

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey

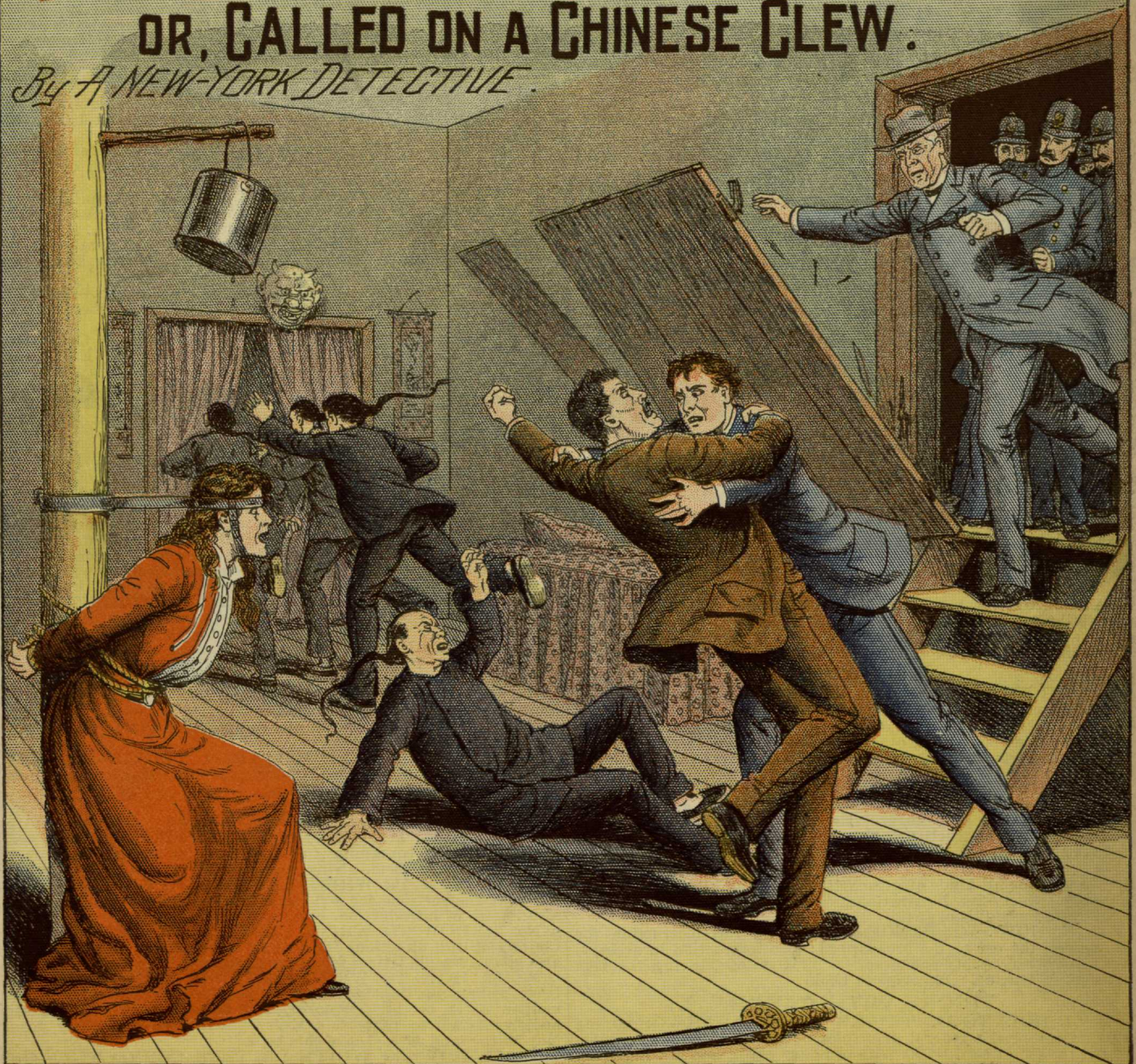
No. 326.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE "PRINCE" OF PEKIN; OR, CALLED ON A CHINESE CLEW.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



There was no time for talk. Harry grappled with the Prince. Fast and furious came the blows upon the door. It fell with a crash, and, to the consternation of the Chinks, Old King Brady and the police rushed down the steps.

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(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

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NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1905.

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The Bradys and the "Prince of Pekin"

OR,

Called on a Chinese Clew.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CASE WITH THE CHINESE CLEW.

The night bell rang violently several times, and a voice was heard shouting up the speaking tube.

There was but one person to whom the call could penetrate, and that was the young man who lay stretched upon the bed in the rear chamber of the old-fashioned brown-stone house facing Washington Square in the city of New York.

But the young man heard nothing until the call had been three times repeated, for his senses were locked in profound sleep.

And no wonder.

For days this young man had been traveling.

He had just returned from a journey which had taken him away up into British America far to the north of Winnipeg.

At last, however, the call broke his slumbers, and he raised up in bed.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "Someone at the door and Julius out! This is provoking! I did think at last I was going to get a good night's sleep."

He glanced at the clock and saw that it was only half-past ten.

He had been in bed just three hours.

For forty-eight hours previously he had not closed his eyes.

Rising wearily he went to the speaking tube.

"Hello!" he called. "Well, what is wanted?"

"We want Old King Brady," came the reply. "Is he in?"

"He is not. He is out of town."

"When will he return?"

"I cannot tell you. I haven't seen him in two weeks. Who are you?"

"I am Commissioner —, of the New York police. Can I see Young King Brady?"

"I am Young King Brady. Stay where you are. I will come down as soon as I can dress."

"All right," was the reply, and the young man proceeded to hurry on his clothes.

He was, as he had stated, the younger member of the far-famed firm of detectives, Old King Brady's partner and pupil, or Young King Brady, as he is usually called.

Of course, the Bradys are on the most intimate terms with the higher officials of the New York police, but Commissioner — was a newly appointed personage, a man who had gone into office with a flourish of trumpets, guaranteed to make a general cleaning up in the police department.

Needless to say that although he had now been in office three months, he had done nothing but to stir things up generally and leave the police force several degrees worse off than it had been before.

Thus the man was a stranger to Harry, but he had used the pronoun "we," which would seem to indicate that he was not alone.

And this indeed proved to be the case.

When Harry had lighted the gas in the hall and library and opened the door he found two gentlemen standing on the steps outside.

The commissioner he recognized, and with him was a tall, stately looking old gentleman, so evidently English that there could be no questioning his nationality.

Harry showed the two into the library, and having placed chairs for his visitors, seated himself at the table and prepared for business.

"Mr. Brady," said the commissioner then, "allow me to

introduce to you the Honorable Lionel Weymouth, of the British Embassy at Washington, late of His Majesty's Chinese service.

Harry bowed.

He did not offer to shake hands, for the Englishman's manner repelled him.

The Honorable Lionel fixed a single rimless glass in his left eye, and squinting horribly, looked Harry over in a searching way.

"You—aw—you seem rather young for a detective!" he said in an affected way.

"Wouldn't the Governor call that fellow down!" thought Harry. "But it won't pay me under the circumstances.

"Yes, Mr. Weymouth," he said aloud. "I admit that I am afflicted with that complaint, but I am happy to say that every day I live brings improvement in that regard."

"Aw! Quite so," replied the Englishman. "My friend the commissioner has highly recommended your firm. I am in need of the services of a private detective. That is why I called."

"I am obliged to the commissioner," replied Harry quietly.

"I had rather deal with your senior," continued Mr. Weymouth.

"He is not here," said Harry. "I have been away. Usually he leaves word where he has gone, but in this case he has failed to do so."

"Then you can't tell me when he will return?"

"No, sir. I can give you no information on the subject."

"It is very provoking."

"Very."

"Do you—do you consider yourself—aw—consider yourself competent to undertake a case alone?"

"Old King Brady does. It is not for me to say."

"Quite so. Very modest. Well, er—Mr. Commissioner, what do you say?"

"Just what I said on the steps," replied the police official, who appeared not to like being called "Mr. Commissioner." "If you can't get Old King Brady you had better take Young King Brady, unless you want to wait."

"Which is just what I don't want to do."

"Then it seems to me that there is no alternative."

"I might—aw—I might apply to some other firm."

"You certainly have that privilege. The letter of introduction which you brought from Washington requested me to introduce you to the best detective firm in New York. I have done so. I have nobody else to recommend."

"There are the police?"

"Certainly. If you wish to spend six months looking for your daughter there are the police, as you say."

"Which does not speak very well for your own department's speed, Mr. Commissioner."

"I speak of it as I find it—as it is."

"Then you advise me to take up with this young man?"

"Yes, if he will take up with you," replied the commis-

sioner, acidly. "I wish you would decide, Mr. Weymouth. I have another engagement, and——"

It began to look like a quarrel.

Evidently the commissioner was disgusted.

Harry jumped in to the rescue.

The Bradys are well used to dealing with all sorts of people, and when it comes to a case like this it is but justice to Harry to say that he possesses more patience than Old King Brady himself.

"If you entrust your case to me I shall certainly do my best to make it a success," he said, respectfully. "Besides, I have but little doubt that Old King Brady will return to-morrow, and you will actually be saving time by stating your case to me now."

"That's it," said the commissioner. "Go ahead, Mr. Weymouth. We are wasting time here."

"Which is just what I don't want to do," replied the Englishman. "Well, young man, I will tell you the circumstances. My daughter Blanche, a young lady of nineteen, has disappeared from my home in Washington. It is hard for me to say it, but I have every reason to believe that she has so far forgotten her station as to elope with an Oriental—in short, a Chinaman."

Harry made no reply as the speaker paused.

The commissioner looked disgusted.

It was very evident that the job was not at all to his liking.

"That's the state of the case," continued Mr. Weymouth, whose speech was so slow as to be positively painful. "Now, what can you do for me?"

"You haven't stated exactly what you want yet," Harry replied.

"Why, sir, I want my daughter, and——"

"Well, and?"

"To have the fellow arrested."

"You have proof that he married your daughter?"

"Yes. They were married by a magistrate in Philadelphia. Beastly outrage! It should be brought to the attention of the Home Office at London. This country owes me an apology."

"Pardon me, but you haven't stated all yet."

"Beg pardon."

"If I am to take hold of the case it will be necessary for me to know all."

"But——"

"On no other terms, sir," replied Harry decisively. "The mere fact of your daughter having married a Chinaman is no crime. We might look up the lady, but we could not force her to return to you, nor could we arrest her husband."

"Just what I told him," said the commissioner.

"But I do not wish to expose my private business!" protested Mr. Weymouth.

"Very well, sir," replied Harry. "You certainly don't have to here."

"Do you think you could find my daughter?"

"Very likely. I can't say. It must be all or nothing."

"You had better tell him," said the commissioner.

Evidently Mr. Weymouth thought so, too, for his manner suddenly changed.

"Well, then, here it is!" he exclaimed. "This Chinaman was a servant in my family. Between them they have gone off with the Weymouth jewels, old heirlooms, some of which have been in my family for two hundred years. Of course, I don't want my daughter arrested as a thief, and there positively must be no publicity, but I do want the jewels back. They are worth upwards of ten thousand pounds."

"A big haul," said Harry. "Now I understand the case. Let me ask a few questions."

"Well?"

"You say this Chinaman was a servant in your house?"

"Yes."

"What position did he occupy?"

"He was my steward. I have lived much in China, and have become accustomed to Chinese help."

"Did you bring this man from China with you?"

"Oh, no."

"How did you engage him?"

"He applied to Mrs. Weymouth for the position."

"How long ago?"

"Three weeks."

"Had you noticed your daughter's intimacy with him?"

"Well, no. She did not seem to pay particular attention to him except——"

"Well?"

"She was always taking photographs of the fellow."

"Significant enough. What reason did she give?"

"My daughter was much addicted to the use of the camera."

"Have you any of these pictures with you?"

"I have one."

"Good! May I see it?"

Mr. Weymouth then produced a picture of a good-looking young Celestial in rich native dress.

"Is that the way the man dressed while in your service?" inquired Harry.

"Yes."

"Rather gorgeous."

"It is the Chinese style. Mrs. Weymouth required him to dress so."

Harry studied the picture for several minutes in silence.

"I say no Chinaman. What do you say?" he remarked.

"Decidedly no Chinaman!" exclaimed the commissioner.

"What! What!" cried Mr. Weymouth. "Do you mean to insinuate that I don't know a Chinaman when I see one—I, who lived ten years in Pekin?"

"I am merely giving my opinion," said Harry, mildly. "That man was evidently in disguise. Here, put a glass on the picture. Can't you see where the hair about his pig-tail stands away from his scalp? Why, the thing is evidently glued to his head."

As Mr. Weymouth studied the picture he turned red with rage.

"Good heavens, but you are right!" he exclaimed. "I see it now. How could I have been so deceived?"

"The best of us get there once in a while," said the commissioner. "Brady, do you mind if I smoke?"

"Not at all," replied Harry. "Permit me!"

He produced cigars, and even Mr. Weymouth did not refuse.

"Tell me," said Harry, "what were the circumstances of this elopement?"

"My daughter rode out in the carriage and left it at the B. & O. station," was the reply. "The steward was out doing his marketing at the time. They were seen to take the train together. That is the last we know."

"The train for where?"

"Philadelphia."

"And how do you know they were married?"

"My daughter wrote us to that effect."

"Have you the letter?"

"No."

"A pity. What did it say?"

"It was addressed to me. She simply stated that she had married Charlie Ting and enclosed a newspaper cutting to that effect. She added that we should hear from her again."

"And you have not?"

"No."

"When was this?"

"Day before yesterday."

"She said nothing about the jewels?"

"No."

"When was the loss discovered?"

"That night."

"Where were the jewels kept?"

"In a small safe in my wife's room."

"Did Charlie Ting have access to your wife's room?"

"No. Still, I presume he could easily have gone there unobserved."

"And you have no idea where they went?"

"None whatever. They may even be in Philadelphia for all I know."

Just then a key was fitted into the lock of the outer door, and someone was heard in the hall.

"Gentlemen, here is Old King Brady now!" exclaimed Harry.

"Good!" said Mr. Weymouth.

"So I say," added Harry. "He will know better than I what to make of this Chinese clew!"

CHAPTER II.

HARRY FISHES WITH A DIAMOND BAIT.

Old King Brady upon entering his own library certainly cut a striking figure.

As everyone knows the old detective when off duty, and often when on it, affects a peculiar style of dress, as a sort of trade mark, so to speak.

He was thus attired now.

Old King Brady wore a long blue coat of peculiar cut, with brass buttons down the front.

He had not removed his hat, a broad-brimmed affair of white felt made much in the cowboy fashion.

About his neck was an antique stand-up collar with pointed ends and a "stock."

Dressed differently from this Old King Brady would not be Old King Brady, but he often does dress very differently—when in disguise.

Harry hurried over the introductions, and briefly explained the situation.

"Well, sir, I think we can probably help you in this," said the old detective confidently. "May I see that photograph?"

Harry handed it to his chief.

"No Chinaman!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "If I was to give an opinion offhand I should say that this might be a picture of the notorious Prince of Pekin in his Chinese disguise."

"And who is the Prince of Pekin?" asked the commissioner. "He is a new one on me."

"No, sir; an Englishman, a Londoner," replied Old King Brady, "but everybody who has connection with police affairs in San Francisco knows him either personally or by reputation.

"Is he an American?" asked Mr. Weymouth.

