

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.

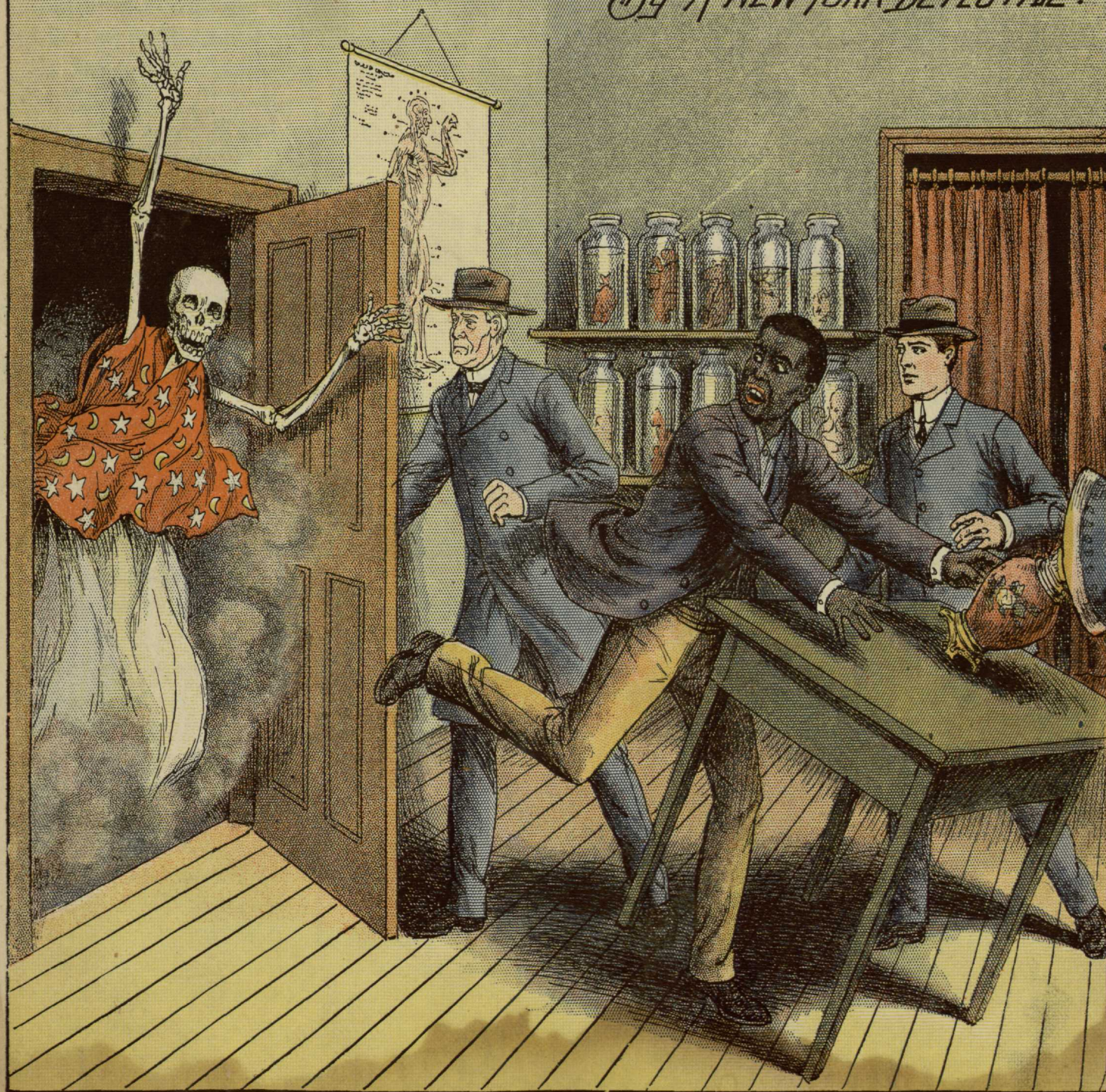
No. 401.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE DEMON DOCTOR; OR, THE HOUSE OF MANY MYSTERIES.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



There came a tremendous explosion in the closet. The door flew open, and a skeleton appeared with upraised arms. It was clad in a figured blouse and white robe. The frightened negro upset the table, but neither of the Bradys were alarmed.

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CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

When the evening train on the Fort Wayne division of the Pennsylvania railroad reached Canal street, Chicago, on the night of October 20th, two gentlemen stepped from the sleeper Medora, and ascending the steps, stood looking over the crowd of arriving and outgoing passengers which night and day swarm at this busy spot.

It was raining, and the pair raised umbrellas.

"There seems to be nobody here to meet us, after all, Governor," remarked the younger of the two, a good-looking, well-dressed fellow, still in his twenties.

The man addressed was a tall, elderly person of peculiar appearance.

He wore a broad-brimmed white hat, a long blue coat with brass buttons, and an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar.

"Wait a bit, Harry," he replied. "If Mr. Dimsdale has sent a carriage for us, according to his letter, we certainly want it, for of all places on a rainy night Chicago is the worst."

A messenger boy in uniform was pushing his way through the crowd.

"Mr. Somebody!" he was shouting, the name was unintelligible—"message for Mr. ——!"

Then, as he drew nearer, still repeating the call, our two travelers caught the name.

It was Brady!

"Ha, Harry," muttered the elder man, "here's the messenger boy, all right."

"That's what's the matter," replied the younger, his manner showing the deepest interest.

"Here!" he shouted, putting up his hand. "Brady this way!"

The messenger boy caught the cry.

Elbowing a passage through the crowd, he paused before the two men.

His eyes were upon the elder—him of the long blue coat and big white hat.

"Say, I reckon youse is Old King Brady, de detective, all right, all right!" he exclaimed.

"That is me, my boy," replied the old man, mildly. "I was told to be on the lookout for you, and you, probably, have been told to deliver to me a dispatch."

"Letter, boss!"

"It is just the same."

"I knowed you by yer looks. Here it is."

The boy handed out a letter in a greasy white envelope and got a dollar for his pains.

These, then, were the world-famous Bradys, the best known detectives in America.

Once more their business had brought them to Chicago.

The peculiar nature of their call to the lakeside city will shall proceed to show.

"It is useless for me to try to read the letter in this light," remarked Old King Brady, turning it over. "Perhaps you can do something with it, Harry."

"Wait a moment," was the reply. "I see a colored man trying to get this way; he may be from Mr. Dimsdale."

This suspicion proved to be correct.

The man, after looking Old King Brady over, paused and said:

"Scuse me, boss, but hain't yo' Massa Brady?"

"My name, Sam."

"O. K., den, on'y mine am Peter. I'se from Mass Dimsdale. I'se got a kerridge hyar."

"There was to be a test word to avoid mistakes," said Old King Brady.

"Kerect. Yo' was to ax it."

"Well?"

"De word am 'Missing.'"

"Right. Lead us to the carriage, Peter."

The man pushed ahead of them, and presently opened the door of a double-seated hack of the old style.

The Bradys entered, Peter climbed upon the box, and the hack started west.

The drive ended at a plain-looking house on Monroe street near Desplaines.

The Bradys made the journey in the hack in comparative silence.

They did not even attempt to read the letter delivered by the messenger boy.

Peter opened the carriage door, and the Bradys having alighted, the hack drove away.

"Gem'n, dis yere's de house," said Peter. "Might queer place for Massa Dimsdale to recebe yo'. I dunr what's come to him at all, dat he done take lodgings in place lak dis yere."

"Lead the way, Peter," said Old King Brady. "No doubt your master will give you his reasons for what he has done when he gets ready."

"Yes, but it's de mystery ob it all. Why doan' your Massa Henry come to him fader? He am s'posed to l

in Chicago. Hain't seen nothing ob him, an' we uns have been hyar a week."

Pete had a latch-key, and opening the door he ushered the detectives into a shabby hall.

Knocking on the door of what had originally been intended for the parlor of this cheap lodging-house—the place was nothing more—the summons was answered by an elderly gentleman, whose face wore a look of deep-settled anxiety.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" he exclaimed, with a strong Southern accent. "Come in."

They entered, finding themselves in a well-furnished bedroom, separated by folding doors from the room beyond.

"This is Mr. Dimsdale?" said Old King Brady.

"Mah name, suh!" replied the old gentleman. "Ah thank you for your promptness. Be seated, please. Will you have a little drop of something to counteract the effects of this beastly climate? Peter makes a superb punch."

"Nothing at all," answered Old King Brady. "I suggest that we get right down to business."

"Not a moment shall be lost; but first I want to ask you if there is any objection to taking Peter here into our secret. He loved his young master devotedly. He, poor soul, finds himself greatly mystified by my movements."

"It is up to you, Mr. Dimsdale. You know best if the man is to be trusted."

"Fully, fully!"

"Very well, then."

"Peter!" said Mr. Dimsdale.

"Sah?" replied the darky.

"Open that door. Take a seat in the other room, where you can hear what passes."

"Yes, massa; but, old massa, yo' doan' mean to tell me dat suthin have done happened to Massa Harry? Dat dar am de cause of our sudden journey up from Alabama?"

Tears came into the old man's eyes.

"That's it," he replied.

Peter gave a groan.

"Now, don't you make a fuss!" cried Mr. Dimsdale. "Get in there, and listen, and you will hear all. The cooler you keep the more likely you will be to help me in my trouble, and that, I suppose, is what you want to do."

"Deed hit am, massa! 'Deed hit am!"

"Very well, then. Go!"

Peter flung open the folding doors, and seated himself in the back room, where he could hear without being seen.

"Now, Mr. Brady," said the old Southerner.

"Well, sir," replied Old King Brady, "as we wired you as soon as we received your letter covering also the one of introduction from Senator Brown, of Alabama, we are will-

ing to take up your case, and to help you find your missing son."

A deep groan was heard in the back parlor.

"Oh, Massa Hen! Massa Hen! I done tole yo' how it would be if yo' come Norf to dis wicked town!"

"Peter, shut up!" exclaimed Mr. Dimsdale.

The answer was a series of muffling sobs.

"We were met by the messenger, Mr. Dimsdale," continued Old King Brady.

"Just what I wanted to ask. Well?"

"He delivered us a letter which I have not opened as yet."

"You did not attempt to follow him?"

"No. I respected your suggestion."

"I hope it is all right. I would have found no fault if you had done otherwise."

"In such cases it is always best to play square. I will read the letter, which we delayed opening until I could see you."

Old King Brady now tore open the greasy envelope, and read as follows:

"Mr. Brady:

"Sir.—Remember Dick Donovan? I am he, and I am the man who wrote to Mr. Dimsdale. His son still lives, but unless he is very speedily rescued he will die by a death too horrible to be mentioned. At the risk of my life I am going to help save him, but I will work onry through you. Come to me at once, and bring the old man with you. I am hiding in disguise in a room which I have hired at 1180 1-2 Milwaukee avenue. Ask for Tom Zelinski.

"Yours still gratefully,

"R. Donovan."

"You know the writer?" Mr. Dimsdale anxiously asked.

"Very well," replied Old King Brady. "Dick Donovan was educated for a doctor. Originally he was a poor boy who worked as a helper in the dissecting room of Bellevue hospital. The young doctors took a fancy to him, and put him through the medical course, but just before his graduation he fell into bad ways, and pilfered the pockets of his fellow students by means of false keys which opened the dissecting-room lockers. He was arrested and sent to Sing Sing for ten years. I was appealed to by a doctor who had befriended him, and I secured his pardon. Hence his gratitude. I never saw the fellow but once, and then I called upon him at Sing Sing prison."

"Here is the letter I received," said Mr. Dimsdale, producing it from a big wallet. "Yes, the writing is the same."

Old King Brady read aloud as follow:s

"Mr. Henry Dimsdale, Eufala, Alabama:

"Dear Sir.—Your son still lives. He is in the greatest danger. I would save him, and for this I seek no reward.

If you ever hope to see your son again come at once to Chicago and hire a furnished room in some obscure quarter. Engage the services of the Brady detectives, of New York. Say to Old King Brady that upon the night of his arrival—and it must be at night—a messenger boy, who must not be followed, will hand him a letter at the Canal street station, which will contain my name, address, and instructions how to proceed. You must advertise in the Chicago Tribune on the previous morning, in the personal column, thus: 'D.—O. K. B. To-night is the night.'

"Do as I direct, and while I do not promise to save your son, for he is liable to be murdered at any moment, I say this to you, his father, in no other way can he be saved from an awful fate."

This letter bore neither date nor signature.

Old King Brady read it aloud, and many were the groans and smothered cries which came from the back parlor.

"It was written by Donovan," said Old King Brady. "And now, Mr. Dimsdale, to tell me briefly what the world knows of the disappearance of your son."

"All I have to tell is contained in this letter from the president of the Lakeside Medical College, where my son was studying," replied Mr. Dimsdale.

He produced another letter, which Old King Brady also read aloud.

It was addressed to Mr. Dimsdale, and ran thus:

"I have a sad duty to perform in announcing the mysterious disappearance of your son, Henry Dimsdale, Jr., who was last seen on the 8th instant.

"On that evening he left his room in the college dormitories without informing his room-mate where he was going, but he did mention that he should not return until the time for his class on the morning following.

"He took nothing with him except his revolver and a heavy walking stick.

"He has not been since seen. As it is now four days since his disappearance. I feel it my duty to notify you.

"Unfortunately the matter has gotten into the papers. I send by this mail copies which contain highly exaggerated accounts. Believe me, there is not a word of truth in any of these statements. Henry simply walked out and never returned. At my own expense I put a good detective on his track, but he has been unable to trace his movements beyond a cigar store, where he purchased a dollar's worth of cigars of his favorite brand.

"I await your instructions, and tender to you my profound sympathy.

