

"Any idea who he is?" asked Harry.

"No, I never saw the man before to my knowledge," Old King Brady replied.

"There are Chinamen living in this house behind us."

"We'll go through it."

"You are wet to the skin, governor; don't you think you ought to make an effort to get into dry clothes?"

"We will attend to that at the station, where I propose to round up the Chinaman in question. Don't bother, Harry. I am bound to get the man, so it is of no use to talk."

They were about to pass into the yard behind the house when Old King Brady, looking through the hole in the fence, waved the others back.

"I see there is a light in the lower window on the left,"

he whispered, "and as there is neither shade nor blind, I can look right in. You stay here. I am going to have a look. That very room may be where this man holds forth."

He accordingly stole through the yard and had his look, returning in a moment.

"Yes, he's there, sure enough," he whispered. "There are three of them, and one is that rascal High Jack."

"What! Let me get at him!" exclaimed Wing Tai, drawing a revolver.

"Hold on! Go slow," said Harry. "We'll get him, Wing."

"But my wife may be there."

"Doubtful. I didn't tell you, but Alice and I saw Mrs. Tai in High Jack's secret hold-out on Mott street."

"You did! Harry, you ought to have told me."

"I'll explain why I did not tell you later," replied Harry hastily. "Shall we move, governor?" he went on to ask.

"Right now," replied Old King Brady. "We can't be too quick."

He was right.

Even that brief delay proved fatal to Wing Tai's peace of mind.

For when they reached the hall door two Chinamen were just going out in front.

One, attracted by the noise of their entrance probably, turned his head and looked back.

It was High Jack.

Wing Tai gave an exclamation and dashed through the hall.

The diamond dealer saw him coming, and darted out of the door.

"After him, Harry!" cried Old King Brady. "Don't let him do anything rash and spoil all our work."

Harry ran through the hall and vanished, while Old King Brady and McClusky charged into that back room.

They ran right into their man, who was in the act of opening the door to learn what the noise was all about.

Mac promptly pounced upon him, while Old King Brady held him covered with the revolver.

A more thoroughly surprised Chink it would have been difficult to find.

Of course he surrendered. There was nothing else for him to do, for he was alone there in the room.

When they came to search him what should turn up in one of his pockets but Old King Brady's yellow diamond.

"That's mine!" cried the old detective.

The Chinaman went nearly wild.

"It's a lie!" he cried. "I just bought that diamond. I paid \$400 for it. I won't be robbed."

He began struggling in Mac's grip, when Old King Brady settled the matter by slipping on a pair of handcuffs which he carried in a secret pocket and which somehow had escaped the search.

"You bought that diamond of High Jack," he then said. "He stole it from me, and probably you know it."

The Chinaman was raving over his loss.

He cannot undertake to reproduce his words.

Mac rapped him over the head with his knuckles.

"You yaller snoozer, no more of yer lip," he cried. "You come along wit us. I'll see to it dat you get all dat's comin' to yer, and don't you forget it."

And so the scheme of doing up two of the most prominent detectives in New York turned out a fizzle.

It was a complete failure on the part of High Jack.

They now started for the police station on Havermeier street, encountering Harry on the way with Wing Tai.

He had failed.

High Jack had given him the slip.

"No use," he said, "he proved too many for us. He dodged in between two houses around the corner here. Which one he went into I don't know, and perhaps it was neither. At all events, we couldn't find him."

"Let's get back to Chinatown," pleaded Wing Tai. "I want my wife."

"We will go just as soon as we have landed this scoundrel," replied Old King Brady, and they all went to the police station, where a complaint was made against the prisoner.

He said his name was Charlie Fow, and that he was a dealer in diamonds, but he did not say anything more of the yellow diamond, realizing that it was useless, probably. He denied any knowledge of High Jack at his examination, just as though that was likely to do him any good.

And there the Bradys left him and started back for Chinatown.

"And now we must clean out that underground den of iniquity," said Old King Brady. "Wing, this is the time I propose to get your wife."

Wing Tai looked as if he thought it was about time, but he did not say so.

In fact, the bric-a-brac dealer had been saying very little for the last half hour.

Harry, looking at him now, saw that his face was deathly pale.

"Is there anything the matter with you, Wing?" he asked.

"I've got a pain here," replied Wing Tai, pressing the pit of his stomach.

"Hello!" exclaimed Old King Brady, "I hope you are not going to have appendicitis then."

"No, no," said Wing Tai, "I am subject to these turns; I shall be better soon."