"No, sir; an Englishman, a Londoner," replied Old King Brady. "My record of the man is at my office. As near as I recall it runs something in this fashion:

"Real name, Jack Livingston; son of once prominent London bank official; Oxford graduate; inveterate gambler; moderate opium user; speculator in gems and curiosities, stolen goods exclusively. Has lived several years in China, where he was a clerk in the employ of the British ambassador at Pekin. How he obtained this appointment is not known, but he held it under an assumed name which has slipped my memory. His true character at last discovered, he was dismissed. Assisted in looting a native temple near some large interior city, the name of which I have forgotten. Turned up in Frisco as proprietor of a swell opium joint and dealer in gems. Forced to go on the run he was next heard of in Chicago, where he was arrested for complicity in a heavy diamond robbery. Escaped jail through bribery of keeper. Next heard of in the city of Mexico, where he had attempted to establish an opium joint. Here he passed as a Chinaman, in which disguise he is perfect, and was again mixed up in a diamond steal. He was imprisoned, but again escaped through bribery. This was the last heard of him so far as I am aware. Pardon me, Mr. Weymouth, if I have hit you hard. Harry, a glass of wine for Mr. Weymouth, or perhaps you will prefer whisky, sir? You look quite faint."

And this indeed was the case. Mr. Weymouth had become deathly pale, and had fallen back quite limp in his chair.

He signified his choice of the whisky, and after drinking a modest portion seemed to recover his usual manner.

"Mr. Brady, you are indeed a remarkable man," he said. "You have solved the whole mystery. Heavens! How grossly deceived I have been! And to think that Blanche, my daughter, would deliberately marry a criminal—a professional! She must have known!"

"Explain," said the commissioner. "We have gone too far in this business to have any holding back now."

"You are right," replied Mr. Weymouth. "The name under which that man passed at Pekin was Jack Livingston; on this point Old King Brady is mixed, but otherwise, so far as my knowledge goes, he is correct. The man's real name is Banford, at least so I am informed. He was my private secretary and lived in my house, where he violated the laws of hospitality by making love to my daughter. By the merest accident I was able to expose him, and I thought the affair was off forever, for we never heard of him after he left Pekin. But this Mexican episode tells the story. During a year my daughter corresponded with some person in the city of Mexico. She gave it out that it was one of her girlhood friends who had married and settled there, and we believed her. I see it all now. The wretch forced himself into my house in his disguise, and—well, we need say no more."

"And, indeed, you have said enough," replied Old King Brady. "But do not be discouraged. This man should be readily traced, and your daughter, by the time we come up with her, will likely be ready to leave him. As for the jewels, you as well as I know what the chances are that a man of Jack Livingston's character will hold them long."

"They are lost forever!" said Mr. Weymouth, "but we want our daughter back. Get her, Mr. Brady. Arrest this man and restore our daughter. I will then at once resign and we will take her home and bury ourselves on an estate which I own in the north of England. Excuse my emotion, sir, but Blanche is our only child. I cannot conceive how she ever could have been induced to use us so."

"There are things in this world which are past understanding," replied Old King Brady, kindly. "But cheer up! It may all turn out better than you think. We will take your case, Mr. Weymouth, and push it through as rapidly as we can."

And this finished the interview.

Shortly afterward the police commissioner and Mr. Weymouth retired.

The Bradys spent an hour in comparing notes on other matters, and then went to bed.

Old King Brady made no further allusion to their new case until just as he was starting upstairs.

"By the way, Harry," he said then, "I am pretty well used up with my journey from Chicago, and propose to lie abed until noon to-morrow. You, however, had better be

stirring early. Take half a dozen of my diamonds and get down into Chinatown in disguise, of course. Pretend that you had an appointment to meet that fellow the Prince of Pekin. You will, of course, strike in at Wing High's first. As you know, he is the principal gem-dealer among the Chinese. You may through him be able to get some clew to the man."

"You think he may be in town then?" asked Harry.

"It is possible," was the reply. "But if you want my opinion I think he is probably on his way to Frisco, and we shall have to follow him there."

"Right," replied Harry, and then the Bradys went to bed.

Harry was up bright and early.

He dressed himself with unusual care and in the "loudest" clothes he owned.

A wig and mustache added to his disguise, and when he surveyed himself in the glass he felt satisfied. He then added a superb diamond stick-pin to his make-up.

It was one of Old King Brady's collection, and was worth \$200 at least.

As everyone knows, the old detective possesses diamonds of great value.

Sold at carat value these gems would yield enough to keep him in his modest style of living for many years to come.

Thus prepared Harry struck down on to Mott street armed with the photograph, which he now styled his Chinese Clew.

Wing High occupied rooms on the parlor floor of an old red-brick house on the north side of Mott street, near its junction with Pell Street.

Here Young King Brady ascended the steps and opening the door without knocking entered the room.

It was fitted up as an office, with a little counter across the end guarded by an iron railing.

Behind the railing sat an old Chinaman eating rice out of a blue bowl.

This was Wing High himself.

Twice Harry had come in contact with the man before, but not in such a way as to make him fear that he would now be recognized.

As for Wing High's business and character, he was simply a well-known Chinese fence, his dealings being principally confined to the white thieves who frequent the opium joints, and who practically live in Chinatown and become in time almost as much a part of the place as the Chinese themselves.

Harry now posed as one of these.

He had painted red lines along his lower eyelids to imitate the redness which comes of the excessive use of opium.

As he walked up to the counter he allowed his hands to tremble, and kept twitching the muscles of his face.

His imitation of an opium fiend was about as near perfect as it could be.

"Hello, Wing," he said, approaching the counter. "How are you? How's graft, old man?"

"Me no sabe you! Me no sabe graft," the Chinaman replied, surveying Harry from head to foot.

"What! You forget me! I sold you diamonds two years ago."

"No sabe. What want?"

Wing's eyes were fixed on the diamond stick-pin then.

"I want to see the Prince of Pekin," replied Harry.

"You know. He came on from Filly the other day. He told me to come here and you would tell me where I could see him."

Wing High grinned.

"Go on!" he said. "Go on. Me no sabe Prince of Pekin. Me no sabe you."

"All right," replied Harry, carelessly. "Suit yourself, old man. I can find the Prince without your help, I guess. But say, if you see him tell him that Bill Barrett was asking for him. I'll write the name down, for you'll never remember it. Tell him I am stopping at the Tip-Top House, up the Bowery, and say that I've got the diamonds—see?"

"Diamonds! Yair," said Wing High. "You gotee good dliamond dere one time in your scarf. You sellee him? Yair? I buy. I gib you more dan Prince of Pekin."

"Yes, you old rat-eater! You know the Prince all right," said Harry, laughing. "You won't give me as much for my diamonds as he will, though. No, no, Wing. You old rascal. We no trade."

"Say, Bill! Ho! You takee off. You lettee me weigh him. Me gib you big much more by carat dan Prince of Pekin."

"You will not! Look!"

Then Harry produced a jeweler's paper, and opening it on the counter, displayed six superb diamonds.

He was not a bit afraid.

Chinamen never attempt to rob a white man openly. The risk is altogether too great.

Wing High's eyes sparkled almost as much as the stones.

He produced a double magnifying glass and carefully examined them.

"No good!" he said. "Too muchee flaw. Dey bum diamonds. Allee samee me gib more dan Prince of Pekin."

"You blamed old rat-eater, there isn't a flaw in them, and you know it," retorted Harry, folding up his paper. "Look here now, you send the Prince to me at the Tip-Top House, or tell him to send word where I can go to him. I want to turn those stones into cash."

"No can," said Wing High. "Say, Charlie, me tellee you true. Plince him go Flisco yestlady. Dat straight allee light. You sellee me dliamonds—yair?"

"Not on your birthday, you old fraud!" laughed Harry, and he hastily left the place.

"I suppose that Chink is as good a judge of diamonds as there is in New York," he said to himself. "I shall hear more from him, but all the same I believe he has been telling me the truth."

Harry now went down Park Row to the little office occupied by the Bradys.

Here he locked the diamonds in the safe, and prepared for the next move in the game.

CHAPTER III.

OFF FOR FRISCO.

Harry was highly pleased with the success of his diamond deal.

The ruse, though an old one, was almost always effective.

It was one of those simple tricks employed by all detectives to force information by making it to the possessor's interest to give it out.

But the job was only half done.

Harry was as certain as that he stood in two shoes that before the day was out Wing High would place absolute proof in his hands that the Prince of Pekin had gone to San Francisco, that is always providing that such was the fact and it could be proved.

So Harry hurried to the Tip-Top House on the Bowery, leaving word at the office in a letter as to where he had gone and why.

Here he engaged a room, and having provided himself with a bunch of papers, he lay down on the bed and began to read.

Young King Brady was now prepared to play a waiting game.

The Tip-Top House was no fifteen-cent lodging joint, but a semi-respectable hotel, where rooms were rented at fifty and seventy-five cents a night.

Harry waited here until noon without feeling any fish nibbling at his hook, but at half-past twelve he got a bite.

It came in the shape of a knock at the door.

"Come in!" called Harry, and a sporty-looking young fellow entered who had the whole map of crookdom plainly written on his face.

He was about twenty-five, slim built, slobby but stylish in his dress.

His eyelids were red from the effects of opium, and he fairly reeked with cigarette smoke.

A cheap ring with glass gems flashed from his left hand, and there was an imitation diamond in his fancy scarf.

"Say, I hope you will excuse me," he began. "I'm looking for Mr. Barrett. I hope I haven't made no mistake."

"My name is Barrett," replied Harry, "but I don't know you."

"No, I suppose not. There's no reason why you should, seeing that you never saw me before. My name's Charley Figman. I came from Wing High, down on Mott street. You were in there this a. m.—see?"

"Yes," replied Harry, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Take a chair."

Charley Figman sat down and proceeded to light a cigarette, after offering one to the detective, which was refused.

"You were asking about the Prince of Pekin," he began. "Wing fooled you when he said he didn't know him. The man has gone to Frisco—see?"

"Wing told me that himself," replied Harry. "I don't know what you want. Let it out, will you? I'm not stuck on making new friends."

"Don't blame you a bit with those diamonds in your shirt," replied Charley Figman, with a knowing leer.

"What diamonds in my shirt?" retorted Harry. "What are you talking about, man?"

"Oh, that's all right, too," replied Charley Figman. "I'm not going to rob you."

"Well, I guess not."

"Cut that out. I'm here just to oblige Wing. I do business with de old Chink once in a while. He's de best of de bunch. I'd rather deal wid him than I would wid a white pawnbroker any day. You get more in de end."

"The whole amount of it is, I suppose," said Harry, "that you are here to induce me to go back to Wing and part with my sparklers for any old price he has a mind to offer. You go back to him and tell him that I wasn't born yesterday. I'm in with the Prince of Pekin. He's good enough for me."

"All the same it's hard to believe you are right in with de Prince when you don't even know where he is," replied Charley Figman sneeringly. "I do, though, and I'm prepared to prove to you that he has gone on to Frisco—that's all."

"Oh, you are?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I don't know whether I want your proof or not. The Prince will write me when he gets good and ready, I suppose."

"And in the meantime you wait here?"

"In the meantime I wait here."

"Would you go on to Frisco if you knowed for sure dat de Prince had gone ahead of you?"

"Sure I wouldn't. I haven't got the price. I should clean out in New York in that case. Then I'd go."

Again Young King Brady threw out his baited hook, and once more the would-be biter bit.

"Well, I can prove it, then," said Charley Figman. "Only thing is, you'll have to prove to me first off dat you really know de Prince."

"That's dead easy."

"Well?"

"Jack Livingston came on from Washington a day or two ago with a lady. He told me he meant to marry her in Filly. Mebbe he did."

"Dat's straight," said Charley Figman. "You know him. Well, he's married all right, and he left for Frisco over de D. L. & W. night before last. I got a letter from him written at Buffalo dis morning. Want to read it? You can."

Thus saying, Charley Figman handed over an envelope addressed to the name he had given.

The envelope bore the Buffalo postmark, and the letter read as follows:

"Friend Charley: When you receive this I shall be well on my way to China. What I didn't care to tell you in Wing High's yesterday I tell you now. I am going back to Pekin to take my chances, and I am going as a Chinaman. Of course, I don't expect to pass among them as a full-fledged specimen of their race, but I can pass as a half-breed born in Cuba, and that's what I shall do.

"If you make a strike some day instead of blowing it all in you had better come out to Pekin. There's dead loads of graft out there for a smart fellow like you. I shall stop a few days in Frisco if I feel that I safely can, but it will depend upon circumstances, for I am better known there than anywhere else on earth. All the same I've got goods to get rid of, and I propose to make the try.

"Always your friend,

"Jack."

There was no doubt of the genuineness of the letter. Harry thought, as he passed it back.

"So he has really gone," he remarked. "Well, I didn't doubt it. You didn't have to go to the trouble of showing me the letter, anyhow."

"You recognize de Prince's writing all right, I suppose?"

"Sure I do."

"Well, den, you will come down to Wing High? He wants to see you. Let's go right along now."

"I'll come there this evening."

"Why not now?"

"Why, blame it all, man, do I have to tell you that I have to lie low? There's a detective watching this house. Perhaps it's for me and perhaps it isn't. How can I tell. I'm taking no chances, anyhow. You will see me down around Chinatown after dark."

And Charley Figman departed, immensely disappointed.

Young King Brady waited only to remove his disguise and resume his usual dress.

Then he went downstairs and passed out of the hotel.

Charley Figman was standing by one of the pillars of the elevated road watching.

Evidently he recognized Young King Brady for what he really was, for the instant he laid eyes on him he shot across the Bowery and mingled with the crowd.

"Maybe he's on to me and maybe he isn't," thought Harry. "I don't care, for it can't be helped now. At all events, I have got where I started to get, and I don't believe I could have got there in any other way."

Harry hastily returned to the office.

Old King Brady had not yet come in; in fact, he did not show up until four o'clock.

Harry was there waiting for him.

"Well!" exclaimed the detective. "What have you learned—anything in our new case?"

"I have proved that our man has left for Frisco."

"And that is the whole thing. Let's see your proof."

Harry went over the ground he had covered.

"Right," said Old King Brady. "How do we stand here as to business?"

"Nothing on hand so far as I am concerned."

"And my end is clear also. We start for Frisco to-night. Get out and see if you can engage berths in the Chicago sleeper. I don't care what road."

"I've already attended to that. I've got a call on two berths in the Pullman, nine o'clock train on the Pennsylvania."

"Right. Go and close for them; get up to the house and get together what things we need. I have one or two places to go to. I'll meet you at the train."

And such are the rapid movements of the Bradys.

At nine they came together at the Cortlandt street ferry and were soon on their way to the Pacific coast.

From the station Old King Brady wired the Hon. Lionel Weymouth at Washington stating that they had started for San Francisco, and that he might expect to hear from them in six or seven days.

And now came a period of rest—about the only rest the Bradys ever get is when they are traveling thus.

The journey was accomplished without mishap, and in due time the detectives turned up at the Lick House, San Francisco, where they usually stay except when it is necessary to conceal their presence in town.

And this Old King Brady saw no necessity for doing now.

"It is not at all likely that Figman fellow tumbled to you," he said, "and even if he did he hardly could see through your motive, for it is not to be supposed that the Prince has told him the true story of the Washington affair. Just you knock around Chinatown for an hour or so while I get down to police headquarters and see what they know about the Prince."

Soon after the old detective left the hotel; while Harry went out and steered for Dupont street.

This is the principal thoroughfare in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. It bears no resemblance to Chinatown in New York.

Here one finds a bit of old China transferred to the Western hemisphere.

The narrow sidewalks are thronged with Chinese, not only men but women, while in New York one seldom sees a Chinese woman on the street.

Here they move about by the thousands, bareheaded, with their hair glued up into great wings standing out from the head and adorned with queer ornaments and paper flowers.

On Dupont, Sacramento, Washington, and Jackson streets are innumerable little shops, many of them without

windows, and open to the street like stalls in a market, packed with goods of every sort.

And it is not always easy to understand what trade is carried on in these shops, for many are filled with boxes and packages, and carry no goods which are ever displayed to the profane gaze of the Melican man, who cannot read the tall standing signs which tell the story.

Without exaggeration, Chinatown, San Francisco, offers the quaintest community to be found in the United States.

It was while pushing his way through the usual Dupont street crowd that Harry's attention was attracted to the window of a certain little shop on the West side of that busy thoroughfare, just below Sacramento street, where a quantity of glass jewels were displayed.