J. C. Archer, Pres't."

Another series of groans from the back parlor followed.

"And this is all you know, Mr. Dimsdale?" Old King Brady asked.

"Everything," was the reply.

"Have you answered this last letter?"

"Yes; briefly. I simply wrote that I desired that no expense be spared to find my son. You see, I got both letters by the same mail. I wrote you that night."

"You have not been near the college since your arrival in Chicago?"

"No."

"Good. We will now get to work."

"Would you like to see the newspapers?"

"No. I read enough of what they have published in New York."

"Do you think there is anything in their theories?"

"Nothing whatever. They are not even worth discussing. Let us act. In the first place, we get to Milwaukee avenue at once."

"Do we want a cab?"

"No, indeed! We go by the cars."

"Very well. I am ready.

"Lemme go, massa! Oh, lemme go!" cried Peter, running out of the back room. "Dis yere's too turrible. I'se willing to do anyting to sabe Massa Hen! I even would gib up mah own life!"

CHAPTER II.

UP AGAINST MURDER.

It took considerable persuasion on the part of Mr. Dimsdale to prevent the faithful black servant from following them.

At last, having accomplished this, he started with the Bradys for Madison street, where they took a downtown car.

"And now, Mr. Dimsdale, kindly tell us anything about your son which in your judgment may be likely to help us out in this case," said Old King Brady, once they found themselves seated in the car.

"I can think of nothing," was the reply. "Henry was always a good son and a steady fellow. I am utterly unable to account for his disappearance."

"It will be well to go over this ground, and it might better be done now that we have a little time on our hands. Suppose I put a few questions which will cover the ground."

"As many as you will."

"How old is your son?"

"He will be twenty-two on the 10th of next February."

"His mother is living?"

"Dead these many years."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"No brothers. One sister, who is much older than Henry. She never married, and now keeps house for me."

"Was Henry addicted to any bad habits?"

"Not that I know of. I never knew him to drink to

excess. He smoked; he had a positive horror of gambling; he was a good, religious young man."

"Was he particularly fond of ladies' society?"

"Yes and no. He formerly was quite a favorite among the girls, but just before he came North he engaged himself to a very charming young lady in our town. He corresponded with her regularly up to the date of his disappearance. I cannot believe that there is any woman mixed up with this case, as the newspapers seem determined to have it."

"Still you must remember that you really know very little about your son's private life in Chicago."

"I would trust Henry anywhere, suh! Yes, suh, anywhere."

"Of course, I am intimating nothing against the lad. But we now come to another matter."

"Well, suh!"

"Accident may get a man into trouble, of course, but outside of the accidental, most of our troubles are made by ourselves. Money may cause them, vicious habits, secret love, or violent idiosyncrasies. Had your son any particular hobby, do you know?"

Mr. Dimsdale's brow darkened a shade.

"The only thing was his persistent study of the occult."

"Ah, ha! Now we begin to get at it. Was he a spiritualist, then?"

"No, no! But he believed in many of the new-fangled occult notions."

"Which are only old notions and beliefs revived. To what extent did he carry this?"

"To the extent of reading every fool book on the subject he could lay his hands on, and writing me reams of trash on the subject."

"What was his aim? It is unusual for a young man to be so given up to such things."

"Oh, I don't know. He fell in with a bunch of these people at the college."

"This is very important. Did he never say to you just what he was driving at?"

"He wanted to be able to scientifically prove that man lives after death."

"In other words, he wanted to see a real live ghost."

"He made use of that very expression to me in several of his letters, and he declared that he would never rest until he had seen one."

This conversation was now interrupted by the change to a Milwaukee avenue car.

Old King Brady did not renew it.

He had found out about what he wanted to know.

Henry Dimsdale appeared to have been a person of just ordinary attainment, whose only hobby was the desire to penetrate the great mystery of a future existence.

It was difficult to see what Milwaukee avenue, with its dense foreign population and its anarchists, could possibly have to do with such a hobby as this.

In due time the Bradys and their companion arrived at the number named in the letter.

It was just an ordinary three-story frame tenement, one of a long row of similar houses.

There was a delicatessen shop on the ground floor, and a sign at the side door announced in German that there were rooms to let upstairs.

"Do we all go in?" questioned Harry, as they walked past the place.

"Decidedly not," replied Old King Brady. "We should only attract attention."

"How then?"

"You had better go in alone, and see this Donovan. Tell him you are my partner. Say that we have Mr. Dimsdale with us, and ask him what he would like to have us do."

"Very well. It is now half-past ten o'clock."

"Why are you so particular in noting the time?"

"I don't know, I am sure. It had just occurred to me."

"Go on, Harry; we will walk along, keeping on this block or the next."

Young King Brady hurried upstairs, and knocked on the first door he came to.

Harry can speak German and Spanish quite as well as he can English, and it was in the former language that he inquired for Mr. Zellinski of the woman who answered his knock.

"Top floor back," was the answer he received.

Harry went up the next flight, and knocked again.

A man answered this time.

"Mr. Zellinski?" said Harry, but he felt that this could hardly be a disguised Irish-American.

Evidently this man did not understand German.

He muttered something entirely unintelligible, and pointed to the door of the hall bedroom next to his, then slamming the door in Harry's face.

Young King Brady tackled the hall bedroom, but his knock brought no response.

He tried the door, and finding it unfastened, opened it.

An electric light from the block beyond shone into the room, revealing a startling sight.

"By jove!" gasped Young King Brady.

He shot one quick glance inside the room, and then closing the door, hurried downstairs.

"What in the world is the matter?" demanded Old King Brady, when they met further up the block.

"Murder is the matter!" replied Harry. "We are too late."

"Not Zellinski?"

"How can I tell? There is a murdered man lying on the bed in the room which they told me was his."

"This is very serious!" exclaimed Mr. Dimsdale. "What did you do?"

"Shut the door as quietly as I could, and sloped."

"You did just exactly right," replied Old King Brady.

"To have sounded an alarm might have been fatal to our plans."

"You might even have been detained for the murder yourself," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"No danger," replied Old King Brady. "But tell me more about it, Harry."

"There was a man lying face downward on the bed, with nothing on but a bloody undershirt, and a big knife sticking in his back."

"So? What else?"

"There has been a search of the room made. Everything is turned inside out."

"What shall we do?" demanded Mr. Dimsdale.

"We must search, too," said Old King Brady. "But we can't run the risk of bringing a bees'-nest of yelling foreigners about our ears. We must get the help of the police."

"And that will bring us all in the papers."

"Sure to. Even so, it can't be helped. Your identity must be concealed, however. I will introduce you as Mr. Smith. You don't open your mouth—see?"

"Oh, I shall do just as you tell me," replied Dimsdale. "But this is certainly very unfortunate. The enemies of my son must have divined the intentions of this unfortunate man and laid him low."

"They seem to have laid him out, from Harry's account," muttered the old detective. "But come, we have no time to throw away. It would be a calamity to have this murder discovered before we can take possession of that room."

They hurried to the police station.

The Bradys have many cases in Chicago.

Old King Brady was perfectly well known to the captain here.

Fortunately they found the captain in, and a few words from the old detective proved to be all that was necessary to secure his aid.

"I will go with you myself," he said. "It is almost a year since I have had a murder in my precinct. But first, Mr. Brady, what did you want to see this man for?"

There was nothing for it but to tell the captain something of the truth.

"We have been retained on the Dimsdale disappearance case," replied the old detective. "We only arrived in Chicago to-night. At the station a messenger boy met us and gave us this letter."

The captain read the letter with a display of intense interest.

"This is a bad job," he said. "This Dimsdale case is making a great stir. Pity you could not have interviewed this man."

"Indeed, we think so," replied Old King Brady.

"Some scoundrel connected with young Dimsdale's disappearance must have caught on to this fellow's doings, and so put a knife into him."

"That is the way it looks to us, captain. Shall we go now?"

"At once. This Donovan must have had papers relating to the Dimsdale case. This would account for the condition of the room."

Seeing that the captain was likely to remain theorizing for the balance of the night, Old King Brady once more urged haste.

Four policemen were then summoned.

At the head of this little squad marched the police captain, the Bradys, and Mr. Dimsdale.

Of course, all Milwaukee avenue promptly turned out and joined the procession.

Before the Bradys reached 1180 1-2 they found themselves followed by a large crowd.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRADYS STRIKE A CLEW.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of Old King Brady, the denizens of the delicatessen shop and the rooms above did not know what was coming until the procession struck the house.

The police instantly took possession.

To get rid of the crowd the captain stopped at a telephone box and called for reinforcements, who quickly cleared the neighborhood of the door.

When Old King Brady entered the room he found everything as Harry had described.

The man on the bed had evidently been dead for some time, as the body was quite cold, and the limbs rigid.

Of course, it would not do to disturb the corpse, but they raised the head so as to enable the old detective to get a good look at the face.

"Is that your man?" demanded the captain.

"I should think it might be," was the reply. "I only saw him once, and that is several years ago, but I feel quite positive that this is poor Dick Donovan."

"What is to be done?" demanded the captain. "I would like to help you along with your case any way I can, but once the coroner gets hold here there will be nothing doing outside of argus eye."

"I suppose the occupants of the house will have to be questioned," said Old King Brady.

"Certainly. I shall attend to that myself."

"Suppose you do it now, then?"

"Ha! I catch on! And leave you here to do a little searching."

"Yes."

"I am willing to leave the Bradys. I would rather this gentleman went with me."

"Certainly," said Mr. Dimsdale, catching the spirit of the remark. "You don't know me. I'll go. What I don't see I can't report."

They departed.

"Now, then, quick, Harry," said the old detective; "there isn't a minute to be lost."

The Bradys jumped to their work.

It was plainly evident that the room had been searched by someone before them.

We have mentioned the body as lying face downward on the bed.

Evidently, however, the blow had been struck while Donovan was standing.

There was a pool of blood on the floor where he had fallen, but very little on the mattress.

This mattress had been ripped open and its interior examined.

As for the rest, the dead man's outfit lay in a promiscuous heap on the floor.

There were his clothes, the pockets turned inside out, and the lining cut open with a knife.

There was a wig and a false beard, showing that the man had been in disguise.

The carpet had been ripped up, and every drawer in the little bureau was open with its contents, tumbled about.

The Bradys, without stopping to theorize, searched everywhere with their usual skill and scrupulous care.

Not a cent of money, not a scrap of paper or anything else to identify the deceased could they discover.

"We are surely balked, Governor," remarked Young King Brady at last.

"Give me those shoes," said Old King Brady, suddenly. "No; not that pair. The old ones over in the corner."

Harry seized them, and Old King Brady thrust his fingers inside.

"Nothing here," he said. "It is too bad. Evidently these people got what they came after. We are a day behind the fair."

Harry stepped to the window, and looked out upon the rain.

Suddenly he flung up the sash and began to climb out.

"What now," said Old King Brady.

"There is something here on this roof," replied Harry.

The roof was that of the extension in which the delicatessen man had his kitchen.

Harry's sharp eyes had spied lying upon the gravel a number of scraps of paper.

He crawled out upon the roof and carefully gathered these up to the last scrap.

They were saturated with water, but all seemed to have writing upon them.

"Hand them to me," said Old King Brady.

He carefully enclosed them in a sheet of newspaper, and put them away in his pocket.

"We are through now," he said. "We shall find nothing further."

"What do you think about this poor fellow's death?" inquired Harry.

"Why, it is very plain how he was struck," was the reply.

"Well?"

"The man had gone to bed. Someone knocked on the door. He arose and admitted the person, and as he turned his back to get into bed again he got the knife."

"So I think. It must have been someone he knew pretty well."

"It surely must, or he would have put on his clothes before admitting him."

"And further than that I don't suppose we can get to-night."

"I don't see how we can."

"This ends it, then, and here comes the captain or Mr. Dimsdale."

It proved to be both.

"Well, did you find anything here in the room?" demanded the captain.

"No," replied Old King Brady, and of course he told the truth.

"I was not much luckier," continued the captain. "Nobody can speak English here except the woman who runs the house, whose rooms are on the floor below."

"And here report?"

"The man who occupied this room went by the name of Zellinski."

"How long had he been here?"

"Matter of a week."

"Anything further?"

"He lived by himself, and had no callers. The man in the next room, according to the woman's translation, declares that he heard someone knock on the door shortly after seven o'clock, and that a young man was inquiring for Zellinski about three-quarters of an hour ago."

"The last was me," said Harry.

"That's what I supposed. Well, if you are through, gentlemen, I will send for the coroner, and notify the central office."

The Bradys were through, and with Mr. Dimsdale they now withdrew.

The old Alabaman was in despair.

"And thus our chance to learn something of poor Henry is snatched from us," he bitterly exclaimed.

"Perhaps not," said Old King Brady quietly. "We still have one card to play."

He explained about the paper.

"What shall we do?" demanded Mr. Dimsdale. "Go back to my room and piece the scraps together?"

"We can do better. We will go to the Sherman House and take a room."

Old King Brady now went into a house-furnishing store and purchased a small tin pan.

Once in the room that he engaged at the Sherman House he produced the scraps of paper, and placing them in the pan, carefully dried them over the gas.

The writing was somewhat blurred, but nowhere was it illegible.

The task of piecing the scraps now began.

Harry went out and bought a bottle of mucilage, and the scraps were pasted to a sheet of paper.

At last this Chinese puzzle was all matched together, and they had the sheet as it should be.

Mr. Dimsdale watched all this with the patience which comes of years.

But his hand shook, and his anxiety was manifest enough.

Old King Brady now took up the paper and looked it over.

"Why, this seems to be the fragment of a letter addressed to me," he exclaimed.

Harry only smiled.