They crossed to New York by the Williamsburg Bridge. But Wing Tai instead of growing better became worse.

"This excitement has been too much for you, my friend," said Old King Brady when at length they hit the Bowery. "You want to get to bed and have a doctor. We will look after your wife."

And the unfortunate Chinaman was forced to admit that he thought this the best plan.

"I'll take him to the Summit Hotel and see that he has a doctor," said McClusky. "You go on to the station and get help to raid that place."

They parted at Canal street, leaving Wing Tai in McClusky's hands.

"It seems to me," said Old King Brady, "that Mac was very willing to pull out of it. I believe he has had enough for one night."

"Looks so," replied Harry. "It takes old hands like you and me, governor, to stick it out."

"Well, there's nothing like being used to a thing," said the old detective, "and by the same token, Harry, I'm not going to bring the police into this matter. I should feel ashamed to think that we two could not settle this bunch of Chinks in our usual style. Suppose we go it alone—what do you say?"

"I'm willing," replied Harry. "Forewarned is forearmed. We know what we are up against now."

It certainly did seem rather foolhardy, but Old King Brady is averse to having the police mix with his cases.

So instead of going to the Elizabeth street station, the Bradys started alone for Mott street.

## CHAPTER XI.

## ALICE DOING HER BEST.

No one can deny that Alice exhibited great bravery in acting as she had.

The fact is she had become deeply interested in the matter, and in a way had imbibed some of the mad woman's enthusiasm.

But she was running a terrible risk, and secretly she knew it.

As they passed into the basement hall of the old home on Mott street she once more begged Mrs. Mandeville to give it up.

"It may cost us our lives," she said. "Let us go to the police station and tell our story. Perhaps we can get help."

"No, no," replied Mrs. Mandeville stubbornly, "I hear my boy calling me and I am going to him. You can go where you like; I don't need your help. I shall find the way to get in there. I will go alone."

Alice felt that she could not leave her, so she gave up all thought of retreat then and determined to see the matter through.

They encountered no one in the hall, and when they came to the door of the room at its end, they found it unfastened.

Alice opened it. The room was dark, so she flashed her light inside.

"This is the place," she said, closing the door upon them. "But how to get any further I don't really know. Remember I was taken into that place blindfolded."

"Secret doors. I see them!" cried the woman, pressing her hands to her forehead. "We'll get in, never you fear. I'll get to my boy."

She stood motionless with her hands pressed before her face.

Meanwhile Alice was looking around, but the red curtain hid the secret panel it will be remembered.

And now, singularly enough, Mrs. Mandeville went directly to the curtain and pulled it aside.

"It is here!" she cried. "Right here. I know. Open the door and let us go through."

She was right.

Alice saw the secret panel now.

"You are certainly right," she said, "for here it is."

She pressed the spring, which was plain enough to her experienced eyes, and the panel opened, revealing a narrow staircase behind it.

And now Alice balked.

It did seem the height of madness to risk a descent into that underground den.

But the mad woman settled the question by pushing her aside and darting down the stairs in the dark.

Alice called to her to wait, but she paid no heed, so there was nothing for it but to hurry after her or leave her to her fate.

Alice chose the former course.

The noble girl could not have done otherwise.

But to overtake Mrs. Mandeville was not so easy.

At the foot of the stairs was a passage extending on towards Pell street.

Alice, when she got down, saw Mrs. Mandeville running along ahead of her.

Suddenly there was a loud cry and the sound of a fall.

"Another fit," thought Alice.

She did not see the woman go down, but she assumed that it was so, and so, indeed, it proved, for hurrying on she

came upon Mrs. Mandeville lying stretched out on the floor of the passage, turning, twisting and foaming at the mouth.

"Mercy! I'm in a fix now," thought Alice. "What on earth shall I do?"

Ahead of her a light burned which enabled her to see what was going on fairly well.

She knelt beside the woman and endeavored to raise her head, but it was pulled from her grasp.

There was a greater display of violence this time than there had been before.

And just at this trying moment footsteps were heard coming along the passage.

Alice got on her feet prepared for the worst.

She looked back and saw a Chinaman in American dress approaching.

"I must keep cool and drift with the tide," she thought. "It is the only way."

But her heart sank when she saw that the man was High Jack.

He recognized her instantly.

"You!" he cried in Chinese. "What is this? Why, it is Mrs. Mandeville!"

"Yes," replied Alice. "She would come, and I couldn't stop her. Now you see she has fallen in a fit. She has them right along. I suppose you will blame me, but I didn't know what to do."