Evidently these were intended for theatrical purposes—the Chinese make extensive use of such in the rich and barbarious costumes worn by their actors.

Many were in quaint gilt settings, others were worked into head-dresses, and there were various costumes hanging up in the store with a display of Chinese arms and armor and the like.

But what particularly attracted Harry's attention was a tray filled with fake diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other colored stones.

There was only one man in the shop, an aged Chinaman who was working his abacus or counting machine, and writing in a Chinese book.

The detective was just turning away when suddenly he saw a door at the back of the little shop come flying open, and a young white woman darted out.

Instantly three Chinamen sprang after her.

One seized her by the hair, the others by the arms.

"Help! Save me!" the young woman screamed, as the Chinks started to drag her back through the door.

"Come! that don't go!" thought Young King Brady. "Even at the risk of getting into trouble I shall have to butt in here."

And Harry, pushing through the door, jumped in to help.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER O'FLANAGAN THE FENCE.

"If the Prince of Pekin is in town then I don't know it," said the chief of the San Francisco police. "I doubt it myself, Brady. He is wanted here on a dozen charges; even in his Chinese disguise it would be mere madness for him to show himself in this town."

"And perhaps he has not shown himself," replied Old King Brady. "Possibly he may be located in some place outside the city, and is trying to do business through an agent. He may never have hit Chinatown at all."

"I don't know anything about that," replied the chief,

"and as I said before I don't believe he is here, but all the same I stand ready to aid you in any way I can."

"There is just one way," replied Old King Brady. "This man has got off with some fifty or sixty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, and naturally he will be thinking about this time of how to turn it into cash. If you can put me wise on who would be his likely man now, I might get next in that way. There is nothing else you can do."

"Why, as for that there are so many ways," said the chief. "Still, if it was my funeral I should say it would likely be O'Flanagan, the walking fence, you wanted to see."

"Hello!" cried Old King Brady. "I've heard of walking fences before, but O'Flanagan is a new one on me. Thought I was pretty well up on the crooks of Frisco, too."

"It is not at all surprising that you have not heard of him," said the chief, "for it is only recently that we have got on to his curves. He's real, though; and if you could trip him there would be the thanks of the department coming if that counts for anything."

"It counts for a whole lot, but I'm for my own business first."

"Sure. Wish I could help."

"Maybe you have helped. But this O'Flanagan, the fence. He's an impossibility. Never heard of one of my countrymen doing business in diamonds and gems before. You say that's his line?"

"Yes, so I hear; but I've seen the man; he's as dark as a Dago. In spite of his name he can't be an Irishman. The O'Flanagan is assumed, of course. He may be a Greek, or something like that. One of my detectives told me last night that the man was actually a Turk who had lived part of his life in Dublin, where as the people couldn't pronounce his name he took one which they could get away with—see?"

"All right," replied Old King Brady. "That sounds better; and where is this Irish Turk to be found?"

"That's where I can't help you," replied the chief. "Fact is, my detectives have been after him for a month, and I fancy they have kept him on an unusually lively walk of late; but his hangout in a general way is around Chinatown. Not that he does much business with the Chinese, but it's a good place to lose oneself down there."

"And this constituted the sum of Old King Brady's findings with the chief of police.

The next thing was to find O'Flanagan the fence.

But before entering upon that Old King Brady naturally desired to confer with his partner.

For this purpose he return to the Lick House, but it was only to meet with disappointment, for Harry had neither returned nor sent any word.

Old King Brady waited for a while but his partner did not turn up.

"Harry has surely run up against something," he said to

himself. "He might not come back to-night, so I must get to work on my own hook."

Going up to his room Old King Brady set about disguising himself.

And this was accomplished with marvelous rapidity, and almost without change of clothes.

As everybody who has followed the fortunes of the Bradys knows, the old blue coat is a garment of many resources.

Just how Old King Brady does it we cannot describe, for we do not know, but quick changes and effective disguises are his strong point, and in a very few minutes he was ready for business.

As he walked out of the Lick House no one recognized him.

His disguise was that of a prosperous man who had just returned from some outlandish country, the Klondike, South Africa, or some such place.

He looked like a man who had plenty of money to spend and had been spending it freely.

Thus attired, Old King Brady steered for Waverly Place, a by-street which may be described as the white end of Chinatown which it immediately adjoins, for here the white crooks who hang about Chinatown mostly congregate at night.

Old King Brady went into the Rabbit's Foot, a saloon which is a notorious hold-out for crooks.

The naming of places of this sort is quite common in San Francisco.

The same notion has often been tried in New York, but there it never seems to meet with any success.

Old King Brady called for a drink, and in paying for it brought out three beautiful unset diamonds with his loose change.

Several loungers at the bar saw them, and the eyes of the bartender were right upon them, of course.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, in a whisper. "I should think you'd be afraid to carry diamonds about that way, old man."

"Well, I don't usually," replied the detective, thickly, and he reeled a little, pretending to be affected by the drop of liquor he had consumed.

"And you've got a beautiful bun on, too, all right, old man. Take my advice and get home as quick as you can."

Perhaps the bartender was thus free with his advice because he saw no chance of stealing the diamonds himself; but at all events Old King Brady did not follow it.

Instead he seated himself at a table in a remote corner of the long room, and lighting a cigar, proceeded to smoke.

Old King Brady was now simply playing Harry's game over again.

He had baited his hook and he was patiently waiting for a fish to come along and bite.

That he would have to wait long he had no belief.

"The bartender will tell the story of the diamonds to everybody in the place," he said to himself, "and it goes

without saying that every mother's son of them are crooks." And so through half-closed eyes Old King Brady smoked on and watched their whisperings at the bar.

He knew that he was a shining mark, but he also had the satisfaction of knowing that he was not going to prove the easy one that these men thought him.

And so the detective smoked on, patiently waiting for his crook to come along.

Fifteen minutes brought the bite.

An elderly man faultlessly dressed with sharp features and an aquiline nose sauntered the detective's way, and dropped into the chair on the other side of the table.

"Excuse me," he said, "but haven't we met before? Your name must be Wright. It was up at Seattle, I believe."

Old King Brady, who was apparently half asleep, braced up on the instant.

"It isn't Wright and you are wrong," he replied. "My name happens to be Dick Snipel. I'm from South Africa. Only got here yesterday. Never was in Seattle in my life."

"Is that so?" replied the man. "My name is Berrett. So much for resemblances. I could have sworn that I had met you up there."

"Yes?" replied Old King Brady. "You don't look the part."

"Don't look what part?" demanded Mr. Berrett, with a puzzled look on his face.

"Bunco man. Steerer. Any old thing. Oh, don't look at me that way. Where I come from we live longer in a day than your kind live in a month. And the longer we live the more we find out—see?"

"What do you mean, sir? Are you trying to insult me? I—"

"Ta, ta! Don't get your back up. I'm all right, and you are all right. Let's have a drink.

"I don't know whether I care to drink with you or not."

"Suit yourself. There's nothing to get mad about. I understand your game perfectly, but that's all right, too. You are just the kind of fellow I want to meet. Why, man, I sized up this shop on sight. I'm not so new."

Berrett laughed.

"You seem to be a pretty good sort of fellow," he said.

"I don't mind if I do take a drink with you."

Old King Brady rapped on the table, and ordered the drinks.

This conversation had taken place in low tones.

Others were watching them, but there was nothing to lead these watching crooks to suspect that their friend Berrett was not getting along all right.

Old King Brady confined his drinking to less than a teaspoonful of whisky, which he deluged with water.

"You don't seem to be hitting the stuff very heavy to-night," Berrett remarked.

"I've hit it heavy enough the last few days. I'm trying to haul in now," was the reply.

They drank and Berrett ordered cigars.

He then began to ask questions about South Africa, and very slyly brought the talk around to the diamond fields.

Old King Brady answered without any attempt to head off the man's questions, but just as Berrett thought he was getting somewhere Old King Brady tore the ground from under his feet by suddenly saying:

"Look here, you needn't waste time in all this palaver. I showed a couple of diamonds at the bar, and you fellows are trying to play me for a greenhorn. Well, you can't, but perhaps you can play with me on another game when you know what my business in Frisco really is."

Berrett laughed.

"Say, you're a wise guy," he said.

"I'm out for graft and so are you."

"You say it. Let it stand so for argument's sake. Now, what's your lay?"

"That's better. Now we are coming down to tacks. I'm a stranger in Frisco. I want someone to put me next—why not you?"

"Well?"

Berrett was on the defensive. He puffed at his cigar and looked wise.

"You can do it?"

"Do what?"

"Put me next."

"Next to what?"

"I'm not here to sell diamonds, as you supposed, brother. I'm here to buy them—see?"

"You come all the way from South Africa to buy diamonds in Frisco? That don't seem to fit very well."

"It fits all right if you only understand. It's like this, as you know it is not always easy to find a market for crooked diamonds in this country."

"Isn't it?"

"So I've been told."

"Well?"

"Out in South Africa it's different. Although it is the most dangerous thing in life to be found in possession of diamonds stolen from the mines out there, just the same there are more people dealing in stolen diamonds in South Africa than any place in the world. It's the same with all kinds of gems. That's my line of business, brother. I've got the market, but it isn't always easy to get the goods."

"Well?"

Evidently Berrett was interested, but he was not committing himself yet.

"Now to be perfectly frank with you," said Old King Brady, "I am here to make a tour of the American cities for no other purpose than to buy up all the crooked diamonds and gems I can lay my hands on for hard cash. I'll pay more than your local fences, because I can get more. All there is about it, Mr. Berrett, if you can put me next here in Frisco it will be money in your pocket, but there must be no funny business. I always go armed, I'm a dead shot, and I—well, enough said. It's up to you to do the palaver act now."

Berrett was fairly captured.

Old King Brady read it in his eyes.

"I'll fill the bill," said the bunco man, leaning across the table and speaking in low, confidential tones. "I know the very party you want to see, although what you ask is a little out of my own line."

"Well?"

"Where do I come in on the deal?"

"Five per cent on all purchases I make through your man."

"Pshaw! That is ridiculous."

"Ridiculous nothing! You can work your man for another five all right. I'm good for a buy of ten thousand dollars at a lick, or twenty, or fifty, or even more if it comes to that. Put me next to fifty thousand dollars' worth of gems and there will be five hundred in it for you. And now I'll let you into a secret. If you had accomplished your purpose and got away with those diamonds of mine then you would have got nothing, for they are only fakes."

Berrett laughed.

"All right, old man," he said. "You just come along with me. I reckon we can do biz."

"Not a step do I move till I know where I'm going, and that's flat."

"Do you suppose I want to shout the name of my party out in this place?"

"Nobody asks you to shout, but I want some guarantee of good faith."

"Well?"

"Oh, come to time or drop me, one of the two. I can get there without your help, I guess."

"Well, then," said Berrett, sulkily, "you wouldn't know if I was to tell you, but since you are so stubborn about it the party I am going to put you next to is known in this town as O'Flanagan, the walking fence."

CHAPTER V.

YOUNG KING BRADY GETS NEXT TO THE PRINCE OF PEKIN.

If Old King Brady had been lucky in finding a man who could put him in communication with O'Flanagan the fence, then in his own way Harry had been luckier still, as will now be shown.

Butting in on a fracas in Chinatown, San Francisco, is rather a dangerous proposition. Harry knew this well enough.

Perhaps if he had stopped to think about the matter he would not have done it.

But in this case Young King Brady acted on the spur of the moment, as he often does.

Showing his shield, as he entered the place, Young King Brady rushed to the rescue of the young woman.

He was not quick enough to prevent her from being

dragged into a dark passage behind the door, but there his energetic action told.

"Drop it! Drop it!" he shouted, and then as he clutched the girl's dress he fired his revolver over the heads of the Chinks.

The result was that it usually is in such cases.

The Chinamen let go their hold and fled like rats, leaving the girl to fall back into Harry's arms.

"Quick! Get me out of this!" she breathed. "They will come back in force and kill us both."

"Let them try it if they dare!" said Young King Brady. "This way, please!"

He drew her to the door leading into the store.

This, however, did not work.

The wily old Chink who presided over the collection of false gems had bolted the door on the other side.

"No can comee!" he called through the keyhole. "You go way! You no can comee here!"

"We are headed off," cried Harry. "Shall I kick the door down?"

"Hold on," said the girl in a suppressed voice. "That won't do. We shall only both get pulled in."

"She doesn't know that I am a detective," thought Young King Brady. "Well, that's all right, too. She did not see my shield."

"There should be an alley door at the end of this passage," continued the girl. "I have been in here before. I remember there was a door then. Come! Follow me!"

She ran past the stairs to the end of the passage.

The door was there all right.

While the girl was fumbling for the bolt Harry caught her hand.

"Stop!" he breathed. "There are people on the outside there."

"How do you know?"

"I can hear them."

"You are right. They are laying for us out there."

"All the same I can bluff them with my revolver."

"No, no! Don't try it. The last thing I want is to come up against the police."

"But we have got to get out."

"Wait! There is an iron balcony running along back of all these buildings, and the fire-escapes go down into the alley from each house."

"That means we go upstairs and try it from one of the windows."

"Yes."

"The risk is just as great."

"Not as great. If you have to shoot it had better be in one of the rooms than in the alleys—see?"

"All right. I'm game for that; as you know the house lead on."

"It was right brave of you to jump in and help me so."

"I never like to see a white woman in the hands of Chinks."

The girl gave a hysterical laugh.

"My case is not exactly what you think it is," said the girl. "I am not married to any one of them. Perhaps you will find that out by and by."

She led the way up the dark stairs.

A greasy lamp burned in a niche in the hall which bettered matters some.

There were many doors opening into the hall. The place was a regular barracks.

"Don't go in there! That's where I was," breathed the girl as Harry laid his hand on the knob of the nearest door. "Try the next."

Young King Brady threw open the next door.

A flood of light came out into the passage.

It showed them a room furnished in Chinese style.

Upon a lounge lay a young white man sound asleep, and near him was a Chinaman in the same condition.

An opium layout resting upon a stool between them told the story.

"There were four of them here a minute ago," whispered the girl. "The other two have joined that mob. This is our chance. Come!"

She threw back the window, which opened like a door upon a balcony in California style.

Carefully closing it behind her she leaned cautiously over the edge of the balcony and looked down.

"They are there!" she breathed. "There are ten of them, and every one a Highbinder. We would have had no show. But I've had a narrow escape! They would have done me up only for you."

Harry was watching her narrowly. He was beginning to have some suspicion of the case.

"We don't stay here," he said after a look over the railing. "Let's get a move on. There's nothing to hinder us from going to the end of the row?"

"No."

"Come on, then. We can make the alley in a minute. Once we are there we can charge around into Dupont street. That will put us safe."

"I don't know whether it will or not," was the muttered response. "But we can only make a try for it," she added aloud. "Come on."

The plan worked to perfection.

Descending by the last of the row of fire escapes, it was an easy matter to jump down into the alley—the iron ladders did not quite touch the ground.

There was some commotion among the waiting Highbinders, but Harry hurried the girl around into Dupont street, and they were not followed.

"Where now?" he asked. "This is no place for you."

The girl dropped her veil and took Harry's arm.

"You're right, it's no place for me," she breathed. "All the same no one knows it better than I do; but it is not at all as you think."

"I beg your pardon," replied Young King Brady. "But I am very much inclined to believe that it is exactly as I think."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the girl, almost fiercely. "You have done me a big favor; don't go to spoiling it by making a fool of yourself now."

"Do you really want to know what I mean?" demanded Young King Brady.

"Yes, I do."

"Then here goes. You are no woman—you are a man."

"What makes you say that? Don't I look like a woman?"

"Sure."

"Don't I speak like a woman?"

"Sure; but I've heard men do that before."

"And you still think I'm a man in disguise?"

"I'll bank on it every time."

"You are right. I acknowledge the corn."

"That puts us on a better footing. I guess you don't need me any more."