He had seen the name Brady on one of the scraps.

"It reads this way," continued the old detective.

"To Old King Brady.—In case I am found dead when he calls. The whole mystery of the disappearance of Henry Dimsdale hangs upon the visit which he paid to that house of many mysteries, No. 1111 Cairo street. He went there as so many others have done, in the hope of seeing a genuine ghost. The real truth of this business is that that demon in the form of a man who——"

Here the writing ended abruptly in a huge blot.

"Is that all?" demanded Mr. Dimsdale.

"That is all," replied Old King Brady.

"The blot disgusted the writer," said Harry.

"Exactly. He crumpled up the paper, tore it to fragments, and tossed the pieces out of the window."

"And presumably wrote another paper," added Dimsdale.

"He may or may not have done so," replied Old King Brady. "But whatever he wrote the murderer evidently captured, so there you are."

"Mighty fortunate for us that this was left behind," added Harry.

"It's a clew," replied the old detective. "But how valuable it is going to prove remains to be seen."

"At all events, it tells us where poor Henry went," persisted Mr. Dimsdale. "I feel greatly encouraged."

"Don't build too much hope upon it," answered Old King Brady. "You can't tell whether Donovan actually knew what he asserted, or whether it was a mere matter of guesswork on his part. If we could have had his ideas on paper completed as he meant to give them, that would be a different thing."

There was some further discussion.

Harry had to read the paper.

Then Mr. Dimsdale wanted to look it over.

"And what do you say to it all now that you have had time to think it over, Mr. Brady?" he said, as he handed it back.

"It is a clew," replied the old detective. "Yes, it is certainly a clew."

"Do you happen to know anything about this house of many mysteries on Cairo street?"

"Nothing whatever. I never even heard of Cairo street, and I am pretty well acquainted with Chicago, too."

"You will take the matter right up, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. First thing in the morning."

Mr. Dimsdale's jaw dropped.

"You were hoping that we would go on with it to-night," said Old King Brady.

"Henry is my son, Mr. Brady. If I was anxious about him before I am doubly so now."

"I am afraid there is very little we can do to-night," replied the old detective, "but I am perfectly willing to make a try at it. Harry, ring that bell, please."

When the boy came in answer to the bell Old King Brady asked for a directory, which was brought.

Cairo street proved to be far out on the south side, almost as far as South Chicago.

"You see," said the old detective. "It will be next to impossible for us to do anything about this new discovery to-night."

"I'm afraid you are right," replied Mr. Dimsdale sadly.

"But rely upon it, not an instant shall be lost," added the old detective, "and now, my dear sir, while I have no wish to hurry you away, I suggest that you go home and get a good night's rest."

"I'll go," replied Mr. Dimsdale, "but sleep and I have been on the dead outs ever since this tragedy came into my life. Still, I feel relieved somehow. It seems to me that a ray of light has shone through the darkness, and that to-morrow is bound to bring us good news."

"Let us hope so," replied the old detective. "And now, Harry, you see Mr. Dimsdale home."

Dimsdale protested, but Old King Brady insisted, and Harry departed with him.

When he returned he found the old detective sound asleep, so he quietly turned in and put an end to the work of that busy night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BRADYS TAKE UP THE QUESTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

If Old King Brady had not been one of those methodical men who, no matter in what situations they find themselves, insist upon taking time for their meals he would have been dead long ago.

On the next morning the old detective rose at six o'clock, and was seated at his breakfast within half an hour.

Harry followed suit, of course, and by seven o'clock the detectives were ready for action again.

"Do we wait for Mr. Dimsdale?" demanded Harry, as they left the table.

"Not an instant," was the reply. "He spoke of joining us this morning, I know, but he is an old man and a feeble one. He has already thought better of his intention, I am sure. We will go right along."

And so the Bradys started for Cairo street.

It was a long, tedious ride.

At last they turned up at the place, which was far out on the prairie, two miles or more back from the lake front.

There was a furniture factory on the corner, where they left the car.

Cairo street ran west from here, and the Bradys had ten blocks to walk.

The first five were pretty well built up, with small one-story frame houses standing on stilts in true Chicago style.

Then came a break, followed on the seventh block by a row of half-finished brick dwellings which had apparently been abandoned.

Some builder had evidently started in to make a neighborhood, and had failed in the attempt.

The eighth block was just vacant lots.

The ninth contained two houses with gardens about them on the right-hand side, with vacant lots on the left.

The tenth block was entirely vacant, and the eleventh had a large brick building on the right-hand corner, which had been built for a brewery, but seemed to have been partially destroyed by fire before being quite completed.

This was one of those fool houses which one finds on the outskirts of every city.

Somebody had started in to build a mansion in this out-of-the-way and uninteresting place.

It was a great square frame box, with a tottering cupola on the roof.

One end appeared to have been finished and might have been at one time or other occupied, from the looks of things.

But the other side was still in a chaotic state.

The big windows were sashless and one could see that the walls inside had never been plastered.

The main door was all boarded up and the stoop leading to it still remained to be built.

There was a short ladder leading up to an unfinished piazza on the end first mentioned.

Here one of the windows had been converted into a door.

The other windows had wooden blinds, which were all closed.

The only thing really finished about this house was the number.

This was shown on a black tin sign over the main door,

on which the four white ones stood out with startling plainness.

Between the little cottage and No. 1111 was a lot about thirty feet wide.

And these buildings ended Cairo street.

It straggled on a few blocks without the sign of a building and then lost itself on the prairie.

"This is our place," remarked Harry.

"Don't stop," replied Old King Brady. "Walk right ahead."

So the detectives took in the "house of many mysteries" as they passed.

Turning the corner, they retraced their way along the street in the rear.

There was as little to see from this point of observation as there had been from the front, but there were no blinds here.

Old King Brady walked back until he spied a little frame office above which was a huge sign bearing the words, "Real Estate."

"That's our point of attack, Harry," Old King Brady remarked. "Whoever runs that real estate office knows the whole neighborhood, of course. We will call there."

But the office proved to be locked up and the Bradys were in despair until they saw a man coming up the street whose businesslike way of walking as though he was going somewhere, made them think that perhaps he might be their man.

And so it proved.

He came directly up to them, and taking a key out of his pocket, said:

"Do you want to see me, gentlemen?"

"Yes, if you please," replied Old King Brady. "We are looking about for investments and wanted to make a few inquiries about property in this neighborhood."

"If you have got a million dollars or so to invest and want to build extensively enough to make a neighborhood here you couldn't strike a better place," said the man as he proceeded to open the door. "Just at present lots can be bought dirt cheap around here."

"That's what we want."

"Step in, gentlemen. My name is Gordon."

"And mine is Brady," replied the old detective, who saw no reason for adopting an assumed name.

He sat down and began to talk real estate.

He allowed Mr. Gordon to talk himself out first.

Then, after the real estate dealer had recommended a number of pieces of property, Old King Brady brought the talk around to the block in Cairo street.

"Who owns that half-finished house?" he asked. "What I was thinking of was getting a place for a sanitarium, as I have a young doctor who is ready to go into a scheme of that sort. That's a big house. I suppose it can be bought cheap?"

"It can't be bought at all," was the reply. "There is nothing doing over in that block, my dear sir."

"What's the trouble?"

"The trouble is that the owner won't sell."

"Who is the owner?"

"Dr. Savarin."

"And who is he?"

"Why, everybody knows Dr. Savarin. He was formerly one of the best known physicians in Chicago. He is old and retired now on his money. Lives on Wabash avenue near Thirty-second street. I forget the number."

"Did he build that house?"

"Oh, no. It was started at the same time as the brewery by a German whose name I have forgotten. The brewery caught fire one day through some carelessness of the workmen, and in trying to put the fire out this man was burned to death. Dr. Savarin held a mortgage on the whole block and he soon after foreclosed."

"How long ago was this?"

"Ten or fifteen years. It was before my time around here."

"And the doctor won't sell?"

"Positively refuses to sell. Won't entertain any offer."

"One side of the house looks as if it had been finished off and occupied."

"Yes; it was occupied for awhile by a man who acted as a caretaker for the property; but it was the German who finished it off. He lived there with his family at the time of his death."

"And since this caretaker's time who is it that has lived there?"

"Nobody."

"Who lives in the little house?"

"An old man by the name of Morgan; but, see here, Mr. Brady, it seems to me that you are pumping me pretty dry on this subject. Of course, you have a reason. You have heard the stories about that house?"

"I have heard nothing, but I want to hear, Mr. Gordon. It is my business to find out things, as you will see by this."

Old King Brady threw back the lapel of his coat and displayed his detective's shield.

"Ha! A detective, eh? Well, you are not the first one."

"That house bears a bad name, it seems?"

"Indeed it does. It is believed by everyone around this neighborhood to be haunted. There isn't a man, woman or child for blocks who would pass there after dark."

"And you?"

Gordon shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I don't live around here," he said; "but I must confess to having seen strange lights in the windows at night. As for the brewer's ghost—well, I have seen it if it is a ghost."

"Now we come to business. What does this ghost look like?"

"An old man. He appears at the windows. I have the name now. Bergstrom. Yes, that is it."

"Bergstrom was the brewer's name, you mean?"

"Yes."

"That's a Swedish name."

"Well, maybe he was a Swede. Anyway his ghost is supposed to haunt the place, and that isn't the worst of it."

"Let's have the worst."

"Who are you acting for?"

"The police, who are determined to solve this mystery."

"Of the strange disappearances?"

It was coming. Little by little Old King Brady was getting at what he wanted to know.

"That's it," he said. "There have been more than one?"

"Oh, yes. Within the last year as many as five young men have disappeared from this neighborhood. In each instance it is known that the vanished one undertook to solve the ghost mystery by sleeping in that house."

"And none of them were ever seen or heard of again?"

"Not one. The police have slept in that house—or watched, as they claim—time and again; but there is never anything doing when they are around."

"Then this house is one of many mysteries?"

"It is so."

"What has Dr. Savarin to say about all this?"

"They tell me he pooh poohs it all and that it makes him furiously angry if the subject is broached."

"Did he ever try to solve the mystery himself?"

"Not that ever I heard of. I never saw the man. He never comes here. But, look here, Mr. Brady, I've caught on to you. You are the famous Old King Brady, the detective!"

"That's right, and this is my partner, Young King Brady."

"Good enough! There ought to be something doing in the mystery solving line if you two are going to take hold. But tell me, has there been another mysterious disappearance? Is that what your call on me spells?"

Mr. Gordon appeared to be a most intelligent man.

Old King Brady now concluded to tell him everything, and he did so, even to exhibiting the Donovan letter.

The real estate agent grew greatly excited.

"So it is the Dimsdale disappearance case, is it?" he said. "It's a wonder to me that the Chicago police never thought of this."

"You are rather remote from the city here. Not being able to trace young Dimsdale's movements, I suppose the idea never occurred to them," Old King Brady replied.

Gordon now started in to tell about the previous disappearances in the mysterious house.

His talk was most interesting to the detectives, but as it has no bearing on our story we must not go into it here.

Once more Old King Brady let the real estate man talk himself out, and then he started on a new tack.

"Now it seems to me that the one person who ought to

be able to explain this mystery is the man Morgan, who lives in the little house," he said.

"Ah!" cried Gordon. "Now we come to him. Let us talk about that."

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY OF MORGAN.

"Speaking of old man Morgan," continued Gordon, the real estate agent, "there you have a mystery for fair."

Old King Brady passed around the cigars and put the question:

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he lives all alone in that little cottage, and no one has ever yet been known to see him outside the door in the daytime."

"But at night?"

"Then he wanders about with a basket on his arm. He buys what stuff he wants and takes it home. Sometimes in the spring you will see him out on the prairie with a lantern digging roots. Whatever he uses them for! Again you will catch him along the railroad gathering coal. No one can ever get a word out of him. He simply won't talk."

"Does he own his house?"

"Oh, no. It belongs to Dr. Savarin. I believe the doctor considers this Morgan in the light of an old pensioner and let's him live there. At least that is the way I understand it."

"I'd like to have a talk with the old man."

"You won't get it, then. You can pound on the door until you are grayheaded, but he won't answer. He is, in his way, as mysterious as the house next door."

"What's the matter with our taking a look at the house together?" suggested Old King Brady.

"I don't mind. It's a long time since I have been in there. Suppose we go. I have very little to do, and anyhow it is early for my business yet."

And so it came about that the Bradys had company when they looked over the house of many mysteries at No. 1111 Cairo street.

There proved to be no connection between the finished side of the house and the other.

The window-door was locked, but Gordon had brought a big bunch of keys with him, one of which fitted the lock.

The Bradys and their companion now went all over this end of the house.

There was little of interest.

A few old odds and ends of furniture were found in the rooms.

They went from garret to cellar, but could discover nothing of real interest. At least it seemed so to the real estate man.

But the Bradys viewed the matter in a very different light.

"Well, Harry," said old King Brady, suddenly turning to his partner, "do you see anything remarkable here?"

"I have observed one thing which is certainly very remarkable," was the reply.

"And what is that?"

"These floors have been carefully swept recently. It is the same in every room."

"Right! I am glad you are so observant. It is to that I referred."

"By Jove, I never noticed that!" cried Gordon.

"It is our business to notice things," said the old detective. "Now, just how do you account for that, my friend?"

"I don't pretend to account for it. I never even thought of it, but I see it is so."

"And there is a reason for everything."

"Of course."

"We must solve this new mystery. Meantime let us see if we can rout out old man Morgan."

"You'll not succeed. All you will get is orders to take yourself off."

"Let's try it on."

"All right."

"Do you know the old man?"

"As much as anybody around here knows him. That is, I have spoken to him on the street, but I don't know that he ever made me any direct answer. He never answers anyone directly. I don't believe you can find a single person in the neighborhood who ever held five minutes' connected conversation with the man."