But there was no blaming.

The chances were that High Jack was only too well pleased to get Mrs. Mandeville into his clutches.

"This is the falling sickness!" he exclaimed. "Is she given to this?"

"Yes; she has these fits right along, I say. I hope you won't be angry with me for intruding here. I assure you I could not help it."

"She is crazy. There is no telling what a crazy woman will do. I know her. I am glad she came. I only hope she came prepared to pay."

"I don't know about that; she did not tell me."

"Do you work for her?"

"She hired me to attend to this matter."

"Up at the mission, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"See here, you do as I tell you. We will hold her here till she pays up. I will see that you get some of it. What do you say?"

"Sure. I shall be only too glad, but this place is secret. Won't they make me trouble?"

"Not if I tell them you are working with me. What's your name?"

"Fen Wek."

"Wait. I will go for help."

He hurried on along the passage, and Alice heaved a sigh of relief.

It had worked out better than she had dared to hope, thanks to her knowledge of the Chinese language and her disguise.

Meanwhile Mrs. Mandeville had reached the quiet stage of her fit, and lay like one in a profound sleep.

Just then footsteps were again heard.

Two Chinamen came along the passage.

They stopped and stared.

"Who are you? Who is this white woman?" one asked.

"I am working for High Jack," replied Alice. "If you want to know about the white woman, you must ask him."

"Where is he?"

"Gone inside."

The man said no more, and the pair passed on.

Presently High Jack returned with another Chinaman.

"How is she now?" he asked.

"Quiet, as you see," replied Alice.

"We must get her inside. You two carry her and follow me."

He led the way through the middle secret panel, and when they reached the door it was opened by the blind Chinaman.

"Wee Yet, here is the mother of Arthur," said High Jack. "She is in a fit. Get a bunk ready. We are going to put her into it."

The blind man gave a grunt and began to prepare one of the two bunks which the little room contained.

In the other Alice saw the young white woman whom she believed to be Mrs. Tai still sound asleep.

Mrs. Mandeville was placed in the bunk and then High Jack turned to Alice and asked her if she wanted to smoke.

"I'll go into the smoking-room," replied Alice, and she followed High Jack through a door up steps and then into the room where Old King Brady had his interview with the diamond dealer.

The two Chinamen were there smoking in bunks.

A white boy was cooking for each of them.

But neither of the boys was Arthur Mandeville.

High Jack pointed out a bunk and told Alice she might occupy it.

He left the room by another door.

Alice got into the bunk and lay down.

Presently through the door came a white boy carrying an opium lay-out.

Alice saw that he was Arthur Mandeville.

He placed the stool and proceeded to prepare the opium pill. When it was ready he got into the bunk and lay down alongside of Alice.

Now was the time to let him know what was in the wind, she thought, and she whispered:

"You are Arthur Mandeville?"

"Yes, yes," breathed the boy, in evident amazement. "Who are you?"

"You are held here as a slave?"

"Sure. Me and two other fellows. Who are you?"

"Wait. You want to escape?"

"Sure! I haven't been out of this place since the Chinks caught me and brought me in here months ago. If you will help me to escape my mother will pay you well. She's rich."

"Listen then. I am a detective disguised as a Chinaman. Your mother is here."

"Here! My mother!" gasped Arthur, and he began trembling.

Alice was afraid he would betray himself then.

"Here, give me the pipe, boy," she said aloud in Chinese, and taking it from him, she pretended to smoke.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION

We left the Bradys heading for Chinatown.

"What's your scheme, governor?" Harry asked.

"I propose to take the bull by the horns," was the reply. "In other words, I am going boldly in there and shall try to interest the blind Chinaman if I can."

"And I think you can. He seemed to think a whole lot of you."

"I can't place the man, although I've tried. Perhaps, however, when I come to look him over I may be able to do so."

"He wouldn't give his name."

"It would have mattered little. I find it quite as hard to remember the names of these Chinamen as I do their faces. But here we are. We must look out for ourselves now. I don't want to have any further trouble."

They turned in at the Mott street house.

There was nobody to interfere with them.

The room at the end of the hall was dark and deserted.

Young King Brady got out his flashlight, and the old detective showed him the secret panel.

"It was through here I was taken," he said, and he proceeded to open the panel.

They descended into the passage, Old King Brady explaining about the three secret panels as they went downstairs.

"I have an idea that our road lies through the middle one of these panels," he remarked.

"I am sure," replied Harry. "That's the way Alice and I were taken, at all events."