"Hold on! Don't pull away in a hurry. You have stood my friend."

"Well?"

"Would you have done it if you had known?"

"Probably not."

"Will you continue to do it if I tell you that I am a professional?"

"A professional what?"

"Crook! Wanted by the police of this town."

Harry thought fast.

"If anyone can put me next to the Prince of Pekin it ought to be a fellow of this sort," he pondered. "Guess I'll stand pat and see what comes next."

"Sure I'll stand by you," he replied. "To tell the truth, I'm much in the same boat myself."

"I guessed it."

"The deuce you did."

"Well, why not? I wasn't born yesterday. See here, I'm in a lot of trouble. I don't own a real friend in this burg, and am only trying to get out of it. Help me and if I succeed I'll pay you well."

"All right. I don't mind so long as it don't bring me up against the cops."

"I can't promise that, but there's no reason why it should. The matters for which I am wanted here are old chestnuts. There is no active search being made for me at the present time. All the same I would not want to parade Montgomery street for an hour or so. If I did I should probably land behind the bars."

"Right."

"You are with me?"

"I don't mind. What's your name?"

"Jack. And yours?"

"Harry."

"Then stick to me, Harry, and you will lose nothing. What are you wanted for now?"

"Lifting a few sparklers."

"So?"

"Yes."

"Here?"

"No."

"Where?"

"New York."

"I just left there. Wish now I'd stayed. Look here, I'm in the jewelry line."

"Yes?"

"Is yours an old graft?"

"Six months old."

"Pooh! You are in no danger."

"Can't tell."

"My fix is worse. Say, I have just lifted a big lot of jewelry, diamonds, rubies, all sorts, fine stones. They beat the band."

Name of Jack—just from New York—just-stolen goods! It all tallied.

Harry was thinking fast.

"How strange," he reflected, "if this fellow should turn out to be the Prince of Pekin? But no; that is too unlikely a proposition. It cannot be."

But the idea would not leave him.

Jack now hurried Young King Brady up Dupont street as far as Sutter.

Here he turned up Sutter street and thence into China Alley.

Hurrying on he came to a door opening into a big barrack-like structure on their left, which Harry saw must front on Dupont street.

"In with you!" he exclaimed, pulling the door open. "Quick!"

They passed into a dark hall, through which Harry was hurried.

"You are not afraid?" asked Jack. "We are going to a queer shop now."

"Not a bit afraid," was the reply. "There's no reason why you should harm me; besides, I haven't a cent to my name."

"If you had a hundred thousand dollars about you, even then you would be safe with me. I'm as true as steel. I never go back on a friend, and you have proved yourself a friend to me."

They had now come to the end of the passage.

There was a door opening in front of them, as well as one on the right and another on the left.

Harry realized what he was up against.

This building, like many others in Chinatown, was probably a perfect bee-hive, a mass of small rooms and secret passages, no doubt.

Jack rapped on the left-hand door.

It was presently opened by a villainous-looking Chink with a horribly scarred face.

He addressed Jack in Chinese, and was answered in the same language.

The Chinaman then stood aside and allowed them to enter.

Jack led the way through another dark passage, down a

flight of stairs, through another passage, down more stairs, passing through several doors on the way, to each of which he had a latch key.

"Heavens!" thought Young King Brady. "It may prove a good sight easier to get in here than to get out. I'm putting myself entirely in the hands of this man."

They were now deep down underground, and the final door was opened.

This led them into a large chamber elegantly furnished in the Chinese style.

"Now then, Harry, this is my holdout!" exclaimed Jack. "Sit down, old man, and make yourself at home. Watch the disappearance of the woman and the reappearance of the man."

Passing behind a heavy curtain which appeared to cut off another room, Jack vanished.

Five minutes later the curtain was thrown aside, and a good-looking young Chinaman entered.

Harry caught his breath.

It was Jack, of course. He could see that.

He could also see that the Chinaman bore an exact resemblance to the photograph given to Old King Brady by the Hon. Lionel Weymouth.

Harry had had the luck of a lifetime.

By the merest accident he had put himself next to the Prince of Pekin.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD KING BRADY AND THE BUNCO MAN TAKE IN A HIGH-BINDER'S RAID.

Both the Bradys had gained their point.

Question now was what use were they going to be able to make of their success.

Old King Brady did not propose to let grass grow under his feet.

"Can I see this man O'Flanagan to-night, or do I have to wait till to-morrow?" he asked.

"You can see him to-night if we can find him, and he is in shape to do business," was Berrett's reply.

"I see. He tanks up about this time of the day."

"Hop," said Berrett. "Chances are against us, but we can try."

"Where do we go?"

"To his room first. If not there then to whatever opium joint we can get the steer to. We may have to go the rounds of all of them. O'Flanagan is a slippery proposition. Recently the police have caught on to his curves, and he is lying low just now."

"Well, let us make a try of it."

"I'd prefer to have you prove to me that you mean business first. I'd like to see your cash."

"That's impossible. I don't carry my roll with me. We

will have to cut it out till to-morrow then. You can call on me at my hotel and bring your man with you. Perhaps after all that would be the best way."

Berrett twisted in his chair.

"I'd like to put it through to-night," he said. "If we catch O'Flanagan half straight you might be able to do business. You can make better terms with him when he has had a few pipes of the hop."

"As you will. I can't buy to-night, anyway, but I can have a look at his stuff and strike a bargain. In the morning he gets his cash."

"Well, come along somehow," said Berrett. "We'll see what we can do."

They left the place together.

The crooks around the bar eyed them keenly as they passed out.

Old King Brady saw Berrett tip them a wink, but no one appeared to follow them, so he assumed that this was simply done to keep them quiet and to lead them to believe that they would get their share of whatever came out of the deal.

Berrett led the way down Dupont street, and the place at which he paused was the very shop where the fake gems were displayed in the window.

Unknown to himself Old King Brady was now entering upon Harry's trail.

"Is that trash some of your friend O'Flanagan's stock in trade?" asked Old King Brady, pointing to the glass jewels in the window.

"No, it isn't," chuckled Berrett. "Say, that's only a blind. If you knew Frisco you would know that this was a shop where more grafted diamonds change hands than any other place in the city."

"So?"

"Yes. Mock Lung will buy anything offered, but his prices are almighty low."

"Does he work in with O'Flanagan?"

"Some say so. I don't know. He harbors crooks of all sorts. They have rooms upstairs."

"Haven't the police caught on to his game yet?"

Berrett shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know?" he replied. "The place has never been pulled. Mock may cough up occasionally. It's none of my affairs."

"Nor mine so long as it's safe."

"Oh, it's safe enough as far as that goes. Don't you worry on that score. Come right in."

The same old man sat behind the counter working his abacus and writing in his book.

"Hello, Mock," said Berrett.

"Hello!" growled Mock, making the wooden balls on his abacus fly.

"How's trade?"

"Bum."

"That's bad."

"Belly bad. You wantee sell sometin? Who him?"

Mock pointed to Old King Brady with his stylus.

"Oh, he's all right. He's a friend of mine, Mock. No, I am not selling to-night. We want to see Flanny. Is he in?"

"Don't know."

"I s'pose you can find out?"

"Sure."

"Can we go upstairs?"

"Him no go," replied Mock Lung, pointing to Old King Brady.

"Come, you suspicious old rat-eater!" cried Berrett. "Isn't it enough for me to tell you that this gentleman is a friend of mine?"

"No. Me not know him. Him no go," said Mock. "Me findee out 'bout Flanny dough."

"Then I wish you would do it blamed quick, for we are in a hurry," said the bunco man.

Mock Lung took up a little bell from the shelf behind him and rang it violently.

In a moment the door opened and a Chinese woman peered into the shop.

Mock Lung called out something to her, of which Old King Brady could only catch the word "Flanny."

Then the woman disappeared and was back in a few minutes with the word that Flanny was not in his room.

"That's bad," said Berrett. "Where do you suppose we will find him?"

"No can tell," was the reply. "Come molly morning. Flanny long time stoppee bed."

Berrett turned on his heel and left the shop.

"Balked," he growled, "but I'll find him yet, if we have to go through every hop joint in Chinatown."

"Why not cut it out till to-morow?" replied Old King Brady, indifferently, "there is no such haste."

"Oh, that be blamed. If I part with you nobody can tell when we are going to come together again."

"Nonsense. I am stopping at the Russ House. You can come in the morning."

"It's just as you say, of course; but if you want to push ahead I have no doubt we can find our man to-night."

"All right. Let her go. I'm in no hurry to quit."

Berrett then tackled the opium joints.

These, of course, are almost all well known to Old King Brady, and he himself is known to the proprietors; but he was too well disguised to be recognized, and nowhere was any particular attention paid to him.

Nor did they find O'Flanagan.

At some places Berrett merely inquired of the proprietors.

At others he pushed about peering in the faces of each sodden victim of the baneful drug lying in the bunks.

It was now getting late, and the bunco man had growled till he was tired.

"It don't seem to be a bit of use," he said. "I don't know what to make of it. Flanny must be somewhere around town."

"Perhaps he is out on business?" suggested Old King Brady.

"It's possible, of course, but I was talking to him only the other day and he assured me that there was nothing doing."

"Have we taken in all the hop joints?"

"All but the swell places. He never goes there. Hold on! There's a new one just started up on Stockton street. He might have slid in there, just for the sake of seeing it. Suppose we try for that?"

"As you will. If we don't hit it then we had better cut it out altogether and wait till morning."

"All right," said Berrett. "You come along with me." He led the way up Jackson street hill to Stockton street, and there, turning to the left, walked on past the shabby houses, carefully scrutinizing each one.

"This will be the place," he said, halting before a large frame dwelling with a high stoop.

The house was an old-fashioned looking affair, and looked much out of repair.

The window-blinds were all tightly closed and no ray of light from within reached the street, except over the transom about the front door.

This transom was supplied with yellow glass, and the yellow light thus thrown out was, of course, most noticeable.

"That's a hop joint, all right," said Berrett; "but I'm not acquainted in there, so perhaps we had better stand across the way a few minutes and make sure."

They took up their station opposite and waited.

In a few minutes three Chinamen came shuffling along and, ascending the steps, opened the door and disappeared inside.

"It seems to be wide open," said Old King Brady.

"Don't understand it," replied Berrett. "I was told it was not wide open. There must be another door inside that one. But say, I don't like the looks of those fellows."

"What's the matter with them? I took them to be just ordinary Chinks."

"And that's just where you are wrong. I happen to know the foremost one. He's a notorious Highbinder, and that means his friends are Highbinders, too."

"Would they be let in? They must be known to the proprietor if he is a Chink."

"That's what he is, and he would not dare to refuse them. The Highbinders come and go about as they please, so far as Chinatown is concerned. Hello! Here's more of the same kind. Surest thing you know, Mr. Snipel, there's hot stuff in store for the Chink who runs that joint."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it looks very much to me as though the Highbinders had been hired by someone to run him out of business."

"Shall we go in and see the fun?"

"Oh, it's just as you say. For my part I'd sooner keep out of the beastly mess."

"But I rather enjoy a good scrap. Never saw a Chink show any fight. I'd like to be on hand when there is something doing in that line."

"All right, then, we'll tackle the joint for O'Flanagan, but don't expect me to hang around waiting to see a Highbinders' muck if the man isn't there."

They crossed the street and ascended the steps.

As they had guessed, the outer door was only a blind and there was another inside.

Berrett tugged at the bell, which soon brought the door open on a chain with a young Chink inside.

He was very loath to let them in at first, but Berrett persisted and, having made use of the names of several other opium joint keepers, an entrance was finally obtained.

Old King Brady now found himself in the most gorgeously fitted-up establishment of the kind he had ever seen.

Heavy crimson curtains hung against the walls all around covering windows and doors.

Superb hanging-lamps studded with false gems shed a soft light upon the rich silk divans and cushions which were spread about, and costly rugs were thrown down upon the floor of the richly-curtained booths which ran the length of the long room.

The place was well filled with people of both sexes, and it was pitiable to study their faces as they passed along.

Some were smoking, others were asleep.

From some unseen quarter came a drone of Chinese music which was really pleasing and bore no resemblance to the bang and blare of the music heard in the Chinese theaters.

But in spite of the Oriental luxury of the scene, it was the same old thing, so far as Old King Brady was concerned, for the sickening stench of burning opium pervaded the place.

Their guide, who simply would not talk, led them to the end of the long room, and so far no Chinaman but himself had been seen, nor was O'Flanagan, the fence, on view, as Berrett declared in a whisper to Old King Brady.

Now a good-looking Chinaman dressed in green silk breeches and a yellow blouse suddenly appeared before them, and in perfect English inquired what was wanted.

"I'm looking for a friend of mine," said Berrett. "We don't want to smoke, see?"

"Who is your friend?" demanded the Chinaman.

"Mr. O'Flanagan. He is one of Mock Lung's lodgers. You know Mock?"

"I know him, yes. I also know O'Flanagan. He is not here."

"Has he been here to-night?"

"He has never been here. I would not let him in if he came."

"Why, what's the matter with Flanny?"

"He is wanted by the police. That is enough for me."

"So? Then we can do no business here."

"No. I wish you would go away. If you are detectives, say so. I want no trouble here."

"Oh, we are not detectives," laughed Berrett. "All right, we'll get out. Say, you've got a fine place here."

"Good enough."

"No Chinks smoke here? I saw some coming in."

"Their room is downstairs," said the Chinaman, who was eyeing Old King Brady with the greatest suspicion all this time.

"This shrewd fellow knows that I am disguised," thought the old detective. "Confound the luck; that I am wasting my time to-night is one thing sure."

The thought had scarcely crossed his mind when a horrible yelling was heard outside in the hall.

Everybody in the joint who was awake was up in an instant.

"Go, go!" cried the Chinaman, springing to a side door.

He tried to shoot the bolt, but was too late.

Strong hands were pushing the door against him.

It flew inward and five Chinamen armed with revolvers burst into the room.

Instantly the joint-keeper drew a gun, too.

Then it was pop! pop! pop! with men shouting and women screaming, while the smokers made for the front door.

Old King Brady had struck into the new opium joint just in time to witness a Highbinders' raid.

CHAPTER VII.

HARRY GOES INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH THE PRINCE OF PEKIN.

Young King Brady had certainly fared better than his chief.

For Harry had got the real thing and so far Old King Brady's search for O'Flanagan, the fence, had come to naught.

The Prince of Pekin made a better looking Chinaman than he did a woman—we mean so far as the effectiveness of his disguise went.

Young King Brady was forced to admit to himself that he would surely have been deceived if he had not been in a measure prepared for this very thing in advance.

"By jove!" he exclaimed. "You are a great fellow on disguises! Anyone would think you were a Chink."

Jack laughed.

"And so I am half a one," he replied. "I lived out in China so long that I came near turning into a full-fledged Celestial. I wish I was back there now."

He flung himself into a chair and, passing a package of cigarettes to Harry, they began to smoke.

"Say, I'm going to talk mighty freely to you, young fellow," he began; "that is, if you want me to. You see, I've just taken a liking to you and I'm at a big loss for a friend these days. Still, I don't want to force my friendship on any man, and don't propose to in your case until I know a little more about you than I do now, see?"

"Exactly. There's blamed little to tell in my case."

"If I was to tell you all there is in mine you would be astonished. But I don't propose to do that. Fire away. We are perfectly safe here. But say, do you want me for a friend? If you don't, why you can get out of this as soon as you like, or you can stay here as long as you like, and I'll simply hold my jaw."

"I do want a friend," replied Harry. "I'm dead broke and don't know which way to turn."

"I'm in the same fix, then; but I don't propose to be so long, you bet. All right, partner, friends it is. Shake! Now tell me your name and as much of your story as you care to and I'll tell you mine after the same fashion."

Harry launched out then.

Giving his name as "Harry West," he wove a neat little romance about himself, figuring in it as a confidence man and crook, whose particular graft was diamonds and jewelry.