"Come on," said Old King Brady, and they left the house.

Gordon locked the door behind him, and as he did so Old King Brady inquired who put on the lock and looked after the place.

"Oh, Morgan looks after things," was the reply. "I suppose that is one reason why Dr. Savarin allows him to live here."

"Let's take a turn about the house and see if any of the windows are open."

They did so, but could find no means of entrance.

"Evidently this is no hold-out for tramps," remarked Harry.

"You couldn't get a tramp to come within gunshot of the house," replied Gordon. "They all know the place too well."

"But, then, you talked of seeing lights and the brewer's ghost at the window," continued Old King Brady. "Explain just what you mean. Is it at the windows of this end or at the unfinished end?"

"Both. I've seen the lights move from one side to the other as quick as a flash of lightning almost."

"And do the blinds on this end open on these ghostly occasions?"

"Yes, they do. Now you come to speak of it, I've seen

the lights three or four times. The blinds were certainly open then."

"How many times have you seen the ghost?"

"Once only, about three years ago."

"Just what did you see?"

"An old man looking out of one of the upper windows of the unfinished part, with strange lights playing about his head."

"I'd like to see it," remarked Harry.

"Indeed, yes, and so would I," added Old King Brady; "but I suppose such sights only come with darkness, so we shall be forced to wait. Now for old man Morgan."

They crossed the vacant lot and tackled the cottage.

Here every window was hidden behind blinds,

Papers had blown up on the little piazza, the grass killed down by frost clothed the front yard, the door was all plastered by mud, evidently thrown against it by boys. The whole place wore a deserted look.

Gordon rapped loudly on the door.

There was no response, although he rapped again and again.

"I wonder if the door is fastened," said Old King Brady.

He seized the knob.

It turned round and round.

When it passed a certain point it gave a click.

At the same moment a loud voice was heard calling out inside:

"Go on about your business!"

"There he is!" cried Harry.

Gordon knocked again.

"Mr. Morgan! Mr. Morgan!" he called. "It is Gordon, the real estate man. I want to see you very particularly. Be good enough to open the door!"

There was no answer.

Old King Brady caught the knob and turned it around again.

There was the same click.

Then the same voice called:

"Go on about your business!"

Harry saw a peculiar look come over his partner's face.

Once more Old King Brady swung the knob around.

The result was just the same.

"Go on about your business!"

"I guess we'll take the hint and get out," said Old King Brady, mildly. "There is really no use in disturbing the old fellow, after all."

They then withdrew, and, thanking Mr. Gordon for his attention, they parted with him at the corner.

"Where now?" demanded Harry.

"Back to Chicago," replied Old King Brady.

"Seems to be plenty of mystery down this way," remarked Harry as they walked toward the car line.

"What did you think of that voice, Harry?" Old King Brady suddenly asked.

"I think what you think."

"And what do you think I think?"

"That the voice was no voice; that the words were spoken by a phonograph."

"Sharp! You improve every day, my boy! Well, that is my opinion."

"But how was the thing made to work?"

"By turning the door knob, of course. You heard the click. Some electric wire did the rest."

"The case grows more and more interesting. What is to be our next move?"

"Harry, I have been thinking. You paid particular attention to that real estate agent's story of the previous disappearances which have taken place at that house?"

"Oh, yes."

"There were two notable points about his tale; first, it seems to have been as much as two years since the last of these disappearances took place. This argues that whoever is responsible for them became alarmed and quit his operations."

"It looks so; and the other point?"

The other point is that the vanished ones were all young men."

"I noticed that."

"And of the sort who were least likely to be much sought after."

"That's what he said, that the people of none of them had money to push the cases."

"Exactly. Harry, I hate even to suggest it, but what we ought to do is manifest enough."

"You want me to sleep in that house?"

"With me to watch. I only suggest. You don't have to do anything of the sort."

"Oh, I'm ready. It is all in the way of business. I should despise myself if I held back. When shall it be?"

"To-night."

"I am ready; but don't you think that before doing this I had better call on this Dr. Savarin?"

"Give your reasons."

"He is the owner of the property and consequently the one who knows most about it."

"Right. Anything else?"

"He has tied up the whole block, or one might say the whole neighborhood, by leaving those ruins with their bad reputation standing as they are. It would seem to me that he must have some powerful reason for doing that."

"Your reasoning is excellent. The chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that this doctor is at the bottom of the whole business."

"And the Donovan letter bears on that, too."

"It certainly does. When it speaks of a horrible and mysterious death threatening young Dimsdale."

"Who more likely than a doctor to be up to such work?"

And so it was arranged that while Old King Brady

went to report to Mr. Dimsdale Harry should visit Dr. Savarin.

"We will take the matter right up to-night," declared Old King Brady, "and this mystery of Morgan shall also receive full attention at our hands."

CHAPTER VI.

DR. SAVARIN.

Harry found Dr. Savarin's house a neat three-story structure of white Milwaukee brick, standing on Wabash avenue, near Thirty-second street, a little back from the sidewalk.

There was no sign on the house, and the drawn shades gave the place a deserted air.

Young King Brady walked directly past it and pushed on to the nearest drug store.

Here he entered and asked the clerk if he could direct him to Dr. Savarin's house.

The clerk could not. He was a new man in the neighborhood, it seemed.

But the druggist himself stepped out from behind the prescription counter and told Harry where the doctor lived.

He was a civil-spoken, intelligent-looking man, and on the spur of the moment Young King Brady determined to take him part way into his confidence.

"I am a detective," he said, showing his shield. "I am ordered by my chief to make a few inquiries about Dr. Savarin. I should be greatly obliged to you if you would tell me what you know about the man."

"What are they looking the doctor up for?" demanded the druggist, eying Harry sharply.

"I'm sure I couldn't say. I never ask for reasons, but just do as I am told."

The druggist hesitated for a minute and then told Harry to step into the back room.

"I never talk about my neighbors, young man," he said, "but in this case I shall make an exception. Dr. Savarin is a man who stands very high in medical circles; he is rich and has long since retired from practice. He is the author of several valuable medical works."

"A well known man, then?"

"Well known in that way. Now for the rest. He is one of the biggest cranks ever. He lives alone with only an old man servant to look after his wants. He is a person of violent temper, surly and revengeful. He never receives visitors; he hates me. I despise him. I believe him to be quite insane, and now you know all that I know about Dr. Savarin."

"You may have told me all you know about him, doctor, but you have not told me all you suspect," said Harry quietly. "I would like to hear the rest."

"You have heard all I shall say. My suspicions are my own property."

Harry cut the interview off short, for he saw that he had learned all he was likely to from the man.

The question now was to think up some excuse for visiting Dr. Savarin.

It would have been easy enough if the doctor was in practice.

Harry strolled past the house, pondering upon the problem.

He thought of posing as a canvasser, of pretending to have been recommended to the doctor for the cure of some imaginary complaint, of talking of the purchase of the Cairo street property.

But none of these plans suited him.

It seemed as if the Cairo street property ought not to be mentioned at all.

Up and down the street Young King Brady walked, but he could fix upon nothing until all of a sudden a novel idea entered his head.

"By Jove, I'll do it!" he muttered. "It's the very thing. If the doctor has any designs against me he will be sure to catch on."

He had resolved to pose as a crazy person and to talk any rubbish which came into his head.

Harry accordingly now walked boldly up the doctor's steps and rang the bell.

After some delay the door was opened by an elderly man of most repulsive appearance.

"I want to see Dr. Savarin," cried Harry in a loud, commanding tone, intending his words to penetrate as far into the house as possible.

"The doctor sees no one," replied the man, barring the way.

"He'll see me, then!" roared Harry. "You tell him that I am sent here by the spirit of the ancient physician Golen. Go, slave! Do my bidding! Do you hear?"

"Go on, go on!" cried the man, "or I'll call a policeman. You're bughouse. That's what you are!"

"Away! Stay me not!" shouted Harry, and he caught the fellow by the shoulder and slung him back against the wall.

At the same instant a door at the end of the passage opened and a tall, thin man dressed in an old faded dressing gown stepped out into the hall.

His hair was thin, gray and closely cropped, his eyes had a strange piercing look, his cheeks were hollow and sunken.

But his walk as he strode along the hall was that of a young man.

Young King Brady in the meantime had shut the door.

"Doctor, this fellow is crazy!" cried the servant. "We ought to get him out of here."

"Be quiet, Jacob," was the reply. "I understand more about such business than you do."

"Young man, what do you want?"

Harry was playing his part well.

He had raised both hands, and with his mouth wide open, stood staring at the newcomer.

"Are you the great Dr. Savarin?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. I am Dr. Savarin. Tell me what you want."

Harry dropped on his knees and raised his hands in a supplicating manner.

"Save me!" he cried. "You are the only man on earth who can save me. I have come all the way from California to find you. Don't turn me away!"

"He is as crazy as a bug, doctor!" cried Jacob. "It ain't safe. It really hain't, sir."

"What do you want me to save you from?" demanded the doctor, paying no attention to the man.

"From madness!"

"Ha! Who sent you to me?"

"Golen."

"But Golen died two or three thousand years ago."

"Died! Does anybody really die? To me the air is filled with the so-called dead. I see them everywhere. Golen came to me and said: 'Go to Dr. Savarin, in Chicago. He is the greatest expert in cases of brain disease now living on earth. If he cannot save you then no one can.' That is what Golen said, so I gave up everything and came here."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "I see. Well, my boy, Golen told only the truth. I am the greatest living expert on the brain. Come into my study. Jacob, you may leave us. If I need your help I will ring."

The man shuffled off, muttering.

"Get on your feet," said the doctor in a tone meant to be kindly.

But to Harry merely to glance at the man's face was to inwardly shudder.

Never had he seen such a cold, cruel pair of eyes.

If Jacob had been repulsive, then this man was worse.

There was a look of horrible triumph about Dr. Savarin's face when, having ushered Harry into a large room in the rear, he turned, closed the door and locked it.

"It may prove to be easier to get in here than to get out again," thought Young King Brady. "I must go slow."

The room was fitted up as a study.

Hundreds of books lined the walls, they lay scattered over desk and table and many lay open upon the floor.

There was also a case of surgical instruments and a big operating chair thrust away in one corner.

"Sit down," said the doctor, himself dropping into a chair near the desk. "Now tell me your name."

"Henry Jarvis," replied Harry. "Ha! I see Golen's face above your head now. He smiles! He is pleased. He——"

"Stop!" said the doctor. "Try to forget Golen for the moment. Think of—think of me."

He put out his hands and made a few hypnotic passes over Harry's head.

Young King Brady pretended to yield to the influence at once.

"Ah! that makes me feel better!" he exclaimed. "By the way, Golen has gone."

"Let him go!"

"All right, sir."

"Where do you live in California?"

"In San Francisco."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-three."

"You have a father living—a mother?"

"No, sir. All my people are dead. I am all alone in this world."

A gleam of triumph came into the doctor's cruel eyes. At least, so Harry thought.

"Well, my boy, I can certainly cure you," he said slowly; "but it can only be done in one way."

"I'll do anything you say, doctor. This madness came to me about a year ago. I have carefully concealed it from everyone. But I know my own condition. I am getting worse. The least thing excites me. I——"

"Wait," said the doctor. "I don't want to hear about your symptoms here. You can only be cured by doing what I am about to tell you to do."

"Well?"

"Do you know this city at all?"

"Not at all."

"Do you have any trouble in finding your way about?"

"Oh, no. I can keep cool. I can make people believe that I am all right."

"Very well. Then you go to-night to the address which I shall write on this paper. I will explain how you are to get there. When you reach the place you will see a burned factory; next to it is a little white cottage; next to that again a large square house which is half finished. The door is on the righthand end. I will give you a key to it. You want to enter, lock yourself in and lie down on the old lounge which you will find in the front room. Are you able to follow me, my boy?"

"Oh, yes. I follow you perfectly. I shall do just as you say."

"Very well. When you lie down take the powder which I will give you. You will sleep instantly. While you slumber Golen will appear to you in your dreams. Note well what he says, for he will tell you what you are to do to effect your cure. Are you willing to do this?"

"Certainly I am."

"Now, remember one thing, and upon this all depends. From the time you leave the electric cars you are not to speak to a soul."

"I shall remember."

"Take this pill now. It will begin the work."

The doctor opened a drawer in his desk and produced a small black pill.

Pouling a little water into a glass, he handed it with the pill to Harry.

This was more than Young King Brady had bargained for.

"If I take his infernal pill it may settle my hash forever," he thought.

He clapped it into his mouth, intending to hold it in his cheek.

This sort of thing he had done before, and successfully.

But this was the time it failed.

As he swallowed the water the pill went down with it.

Harry could now only hope for the best.

Dr. Savarin then proceeded to explain how to get to the house.

Of course it was to 1111 Cairo street that Young King Brady was directed.

The pill appeared to have no effect.

Supposing that it was intended to quiet him, Harry allowed himself to drop back into his natural manner.

As soon as he could he left the house.

He offered to pay the doctor, but this was refused.

"He tumbled right into my trap," Young King Brady said to himself as he hurried down Wabash avenue. I only hope I haven't tumbled into his."

No longer could there be any doubt that Dr. Savarin was at the bottom of the Dimsdale disappearance case.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HARRY.

Harry made a bee line for the Sherman house.

He felt that if he was going to feel any ill effects from his pill he had better be in his room.

But the only effect it seemed to have was that a strange, peaceful feeling came creeping over him.

Old King Brady was not there, so he flung himself face downward on the bed, after an old custom of his when he wanted to catch a minute's quick sleep.

It came.

Harry was off in the land of Nod before he knew it.