"But the question is to open it. I tried before and failed to find the secret spring."

"I may be more successful."

"Let us hope so. But here we are. Now see what you can do."

Harry studied the situation for a moment and then unhesitatingly laid his finger upon the secret spring.

"Well, you have certainly hit it off in great shape," said Old King Brady. "Now to push boldly on. We shall probably find everyone asleep but the watchout, and I take it that he is the blind Chinaman."

They hurried forward through the passage, which was lighted by a solitary lamp.

Harry pointed out the peep-hole.

"Suppose we open it if we can and have a look," he proposed.

"It opens from this side," replied the old detective.

"This time I see the secret spring. Not a sound now. The ears of the blind are very acute, you know."

Suddenly the peeping panel flew open and they beheld the blind Chinaman looking out at them if we may so put it.

"Who are you? What wantee?" he asked in a low whisper.

"It is Old King Brady," answered Harry in the same low tone. Looking through he could see the young woman asleep in the upper bunk.

"Yes, I am Old King Brady," added the old detective. "I have to thank you for saving my life, friend."

"So! You savee my bludder's life, Slan Flisco. Member Jim Yet?"

"Yes, yes! He was falsely accused of murder. I was able to prove him innocent."

"Dlat allee light. But say, why for you comee here noder time? You must be clazy. High Jack him back here. Him sure killee you. Muchee badee man, High Jack. Me no can help."

"Listen!" whispered the old detective, "what we want is that woman, Mrs. Tai. Let us have her and we go right away, and I'll give you a hundred dollars, Wee Yet."

And Old King Brady was prepared to make good his offer.

His own money, and it was quite a sum, had not been recovered. Presumably High Jack had taken it, but Harry had the amount with him and more.

"Dat allee light so you go noder way," whispered the blind Chinaman. "Me flaid she die. He givee her muchee hop. She goodee womans. Blame shame."

"Let us in then," said Old King Brady, "and we will do just what you say."

But obliging as he was, the blind Chinaman was not letting them in until he got his cash, and he said as much.

Harry promptly handed over the amount.

The blind man seemed to count the bills.

Then he pulled a handle and the door at the end of the passage opened and the Bradys passed into the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You want to keep very quiet, Arthur," breathed Alice, with her lips close to the ear of the white boy slave. "Your mother is in the greatest danger."

"How came she here?"

"You must know that her troubles have driven her crazy. She would come when she learned that you were here, so I came with her."

"How did she find out?" questioned Arthur.

"Through me. I found you out. Now what we want to do is to get her out of here, and you too. How many white slaves are there in this place?"

"Only two beside me."

"I must try to help you to escape, but I don't see what I can do just yet," sighed Alice. "Remain here as long as you can. Perhaps something will turn up."

"But tell me," she added, "is your sister here?"

"My sister is dead, they say," replied the boy sadly. "There is a girl here now who looks awfully like her. They keep her drugged all the time."

They talked on.

High Jack came into the room after awhile.

He came up to the bunk and looked in.

"Asleep?" he asked.

"No," replied Alice. "I am awake. How is she now?"

"She still sleeps. I shall not disturb her until she wakes, which probably won't be before morning. If you are through with the boy I'll take him to cook for me."

Of course Alice could only assent, and Arthur left her.

He cooked the pill for High Jack, and the latter soon went to sleep.

The other two Chinamen seemed to be asleep, too.

Alice kept ever on the alert.

Calling Arthur to her, she whispered:

"Better take a look in there and see what is going on if you can."

"Sure I can," he replied. "I would have gone in before only I was afraid of making trouble for you."

Arthur slipped away and was back in a minute.

"There are two white men in there with the blind Chink," he whispered. "One is an old man with a big white hat."

Alice started.

"Then now is the time for us all to escape," she whispered. "Is High Jack asleep?"

"Yes; they are all asleep."

"These boys want to escape?"

"Sure."

"Then tell them."

She slipped out of the bunk.

The two boys became greatly excited.

"We are ready to go," said Arthur. "Shall we go now?"

"Go," replied Alice, "and may good luck go with us all."

\* \* \* \* \*

Harry hurried to the bunk and gazed upon the face of the sleeping woman.

Just as certain was it that she was the original of the picture which Wing Tai had shown him.

"This is all right, governor," he whispered.

"Say," breathed the blind man, "dere's noder one. Me no know for sure who she am. See!"

He pulled aside the curtain of the lower bunk and exhibited an elderly woman sound asleep.

But as the Bradys had never seen Mrs. Mandeville, they had no means of knowing who she was, nor did they once suspect.