He could see by the look which came into Jack's eyes that he had hit it off right and that his story was believed.

"And now for my yarn," said Jack, when he had finished. "You say you belong in New York, so I don't expect you to know me, for I never made a hang-out there for any length of time. My name I am not going to tell you; indeed it is so long since I have gone by it that I have practically forgotten what it really is. I am known as Jack Livingston to the disciples of graft, and, like yourself, I have had a pretty good education in my time, as you have probably discovered before this."

Harry puffed at his cigarette, well satisfied with his work.

He had made no mistake then, it would seem.

For better or for worse, he had got next to the Prince of Pekin.

"My line of graft has been so extensive that I shan't undertake to describe it," Jack went on to say. "I began my career in England and I graduated in China. I've practiced in this town and in Chicago and other cities. My last strike was in—well, perhaps it would be just as well not to say where, but then I married a girl and waltzed off with a big lot of old family diamonds and other gems. I came here to dispose of them, and with these proceeds intended to return to China with my wife and start legitimate biz, sticking to it till I found a chance to make some more profitable turn, but right here I ran up against a snag and now I find myself deep in the soup and don't know which way to turn."

Jack paused and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"I suppose you want to hear more," he said. "If I bore you I'll quit."

"That's nonsense," replied Harry. "I'm just beginning to get interested. Go on."

"Well, I'm not going to tell details," continued Jack "but it's like this. I've personated a Chink so long that I wouldn't know how to handle myself as a white man. I married my wife in that disguise, although she knew who I was all right, and so we traveled West together. I might have known what the result would be. All eyes were upon us, and she got nervous under it. In short, she couldn't stand it, so at Chicago I went on my other lay and made up as a woman. You saw through it, but you are the only one who ever tumbled. So we came here.

"My wife grew more and more restive. She began by quarreling with herself for what she had done, and wound up by quarreling with me. She couldn't stand it in this room underground, so yesterday I took her to a room in the house where you found me. I had business to attend to, and I left her there. In spite of our quarrels I trusted her implicitly, and she kept the goods we brought with us from—well, no matter where. At last I succeeded in finding a place to put them, and this afternoon I went around to see her, still disguised as a woman. She was gone! She had got away with the stuff, but I didn't know it then, for she had left no word where she had gone, and the Chinks who had charge of the place would not tell me. To-night I went again and one of them handed me a letter from my wife in which she tells me that she has left me and is going back to her people. I believed it at first and it made me furious. I was saying things when all at once a Chink whom I know right well and who likes me, came into the room and told me that it was all a lie, that my wife, although she wrote the letter and probably meant to do what she said, had actually been carried off by a white man who hangs out in the place, assisted by some of the Chinamen.

"Then, Harry, the fun began for fair. I tore around like a madman, and—well, I shot one of those Chinks. I guess he's dead, all right, but I don't know. Anyhow, the others set on to me and I ran downstairs for my life. As to what followed you know all about it, for just then you jumped in on the scene and saved my life. There, that's as much of my story as I'm going to tell. Now you see the fix I'm in."

"And you believe your wife has been actually carried off by this man?"

"I know it."

"And the gems have gone with her?"

"That's where you are wrong. She made all that clear in the letter. She went out this morning and put the gems away somewhere. You see, she was loth to part with them, and was all the time harping on the wrong she had done to her father and mother. I had started up negotiations with this white man to handle the gems—he's a notorious fence, by the way—Blanche knew this. She had taken a great dislike to the fellow. She says in the letter that she was determined that his dirty fingers should never handle the gems, and so she had disposed of them. I understand

he came in on her later, and she told him the same. That's how it came about."

"There is no question about the letter being straight goods?"

"None whatever. I would show it to you only that it gives names, and I don't want you to know all."

"You don't have to show it to me, Jack. You're in a bad hole, and if I can help you out I stand to do it. You are sure of your ground?"

"Yes."

"Who is this fence?"

"A fellow named O'Flanagan."

"Ever deal with him before?"

"Never. I was afraid of the regulars because I am wanted in Frisco, so like a fool I took up with him. I see it all as plain as day. When Flanny, as they call him, found that he was not going to be able to do business with me he took the bull by the horns, spirited my wife away, and intends to force her to give up the graft, and when he gets his hands on it he intends to slope."

"I see. They reckon on you not being able to do anything for fear of running foul of the police."

"Exactly it. You see through the whole thing now."

"I think I do. The first thing would seem to be to get next to this man O'Flanagan."

"A difficult matter. The fellow knows every hole and corner in Chinatown, and has powerful friends among the Chinks, but all the same that's just what I propose to do. I have good friends among the Chinks, too, and I am expecting one of them here now at any moment. He is a Highbinder, and can bring the full force of his society to bear on my case, and it's a mighty powerful one, I want you to understand."

"Oh, I know," said Harry. "But it's a dangerous game all the same to mix oneself up with the Highbinders. I hope you don't propose to tell him about the graft."

"Indeed I don't. When he leaves me he will think I am wanting my wife and nothing else. In fact, that is all I do want. Blanche has put away the gems all right. If it had not been so she would not have said so in the letter. She'll never tell O'Flanagan where they are, but she has got to tell me or I'll have her life."

And so they smoked on and talked on.

To Harry it was all something of a disappointment.

He had got next to the Prince of Peking, but it was an empty victory, for both the Weymouth girl and the stolen gems—the two objects of the Bradys' search—were out of his hands.

While they were still at it there came a knock on the door, and a young Chinaman entered.

He was an ugly looking customer, and Harry could well believe that he was a member of the dreaded Hip Sing Tong, or Highbinder society.

Jack Livingston embraced him as if he had been a brother and having introduced Harry as one of his best

friends they fell to talking in Chinese and kept it up for a long time.

Perhaps Jack's Chinese was faulty—probably it was so—but at all events they never lapsed into English.

Harry sat by and smoked, never saying a word.

At last the Chinaman rose to depart.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "you comee, too. He tellee you. No be flaid. No hurtee you, but look out for him. No lettee him hittee de hop."

"Oh, you go on!" cried Jack with a laugh. "I can take care of myself. Look out that you don't hit the hop till we are through with this job."

"Looker here," said the Chink with all seriousness, "you hittee de hop you spoilee all. So-long, Jack. We fixe you off allee light. Mebbe we no find Flanny, dough."

"I am prepared for that disappointment," replied Jack. "Now go on, and send word where I am to meet you."

The Chinaman departed.

"He's my friend all right, Harry," said Jack then, "and a better friend than ever I had in a white man. I knew him years ago in China. Well, I s'pose you are dying to know what is in the wind?"

"I'm anxious for your sake, Jack."

"And for your own, boy. You don't suppose that I expect you to work for me for nothing."

"No. I don't take you to be that sort."

"Want to know where you come in?"

"Well?"

"I mean to shake my wife just as soon as I get the graft. I've had enough of her. How would you like to go out to China with me?"

"I'd like that first rate."

"Then you shall. We'll be partners. I'll pay your way and give you a good share of the graft besides. We'll make a barrel of money out there, old man."

"Yes," replied Harry. "That's all right, and I am ready, but what's the game for to-night?"

"The game is just this. I have put up a Highbinders' raid on a new hop-joint which had just been started in this town. O'Flanagan has financed the thing—that's certain—and the Chink who keeps the place, one Charley How, seems to be the most likely man to know where Flanny has taken my wife. We don't intend to kill him. What we do intend is to bring the police down on his joint and to snake him out of it, holding him a prisoner till he tells all he knows."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE HIGHBINDERS' RAID.

"You have undertaken a big contract, Jack," said Young King Brady, when the Prince of Peking made the announcement with which the last chapter closes.

"Not so big as you think for," was the reply. "It can be done all right if it is only worked quick. Of that there isn't the least doubt."

"All right. I am with you in anything you say. Or, perhaps, you are not counting me in on this?"

"Oh, but I am. You are in it all right. You'll have to disguise yourself, though."

Harry took this announcement quietly.

He had already disposed of his detective's shield lest some accident should expose it, and thus he had nothing to fear from removing his coat.

"As a Chink, I suppose?" he quietly said.

"Yes. I suppose you never made up that way?"

Harry shook his head.

"He would be rather surprised if he knew how many times I actually have made up that way," he thought.

"I can fix you all right," the Prince went on to say. "What is more, I can do it without making it necessary for you to remove any of your clothes, so that when you want to all you have to do is to throw aside your Chinese rigging and be yourself again."

"Good! When do we go?"

"It will be about eleven o'clock, just about the time the business of the place gets in full swing."

"All right, I'm ready."

"In the meanwhile we will make ourselves comfortable. I shan't stir out of here, for I don't dare to show myself on the street even in my present disguise. Although I don't know it, I have no doubt that detectives are on my track. In a case like this there is nothing like lying low."

And so through the rest of the afternoon and during the evening Harry remained with the Prince of Pekin.

This was the reason for his non-appearance at the Lick House.

There was not even a chance to send word to Old King Brady, something which he very much regretted.

At six o'clock a fine supper in Chinese style was served to the voluntary prisoners.

In the conversation which took place during this wait Harry learned only one additional point, and that was that the girl had been carried away from the Chinese lodging-house on Dupont street in a drugged condition in a cab.

Early in the evening the Prince rigged Harry out as a Chinaman.

The disguise was effective enough, but when Young King Brady looked in the glass he felt that he could have done just as well himself.

At last, at about half-past ten, the young Chinaman returned and announced that everything was ready.

Jack then extinguished the lights and they accompanied the fellow to the world above.

Keeping to the alley, he led them well down along the line of Dupont street, where they entered a room on the ground floor of one of the larger of the barrack-like buildings.

Here a number of desperate looking Chinamen were gathered.

They greeted the Prince of Pekin cordially enough, but he did not attempt to make any talk with them, leaving that to his conductor.

At last some of them went out of the place and soon after others followed.

After awhile the Prince and Harry left with their friend and the two others.

Their way led them up on Stockton street, and they turned in at the house with the yellow light.

As they were approaching the place Harry caught sight of two elderly men standing on the opposite side of the street.

One was a rascally looking fellow whom anybody would have set down as a crook, while the other, to his great satisfaction, he recognized as Old King Brady in disguise.

"By Jove, the Governor must have got next on all this," Harry thought. "He's a wonderful man. If I could only get word to him! Well, my chance may come!"

Harry was one of the second group of Chinamen whom old King Brady and Berrett saw go into the house with the yellow light.

They were admitted by the young Celestial who opened the door for Old King Brady later on, but instead of showing them into the main room of the joint he led the way to a basement staircase and saying something in Chinese pointed down.

Downstairs it was just a common hop-joint with the rude furnishing usually found in such places in Chinatown.

Evidently Charley How was trying to work the game at both ends, to draw in the high-rolling crooks who hit the pipe upstairs, and to catchee John Chinaman downstairs.

But there is such a thing as a new man trying for too much business in any line, and so quarreling with his neighbors.

Just this Charley How had done, and the wrath of the Highbinders was about to descend upon them.

Harry's companions now purchased "shells of dope," and prepared to smoke.

This, of course, was merely for a bluff.

And while Young King Brady and his friends are bluffing let us say a few words as to the nature of the Chinese Highbinder, an individual who has been entirely misunderstood.

Most people who read of the doings of the Highbinder in the papers, where he is constantly appearing in connection with shooting scrapes in the Chinese colonies of our different cities, regard him as just a loafer, a hoodlum, a tough.

They are entirely wrong, for the Highbinder is nothing of the sort.

With the Chinese murder and robbery is regarded as a trade, just the same as any other line of business.

Of course, those who follow it are looked down upon and despised much as we would look down upon a man

who made his living by gathering up old bones or some such dirty trade, but still they are recognized as a necessity, and wealthy and influential persons do not hesitate to engage the services of the Highbinder to revenge them on their enemies, to break up their business, or even to kill them outright.

Of course, if caught the Highbinder is punished, but he is a hard one to catch, and this is all on account of the powerful guild to which he belongs, known among the Chinese as the Hip Sing Tong.

If a Chinaman makes up his mind to become a crook he joins the Hip Sing Tong society, and is protected by them from the consequences of any crime he may commit.

They will hide him when the police are looking for him, they will advance him money to fly from the scene of his crime, and to start in business at some other point; they will hire lawyers to defend him if he is unfortunate enough to be arrested, and will look after his family in case he is sentenced to death or imprisonment.

Probably there is no more thoroughly organized secret society in the world than this same Hip Sing Tong.

Its leaders are always known. They engage in legitimate business, and seldom or never commit crimes.

If a Chinaman starts a laundry too near some other, and the proprietor of the already established place wants to get him out of the way, he applies to the Hip Sing Tong, and they attend to the job.

Mr. New Laundryman is then visited by an "entertainment committee," who wreck his place and perhaps kill him.

His rival pays the Hip Sing Tong.

And so it goes in all branches of Chinese trade.

The result is that Chinamen are most careful how they interfere with the rights of others.

They fear the Highbinder, for in case of such interference he is sure to come.

All this Young King Brady knew, and he was quite prepared for what followed, when suddenly one of the smokers in the bunks gave a yell, and throwing down his opium pipe, sprang to his feet, at the same time drawing a revolver.

Half a dozen others instantly followed his example.

Young King Brady and the Prince of Pekin joined in with the rest.

The old Chink in charge of the downstairs business ran for his life, and escaped through a rear door.

The sodden wretches in the bunks drew back as far as they could get, and covered their faces with their hands, expecting to be shot, and if there is anything a Chinaman dreads it is a face disfigured.

But the Highbinders had no business on hand downstairs, and they swarmed up to the high-toned apartment above. What immediately follow has been already told.

The firing on the part of the Highbinders was wild, however—purposely so.

Charley How proved a poor shot.

Nobody was hit with bullets, but Charley got the Highbinders' fists, all right.

He was laid out in fine shape, and promptly hammered into submission.

The next Harry knew they were dragging him downstairs, and the Prince had called to him to follow.

In the meantime such of the smokers as were not so deep in the dope as to render it impossible had swarmed into the street in every stage of dress and undress.

Berrett fled with the rest, but Old King Brady, darting behind a curtain remained to watch the progress of events.

Before this he had received a secret sign from Harry, without which it is doubtful if he would have recognized him in his disguise.

The sign said "Follow," and one which came with it said, "I am with our man."

This was plain enough, but in the excitement of the melee Old King Brady was not able to penetrate the disguise of the Prince of Pekin.

All he knew was that besides Harry one other Chinaman was no Chinaman, but which one it was he could not tell.

Now, in spite of the length at which all this has been explained, the whole affair began and ended in a couple of minutes.

Almost before Old King Brady knew it he found himself alone.

An instant later and the police came charging into the joint.

There were only two, and as they appeared at the door in front all too late to take any part in the mix-up Old King Brady slid out through the side door in the rear and shot downstairs.

What had become of the Highbinders?

That was the question now.

A staggering Chink, wild-eyed and scared, met him in the passage below.

"Which way did they go?" demanded the old detective, seizing him by the shoulders and shaking him up.

"No 'lest me! No 'lest me! Me no Highbinder!" the Chinaman stammered.

"Which way did they go?" demanded Old King Brady. "Show me, quick!"

The Chinaman pointed to a door at the end of the passage.

Old King Brady released him and made for the door.

It was locked and bolted, but on his side.

Meanwhile the Chinaman, who had doubtless fastened the door, made tracks in the other direction, only to fall into the hands of the policemen now coming down the stairs.

But Old King Brady, quick as lightning in all his movements, was able to avoid a similar delay.

He flung the door open, and passing through closed it behind him.

A back yard lay beyond, and beyond the yard, as he knew, was the notorious China Alley, with its thousand and

one rat-holes which offered every chance of concealment. A gate led through to the alley, and in a second Old King Brady had left that behind him.

He was just in time to catch sight of men running further along the alley.

Between them they dragged a man who seemed unable to stand on his feet.

"There they go!" muttered the old detective, and the thought had scarcely crossed his mind when all hands vanished.