The next thing he did know Old King Brady was shaking him up.

"What's all this?" demanded the old detective.

Harry sat up.

His face was flushed and he looked dazed.

The pill had evidently put in its fine work.

Harry had never felt so strangely.

Every sense appeared to be deadened.

Still he was able to retain perfect control over himself.

"I have been dosed by Dr. Savarin," he said.

"Bad job that! I should say you had. Your face is as red as a lobster and you speak as if you had a hot potato in your mouth.

"What time is it, Governor?"

"Half-past four."

"The deuce! I have been sleeping here nearly three hours."

"Had any dinner?"

"No."

"Strip! Jump into the bathtub. I'll order dinner up here in the room for you. As soon as you have eaten you will feel better, no doubt."

Harry peeled off and took his bath.

Not a word would Old King Brady let him say about business until he had eaten.

But in the meantime the old detective told what little he had to tell.

Mr. Dimsdale was feeling quite sick, it appeared, and had not been able to leave the house.

In the matter of the Milwaukee avenue murder a person had been found who had seen a tall man with a heavy red beard leave the side door of the house early in the evening.

Another person had seen the same man board a south-bound car a little later.

The police were now searching Chicago for this red-bearded man.

Harry's unpleasant symptoms passed away with the meal and the same condition of peculiar calmness which he had noticed before returned.

"You have probably swallowed a mild dose of opium in some form," declared the old detective. "There may be some peculiar drug little known to the medical profession mixed with it, but I doubt that very much. Now go ahead and tell your story."

Harry obeyed.

"You were shrewd, that's certain," said the old detective. "You have had great results. You have practically connected Dr. Savarin with the Dimsdale disappearance."

"It so seems to me."

"What is more, you have opened the door for our work to-night. I am proud of you, Harry. This is really great."

Harry was immensely pleased.

He rattled away, going into all sorts of minute details about his visit to the doctor.

Again and again he said: "And at midnight to-night I am going to sleep on the lounge in that room just as he told me to do."

"Harry! Attention!" called Old King Brady, suddenly.

"What's the matter, Governor?"

"Do you know that this is the seventh time you have made that remark?"

"What remark?"

"That you are going to sleep on that lounge at midnight."

"Oh! Is it?"

"Sure it is. Brace up now."

"I can't get it out of my head, Governor."

"If you don't get it out of your head I won't let you sleep there—that's all."

Secretly Old King Brady was much worried over Harry's condition.

Although he had said just the contrary, he felt that there could be little doubt that he had been powerfully dosed with some will-destroying drug.

The white powder which Dr. Savarin had given Harry to take just before he lay down on the lounge Old King Brady appropriated and stowed away in his wallet, intending to have it analyzed later on.

"We will go directly out to Cairo street," he declared. "If midnight is the appointed time we want a few hours to act. If we can learn some of the secrets of Dr. Savarin's outfit I shall be pleased."

"Do you think this old man Morgan and Dr. Savarin can be one and the same person, Governor?" Harry asked.

"There!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "Now you are beginning to talk like yourself again. Yes, I do think so. Either that or Morgan is his confederate. Remember what Gordon told us?"

"What?"

"That Morgan was seldom or never seen in the daytime."

"That's what I was thinking. But to-night will settle it. At midnight I sleep on the lounge——"

"Stop it!"

"What?"

"Don't you know what you were saying?"

"That Morgan was never seen in the daytime."

"Nonsense! It was I who said that. You were talking about that confounded lounge again."

Harry rubbed his head.

"No! Was I really now?" he exclaimed.

"Of course you were. Do you pretend to say you don't remember it?"

"Excuse me, Governor. My head is terribly confused."

"We'll get on the move right away," declared Old King Brady. "The fresh air may brighten you up."

But it did not.

Harry remained much the same.

The Bradys now started for Cairo street.

Five times before they turned up at the corner where they left the electric car Harry repeated the remark about the lounge without knowing that he had said it.

But aside from this he was rational enough.

It was almost dark when they reached the burned brewery.

Suddenly Harry clutched Old King Brady's arm.

"See! A man going into the house of many mysteries," he exclaimed in a theatrical tone.

"Harry, are you crazy? I saw no one!"

"I did then. He just darted in through the window there in the unfinished part, I mean."

"Let him dart," replied the old detective, more worried than ever. "We'll walk quietly along and see what we strike. There appears to be nobody stirring in the block. I see no reason why we should not dart in ourselves."

"To-night at midnight I sleep——"

"Stop it! This is the last time you play crazy, young man. Mind that."

"What's the matter? Was I at it again?"

"Of course you were at it again."

"I can't realize it. I have no recollection whatever——"

"Forget it. Don't try to recollect what you can't recollect. Here we are. Now let us go in this house of many mysteries again and see what we can turn up."

They ascended to the piazza.

As they did so a man suddenly stepped out of one of the windows of the unfinished part.

It was the colored man, Peter.

"There!" exclaimed Harry. "Now, who was right?"

"Peter!" cried the old detective. "What in the name of sense brings you here?"

"Boss, I jes' had to come. Hope yo' won't be mad. I believed all yo' tell Mass Dimsdale. Couldn't help it nohow, boss."

"You black rascal, what do you mean?"

"I mean dat I lub Mass Henry so much, boss, I—I jes' had to take a-hold an' help find him. I jes' did. Suthin' seemed to tell me dat he was in dis yere house ob mystery. I says to myself dem 'tectives dey won't go dar till to-morrer, but I'll put in to-night an' mebbe I find him, too."

Old King Brady opened the door in the finished part with his skeleton keys.

"In with you both," he exclaimed. "We must not be seen talking here."

They passed in and Old King Brady closed and locked the door.

"Golly, hit am dark hyar!" gasped Peter. "What about dem ghosts?"

"I'll make a light after a little," said Old King Brady. "Peter, I must admit that I admire the affection you display towards your young master, as you call him, but how could you leave old Mr. Dimsdale sick in bed?"

"Didn't, boss. He was up reading de paper when I come away. He's all right. I jes' had to do it. Dar's no use talkin'! Why, I'se knowed young Mass Henry eber since he was born."

"Now that you are here, you may as well stay," muttered Old King Brady. "Harry, you had better get out your dark lantern. It is in better shape than mine."

There was no answer.

"Harry!" repeated the old detective in alarm.

Still no answer.

"Mah good gollies, has de ghosts got him?" Peter gasped.

Old King Brady whipped out his dark lantern.

There lay Harry stretched upon the lounge, face downward.

To all appearances he was sound asleep.

"Come," thought Old King Brady. "What wizzend's dose has this demon of a doctor given the boy, then?"

He seized Harry by the coat collar and lifted him roughly to his feet.

"What in the world is the matter now?" gasped Harry. "What are you doing to me?"

"It's what you are doing to me! You are driving me crazy, that's it," retorted the old detective. "Do you know that you went to sleep on that infernal lounge?"

"Did I?"

"Of course you did. Don't pretend that you don't know it."

"I'll be good, Governor. Don't jaw me now."

"Don't you lie down there again, or I'll throw up the case and take you away altogether," said Old King Brady, sternly. "Get out your dark lantern and fix the light permanently. We want to look around here."

Harry obeyed in silence.

Truth told, he remembered nothing of lying down on the lounge. He was beginning to grow extremely worried about himself.

And this more particularly for the reason that he had caught himself several times during the ride out, and again now, speculating as to how he could steal Old King Brady's wallet and so get Dr. Savarin's powder.

He felt that once he had the powder in his hand, he must instantly swallow it.

He knew perfectly well that he ought to report these feelings to his chief and yet he concealed them and seemed unable to do anything else.

When the light was fixed and Old King Brady looked at Peter he saw that the darky's face had assumed that curious gray look which with the colored race means turning pale.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Old King Brady.

"What am de mattah wid him?" replied the darky, looking toward Harry. "Am dis hoodoo work?"

"Drop it," replied Old King Brady. "He'll be all right again in a minute. Now, Harry, brace up and let us see if we can't find a secret passage from this room into old man Morgan's house. That one exists I am well assured."

The Bradys had not attempted this on the occasion of their previous visit.

The hasty look they had then revealed no secret door, but the detectives have a regular way of making these searches.

Harry fell right into the routine of the work.

Every inch of the wall on the side towards old man Morgan's cottage was critically examined.

And it was Young King Brady himself who made the discovery.

"Here it is, Governor!" he suddenly exclaimed.

Touching a secret spring low down by the baseboard, a narrow panel flew open in the papered wall.

Old King Brady stepped forward, and taking the dark lantern from Harry's hand flashed it down into the opening.

"A ladder here!" he exclaimed.

"Hole on dar! Don't let yo'self be witched!"

Old King Brady wheeled about to find Harry struggling with Peter.

"He done go for de lounge again!" cried the darky. "He must be witched fo' suah!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DISCOVERIES IN OLD MAN MORGAN'S HOUSE.

"I'll be blest if I know what's the matter with me, Governor," said Young King Brady, dolefully.

"Try and fight it," replied Old King Brady. "Now, come, didn't you know you were trying to get back on that lounge?"

"Honestly, no! I never knew what I was about till Peter grabbed me."

"Take the lantern and go ahead. Peter, are you with us? We are going to see where that secret passage leads to."

"Suah, I'se wiv yo', boss. I'd go froo fire if it would help young Mass Henry."

Harry descended the ladder, Old King Brady following, and Peter bringing up the rear.

They landed in a narrow passage, which appeared to be on the level with the cellar.

This led off in the direction of old man Morgan's house.

"It is just as you supposed, Governor," remarked Harry. "Here we are."

He hurried along between two boarded walls.

In a moment they came upon another ladder leading up.

"The many mysterious disappearances in that house are pretty well solved now," remarked Old King Brady. "This is clearly the road over which the vanished ones traveled."

"But what am de cause?" demanded Peter. "Eberyting in dis yere world am septable to an explanation. How you explain what make Mass Henry come down hyar?"

"That will come later," replied Old King Brady. "So on, Harry, tumble up that ladder now."

His aim was to keep Young King Brady busy.

It seemed the best way to drive off the influence of the drug.

Harry reported a trap door at the top of the ladder.

"Listen carefully," said the old detective. "If you hear no sound we will venture, but not otherwise."

Harry listened for a long while.

"I can hear nothing," he said at last.

"Very good. Let her go!"

"This thing is fastened by a single bolt which seems to work with a secret spring from above."

"Can't you move it?"

"No."

"Pull down."

"Yes, yes. Now I can slide it."

"Up with the door. Then stop and listen."

Harry raised the door.

Still no sound was heard.

"The coast is evidently clear," he said.

"Up with you. We will follow," replied the old detective.

They climbed out into what appeared to be old man Morgan's kitchen, and Young King Brady flashed the light about.

"We have got the cottage to ourselves all right," said Old King Brady, "and we want to make short work examining it. We are surely on the right track now."

They pushed on from room to room.

There were four altogether—there was no story above.

The kitchen showed no appearance of having been used for anything else than the purpose for which it was intended.

A bedroom opened from it.

Here the bed was all tumbled up.

If it had been slept in the night before the sleeper had not taken the trouble to make it up.

Beyond this was a sort of storeroom.

Here there were bundles of books, boxes piled up, a great mass of all sorts of odds and ends.

Harry declared that it looked like a shoplifter's storeroom.

The door here led into the hall instead of into the large room beyond, which occupied the front of the cottage.

"Now for our phonograph," said Old King Brady.

It was there standing on a shelf over the door.

The wire connecting it with the door-knob was in full view.

Harry twisted the knob.

"Go on about your business!" the thing suddenly roared out.

Peter was deeply interested.

"Why, dat ar' one ob dem funnygrafts!" he cried. "Dat am a good scheme to scare folks away."

He worked the knob two or three times, just for his own satisfaction.

The Bradys passed into the front room.

Here things looked more as they should, providing the theory that Dr. Savarin and old man Morgan were identical was correct.

A laboratory bench ran across one side of the room, there was some show of chemical apparatus, and many glass jars containing various colored mixtures at the back.

This room was all furnished, and a little room opened off from it, the door being shielded by a portiere.

A handsome lamp stood on the center-table. There was also another door, which was fastened, but the key was in the lock.

"Shall I light the lamp?" asked Harry. "We ought to get a good look around here."

Old King Brady examined the windows.

"Yes," he replied. "Behind these drawn shades we have black cloth nailed close to the casement. Not a ray of light can be seen outside."

Harry lit the lamp, and Old King Brady looked behind the portiere.

Here he found a little box of a room, entirely unfurnished; there was not even a carpet on the floor.

Harry was examining the bottles closely when he came out.

"Governor!" he exclaimed, "this whole outfit is a fake. Nothing but colored water, same as the druggists use in their colored jars."

"Yes, I noticed that," replied the old detective. "The whole place is a fake, gotten up for the sole purpose of throwing anyone who happened to get in here off the track. The real secret of this place we have yet to find."

"Mebbe hit am in dat ar' closet, boss," suggested Peter.

"We can soon decide that point," replied Old King Brady.

He turned the key.

Then instantly there came a tremendous explosion in the closet.

The door flew open, and a skeleton appeared with up-raised arms.

It was clad in a figured blouse and a very long white robe.

The frightened negro upset the table, but neither of the Bradys were alarmed.

The oil ran out of the lamp, and in a twinkling the carpet was ablaze.

"Oh, mah good gollys!" yelled Peter, and he dashed out of the room.

The Bradys rushed to the rescue.

Harry picked up the broken lamp, and stood it on the table, where by the aid of the portiere, which he tore from its fastenings, he succeeded in extinguishing the thing.

Meanwhile Old King Brady had stamped out the fire on the floor.

Harry produced his dark lantern again.

"This is great business," he growled. "Mere child's play."