"We can only attend to one at a time," said the old detective. "Yet, how do we go?"

"Dis way; takee you light out on Pell street," said the blind Chinaman, pointing to a trap-door in the floor.

"Then we go," said Old King Brady. "Harry, you can carry her, I suppose?"

"I think so," replied Young King Brady, and he proceeded to lift the young woman out of the bunk, while Wee Yet raised the trap.

As Harry started to descend with his fair burden, the blind Chinaman holding the trap-door, the door behind Old King Brady flew open and three white boys came tumbling into the room.

"No interference!" cried the old detective. "We want no trouble, so make none, but if you want to escape from this place, follow us."

He had scarcely spoken when Alice in her disguise appeared in the doorway.

"Thank heaven you have come," she whispered hurriedly. "These are the white boy slaves; in that bunk lies Mrs. Mandeville. High Jack and two others are in the next room asleep."

"Lest 'em," breathed the blind man. "Lest 'em. Dley allee badee man."

"Go on, Harry," said Old King Brady. "You boys follow him. I'll attend to Mrs. Mandeville with Alice's help. We will do the arresting afterward."

Harry attended to Mrs. Tai, Old King Brady and Alice managed Mrs. Mandeville. They passed along a passage which after two doors had been unlocked with skeleton keys took them out on to Pell street.

Mrs. Mandeville revived as soon as they struck the air.

Mrs. Tai was taken to the station.

Old King Brady returned with policemen and gathered in High Jack and the others.

A doctor was called to Mrs. Tai. He pronounced her in no danger.

Within an hour she awoke and Harry hurried her to the Summit Hotel, where Wing Tai, already much better, received her with open arms.

Mrs. Mandeville drew a handsome check for the Bradys, and the old detective saw to it that the blind Chinaman got a good deal more than a hundred dollars. Wee Yet's desire was to get back to San Francisco, and he went.

Wing Tai was equally liberal.

Mrs. Mandeville quickly recovered her reason, and at last accounts was traveling in Europe with her son.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS TRACKING A SKELETON ARM; OR, THE CLEW IN THE TREE."

SPECIAL NOTICE:—All back numbers of this weekly, except the following, are in print: 1 to 6, 9, 13, 42, 46, 47, 53 to 56, 63, 81. If you cannot obtain the ones you want from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York City, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

# A SECRET OF THE SEWERS

OR,

## A DARK MYSTERY OF NEW YORK

By COL. RALPH FENTON.

(CHAPTER XXII—Continued)

The den in Kadger's Alley was deserted, the detective's agent said, and he further stated he had been unable to get any clew to the present whereabouts of the Spaniard and his men.

Damond was somewhat disappointed, yet he had more than half suspected that the villains would make haste to change their quarters.

The detective went to his office with his agent.

Mark and Luke had slept in the office. The detective sent them out to get their breakfast, and instructed them to return after the meal, and hold themselves in readiness for immediate work.

Then Damond went to the prison in which Kutchins was confined.

He gained access to the old criminal's cell.

Kutchins started up at sight of Damond, whom he knew by sight.

"How are you, Mr. Barrow?" said Damond, giving the escaped criminal the real name under which he had been convicted as a private in England.

Kutchins turned white.

"You know me?" he gasped, taken completely off his guard.

"Yes; and I mean to send you back to the English prison unless——"

Damond paused and pretended to hesitate.

"Unless what?" cried Kutchins.

"Unless you serve me."

"How can I serve you?"

"Are you willing to do so?"

"If at the same time I can serve myself."

"You can."

"How?"

"Help me, and I'll keep your secret."

"It's a bargain. What am I to do?"

"Betray the Spaniard's gang."

"How?"

"Reveal to me all you know about them. You and Darwin were pretty thick. You, no doubt, know the hiding places of the crooks?" said the detective.

"Yes."

"Well, tell me where they are? The gang is in hiding now. I want to locate them and acquire all the knowledge you may have of them as soon as possible," added Damond.

"Darwin knew my secret—that I was Barrow. He used his knowledge to make me serve him. I don't mind doing him a bad turn. But you must keep my treachery a secret."

"I agree."

"Well, first let me say of the recent doings of Darwin, who is working in the interests of a Spaniard called Mazona. I only know they are after a great treasure in Spanish gold,

to which the Spaniard has a clew. But he has no just claim on the gold. That is all I know on that head, I'll swear."

"Well, go on. Now tell me the hiding places of the band, and where you think they would be most likely to hide at present."