China Alley had swallowed them up just as it had done many a mob of Highbinders in the past, and just as it will do many another mob of these interesting individuals for many a year to come.

CHAPTER IX.

WORKING WITH CHARLEY HOW.

As has been seen, Young King Brady actually played but a very small part in the affair of the Highbinders' raid.

His part was just as heavy a one as that of the Prince of Pekin, however.

The Highbinders know their business and wanted no outside help.

Thus there was nothing to be done but to follow on and this led Harry and the Prince deep down under one of the big barracks facing on Dupont street, where they wound up in one of the many hidden, underground chambers which abound in Chinatown and which are seldom penetrated by the police.

Poor Charley How, horribly punished, had been dragged along with them.

The joint keeper who, as Harry afterwards learned, had just come from New York, and was almost a stranger among his people in San Francisco, was now thrown to the floor like a bale of goods, and he crawled into a corner and lay cowering there, his face as pale as death.

Meanwhile the Highbinders set up such a jammering as Harry had never heard.

Everybody was talking at once.

They shook their fingers in each other's faces, shouted, and gesticulated.

Harry looked for nothing else than an all-around fight, and his face probably showed what he thought when the Prince of Pekin caught him by the arm and drew him to one side.

"Don't be scared," he said. "This is quite usual. They will quiet down pretty soon."

"But what is it all about?" demanded Harry. "They have won out. They have got their man. What are they making all this row for?"

"Don't ask me," replied Jack. "They always go on so after one of their raids. It is part of the programme. What it means I am sure I don't know."

"Why, I thought you understood Chinese."

"My dear boy, there are Chinese and Chinese. Will Americans never learn that there are as many different nations included in the Chinese Empire, and as many different languages spoken as there are in Europe?"

"Then you can't understand these fellows?"

"Not a word. No more than you can. They are speaking in the Quang Tung language—Cantonese, you would call it. My Chinese is pure Pekinese, the language spoken far in the north of China. It is altogether a different thing."

"But your friend is right in it. He speaks both languages?"

"He speaks half a dozen languages or dialects. All the same, I shan't ask him. This is part of their ceremony after one of these mix-ups. It's no affair of mine. All I want is to get a show at Charley How. It will come in good time."

It came within five minutes.

Quiet suddenly reigned.

The door was opened, and the Highbinders, calling out "Good-night," filed out of the room.

Two of their members remained behind, and with them the Prince's friend, who, as Harry now learned, was called Wing Duck.

These three now seized Charley How and dragged him to a square wooden block, like a butcher's chopping block, which stood in one corner of the room.

Down upon the block the poor fellow's head was forced, and Wing Duck, seizing a sword which hung from a nail in one corner, proceeded to flourish it before the prisoner's face.

And Harry could not help but admire the man's courage. It was perfectly evident that he considered himself doomed, and yet he never uttered a sound.

Wing Duck now delivered a long harangue in Chinese.

Charley How kept his eyes fixed upon him.

Every now and then Wing Duck would raise the sword as if he meant to strike off the head of his victim.

Each time he did this Charley How muttered certain words.

Harry could not even fix the sounds, but he observed that they were always the same.

At last Wing Duck, resting the point of his sword upon the ground, turned to the Prince and said:

"Now, Jack! He you man."

Evidently Charley How had been reduced to a condition where he was ready to talk.

And with the two Highbinders standing grimly on either side of him the Prince of Pekin approached the prisoner and spoke to him in Chinese.

"He no sabe dat talkee, Jack," said Wing Duck. "You talkee Melician."

"You speak English then?" the Prince asked.

"Yes; I speak English," replied Charley How. "Tell me what you want and let us get through with this quick."

"You know Flanny the fence."
 "Yes."
 "He backed up your place?"
 "He lent me money to start the place—yes."
 "Where is he now?"
 "I don't know."
 "When did you see him last?"
 "He came into my place last night. I haven't seen him since."
 "He has run away with my wife. I want to find her. You can help me and you must."
 "If I help you will you ask them to let me live?"
 "I will. I promise you."
 "He told me that he was going to Sacramento to-day. That is all I know."
 "Where does he hang out in Sacramento?"
 "No. — Poydras street."
 "Did he tell you that he meant to take my wife with him?"
 "He said nothing about any woman. I know he did not intend to take a woman with him."
 "I don't believe he has."
 "Perhaps then he has not gone to Sacramento?"
 "You want to be careful. Beware how you give me the wrong steer."
 "I don't want to give you the wrong steer. Do you mean to harm Flanny?"
 "No, not if I get my wife back."
 "I don't believe you, yet I shall have to, for I want to save my own life if I can."
 "Well?"
 "I don't believe he went to Sacramento if he has a woman on his hands."
 "You said that before. Tell me where you think he is."
 "Right here in Frisco."
 "Give the place a name."
 "I can't tell you. I am not long in Frisco, but I can take you to the place where I think he is."
 "Here in Chinatown?"
 "Yes, here in Chinatown."
 "On Dupont street?"
 "Yes, on Dupont street, and on this alley."
 "Try to tell me."
 "I cannot. I tell the truth. I cannot make you understand, but I can take you here."
 "We will go now."
 This was as far as the interview went.
 Wing Duck, who had been listening to everything, now interfered.
 "No, Jack! No! We no go now!" he exclaimed. "First off we see if police come—yes."
 He spoke to the Highbinders and they left the room.
 Then he said something to Charley How, who crawled away from the block and crouched in the corner again.
 The man had earned the right to live for a few moments,

but it was not for long that he was to be left in peace, as will be seen.

"Why not let us finish the job up," growled the Prince. "There is no fear of the police."

"Me no boss," replied Wing Duck, emphatically. "Highbinders dey have plenty say. Do you no know, Jack, dat once dey get a man dey no letee him go? I can no help. Highbinders come."

"Thunder! You don't mean to say that they are coming back and we have got to begin all over again?" demanded the Prince.

"Yair, Jack. Dlat's so."

"But I won't stand for it. We can make him tell."

"Now, now! No be in big hully. Dey come. Dey do it better—see?"

Jack paced the floor impatiently.

"Hab smokee?" said Wing Duck, soothingly, and he produced cigarettes.

They smoked in silence for some ten or fifteen minutes.

At the end of that time four Highbinders re-entered the room.

Without saying a word to anyone they seized poor Charley How and dragged him up the steps.

The Prince did not attempt to interfere.

"It's the same old story with these fellows," he said to Harry. "You positively can't make them do business like ordinary mortals. I'm afraid the whole thing is on the bum now."

"And you can't force them to think your way," said Harry.

"Force them nothing. If you want to get shot just you try it. Well, we have to possess our souls in patience—that's all."

But the Prince was anything but patient during the hour which followed, for during that time there was nothing doing.

At last even Wing Duck grew tired of waiting, and left the room to see what he could do.

It was half an hour before he returned, but when he came his face was all smiles.

He immediately began rattling away in Chinese.

The Prince responded, and they talked for a few minutes.

"They have got it out of him," he then said, as he turned to Harry. "That fellow knew where the place is all the while. You come with us. I'm going to introduce you to my wife now."

Wing Duck led them up into the alley then.

Harry looked about narrowly, hoping to see Old King Brady, but he was not in evidence.

"That's the time the Governor missed it," thought Harry. "Upon my word, I expected he would have broken in upon us long before this."

Wing Duck led the way up the alley, and after covering several blocks they entered at one of the many dirty doorways.

This time, instead of going underground, they ascended to the top of the house.

"Now, Harry, this is the time we have got to fight for what we want," said the Prince when they reached the last landing. Are you game for a small-sized raid?"

"I am, Jack. Anything to help you out."

"Well, it's like this—my wife is supposed to be in the rooms reached through that door. Of course, this man O'Flanagan is probably with her. There will be a fight sure, and I've made up my mind to kill him if it comes to that."

"Then let me advise you to do nothing of the sort, unless you want to be harder up against the police of this town than you are at the present time."

"Oh, that's all right. Dead men turn up in these Chinatown rooms every day. How often do the police get the ones who did them? Not once in a hundred times. But I'll take your advice just the same. If there is any chance to avoid killing I'll do it. Here goes."

Thus saying, the Prince of Pekin began beating a thunderous tattoo on the door.

CHAPTER X.

OLD KING BRADY NABS THE WALKING FENCE.

Old King Brady rushed up to the door through which the vanishing Highbinders had dragged their man.

He was too late, however.

The door was locked against him before he reached it.

"This cuts me off," thought the detective. "What shall I do?"

He paused to think.

"If I break in then it will spoil all Harry's plans, like enough," he said to himself. "Perhaps I had better wait."

Now, as the reader knows, if Old King Brady had waited for Harry to come out he would have had plenty of time on his hands.

The alley was dark, and as is always the case after one of these raids, not a soul was to be seen.

Old King Brady waited a few minutes and then gave it up.

"There is no use in hanging around here," he said to himself. "On the whole, I think this is a good time for Mr. Snipel to disappear for a while, and let Old King Brady enter upon the scene again."

Having come to this determination Old King Brady went out of the alley on to Washington street, and having called a passing cab, was whisked away to the Lick House, where in his own room he made a quick change.

He had kept the cab waiting, and he now returned in it to the Stockton street house, leaving the cab at the corner and dismissing it now.

He crossed to his former position opposite the joint, and stood watching.

There was a policeman standing in front of the house.

Old King Brady went over and spoke to him, showing his shield and giving his name.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"It's an opium joint that has been pulled," replied the officer respectfully. "I am here to warn people away."

"Indeed," replied the detective. "It must be a new place, perhaps? I don't remember one being here before."

"It is a new place," replied the policeman. "Even the police had not got next. There was a Highbinder's row in here to-night. That's the way it come to be pulled."

"Hay I go in and have a look?" asked Old King Brady, slipping the officer a two-dollar bill.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't, sir, except that there are a couple of gentlemen in there now. One of them must be the landlord, I think. You won't be interfering with them, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied Old King Brady, who perceived that his two dollars was not the only money the officer had picked up since the raid. I'm merely wanting to have a look."

"Go right in then," said the policeman. "If they say anything to you, why just tell them you are a friend of mine."

Old King Brady then entered the place.

The door leading into the main room from the hall stood open, and as he looked through he saw two men standing at the lower end of the deserted room with their backs toward him, talking in low, earnest tones.

They did not see him, nor did they hear his footsteps on the richly carpeted floor.

Instantly the detective drew back into the hall, for he had recognized his friend Berrett, the bunco man, in one of the pair.

"Back again!" he thought. "What could have brought him here? One of them is the landlord, so the officer said. That would seem to mean that the other fellow is O'Flanagan the fence."

The thought appealed to Old King Brady strongly, and he shot through the hall to the side door at the end, through which the Highbinders had come in.

This door stood ajar, and the detective was soon in position to catch the talk going on in the room beyond.

"You are running too big a risk coming here," Berrett was saying, "and we ought to get on the move now. It is all right, O'Flanagan. I'll fix it. Let that fellow make the buy, and then we will do him and get the goods back. It's a big chance."

"You're sure he's a stranger in Frisco?" asked the other. "He wouldn't be missed now?"

"Oh, I'm sure of that."

"Where's he stopping?"

"At the Russ House."

"Well, it's too late to-night to do anything about it."

Better get there early to-morrow morning and make your deal."

"And where shall I take him? To my room or to yours?"

"I've quit at Mock Lung's. I don't care to give away my present holdout for reasons. I'll come to your room to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, but of course you are not thinking of doing him up there?"

"Oh, no! I'll get him out on the bay if I can; knock him on the head and drop him overboard. That will be the safest way."

"Well, I've nothing to do with that end of it. Only thing is if you don't divide fairly you may expect to hear from me, Tom."

"Well, now, you can trust me, I guess. But come, we had better be on the move. It won't do for you to stop too long here."

"I suppose not; but confound the luck, look what I've dropped in this place! It's the last time I'll finance a hop joint."

"It's lucky I met you," said Berrett, "or, rather, it's lucky I ran up against this African. I hope you have got stuff that will appeal to him."

"I'll have it by that time," said O'Flanagan, decidedly. "Such a spread as you never saw. Just you leave that to me."

They were moving through the long room now, and their voices were growing fainter.

Old King Brady slid through the door and saw them pass out into the hall in front.

Two minutes later the old detective was on Stockton street again.

He saw Berrett hurrying one way, while O'Flanagan was streaking off in the opposite direction.

"By thunder, this is just my chance!" muttered Old King Brady. "Nothing could be better. Only thing is I wish I knew what Harry is about."

Old King Brady now started to do the shadowing act, and he accomplished it so well that within ten minutes he had traced O'Flanagan to a certain door in China Alley a good way beyond the one through which he saw the Highbinders drag Charley How.

"I must get next to that man to-night," thought the detective. "It must be done, but how?"

He walked on pondering as he went.

"It's a case of threatening arrest," he said to himself, at last. "I can think of no other way."

Turning on his tracks then, Old King Brady went back to the door.

It was now getting late, and but few people were moving along the alley.

Old King Brady tried the door.

It was not fastened.

The outer doors of these Chinese houses seldom are, for the detectives are prowling about China alley at all hours.

But if the Chinese leave their outer doors unguarded they know enough to look out for the inner ones.

Of course, with every opium and fan-tan joint there is always a watcher outside to sound the alarm.

And so Old King Brady found himself inside, and no one appeared either to give him information or bar his way.

The detective covered the long hall which ran clear through to Dupont street without encountering anyone.

The news of the Highbinders' raid had spread, and all that end of Chinatown was lying low.

The shop in front was filled with a stock of expensive vases and other Chinese goods in the bric-a-brac line.

The detective saw at a glance that it would be useless to inquire there.

Chances were the merchant who conducted the place had no knowledge whatever of the tenants on the floors above.

So Old King Brady returned to the alley, and again determined to wait for someone to put in an appearance, for, as he well knew, to go knocking at doors permiscuously would be pretty sure to bring trouble, and would probably defeat his end.

It was not long before an aged Chink with gray hair and drooping mustache came shuffling in at the door.

He started back at the sight of a white man.

"John," said Old King Brady, planting himself under the dim lamp, "I want to see the Melican man who has just moved into this house. Which is his room—do you know?"

"Me no sabe," growled the Chink, trying to push by and gain the stairs.

But Old King Brady headed him off, at the same time displaying his detective's shield.

"John," he said, "you will have to sabe. See? Come now, be good, and you get five dollars. Be bad and I'll take you in."

Old King Brady had the bill all ready, and he dangled it before the Chinaman's eyes.

"Flive dollar! You gimme dlat?" demanded the Chink.

"Yes, you get it if you will take me to that man."

"Allee light. You comee longer me."

John reached out for the bill, but Old King Brady drew it back.

"Not yet," he said. "Wait till I see my man."

John grinned, and led the way upstairs.

But Old King Brady did not intend to keep the Chinaman waiting until he was face to face with O'Flanagan.

The old detective knows the Chinese about as well as any white detective can ever know them.

He was certain that this man had no intention of misleading him, and he wanted the fellow out of the way when the climax came.

So he followed on to the top floor, where a certain door was pointed out to him.

"Me not know noting," said the Chinaman. "Melican man take dlat room ddis afternoon—dlat allee me know."

"It's enough," replied the detective. "Here's your money, John."

The Chinaman closed on the bill and shuffled on through the long hall, passing in by another door.

The detective had just raised his hand to knock when the door suddenly opened, and the same man he had seen at Charley How's came out.

Old King Brady stepped back into the shadows, and was not seen until the man had locked the door behind him and turned to go to the stairs.

"Good evening, Mr. O'Flanagan!" said Old King Brady, stepping in front of him then.

The man started back with a suppressed exclamation.

But instantly recovering himself he said:

"I don't know you, and O'Flanagan is not my name."

"You are right there. It is not your name."

"What do you mean? I don't know you! Let me pass!"