"Which came near ending in a tragedy. Where's that dinky? We don't want him to go howling out into the street."

"I'se heah, boss! I'se heah!" whined Peter from the hall.

"Come in! We want to stick together."

"Scuse me, boss, but am hit gone?"

"The skeleton? Don't tell me that you are really afraid of a bag of old bones."

Peter came in then, and they all had a closer look at the skeleton.

"This thing has been articulated by a master hand," said Old King Brady. "See, here are more electric wires, Harry. One connected with this tin, which was once a box containing a charge of fulminate. That caused the explosion. But we had better be getting out of here quickly."

"So I think," replied Harry, "and the sooner the better. Old man Morgan is liable to return here at any time."

"We ought to put this thing back," said the old detective.

He put his hand on the skeleton, and tried to push it back into the closet, but it would not budge.

"We can do nothing with the thing unless we break it all to pieces," said Old King Brady. "But after all it makes no difference, for that lamp will be a dead giveaway. We cannot conceal our presence here."

"Then the sooner we get out the better. Don't you think so, Governor?"

"I do, and I am glad to notice, Harry, that your mind is working in its usual channels again."

"Oh, I am all right now."

"No more desire to get back on that lounge?"

"Not at all. That is forgotten. Come, let's slope, and watch for the coming of old man Morgan."

They now returned to the big house by the way they had come.

"This settles it," said Old King Brady. "You don't put yourself in the power of the people who control this outfit. If anyone is to do that it must be me."

"Nonsense," replied Harry. "I tell you I am all right now, and there is no reason why everything should not go on just as arranged."

But Old King Brady would not hear to it, and they all left the house and walked down the street.

"Let's have a look in the brewery," suddenly suggested Harry.

"I think not," replied Old King Brady. "At least, not to-night. It would only attract attention if we were to go in there and begin flashing a light around. Suppose we stand just inside this open doorway for half an hour or so. I am most anxious to get a look at this man Morgan, and if what we have heard is to be believed, this should be about his time."

"We doan' seem to be doin' nuffin 'bout finding Massa Henry," grumbled Peter. "If dey got him locked in somewhere round hyar seems lak we ought to get de pleece an' break in every do' we strike till we hit de right one."

"Patience," said Old King Brady. "Patience! We can't do these things in a minute. We are here to work all

night if need be. We shall catch on to something by and by."

They stepped into the brewery, and gave one flash of the dark lantern.

There was little to be seen but a mass of fallen beams, blackened by fire, which had fallen from above.

Here, inside the doorway, the patient detectives stood for nearly three-quarters of an hour.

The main trouble was to keep Peter quiet.

He wanted to talk.

Willingly Old King Brady would have sent the fellow flying, but he felt that in that case there was no telling what fool move he might make.

At last the patience of the detectives was rewarded.

Footsteps were heard coming along the block below.

A moment later a tall man bent with age shuffled past the brewery.

He was shabbily dressed, and carried a basket on his arm.

The Bradys, peering out of the doorway, saw him turn in at the cottage.

Here he produced a key, fitted it to the door, and disappeared inside.

"Old man Morgan," muttered Old King Brady. "Come, Harry, you have seen Dr. Savarin—what have you to say?"

"Same man," replied Harry, "and very little disguised at that."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BRADYS BOWLED OUT.

"And what now?" demanded Young King Brady, after they had stood a few moments in silence.

"I suppose we ought to keep up the watch on this man's movements if we can," replied the old detective. "But do you know that I have a great mind to push ahead and arrest him."

"I was thinking of that very thing. If we could force him to show his hand it would bring the case to a sudden end."

"I think we will do it," said Old King Brady. "We can sneak in by the secret passage and jump on him when he least expects it—that is, always providing he is in there."

"Where else would he be? We saw him enter the house."

"That house is not the end of the mystery. There is some secret den here. It may be under the big house, it may even be under the brewery. Remember, Dr. Savarin owns all this property."

"I suppose you are right, but if we go in one way he may take alarm and go out the other."

"That's so."

"Suppose I wait here and hold him up if he comes out?"

"No, no!" replied the old detective, hastily. "We don't separate again while we are working on this case—at least, not with my consent."

"Don't you worry about me, Governor. I'm entirely myself again, I assure you."

"Do you think you are?"

"I am pretty sure of it."

"Then see that you keep so. Come on. We will make the try."

And they did it.

With every precaution they returned to the trap-door under old man Morgan's kitchen.

Here they listened long and attentively.

Not a sound could they hear. Everything was as still as it had been before.

"Let her go!" said the old detective, and suddenly pushing up the trap-door he sprang into the kitchen, revolver in hand.

But the rooms were all dark, and the detectives ran from one to the other, Harry flashing his light about in every nook.

There was no trace of the man with the basket.

Everything was found just as they had left it, even to the skeleton, which still leaned out of the closet.

This time the detectives made a most careful search for secret panels, but entirely without success.

At last they gave it up, and went out on the street again.

"We'll give it up and go," said Old King Brady. "Peter, you had better go home to Mr. Dimsdale. There will be nothing doing here to-night."

A good deal to Old King Brady's surprise the darky consented.

The detectives walked with him to the electric cars, and saw him started, Old King Brady informing the fellow that they were going another way.

"Well, we have got rid of him at last," said Harry. "Now, what are you going to do?"

"Put in the night in our house of many mysteries," was the reply. "We will carry out our original intention, and let Dr. Savarin make the next move."

"I think that is best."

"So I think."

"I almost wish you had kept Peter. He might have been a help. The trouble is no one can tell what he might do. We shall do better to work together alone in our usual way, Harry. He has gone, so let him go. We will get back to the house."

"I have been thinking a lot about this doctor," remarked Harry. "Do you know it seems to me that the man may be insane himself."

"It looks that way to me. Otherwise you would not have been able to deceive him so readily about your own condition."

"I think I did a pretty good piece of acting, Governor."

"Oh, I know, but insanity cannot be feigned so easily."

"It can't, eh? Look at the number of sane persons who have been committed to asylums by doctors as out-and-out lunatics."

"Well?"

"Isn't it so?"

"Oh, I suppose so. I was wrong, perhaps. Don't let us get up any discussion. What time is it?"

Harry looked at his watch.

"Why, will you believe it? Eleven o'clock!" he exclaimed. "How the evening has run away!"

They entered the house, and wandered from room to room, flashing their lanterns about.

This they felt that they could do freely, for in all their comings and goings they had not encountered a soul on the block.

At last they came back to the room where the lounge was, and Old King Brady ordered lights out.

"We will sit here in the dark and wait for developments," he said. "Of course, the chances are that the doctor has got onto our curyes by this time, and nothing at all will occur."

For more than an hour the Bradys sat there in the dark.

But little talk passed between them once they began their watch.

In cases like this it is necessary to be on the alert for every sound.

But far better would it have been if Old King Brady had done more talking on this occasion—anything, in fact, to keep Harry's mind on the move.

Unknown to the old detective, the drug which his partner had swallowed was one of those rare East Indian productions little known elsewhere.

Its effect upon its victim is most peculiar.

Practically it enslaves the mind to one idea, and that is the one impressed upon the mind at the moment of administering the drug.

It was so with Harry.

He was deceiving himself when he tried to feel that he no longer desired to lie down upon the lounge.

By sheer force of will, in part, and partly by the active work which followed the entrance of the detectives into old man Morgan's house, these feelings temporarily left him.

But the drug was good to hold the mind for twenty-four hours or more.

Now that Harry sat in quiet and darkness, the desire to lie down returned with redoubled force, and with it came the desire to possess himself of the powder which Old King Brady had taken away.

But this Harry knew would be next to impossible—he had no hope.

The lounge seemed to lure him.

It was all he could do to avoid getting up and throwing himself upon it.

"Governor! What time is it?" he asked, at last.

"Half-past one, about," replied Old King Brady, sleepily. "I don't care to strike a light now."

"All right."

"How are you feeling?"

"Fine."

"And I am frightfully sleepy."

"Why not doze off?"

"If I could trust you to keep off that lounge."

"Nonsense."

But it was not nonsense.

Harry had simulated insanity.

Now he actually was a man insane to the extent we have described above.

And with all the slyness of an insane person he waited his chance.

"Governor!"

No answer.

"Governor!"

Still silence.

Old King Brady's heavy breathing told him what had occurred.

The old detective was asleep.

"If I only dared to take the powder from him," he thought.

He knew just what pocket to feel in, but Old King Brady is ever a light sleeper, and even drugged as he was Harry did not dare.

He softly arose and lay down upon the lounge.

This originally had stood right up against the secret panel, but the Bradys had moved the thing away when they made their search, and had not returned it to its place.

As it stood now, the lounge was almost opposite the panel.

No sooner had Harry dropped upon it than the panel noiselessly opened.

There stood a tall man with a fiery red beard and a shock of hair of the same color.

He held in his hand a little electric lantern, with which he threw light directly upon Harry's face.

But there was no movement on Young King Brady's part.

Sleep had seized him the instant he laid his head upon the lounge.

The man in the opening watched for a minute, and then noiselessly glided across the room to where Old King Brady sat, his head thrown back, and his mouth open, sound asleep.

It was all unusual for the old detective to sleep thus. What seized him that night he never could imagine. It seemed as if it was to be.

But Harry's case was different.

This drug had subjected him to the will of Dr. Savarin.

The newcomer was none other than the doctor in disguise, and he was making use of his power now.

One glance at Old King Brady seemed to satisfy him.

He drew from his pocket a small bottle, and removing the cork, saturated a handkerchief with its contents, laying the cloth over the old detective's face.

A strong smell of ether now filled the room.

Restoring the bottle to his pocket the man took out another, which contained the same white powder given Harry.

This he uncorked, and turning the young detective's head, forced some of the contents of the bottle to run down his throat.

Harry moaned and turned over.

Folding his arms, the doctor waited for about five minutes.

Then suddenly in a loud voice he exclaimed:

"Rise and follow me!"

Harry immediately got up off the lounge.

The doctor backed through the secret panel, Harry following.

The panel closed, and all was darkness and silence again.

Had another mystery been added to this house of many mysteries?

It indeed looked so.

There was enough ether on the handkerchief to put Old King Brady permanently out of business if the cloth remained in place for any length of time.

Doubtless that night would have brought death to the old detective but for a lucky accident which now intervened to save him.

Suddenly there was a cracking sound, followed by a loud crash.

The chair upon which Old King Brady was sitting was a flimsy affair, and the glue which held it together was pretty well dried out.

Suddenly it completely collapsed under the old detective's weight.

Down came Old King Brady upon the floor with terrible force.

He groaned, twisted a little, and then lay still, but the handkerchief had fallen away, and his life was thereby saved.

Time would now bring the old man back to life.

But it took nearly an hour.

Old King Brady's dose of ether had been a stiff one. It was necessary for it to work off.

And at last this was accomplished.

We pass over the awakening.

It was slow and painful.

At last the old detective staggered to his feet with a realizing sense of what had occurred.

Harry had vanished.

The room, reeking with the smell of ether, and the broken chair, went to give him some idea of what had occurred.

But the handkerchief had disappeared.

Old King Brady was furious with himself as he staggered out into the open.

"What made me sleep? When did I ever do such a thing before?" he asked himself.

He did not doubt that Harry had been captured by the doctor.

"That man is a demon!" he said to himself. "Upon my word, I believe that he pumped some gas into that room which made us sleep."

Perhaps it was so.

Old King Brady never knew.

The cool air was most grateful.

He sat down on the edge of the piazza, drew out his dark lantern, and looked at his watch.

It was half-past four o'clock.

"Why, I have been unconscious for hours," he muttered. "Heavens! This is the worst ever. It's high time I quit the detective business if this is the way I am going to handle myself."

His thoughts turned upon Harry, and he sprang to his feet.

"I must act! I must act!" he muttered. "Hark!"

Quick footsteps were heard coming up the street.

Clearly here at last was someone bold enough to venture past the house of many mysteries.

CHAPTER X.

HARRY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE POWER OF THE DEMON DOCTOR.

Young King Brady was restored to consciousness as suddenly as he had lost it.

The next he knew after lying on the lounge he found himself standing in a large room which was brilliantly lighted, holding a tumbler in his hand.

Standing on the opposite side of a long table—it looked suspiciously like a dissecting table—was a tall man with fiery red hair and beard.

Evidently Harry had just swallowed the contents of the glass.

He could taste the stuff yet.

What it was he never knew, but he realized that it had had the apparent effect of clearing the last cobweb from his brain.

Young King Brady was now himself again in every sense of the word.

He looked about the room, taking everything in on the instant.

If anything his brain was clearer than the normal.

He seemed to see through everything at a glance.

Thus he knew that he was standing in the presence of Dr. Savarin, made up to look like a very much younger man.

Actually the doctor was most cleverly disguised, but to Harry it seemed no disguise at all.

The room was walled with brick, and unplastered.

Harry knew that it was a vault underground.

Along one side ran a laboratory bench provided with everything which a chemist could possibly need.

Beyond this was a case of surgical instruments; there was also a furnace, a long sink with running water, and other things such as might be useful in a dissecting-room. Framed pictures of various parts of the human body dissected hung from the walls, and there was also a set of bookshelves containing many volumes.

All this Harry took in while the doctor watched him with a smile.

"Well, young man," he said, in sneering tones, "you have kept your appointment with me, I see, but you chose to bring another with you. Why was that?"

Harry opened his mouth.

He meant to say that he had encountered Old King Brady by accident, and that he did not know him.

He had fully determined to temporize with Dr. Savarin, for he felt his danger.

To his utter surprise the words were not spoken.

He seemed to have been suddenly stricken dumb.

"Raise your right hand!" cried the doctor.