Kutchins thought a moment.

Then he spoke again, and mentioned several of the retreats of the crooks.

Finally he concluded:

"But the best retreat of all that Darwin and the Spaniard knows of is the underground den in 'Murderers' Alley,' where the old brewery used to stand. The vaults of the old brewery are supposed to have been filled up, and a tenement of the worst class stands on its site now.

"But the truth is, the vaults of the brewery are many of them intact. They can only be reached by a secret entrance from a sewer. In those underground labyrinths I will wager you will find the men you seek. But it is almost certain death for you to venture there in search of them, and I advise you not to go there."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

ZANDERS TURNS UP—A QUICK RUSE—DAMOND IN UNDERGROUND NEW YORK.

Damond left Kutchins' cell after the old criminal had given him some further pointers that might prove of service to him, and instructed him precisely as to how to enter the unknown labyrinth, in which the Spaniard and his confederates might now be located.

"Now," said Damond, who was well pleased with the result of his interview with the old criminal, "if I could only find Manton Manvill in the underground retreat of which Kutchins has told me, and get the secret of the sewers from the old man before the villains secure the treasure, aided by the papers taken from the black tin box, I might yet forestall them and reach the hiding place of the treasure ahead of them."

Damond resolved that no danger should deter him from venturing into the secret hidden vaults of the old brewery, the existence of which had been forgotten by most people, it seemed.

Proceeding to his office, he acquainted Mark, Luke and his detective assistant with the project which he had in mind.

"How will you disguise yourself, and will you go alone?" asked Mark.

"I shall go alone. As to my disguise, I think it will be

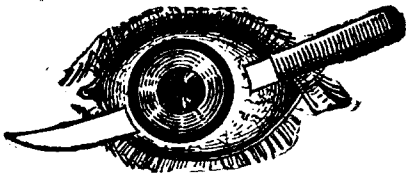
(Continued on page 31)

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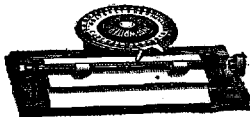
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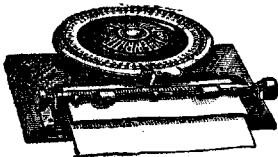
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(Continued from page 28.)

one that will gain me admission to the underground world of the leagued crooks. I have resolved to personate Kutchins."

"What a daring plan!" exclaimed Mark, in admiration.

There was some further conversation, and then Damond went out to make some purchases, which upon inspection of his disguise wardrobe, he found he stood in need of.

As the officer was on his way to dinner that same evening, he caught sight of a man whom he instantly resolved to follow.

The fellow was Zanders, the dock-rat.

Damond at once set in to trail him.

The crook gave no sign to indicate that he had fallen to Damond's "pipe."

He went on swiftly.

The officer kept him in sight. Darkness became complete as he kept Zanders' trail.

The wharf-rat shaped his course for the eastside slums, and less than an hour later Damond found himself in a dangerous locality.

All at once Zanders entered a gloomy alley.

But, though he hesitated a moment before continuing on after him, Damond did not turn back.

Stealthily he entered the dark and narrow alley on the trail of Zanders.

The sounds of the latter's footsteps were now the detective's only guide by which to follow his man, for the darkness was so complete and dense that he could no longer discern the outlines of Zanders without advancing so close to him as to risk detection.

Damond had followed Zanders along the alley for a distance of two or three hundred feet, when the sounds of the fellow's footsteps ceased.

Had he paused or was he creeping on silently.

Possibly he had detected Damond.

The detective halted and listened.

Not a sound could he hear to indicate Zanders. But at that very moment the dock-rat was crawling back toward Damond.

He had dropped to his shadow's presence. Now he meant to surprise his trailer.

And Zanders had drawn a dirk knife. He hoped to locate his tracker in the darkness and stab him.

As the detective stood listening, Zanders got pretty near him. The detective stifled a sneeze, but he made a slight sound.

That sound told Zanders where he was. The villain came at the detective; but his foot broke a stick upon which he had stepped, and there came a sharp snap.

Damond suspected an attack then.

He threw up his arms and fortunately warded off a blow which Zanders aimed at him with the dirk knife.

Then the detective closed with his foe.

A desperate struggle ensued.

Meantime, before he stole back upon Damond, Zanders had pulled a bell knob at a door in a house on the alley, which was the resort of a desperate set of river thieves.

These crooks were friends of Zanders, and though they were not directly in league with the Spaniard, they naturally hated all detectives as their deadly enemies.

Zanders had rung an alarm signal.