"Perhaps you don't know me," said Old King Brady, suddenly displaying his shield, "but I know you, although I didn't recognize you when I saw you at your opium joint up on Stockton street. You are Pete O'Grady, formerly of New York."

"It is false! I——"

"Stop!"

The detective whipped out his revolver.

"I don't want any trouble, Pete," he said. "I think you know me well enough, so don't make it any harder for me than you can help."

The man changed his tone on the instant.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to admit that I know Old King Brady," he said. "What then?"

"Ah, that is better."

"What then, I say? You have no call on me. I served my time in Sing Sing. I'm not wanted in New York."

"No, but you are wanted in Frisco."

"Are you going to arrest me?"

"Perhaps not if you are good and will help me in the way I need help."

"And what's that?"

"I'm not talking business here in this public hallway. Shall we go inside your room, or will you come with me?"

"I'll go with you. My room is all in confusion. I have just moved in."

"Very well, come along."

"You are not going to arrest me? Tell me fair and square."

"I am not going to arrest you if you give me the points I need to help me in the case I have on hand. If you are stubborn and refuse there is no telling what may happen."

"Come now, Brady, we were always good friends. I've put you wise more than once in days gone by."

"Right you are; I have nothing against you. I was looking for one O'Flanagan, alias the Walking Fence. I never dreamed that my search was going to bring me up against my old friend, Pete O'Grady, who used to do the same style of business in New York twenty years ago."

"Well, it has. For heaven sake, don't give me away, old man."

"It's up to you, Pete."

"Can't you give me a hint as to what your business is?"

"Yes, I'll do it. Take the hint in three words—Prince of Pekin."

"Oh, I tumble!" cried O'Grady—we may as well use the man's true name.

"Is it a go?"

"Why, sure it's a go, Brady," replied the crook. "Come on. I can put you wise on that matter, and I'll tell you another thing. If you will listen to me there may be big money in it for us both."

They hurried down the stairs then, and in a moment had gained the alley.

It did not strike the old detective, shrewd as he was, that O'Grady was trying to hurry him away from the building.

He was soon to learn that it would have been better for him if he had lingered and insisted upon examining the room.

CHAPTER XI.

DISAPPOINTMENT ALL AROUND.

Old King Brady had been gone from the house in which his capture of the walking fence was made something less than an hour when two white men and one Chinaman presented themselves at that same door.

They were Harry, Wing Duck, and the Prince of Pekin, the latter still in his Chinese disguise, as also was Young King Brady himself.

Their loud knocking on the door brought no answer, although it was repeated again and again.

"There can't be anybody here," said the Prince. "Wing Duck, you have been deceived."

But the Chinaman resented this absolutely.

He assured the Prince that he had made no mistake and that this was actually the address given by Charley How.

"Then he has lied!" persisted the Prince. "However, we will soon see. I'm going to kick this door down."

Right here Harry interfered.

"Do nothing of the sort," he said. "I can open that door, if it is not bolted on the inside, and from the way it shakes I don't believe it is."

"Ha! You have skeleton keys?" demanded the Prince.

"That's what I have."

"Good enough. I guess you know your business, West."

"Well, I flatter myself that I do. 'I'll make a try of it, anyhow."

Harry produced his bunch of skeletons, and in a moment had opened the door.

The room into which they passed was an amazing one. Goods of all sorts were strewn helter-skelter about the floor.

The place looked like a looted pawnshop.

(Continued on page 26.)

ARE YOU READING "THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY"?

This is a sample page of letters from its readers published in each number. "The Young Athlete's Weekly" is for sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address, by return mail, on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy in money or postage stamps, by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.

76 West 14th Street,
Bayonne, N. J., March 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read the first six copies of The Young Athlete's Weekly and I think they are fine, and I always like to read the "Physical Talks on Training" in the back of the book. I read lots of such books, but I think The Young Athlete's Weekly is best of all. Here are a couple of questions I would like to ask:

I am fifteen years old and I stand 4 feet 8 inches. Do you think I am tall enough for my age? I walk at least forty-five blocks every day; do you think it is too much walking? If so, let me know.

Long live Frank Manley, Jackets and the rest of the Up and At 'Em Boys. I hope Tod Owen will become better than he was first. Hoping to see this in print, I remain, Yours truly,
J. P. L.

Your height is below the standard. You should be at least five feet. Go in for physical training and you will add inches. I do not know the length of the blocks in your city. If they are twenty to the mile you are not doing enough walking. Every boy should walk or run at least five miles per day.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all of your Young Athlete's books from one to six and I have taken quite an interest in them.

There is a question I would like to ask: I am 13 years old, 5 feet high, weight 79 pounds. What should I do to make me fatter? I hope Frank Manley's club will always win.

A. W. Weigel.

430 W. 25th St., New York.

You are only about eight pounds under your weight. Sleep a little more, try olive oil as advised to others, and chew your food carefully.

Kieseville, N. Y., March 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read your "king of weeklies" from No. 1 to the present number I take the liberty to ask you a few questions: Age, 12 years; weight, 101 pounds; height, 5 feet 1 inch; calf, 12 inches; thigh, 17 inches; waist, 27 inches; chest (normal), 28 inches; chest (expanded), 31 inches; neck, 11 inches; shoulders, 17 inches.

(1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my strong and weak points? (3) How can I develop them? (4) I belong to a club that is thinking of buying some apparatus for a "gym." What kind of apparatus should we buy? (5) What size dumbbells should I use? (6) How can I make my calves and thighs larger? (7) I expect to pitch on a baseball team this year; please give me some exercises to put me in trim for the coming season.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

Willis P. Mould.

(1) You are large for your age, but well proportioned. (2 and 3) Same answer as to first question. (4) Indian clubs, dumbbells, boxing-gloves, punching-bag, wrestling mat, horizontal bar and trapeze are the first requisites. The bar and trapeze you can make for yourselves. A wrestling mat can be made of two or three old mattresses covered with a sheet of canvas. (5) Two pounds. (6) Take up running and long-distance walking, with hill climbing. (7) General gymnastics, with a good deal of distance running and quite a little fast sprinting. Before practicing on the diamond take a few minutes of quick, light work with the bells and clubs.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Have read quite a few letters from readers and I congratulate you on your success with the

Y. A. Weekly. It's really one of the finest books that Frank Tousey has so far published, barring even Three Chums, which I think was also very good. Young Athlete's Weekly is bound to make a hit. I can scarcely wait until the next number comes out. Am very much in favor of you starting an applause column. Lots of my friends who read this Weekly suggest the same. I think Frank Manley is a real hero. I like him because in most books the heroes when they have enemies, let them off easy, where any ordinary American would just haul off and biff him in the liver. Frank Manley is the one to swat 'em, and Joe Prescott is more anxious to Up and At 'Em, knock 'em flat. Have just finished reading No. 7, and say, it's great. Those tramps got a good old bath all right. There is where I admire Frank M.

Now I would like to ask a few questions:

(1) What is the matter with Dick Gaylord that he doesn't appear in the stories any more? And, above all, I am going to raise a kick. Why wasn't Little Jackets in No. 7? He's a splendid little chap. Belong to a Y. M. C. A. and I take all the exercise that I can get. Five times a week I take a swim in the tank and shower. (2) Is this enough? Cannot stand cold bath in the morning. You spoke about drinking hot water in the morning. (3) Won't a glass or two of cold water be just as good? Have just come in from a three-and-a-half-mile run in my gym suit with a lot of Y. M. C. A. members, and had a shower and plunge and rub-down when I got back. (4) Was this right or should I have waited until I cooled off? Have got a pretty good wind; didn't feel very much exhausted when I returned. Lately my body seems to be getting kind of yellowish. (5) Can you tell me the cause of this? Sleep every night with my window wide open, and I feel fine when I get up.

I will close now, wishing you every success. Don't forget to start an applause column. From an Admirer of the Y. A. Weekly,
Costas Jose Devoe (Alias).

(1) Probably Dick Gaylord is "thinking." (2) It would be better to have the bath every day. (3) It is better to drink the hot water on rising. Hot water dissolves the mucus in the stomach and intestines better than cold water does. (4) It is better to wait until fairly cooled. (5) It may be caused by the liver becoming slightly diseased. Perhaps you have been eating too much and not chewing your food well enough.

2419 Atlantic Ave.,

Atlantic City, N. J., March 7, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all the weekly copies of The Young Athlete's series so far and am very much pleased with them. I would like to ask you a few questions which I hope will be answered in The Young Athlete's Weekly:

(1) I am 13 years 5 months old and am 5 feet high; across the shoulders I am 12 inches; waist measure, 30 inches. How are my measurements? (2) What should I do from the time of rising until time to go to bed? (3) What exercise should I take to make me run faster?

A Reader of The Young Athlete's Weekly.

(1) Measurements too incomplete to base an answer on them. (2) Rise early and retire early; walk or run at least five miles every day; keep in the open air all you can; take an hour of gymnastics and a bath every day; chew all your food as thoroughly as is advised to other readers. In the remainder of the time attend thoroughly to your other occupations. (3) The only way to improve your running is to keep on running, but do not try to rush results or you may spoil your chances as a runner. All improvement must be slow and gradual.

Watervliet, N. Y., March 10, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just finished No. 7 of your Weekly, and think the story one of the finest and most interesting I have ever read. We have hare-and-hound runs at the high school and I like them very well, but I am short-winded. Would you kindly tell me how to overcome this. I have played basket-ball all the winter and would like to see Frank Manley take up this sport. I suppose we shall have some fine baseball stories this spring, so, during the season, I would like you to give some hints on batting.

About how far should one, who is just taking up 'cross-country, run the first time?

I think you are doing splendid in having the talks on training as part of your issues; it is great. Wishing a long life to "Young Athlete's Weekly," I remain,

A High School Admirer of Your Grand Weekly.

Deep, deep breathing for ten minutes, three times a day, will help your wind. So will running, if you go at it in moderation, and increase your distance only as you find you can do it with comfort. Don't rush; you can't become a runner all at once. In the summer swimming will aid your wind. As to distance to run, as I have explained to many readers, each has to gauge this according to his own strength and endurance; be careful not to over-tax your heart or wind when running.

East Grand Forks, Minn., March 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I cannot tell how interested I am in your new Young Athlete's Weekly. As I am not a boy who is interested in books I would think you would wonder why I am writing to you. I happened to see your Weekly at our newsdealer's stand. I bought it and began to read it. I had not gone past the first chapter when I became so interested that I could not stop until I finished it. From that time I have been reading them. Frank Manley is just the kind of a fellow I like; he certainly gets the best of Tod Owen. I am going to ask you a few questions. I am following your directions in your "Training Talks," and I will keep to it till the exercises come. I am 12 years 10 months old; I weigh 76 pounds; I am 4 feet 3/4 inches high. When running long distances I get out of breath. (1) What exercise should I take to prevent it? (2) How is my weight compared with my age and height? (3) What are some good exercises to take in the morning? Giving Physical Director many thanks for his excellent stories about Frank Manley, I am,
Yours truly,
Edgar Hamm.

(1) Run more easily until your wind comes by degrees. Running before breakfast is the best work for the morning at this time of year. (2) Tall and heavy for your age. (3) Running, principally, at this season.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 16 years of age, height 5 feet 2 1/2 inches, weight 107 1/2 pounds, neck 12 1/2 inches, thighs 19 1/2 inches, wrists 6 1/2 inches, waist 29 1/2 inches, chest, normal, 29 1/2 inches, expanded 30 1/2 inches, contracted 28 inches. How are parallel bars, running and 1-pound dumbbells for training? I get pains in my side when running, and am also short-winded. I suppose I will have to join Sato's infant class. Please tell me my defects and how to remedy them.

Yours truly,

A Young Athlete Reader.

Your athletic work is well arranged. Your waist is too large and your chest too small. The remedy for the pain in the side is to go more slowly and for less distance, increasing your running only as you can do so with comfort.

As Old King Brady was to learn later, he had been deceived when he was told that O'Flanagan the fence had just moved into the place.

The man had used this room to store his purchased plunder for many months.

"Not here," said the Prince, as they slipped in. "Close the door, Wing. Quick now. We don't want anyone to catch on to us. This is old Flanny's holdout, all right. Did you ever see such a mass of stuff? And I was fool enough to suppose that he dealt only in jewelry and gems."

"There's a room beyond this," said Harry, pulling aside a packing case which partially concealed the door. "Say, I hear someone moaning inside."

He threw the door back and stepped aside.

"She's there!" he whispered. "It's your work, Jack."

The room beyond was dimly lighted by a small brass lamp.

One glance had been enough to show Harry a woman, bound and gagged, lying stretched upon a dirty bed.

She was conscious, and lay moaning piteously.

Her eyes had been turned toward Young King Brady in wild appeal.

Needless to say that Harry was moved to help her, but experience had taught him the necessity for caution in such cases.

There were the gems to be considered.

Young King Brady felt that his time had not yet come.

"That's my wife!" cried the Prince. "It is just as I supposed."

Vile imprecations were upon his lips as he approached the bed.

Wing Duck grinned.

Harry turned away disgusted.

To repeat what he heard would be impossible.

The main thing was the demand made over and over again.

"What have you done with the diamonds?"

He had evidently removed the gag, but left the woman bound on the bed.

And if the wordy attack made by the Prince was a fierce one his wife's defence did not fall far behind him, although her language was a little more choice.

She openly defied him, she called him every villain she could lay her tongue to.

Again and again she declared that she would never tell what she had done with the stolen gems.

She denied that O'Flanagan had them, while admitting that he had carried her off from the Dupont street room in a drugged condition.

Over and over again she declared that she had rather die where she was than to be rescued by the Prince.

That this was no new quarrel was evident.

After a little the Prince came out hot and flushed.

"You see what sort of a proposition I am up against, Harry," he said. "We must get her out of here before Flanny returns. How is it to be done?"

"Give it up," said Harry. "Where do you propose to take her?"

"Back to where we came from. I can keep her there indefinitely. At all events, I've found her, and Flanny hasn't got the diamonds—two good things."

"Can she walk?"

"Sure she can. She has been drugged, but she's all right now."

"She seems to have quieted down."

"I gagged her again. She'd be yelling by this time if I hadn't. She's a terror. I never realized what I was up against until—but never mind. I'm not going to bore you with my domestic troubles. Suggest something, for heaven sake."

"Well, then, the three of us ought to be able to get her up to the other place, even if we have to drag her through the alley."

"It never could be done. Three Chinamen dragging a white woman. If we happened to run up against a cop or a detective we would be in the soup, surest thing."

"Then here you are! There's a dozen suits of clothes hanging up on that rack over there. What's the matter with you and me turning white and doing the job? Wing Duck could go ahead. If we met a cop he would simply think the girl was sick. I think it could be done."

"Good enough! Your scheme is all right. We'll try it. By heavens, I believe the drug has made her crazy! Did you ever hear such talk in all your life?"

"Oh, you didn't go at her right. What could you expect when you attacked her the way you did?"

"Don't you try to instruct me!" cried the Prince, flushing. "I guess I know how to handle my wife."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't intend——"

"It's all right, only don't do it again. That woman is a fiend. After the experience I have had with her nothing would induce me to live with her. This isn't the first time I've had a sample of her tongue-lashing."

"In the meanwhile we are wasting time. If you are going to get her out of here don't you think we had better get about it?"

"Sure we had," replied the Prince. "Come, it shall be as you say. We will both leave our Chinese rigging here. Wing, you go downstairs and watch out at the door. Give us the quick tip if there is any reason why we should not come on."

Wing Duck departed, and Young King Brady and the Prince of Pekin hurriedly made the change.

"Now I'm all right," said the Prince, when he had finished dressing. "Hold on here, Harry, while I go in and tackle that beautiful wife of mine again."

* * * * *

Leaving the Prince of Pekin and his interesting bride to take up the fight again, we must now return to Old King Brady and his captured "fence."

Old King Brady led Pete O'Grady down on Kearney street to a saloon well known as a resort for crooks, and

they shut themselves in one of the little private rooms in the rear.