Up went the hand.

This in spite of the fact that Harry had instantly determined that this was an attempt to hypnotize him, and that he would fight it all he knew.

"Drop your hand!" came the command.

The hand fell.

"Throw up your right leg!"

Up went the leg.

"Drop it!"

The leg fell.

"Throw yourself forward upon both hands with your feet in the air. Stand on your head!"

Young King Brady instantly obeyed.

"Upon your feet again!" came the command.

Harry stood erect.

During all this he tried again and again to speak, but not a word could he utter.

Suddenly the doctor burst into wild laughter.

He slapped his thigh and jumped around.

"Good! Good! Good!" he shouted. "I never saw a better subject—The drugs have certainly taken a splendid hold."

"The man is insane," thought Harry. "But he must be mighty skillful all right. I have got myself into a beautiful fix now. But what about the Governor? Has he killed him?"

Again he tried to speak, but still it was no use.

The doctor quieted after a minute.

Going to the laboratory bench, he turned out some stuff which looked like whisky, and drank a full tumbler of it.

He seemed to quiet down, and he returned to the place behind the table where he had stood.

"Young man," he said, "you stand now under the influence of drugs utterly unknown in this country, but well known in the East, where I learned my business as a surgeon. These drugs when combined produce two effects. First they render you clear-headed to a degree, but utterly oblivious to pain. Second, they put you absolutely in my power. You simply have to obey me in everything. You are absolutely subject to my will."

Harry could only listen—he was powerless to make reply.

"Strip and throw your clothes over that chair," ordered the doctor.

Harry immediately undressed.

"Well," exclaimed the doctor, "you are certainly a good-looking subject. You will make a splendid pair. Now speak and answer the questions I choose to put to you. I forbid you to say one word on any other subject. What is your name?"

"Harry Brady."

In vain Harry tried to add a few words.

The contortions of his mouth seemed to amuse the doctor, for he burst out laughing again.

"It is no use. You can't do it," he said. "Then you lied to me when you told me your name was Jarvis?"

"Yes."

"And when you told me you were crazy?"

"Yes."

"What is your business?"

"I am a detective."

"Ha! One of the Brady detectives?"

"Yes."

"That old man with you was the notorious Old King Brady?"

"Yes."

"You came here hoping to solve the mystery of that house?"

"Yes."

"And your visit to me was part of the programme?"

"Yes."

"You are seeking Henry Dimsdale?"

"Yes."

The doctor looked troubled.

"Stand as you are until I return!" he exclaimed, and hurriedly left the room.

Harry always believed that the doctor must have returned to the room in the house of many mysteries then to see what Old King Brady's condition was, and that he must have supposed him to be dead.

This would account for the absence of the chloroform-

saturated handkerchief, but of this Old King Brady never felt sure.

As soon as the man had left him Harry struggled all he knew to free himself from the spell.

In this he utterly failed.

He could neither move nor speak, try as he would.

After a little the doctor returned.

"I see you are still there," he said. "Now, I suppose you believe this to be a case of hypnotism?"

"Yes."

"I assure you that it is not so. It is solely and entirely due to the drugs I have administered. If I was to tell you to take a knife and stick it into your heart you would have to obey. Now, do you want to know why you are here?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall tell you. I am probably the most skillful vivisector living. I have dissected living animals of more different kinds than any man on earth. I have even gone further than that. I have dissected no less than six living men, and that in this very room on that very bench. I am going to dissect you!"

The horror with which this announcement struck Young King Brady was past all telling, but he was unable to utter a word of protest.

There he stood absolutely dumb.

"But you need not fear," added the doctor. "You are now utterly oblivious to the sense of pain, as I have already told you. Take this needle. Now, thrust it into your side."

He took from the bench a long slim needle which he placed in Harry's hand.

The command was instantly obeyed, but there was no sense of pain.

"Men knowing my work would call me a demon," continued the doctor, "but were I that I should enjoy seeing you suffer. I should revel in your agony. You need not fear. I shall lay your lungs open, and watch their working; I shall lay your heart bare, and watch its beats. The top of your skull I shall saw off, and watch the movements of your brain. Perhaps you will die on my hands; if so I shall regret losing you before the great game is finished. When I am through with you then of course I shall mercifully take your life and finish my work on your corpse. Now, answer, are you willing that I should do all this?"

"Yes."

It was impossible—simply impossible for Harry to pronounce any other word.

But he thought he could perceive some little self-assertion in the answer to the next question put.

"And what do you think of me?" was asked.

The answer came promptly in two words:

"Demon Doctor!"

It seemed to cause the doctor the highest satisfaction, and yet there was a puzzled look upon his face.

"Ha! The same old story!" he exclaimed. "They all say it. Why, I wonder? Demon Doctor! That is ever the word. But I don't consider myself a demon. I regard myself as a highly merciful man. But now to introduce you to your fellow subject. You came here seeking Henry Dimsdale. Well, you shall see him. This is the night appointed for his vivisection. I have been obliged to hold him over, as I have been bothered with another matter; but that is all over now. Open that door behind you."

Harry turned and opened a door.

Here he saw a small vault-like apartment containing a bed upon which lay a young man as naked as he himself.

"There is Henry Dimsdale," said the Demon Doctor. "Lie down beside him and sleep while I make ready for my work."

Harry dropped upon the bed.

The doctor strode forward and slammed the door upon them, leaving them in darkness.

But now once more the doctor's order was not fully obeyed.

He commanded sleep, but it did not come.

This was an immense relief to Harry.

By a strong effort of will he found that he was able to keep his eyes open.

He put out his hand and touched his bedfellow.

There was no movement. Young Dimsdale might have been dead the way he lay there.

"He is probably far gone," thought Harry. "He has had this thing to fight for a couple of weeks now."

He determined to arouse the sleeper if he could.

He shook the fellow and tumbled him about, but it was all of no use.

But for the regular breathing Harry would have thought him dead.

All this was doing Young King Brady a great lot of good.

It seemed to have broken the spell which bound him to the Demon Doctor, so to speak.

After a little Harry slipped off the bed, and kneeling on the brick-paved floor, fixed his eye to the key-hole through which a ray of light came streaming.

He found himself able to get a fairly good view of the room by turning his head this way and that.

At first he could not see the doctor, but after a moment he caught a glimpse of him.

The man had shed his disguise now.

It was Dr. Savarin again as Harry had seen him at the Wabash avenue house.

He stood by the bench with a lot of small knives, scissors, pincers, saws, etc., scattered about.

These blades he was rubbing down upon a whet-stone.

Harry saw him twist his face up into the most horrible contortions.

Now indeed he could have been called Demon Doctor so far as looks went.

Presently he thrust his hand into his pocket, and taking out a queer little box, he extracted a pill of a brownish color which he popped down his throat.

"Opium or hashheesh," thought Young King Brady. "This man is surely mad. He is a drug fiend of the worst description. All the same, I have no doubt that he means what he says, and that he will carve us up if he gets the chance."

The thought was too horrible to be endured.

"I'm going to make a try to jump on him," thought Harry. "My will power seems to be returning. I believe I could stand up against him now."

He was in the act of getting up when he heard his companion in misery slip from the bed behind him and strike the floor with a thud.

The next he knew an arm was flung about his throat, and he was pulled up against young Dimsdale.

Harry struggled to free himself.

No use!

The fellow's strength was enormous.

He was making a strange animal-like sound.

Tighter and tighter he pressed.

Harry was choking.

"Another demon!" he thought in horror. "He will kill me if he can!"

And once more Young King Brady threw all his strength into a struggle for freedom.

CHAPTER XI.

PETER FINDS A BIG ROUND HOLE.

Old King Brady stood on the piazza of the house of many mysteries, quietly listening to the approaching footsteps.

As the pedestrian drew nearer he suddenly caught sight of his face and saw that it was black.

"Peter back again, by thunder!" muttered Old King Brady.

And so it proved.

The darky turned in at the house and saw the old detective standing there.

"Oh, say, boss, I'se back again!" he exclaimed. "Hope yo' won't be mad."

Mad! Old King Brady was thankful to see him.

"Peter, come up here on the piazza," he said. "Tell me what brought you back?"

"Oh, well, boss, I jes' couldn't stan' it, an' dat am a fact. I done get back to Mass Dimsdale as quick as I could. He's all right. I done tell him what we 'sciver hyar and I tell him dat back I mus' go an' see de end ob it all. He never said a word to hender me, so I jes' takes de back track and hyar I be."

Old King Brady was downright glad to see him, but of course he was not telling Peter that.

"Well, well," he said; "perhaps you can help. I'm in trouble here myself. Peter, your affection for your young master is certainly something to be admired. My partner has gone."

"Gone whar, boss?"

"That's what I don't know."

Peter was astonished.

"Golly! Yo' don't mean to say that he has disappeared in dis yere house?"

"That is just what he has done."

"But dat am turrible! How did it come to happen, den?"

"They got the best of us, Peter. In some mysterious way I was chloroformed. When I came to myself my partner had vanished. That is all I know."

"Boss, dis yere am a bad job."

"You bet it's a bad job."

"Dis yere am de most mysteriousest house dat eber I heard tell of. It must be ghosts what does it all, boss. It jes' must."

"It is that man we saw come in with the basket, Peter. He is the demon who does things here, and it is up to us to overtake him in his black work."

"I'se ready to help, boss. I've been a-t'inkin' it all ober and I'se come to de conclusion dat hit am de real hoodoo work. Nuffin else can account for it. Whar wuz yer when dis yere las' disappearance occurred?"

"Inside here in the room."

"Did Mass Harry lie down on dat lounge, then, after all?"

"I can't tell you. I am ashamed to say that I fell asleep."

"Oh, dar hain't nuffin to be ashamed of, boss. Yo' was witched, dat's all. Mebbe yo' doan belibe in dem t'ings. I do. I'se seen enough wid my own eyes to make me belibe, but dar hain't no sense in standing hyar a-chinning. What yo' gwine ter do?"

Here was a puzzler.

For once Old King Brady did not know exactly what to do.

He was still badly mixed.

It seemed as if the effects of the ether would never leave his brain.

"We must think, Peter," he replied. "We must get at it somehow, and that right away, too."

"Then, shall we go back into de little house again, boss?"

"I suppose that will have to be our first move, but there seems little use in it."

"Mus' be a secret, hidden mysterious room somewhar in dere, boss."

"No doubt there is. Come, Peter, let us get busy and see what we can find."

Old King Brady had been pondering upon the problem even while talking.

That secret rooms existed seemed to go without saying.

It seemed more likely to him, however, that they were under the house in which they were or under the brewery than beneath the cottage.

But be that as it might, the way in undoubtedly lay via the secret passage already discovered.

"I must go over the ground with greater care," thought the old detective. "They are there, and they must be found."

He opened up the secret panel again and they descended the ladder to the room below.

Here Old King Brady examined every inch of the wall space with the utmost care, Peter holding the light.

It all came to nothing.

If the secret passage was there he could not find it.

It was almost in despair that he pushed on into the cottage again.

Here everything remained just the same.

"Peter," said Old King Brady, "I believe on my soul that it is under the burned brewery we ought to be looking."

"Likely, boss. Dey'se hop vaults under breweries, whar dey put de beer; mebbe dis yere doctor might hab fixed up one ob dem fo' a prison, whar he lock up dem kid-napped fellers. Dat's right."

"But the entrance must be from here. Peter, we must find it. Let me see; let me see!"

"Dar's one fing what struck me, boss. Why dis yere little room is left without no furniture, when all de odder rooms hab somet'ing in dem; kin yo' tell me dat?"

"It may be the place. We will make our search most thorough here," replied Old King Brady, who was thinking of the same thing.

He began examining the wall space inch by inch.

More than half an hour was spent in this fashion and the floor was examined with equal care.

But it all went for nothing.

For once Old King Brady found himself completely balked.

He then tried in the sitting-room and set Peter to work in the bedroom.

"You have watched my way of doing it," he said. "You do the same in here. Let nothing escape you."

"Say, I reckon Ah'll pull de bed to pieces first, boss," said Peter; "dah might be suthin' hid into it."

"As you will," replied Old King Brady; "only be thorough in what you do."

Old King Brady now went to work on the skeleton.

He gave the ridiculous old jack-in-the-box a yank which sent the bones flying all over the floor—and revealed the secret springs which controlled the outfit.

"Nobody but a madman would think of putting up such a thing," he said to himself; "but this makes it all the worse for Harry and the other poor wretches who have fallen into his clutches."

"Hi, Mass Brady, I done found suthin' on de flo' under dis yere bed!" called Peter from the other room.

"Well, fetch it here," was the reply, and Peter came in with a little Russia leather covered memorandum book.

"Must hab dropped out of somebody's pockets when dey was gettin' into bed," he remarked. "Lak enough, dey kicked it under. Say, mebbe it might tell suthin' about dis yere place."

Old King Brady opened the memorandum book.

"Written in French," he muttered. "Not much use to me."

"Hi, dar! I kin read it, den!" cried Peter, "an' I kain't read English none."

"How did that come about?"

"Mah mother was a French mulatto, from New Orleans, boss. She done teach me."

"Well! Wait a minute till I have a look through this."

Old King Brady ran over every page of the book.

One thing he was able to make out, and that was that the name of Donovan occurred many times in the entries.

At one place there was a wide diagram.

It seemed to represent the plan of the floor of some large building.

"Here, tell me about this," said the old detective, pointing to it. "If you can read French at all you ought to be able to read this, for the writing is certainly all very plain."

"Well, Ah can, boss."

"What does it say?"

"Says 'plan ob de brewery.'"

"Ah, ha!"

"Down here it say 'way out as to be built by Donovan.'"

"Indeed! And those marks on the side? What does the writing say there?"