The peculiar jingle of the bell informed the inmates of the den as plainly as words could have done, that a spy was at hand.

Measures were at once taken by the river thieves looking to the doom of the spy.

The detective found Zanders no mean antagonist. The fellow was strong and very active. Though not as large or

as powerful as Damond his surprising agility made up for the deficiencies.

But though he gave Damond a terrible battle the officer, at last, stretched him senseless on the ground.

At the same moment he knew he had other foes to contend with.

He caught the flash of a lantern's light through the gloom, and observed a dozen dark forms creeping upon him from all sides.

The sound of the combat between Damond and his recent adversary had been heard by the river pirates, and so they had located his position, and silently surrounded him before he became aware of their presence.

The situation was a desperate one for Damond. He recognized it as such and he understood that he must fight his way through his enemies or meet a terrible death.

Already, however, he was well-nigh exhausted with his fight with Zanders.

Damond's foes so greatly outnumbered him that, used as he was to meeting desperate odds, he was satisfied that only some cunning stratagem, worked without an instant's delay, could save him.

The detective's foes were not yet near enough to make out his face, or see just what he was doing.

Instantly Damond put on the fallen man's skull-cap and turned up the wide collar of his coat. Then he caught up a handful of mud and smeared it all over Zanders' face, and called out, hoarsely:

"Quick, boys, I've downed the fly cop!"

The river thieves were deceived, and they closed up at once.

Then they pounced upon Zanders, and proceeded to bind him hand and foot.

While they were thus engaged the detective slipped away unobserved, and he lost no time in getting clear of the alley.

He took himself to task then for following Zanders at all, since he had lost valuable time. But just then he felt something in the lining of his skull cap, which he had taken from Zanders' head.

Damond removed the cap which he now wore, and found a note thrust in its inside band.

It was as follows:

"Zanders, come to the brewery rendezvous at once. Wish to place you in charge of the old prisoner again. To-night we get the gold of the sewers.  
MAZONA."

The detective read the note.

Then he was glad he followed Zanders.

He now knew that Manton Manvill was a prisoner, held by the Spaniard, and that the villains would make an expedition to secure the Spanish gold before the dawn of another day came.

"So they have read the papers from the black tin box, and no doubt those documents gave them precise instructions how to find the great treasure that is Mark Manvill's rightful inheritance," said Damond.

Then he felt that every moment counted.

He sped to his office.

There he made up as Kutchins.

Then he gave his boy comrade and his assistant certain instructions and hastened away.

Damond went to the eastern waterside.

There he secured a boat from an honest longshoreman.

In the darkness he pulled away until he arrived at the mouth of a certain sewer.

The detective fastened his boat near the mouth of the conduit, and then advanced into the gloomy underground passage.

The water dripped from the arched roof of the sewer.

But it was at most dry under foot just then. Damond showed no light.

But disturbed by his presence, the sewer rats scampered away squealing in fright as he advanced.

On and on went the detective, taking steps of regular length, and counting every place, until he finally believed he had reached the spot where the secret entrance from the sewer to the underground vaults of the old brewery was situated.

Thus far Damond had precisely followed the instructions for gaining access to the vaults given him minutely by old Kutchins.

Feeling along the left side wall, in further pursuance of the junk dealer's instructions, the detective's hand presently came in contact with an iron ring.

Upon this he pulled steadily, and a plank door, over which was cemented a thin layer of stones, like those of the rest of the wall, swung open, disclosing a narrow entrance.

Without an instant's hesitation the detective passed through the door, and went on to explore a narrow passage beyond it. This passage was dark as Erebus.

Following it the detective soon made a sharp turn, and then he found himself in sight of the light, which gleamed at some distance like a star through the gloom.

A man stood under the light.

But Damond went boldly on.

"Who comes there?" demanded the man under the light, and the detective recognized the voice of Darwin.

"Kutchins!" readily replied the detective.

"Bravo, old man! So you gave the beaks the slip, eh?" cried Darwin, putting out his hand as Damond came under the light.

Damond shook hands with Darwin and said:

"Yes. I worked an old trick of mine, and got safely out of the jug. I didn't know of a better hiding place, in which to lay low while the cops are beating the city for me, and so I came here."

"Quite right. Come along. You'll find company in the old den."

As he spoke, Darwin, completely deceived by Damond's splendid acting and perfect disguise, led the way forward.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### IN THE VAULTS—THE SPANIARD FOOLED—ON THE TRAIL OF GOLD.