On the way the old detective did a lot of growling about his work, declaring that he was heartily tired of it, and was thinking of giving up business.

Among other things said was that if he could see his way to make a big stake the old detective was ready to retire at any time.

And, of course, all this was for a purpose.

O'Grady was not a bright proposition.

He had been all his life a crook, and such persons rarely believe that there are any honest people in existence.

The way it all worked out will now be seen.

As soon as they were seated Old King Brady ordered the drinks, and then proceeded to tell O'Grady the whole history of the case of the Prince of Pekin.

O'Grady took this confidence as a great compliment, just as Old King Brady intended he should.

He sat smoking in silence and taking it all in.

To have listened to the old detective one would have fancied that he was making a perfect fool of himself, but as we said before, Old King Brady knew his man.

"And that's the way the case stands," he said at the end of his story. "Now, O'Grady, out with it. What do you know about the Prince of Pekin?"

"Well, Brady," said the fence, "I guess I could put you wise if I tried. What you say is all true, so far as I know. Only thing is I'm not so dead sure that there ever was any stolen diamonds and other gems. Leastwise, I hadn't been until now. After what you tell me, I suppose it must be so."

"Oh, it's so all right," replied Old King Brady. "You can bank on that."

"I believe you. Well, I know the Prince."

"Is he in town?"

"He is."

"Did he try to sell you these gems?"

"Brady, he did; the arrangements were all made, but when it came to the point, he couldn't produce the goods."

"Ha! And why?"

"It seems that his wife held onto them. They got along after a fashion at first, and then she turned on him and refused to give the diamonds up. At least, that's what she told me. I don't know whether it's true or not; all I know is he was after me two or three times, but the goods didn't materialize."

"Can you put me on his trail?"

"I could, but I can suggest a better plan."

"What is it?"

"How will I stand if you get it from me?"

"How do you want to stand?"

"Halves, old man. There's enough into it for a good stake for us both if the plan works."

"Agreed."

"You won't go back onto me?"

"O'Grady, I promise you that I will not arrest you. I am not gunning for you."

"All right, then. Now hear what I have to say. You don't want the Prince?"

"Not particularly—no. I have been instructed not to arrest him if I can get back the gems quietly and rescue the girl from his clutches."

"You can do both, if any man can."

"But how?"

"I've got the girl."

"You!"

"Yes, siree. I got tired of monkeying with the Prince, so I carried off his wife this very day and put her where I can lay my finger on her any time. I thought she had the diamonds on her, but I was mistaken. She had put them away somewhere, and I can't make her tell where."

"Ah! I see! You expect me to undertake that job?"

"I do. If there is anyone in this world who ought to be able to make that she-fiend open her mouth then Old King Brady ought to be that man."

"Thank you. I think I begin to see that our conversation had better have been held in that hall."

"It would have saved time, but you wouldn't have it so."

"The girl was left behind that door you so carefully locked?"

"Remember your promise, Brady."

"Pshaw, man! Don't make me say the thing over and over again!"

"Then that's where she is. Will you go and have it out with her now?"

"I will," replied Old King Brady, and this practically ended the confab with O'Flanagan the fence, for they returned to the house after the old detective had listened to various long-winded details of the way in which the affair had been managed.

The old detective's mind was made up.

"I'll jump on this fellow, handcuff him, and leave him in the room," he said to himself. "I will stick to my promise, and not arrest him, but he will be the most surprised fence in Frisco when he sees me waltzing off with the girl."

But the surprise came to both of them, for when O'Grady opened his door it was only to make the discovery that someone had been ahead of him in the game.

The bed in the inner room was unoccupied.

The bird had flown.

"You scoundrel! You have lied to me!" cried the old detective, turning fiercely upon O'Grady, for now he felt that he must arrest the man.

At the same instant there came a thunderous knock upon the door.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

"Brady, I never meant to deceive you!" cried O'Grady. "If it's the cops don't give me up, old man, and I'll do

all in my power to see you through your case with the Prince of Pekin."

"Hush! Hold still," breathed Old King Brady. "Let us see who we have to deal with first."

O'Grady slipped into the inner room, and Old King Brady cautiously opened the door to find instead of the police only Harry standing outside.

"Governor! At last we get together!" he whispered. "Who have you got in with you here?"

"Oh, it is you!" exclaimed the old detective, greatly relieved. "Come right in. What do you know?"

"Lots! Who is that man?"

"He is known as O'Flanagan the fence," said the detective. "Come out, O'Grady, and show yourself. This is my partner. No danger here."

And at the same time Old King Brady gave Harry a secret sign to hold his tongue.

O'Grady came sneaking out as white as a sheet.

"Sure, I thought it was the cops," he said. "Well, how do we stand? What brought the young man here?"

"Oh, I saw you enter the building," replied Harry, "and as I wanted to see Old King Brady I came along upstairs. Nothing wrong in that, I hope, Governor. I don't want to intrude."

"It's all right," replied Old King Brady. "Now, then, O'Grady, what's to be done? It begins to look as if the Prince of Pekin had stolen a march on you and carried off his wife."

"That is just what has happened," replied O'Grady. "I'm down and out. I can do no more, Mr. Brady."

"Where shall I look for the Prince?"

"I can't tell you now, but trust to me to look him up for you to-morrow. I'll sure find him, and I'll let you know."

"Good!" replied Old King Brady. "And now, good-night to you, for I am off with my partner. I suppose I can find you here?"

"Yes, at twelve o'clock to-morrow I'll be here for sure."

The Bradys then immediately left the room, and hurried downstairs, for the old detective had received a secret sign from Harry which said:

"We want to get out of here as quick as we can."

As soon as they struck the lower hall, instead of going out into the alley Harry led his partner through to Dupont street.

"It won't do for us to be seen behind there," he said. "The game is in our hands. We want to get together and fix up a plan of action right away."

"Good! Have you seen the Prince of Pekin?"

"Governor, I have been with him almost ever since I left you. The man that I couldn't find was O'Flanagan the fence, but you seem to have attended to that end of the job."

"Well! And where is the girl?"

"Where I can put my finger on her at any moment. I was with the Prince when he snaked her out of that place, and a deuce of a time we had with her. The woman may

be crazy. I'm inclined to think she is. Anyhow, she is just about the fiercest proposition I ever struck. All the same, we want to rescue her, for her husband is worse than she is. If she don't tell what she did with the gems there will be murder done, sure."

"Then it is true that she has put them away somewhere?"

"Yes. For heaven sake listen to my story, Governor, and don't ask any more questions. I have just slipped out for the moment under the pretext that I wanted to get a bite to eat. I must go right back again, or he'll suspect. He intends to torture her into confessing. I tell you, the man is a fiend, and he's got the Highbinders at his back. It's the worst case ever. Just listen to me."

And of course Old King Brady listened, and Harry's story was soon told.

"Now what's to be done? There isn't a minute to be lost," said Harry.

"The first thing is for you to show me the way into this underground den; the next is for you to return to the Prince, and the last for me to drop on you with police enough to handle the Highbinders. Our course is perfectly plain."

"The risk all lies in taking you in there. You are not disguised. If you are seen and recognized it will make it pretty rocky for me."

"That's true enough. Well, we shall have to risk it. We part here. You lead on and I will follow. Of course, you are not even to look at me. We will be able to surround the situation, I guess."

There seemed to be no other way, so Harry made no attempt to argue the question.

Separating from his partner, he returned to China Alley and descended to the door of the underground den.

Every step he took he realized was a step filled with danger, for he fully expected to encounter some of the Highbinders.

But fate did not run that way.

Not one solitary Chink appeared to obstruct his path.

Harry paused at the end of the long, dark passage, where a heavy wooden door at the top of a flight of steps leading down into the underground den barred his advance, and rapped in the way indicated by the Prince.

The door was opened by Wing Duck.

Entering, Harry found half a dozen Highbinders in the room.

The Prince was there also, and so was his unfortunate wife, in a worse situation than ever, which must now be described.

At one side of the room was a wooden post, which formed part of the support of the floor above.

To this post the unfortunate daughter of the Hon. Lionel Weymouth had been tied by the hands and also by the head, a broad band of cloth having been passed around her forehead with a connecting band under the chin, all arranged in such a fashion as to prevent the least movement of the head.

Above, hanging by the bail from a projecting piece of wood secured to the post, was a tin pail with a hole punched in the bottom, through which water descended drop by drop upon the head of the unfortunate girl.

Here was torture of the worst kind.

To make it worse, the Prince stood before her with a Chinese sword in his hand, his face red with rage, and his eyes breathing hate.

"Ha! So you are back again, West!" cried the Prince, turning on Harry. "I thought you were never coming. It is all safe up above, I suppose? You saw no suspicious persons hanging about the alley?"

"No; I saw no one but the usual procession of Chinks. But what's going on here? Isn't this rather strenuous work?" Harry carelessly replied.

"It is strenuous work, and it means business," retorted the Prince. "There's my wife! Isn't she a beaut? I've silenced her, though. Not a word has she spoken since I tied her up there, and she isn't going to speak. Are you, Blanche, dear?"

She made no answer, but just glared at her husband with an expression of intense hatred written all over her face.

"You see how it is, West," he exclaimed. "Drop by drop the water falls upon her devoted head, and drop by drop it will continue to fall until she tells me what I want to know. If she does not tell before the water is all out of the can, why then when the last drop falls I give her just sixty seconds to speak in; that time passed and she still remains stubborn, I run this sword through her black, treacherous heart, and the Highbinders bury her under the floor here, where they have buried many a one before her. You did well to call this a strenuous situation, for that is just what it is."

The Prince now drew Harry to another part of the room, leaving the chattering Chinamen watching the girl.

"Did you get the cigars?" he asked. "I'm dying for a smoke of hop, but I don't dare to take it now, and a cigar is the next best thing."

Harry produced a handful of cigars, of which the Prince took three.

"I suppose you think this kind of rough treatment," he said. "Well, I'll admit that it is, but it's the only way. I learned that trick in China. The water dropping on her head will soon drive her to a confession. Of course the sword and the killing business is only bluff. I mean to let her go back to her folks as soon as I get the gems."

Before Harry could answer a Chinaman was admitted through the door by Wing Duck.

He blurted out something in his own language.

The Prince sprang forward and spoke a few hurried words, which were answered by the man.

"It's coming," thought Harry, and he was right.

"You traitor!" shouted the Prince on the instant. "You have given me away to the police!"

At the same moment the scuffle of feet was heard outside, and there came a loud pounding on the door.

Jack dropped the sword and made a rush for Young King Brady, tumbling over Wing Duck, who came in his way.

There was no time for talk.

Harry grappled with the Prince.

Fast and furious came the blows upon the door.

It fell with a crash, and to the consternation of the Chinks, Old King Brady and the police rushed down the steps.

One well-directed blow from Old King Brady's fist sent the Prince reeling back and the police did the rest.

Quickly the handcuffs were snapped upon the trembling wretch, who proved himself a perfect coward now.

Meanwhile Harry cut the girl free.

"We are the Bradys—detectives, sent by your father to rescue you!" he cried.

"Good!" she cried. "I will go with you, but he must not be allowed to escape."

Leaning on Old King Brady's arm, the girl followed Harry to the alley without a word.

"Stop!" she said then. "Will my father consent to receive me?"

"He will," replied Old King Brady. "I think he would like to have his diamonds, too."

"Then I'll go home," was the reply. "As for the gems, I gave them to the British consul yesterday morning to take care of. He will give them to you any time."

And thus ended the Bradys' latest Chinese case.

When we mention that the detectives escorted Mrs. Livingston, or whatever her married name was, Banford, perhaps—back to Washington, and restored daughter and jewelry to the Hon. Lionel Weymouth, nothing further remains to be said, except that they were well paid for their work.

Of course, there was a divorce.

It was quietly arranged after the Prince was convicted and sent to San Quentin prison.

O'Grady, or O'Flanagan, alias the Walking Fence, walked away, and has never been seen in Frisco since; but Charley How escaping the Highbinders, turned up in New York later, and is now running an opium joint uptown on fashionable lines.

There is nothing further to be said about the case of The Bradys and the Prince of Pekin.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS FACING DEATH; OR, TRAPPED BY A CLEVER WOMAN," which will be the next number (327) of "Secret Service."

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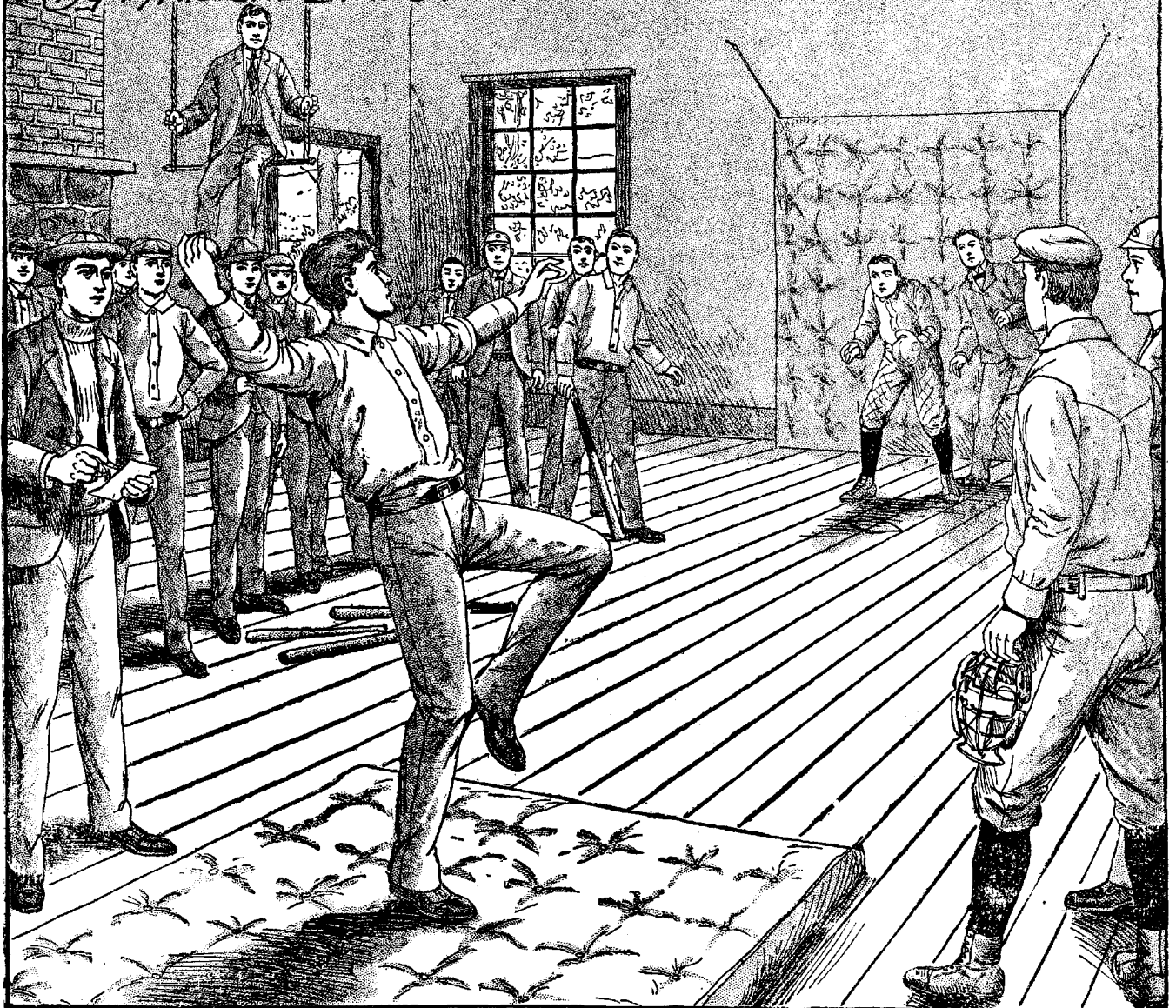
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