"Dis yere reads 'dissacating room,' boss."

"You mean dissecting room?"

"Yes; dat am it."

"Good! Peter, you are a godsend. Read all the rest of the writing about the plan."

"It say 'exit to sewer here.' Hyar on dis yeah it say 'ladder.' Hyar it say 'whar dynamite am stored.' Den dis yere he read 'lectric wires.' Dat's about all."

"Read a little on one of the pages."

Peter tried it.

The French here was entirely too much for him, however, being mixed with scientific terms.

Between them they were able to determine that it was all about vivisection, however.

This gave Old King Brady a clew to the form Dr. Savarin's madness might have taken.

"This demon of a doctor is mad on the subject of vivisection, then," he said to himself. "Not surprising. These doctors for years have been putting dumb animals through horrible tortures. Who can doubt that this particular demon has gone so far as to cut up human beings

alive? And what does this allusion to dynamite mean? Even that to me is plain. He has prepared means of sudden death for himself rather than to face capture if detected. There must be quick action here."

"Peter," the old detective added aloud, "your discovery is of the highest importance. Let us get at once to the burned brewery. If we can't find the way into this demon's den at least we can find the way out."

They at once returned to the street.

It was now something after five o'clock, and in an hour or so it would be daylight.

As always, the block was deserted.

Old King Brady was growing used to this now, and entering the brewery he flashed his dark lantern about without fear of attracting attention. The place was so choked up with rubbish that the situation seemed almost hopeless.

Giving his dark lantern to Peter to hold, the old detective took the memorandum book and studied the plan long and earnestly.

At last he was able to locate the door by which they had entered and then things began to straighten out a little.

"This sewer exit and the ladder must be away down in the other corner, Peter," he said. "Follow me. I believe we are on the right track now."

They made their way to the place only with the greatest difficulty, everything was so blockaded.

And here the situation seemed even more hopeless than ever, for a great pile of old boards choked the corner.

Old King Brady looked them over, and at once made a discovery.

"These boards have been piled up here purposely," he declared. "They were not part of the rubbish which fell when the building was burned. Perhaps there is a way of getting in under them—let us see."

He prowled about for a minute and settled the question by finding just such an opening.

"Crawl in there, Peter. Take the lantern with you and see what you can find," he said.

Peter was a real help.

He seemed to have returned with his mind made up to do anything and everything he was told.

Taking the lantern, he now crawled in under the boards and Old King Brady could hear him shuffling about.

Presently he called out something which the old detective could not understand.

"Come out!" called Old King Brady.

Peter backed out.

"Well?" demanded the detective.

"Boss, I done found a big round hole in dar wiv a ladder into it," declared Peter. "I s'pecs hit am jest what we want."

"Good!" cried Old King Brady. "I s'pecs so, too. Come on, Peter; hit or miss, we will venture down that big round hole!"

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

Harry's situation was really desperate.

The maddened being who had attacked him in the darkness seemed possessed of superhuman strength.

In vain Young King Brady struggled to get a grip on him, but it was no use.

He felt his own strength leaving him. He knew that he must be black in the face by this time.

And now in his desperation he seemed to break the bonds of the drug all in a moment.

His voice was raised in one loud despairing cry.

Instantly he heard Dr. Savarin coming.

The door was thrown open and the demon doctor took in the situation at a glance.

"Unhand him!" he shouted. "Obey!"

Dimsdale—for it really was the missing man—immediately unwound his terrible arm and crouched on the floor, moaning and whining.

Poor Harry crawled out past the doctor and fell, all but choked to death.

"Ah, ha!" cried the vivisectionist. "This is what it has come to, is it? Well, well! So much for the continued action of my drugs. The sooner this creature is put out of the world the better."

He hurried to the laboratory bench, and pouring something from a bottle, administered it to Harry.

The effect was marvelous.

Young King Brady immediately got up. His speech was restored. He was himself again.

"Don't put me back with that madman, Dr. Savarin!" he cried. "You may kill me where I stand, but don't do that."

"Have no fear," said the doctor. "I don't want to kill you. I have a better use to put you to than that. How did it occur?"

"He suddenly attacked me."

"Did you do nothing to him?"

"Nothing; I swear it!"

"Is that so? He must be brought out of this."

He mixed up another dose of a different liquid and forced Dimsdale to drink it.

The effect was to reduce him to much the same condition in which Harry had been before he broke away from the drug.

He stood up rigid and motionless.

The doctor tested him by ordering him to move legs and arms.

In each instance his command was obeyed.

"It is all right," chuckled the doctor, "and now, Mr. Brady, I think we will at once proceed with our dissecting work."

Harry was silent.

A sudden idea had come to him.

He would pretend to be in the same condition as Henry Dimsdale.

"If I am ever to get my chance to down this demon that will be the way to do it," he thought.

"You don't answer," said the doctor, eyeing him curiously, "and yet you spoke freely enough a minute ago. What is the matter now?"

Still no answer, but Harry felt that he could have made reply.

He threw into his face a look of pitiful appeal, which the demon doctor did not fail to observe.

"You cannot talk without my command?" demanded the doctor, adding:

"I order you to answer this."

"No."

"Strange! The last dose I gave you should have restored your powers of speech and your sense of feeling. But we shall soon see whether you are trying to deceive me or not."

He went over to the bench and seized the long needle.

Harry knew what was coming and braced himself for the ordeal.

When the doctor jammed the needle into his side he did not wince.

"Well! Here's a discovery," said the doctor. "But, then, no two persons are affected alike. Lie down on that table. You can take that chair to get up with. Obey!"

Harry instantly climbed upon the table and lay out flat on his back.

"You next!" ordered the doctor, turning to Dimsdale.

The unfortunate fellow, whose aimless eyes were staring into vacancy, obeyed more slowly.

He stretched himself out beside Young King Brady and lay still.

The doctor now drew down an electric burner and threw the light upon his two subjects.

"And now to you who have sense enough to understand me, Mr. Brady," he said, "I will explain that I am about to lay bare the muscles of the chest. What I do on your body I shall also do on that of your companion. This will give me opportunity for comparison. You may wonder that I do not strap you down or secure you in any way. It is not necessary. The operation will be absolutely painless in your present state. Moreover, I am about to administer a dose now which will render you absolutely unconscious for the next two hours to come. This I do through sheer kindness. They call me the demon doctor. It is not so; if it were I would not thus spare you, for I know the terrible effect which this operation must necessarily produce on your mind, even though you were to feel no pain. Lie quiet now and I will mix the drug. I forbid you to move."

He walked to the bench and began juggling with the bottles.

"Now, if ever, is my chance," thought Harry.

Noiselessly he slipped off the dissecting table.

The doctor did not hear him and his back was turned.

"Can I do it? He must hear my heart beat," thought Young King Brady as he tiptoed over the floor.

It was going like a trip-hammer.

Nearer and nearer Harry drew, but the demon doctor never turned.

Suddenly Harry raised his hand and dealt the demon a crusher in the back of the head.

With a deep groan the man fell like a log to the floor.

At the same instant Harry heard a loud crash behind him, which brought him to the right-about face with all speed.

* * * * *

Old King Brady found the big round hole all right just as Peter had said.

He saw at once that it had originally been covered by an iron catchbasin intended to receive the wash of the brewery floor.

This had been removed and lay at one side.

In the opening was a ladder leading down into the darkness.

"The manhole of a sewer connecting the brewery with the main sewer on Cairo street," Old King Brady then said.

"Mebbe it leads into dat ar demon's den," returned Peter. "What yo' t'ink?"

"We will soon prove it," replied Old King Brady. "Come on."

He flashed the light into the opening.

It was of no great depth.

Quickly descending, followed by Peter, Old King Brady found himself in a sewer, just as he had expected.

"We are getting warm, Peter," he whispered. "Make no noise now."

"Deed an' it looks so, boss. I specs we'se purty near de den."

They could not stand upright in the sewer, but had to creep along bent almost double.

In a minute they came upon another manhole, where they were able to stand upright.

This was evidently in the other corner of the brewery floor.

Here the sewer struck off diagonally towards Cairo street.

"It must run under the cottage, that is certain," declared Old King Brady. "Peter, we are on the right track."

"Deedy, yes, Mass; deedy, yes. I see dat mah ownself. Do we go on?"

"Right now. Follow me."

Old King Brady crept forward and came at last to a

ladder which passed up through the roof of the sewer, the bricks having been torn away to make place for it.

At the top of this ladder was a trap door.

"This is evidently the end of our journey," breathed Old King Brady. "Whatever is to be done lies right ahead of us now."

He stole up the ladder and listened.

A man's voice could be heard, but the tones were so muffled that he could not make out what was being said.

Descending again, he whispered to Peter:

"There is somebody talking above there. I am going to push open the trap and jump in with my revolver. You, of course, are not armed?"

"Ah have got mah razzar, boss. I can do heap good work wiv dat ef it comes to a pinch."

"I don't like razoring. I've got another revolver. Here, take it. Can you make use of it if anything happens to me?"

"Ah suah kin, boss, an' ef I should make a miss ob it, den dar's de razzar to fall back on; oh, yes."

"Well, keep close behind me," said the old detective. "I am going now."

He stole up the ladder, and flashing his lantern carefully, examined the fastenings of the trap door.

It was secured by a peculiar bolt, which was evidently worked by a secret spring on the other side.

Old King Brady studied it for a moment, and discovering how he could work it, prepared for business.

At the same instant there came the sound of a heavy fall overhead.

"Oh, mah good gollies, what's dat? Hab dey killed yo' partner, then?" faltered Peter, further down the ladder.

Old King Brady did not stop to answer him.

The time had clearly come to act.

With a quick movement, he turned over the trap door and sprang into the room.

To his intense relief, he saw Harry, naked, facing him.

"Great Scott, Governor! you have come just in time!" Young King Brady cried. "There lies our demon of a doctor! I have just knocked him out!"

"Quick! Secure him!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

He felt in one of his many pockets.

"Confound it! No handcuffs!" he gasped.

"Never mind," said Harry; "I've fixed him. Tie his hands."

Old King Brady lost not an instant.

Meanwhile Peter had come up through the trap.

He shot one look around, and with a joyful cry of "Mass Henry! Oh, Mass Henry!" he made a rush for the dissecting table.

But there was no response from the drugged victim of the demon doctor.

"He am dead! Oh, he am dead!" wailed the faithful darky.

"He is not dead," cried Harry. "He is only drugged. You two have come just in time to save us from a horrible fate. We want to get right out of this place while we can."

"Right!" said Old King Brady. "I see your clothes hanging on the hook over there. Hustle them on as quick as you can. Peter, dress your young master. Doubtless those are his clothes on the next hook."

Peter flew to his work.

With Old King Brady's help, he got young Dimsdale on his feet, and once they got him started he was able to help himself somewhat.

In a few moments both the boys were dressed.

Meanwhile Old King Brady, who had been prowling around, discovered a door communicating with a boarded passage.

"This leads towards the cottage," he said. "Let us get Dimsdale out first and then we will return and see what we can do with this man."

"Is he dead?" questioned Harry.

"No, indeed! He breathes naturally. It is my belief that he is only shamming. Shut the trap door, Peter. Now let us go."

Following the passage, they came to a ladder in a minute.

This led up to a wall panel controlled by a peculiar spring.

(And what Old King Brady could not find before he found now, for as the panel flew back, he found himself looking into the unfurnished room in the cottage.)

"Safe at last!" he exclaimed. "On with your master, Peter! Harry, are you able to return with me?"

"Sure!" replied Harry. "I am all right now. What shall we do with the man?"

"Bring him out of that if we have to carry him head and feet."

They passed back along the passage.

And as they drew near the door they saw that it was open, while they had left it closed.

More than this, they saw the demon doctor standing near the laboratory bench free of his bonds.

"Look out!" breathed Old King Brady. "We have got business on hand!"

The words had scarcely left his lips when a fearful explosion shook the ground beneath their feet, and in an instant everything was blotted out ahead of them.

Crash followed crash as they ran along the passage and gained the unfurnished room above.

* * * * *

Doubtless dynamite did it.

Whether the demon doctor intended to commit suicide or whether he exploded the charges sooner than he intended will ever remain a mystery.

What the Bradys saw when they reached the street was a great mass of bricks and beams where the burned brewery had stood.

Beneath all this lay the demon doctor, and the Bradys let him lie.

Young Dimsdale proved quiet and tractable with Peter, and they took him to his father's rooms.

It was several days before his reason was restored.

Then he told of meeting Dr. Savarin in a theatre, of the acquaintance which followed, of their talks about the occult and how the doctor had recommended him to spend a night in the house of many mysteries if he wanted to see a real ghost.

As to what followed it was but dimly remembered; it was too much like Harry's experience to need description here.

Deep was the gratitude of the Dimsdales towards the Bradys for having saved the young man from an awful fate, and most liberal was the reward which the detectives received.

Of course the Bradys informed the police what had happened, and weeks later the body of Dr. Savarin was recovered.

As for the Donovan murder, the records in the memorandum book found by Peter showed that Donovan had assisted the doctor in his fiendish work.

Probably the man turned on his master—hence his going into hiding and his letter to Old King Brady.

That Dr. Savarin had tracked him out and murdered him there could be little doubt.

Young King Brady had seen the demon doctor disguised with a red wig and beard, and there were witnesses to prove that such a man had been in Donovan's rooms on the night of the crime.

And so ended one of Chicago's many mysteries.

We want it understood that, while the names are fictitious, the facts are substantially true which we have recorded in this story of "The Bradys and the Demon Doctor."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND 'JOSS HOUSE JIM'; OR, TRAILING A CHINESE OPIUM GANG," which will be the next number (402) of "Secret Service."

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