The detective followed Darwin, and in his heart the officer rejoiced at the success that had thus far favored him in the most perilous undertaking of his life.

Darwin presently paused before a rough wooden door, and said:

"We shall find Bragg, Mazona and a couple of pals new to you beyond. One of the old pals, Zanders the dock-rat, is expected here presently."

Then Darwin opened the door.

With him Damond went into a vaulted cellar with a board floor and rudely furnished.

There he saw the four men mentioned by Darwin. Mazona had his wounded right hand in a sling. Bragg was playing cards with the Spaniard, and the other two men were drinking at a small side-table.

Darwin had no need to introduce Kutchins, as he supposed Damond to be, to Bragg or the Spaniard.

But he presented the disguised detective to the two "new pals," as he called the other two men, saying:

"This is old Kutchins, the junk dealer, who was pinched recently for a fence. He has just got out of the jug on French leave, and has come here to lay low while the cops are on the lookout for him."

The men nodded, and one said:

"I'm called Mat Speed."

"The other remarked I'm Ned Zanders, a cousin of Dockrat Zanders, who ought to be known to every crooked man in New York."

As the fellow thus spoke, the detective saw him open and shut his left hand in a peculiar way and then place that hand on his left eye.

The man who called himself Ned Zanders had certainly given the signal by means of which it had been agreed between Bolton, the Boston crook and Damond that they should make themselves known to each other.

"Glad to know ye," said Damond, and he shook hands with both of the men.

A moment later he carelessly returned Ned Zanders' signal. The detective was convinced that Ned Zanders was really Bolton.

It was a satisfaction to the detective to reflect that he had at least one friend in that strange underground retreat of the desperadoes he had come to baffle.

The officer glanced about for old Manton Manvill, but he could see nothing of the Spaniard's prisoner.

But there was a door at the further side of the room, and Damond presumed it led to more of the vaults of the old brewery.

He surmised, too, that somewhere near the prison the old captive must be located.

Possibly Bolton had already had a secret interview with Manton Manvill. It might be that even now Bolton knew the Secret of the Sewers.

Of course the detective dared not take the risk of attempting to communicate with Bolton slyly there.

Some moments elapsed.

The conversation among the desperadoes became general, and the detective soon learned that the party was only waiting for the arrival of Zanders before making a move.

"Will Zanders never come!" said Darwin, impatiently, and then he asked Bragg to go and look for Zanders. Bragg hastened away.

"He certainly should have been here by this time; you say he got my note," rejoined the Spaniard.

"Yes," growled Darwin.

"Well, as soon as he comes we'll be off. I want to give him his final instructions regarding old Manton Manvill."

"True. We have no use for old Manvill, now that we know the secret, thanks to me for securing the papers the lawyer's clerk stole."

"If all goes well, and we find the Spanish gold, as we hope, we will never return to this den again."

"No."

"We will row away, and before many hours are passed, we shall be taken on board the Spanish brig that is off the port of New York, waiting for me."

"It's rare good luck that your brother is the captain of the brig."

"Yes, and that, by a mere chance, he happened to make the port of New York just at this time."

"So it is."

"What have you decided to have Zanders do with old Manvill?"

"Bury him!"

"What! Is the old man to die, after all?"

"Yes; I don't want him to live to get out of these vaults to tell Damond all about the treasure of the sewers. The sleuth hound, if he knew the facts, would undoubtedly set in to follow me across the ocean to get back Mark's inheritance, for such the Spanish gold is."

*(This story to be continued in our next issue.)*

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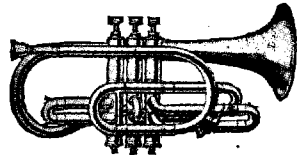
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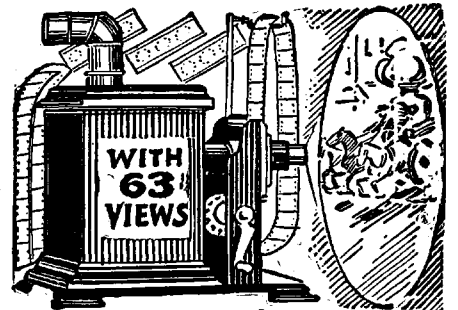
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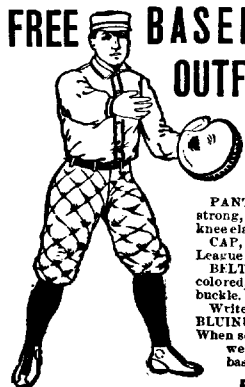
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