

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1907.

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THE BRADYS AND THE "CHINK" SMUGGLERS; OR THE HURRY CALL TO CANADA.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE



As the Bradys and their companion came around the hill the Captain threw up his hands with a cry of disgust. The Chinamen on the beach took to their heels. The men in the boat seemed uncertain what to do.

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CHAPTER I.

THE BRADYS AT ST. JOHN.

"There are your orders," said Commissioner Clemens, of the United States Secret Service, "and the quicker you get to Canada the better, if you want to intercept the Mary Ann Noon."

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

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

With him was a young man dressed in up-to-date fashion.

They were the Bradys, the most famous detectives in the United States.

Old King Brady took the orders, and read them over carefully.

"It would seem that this smuggling of Chinamen had been going on for some time," he remarked.

"For as much as three years, it is believed."

"Is it known whether the smugglers receive their cargoes at St. John or Halifax?"

"Nothing more is known than you see written down in your instructions," was the reply. "It is for you to supply additional information."

"Of course, but——"

"Well, well, Mr. Brady, we are wasting time, it would seem."

"Patience, Mr. Clemens; we can't get out of here before four o'clock in any case, and we can't leave Boston before seven to-morrow morning, so if we don't go over until midnight it makes no odds."

"Do you mean to say there is only one train a day to St. John?"

"Two. One at morning, and one at night."

"Oh, that is different."

"Of course. What I want to get at is the reason of this hurry call to Canada."

"That we don't know. We have our agents there at St. John, of course. All I know is that I am under orders to send the Bradys to St. John, New Brunswick, at the earliest possible moment; that you are to report to this Mr. McLaren, from whom you will receive your instructions."

"Is Mr. McLaren a United States Secret Service agent?"

"Mr. Brady, I cannot tell you. The Washington people keep me as much in the dark as they do you."

"Oh, very well," said Old King Brady. "We will get on the move."

He perceived that he had learned all that Mr. Clemens had to tell.

The detectives then withdrew, and walked to the subway, intending to return to the elegantly appointed offices of the Brady Detective Bureau on Union Square, in the city of New York.

"I suppose we had better take Alice," remarked Old King Brady, as they stood waiting for a train.

"Certainly," replied Young King Brady, pupil and partner of the world-famous old detective. "She has never been to the lower Canadian provinces. She will undoubtedly enjoy the experience."

The allusion was to Miss Alice Montgomery, the female partner of the Brady Detective Bureau.

Miss Alice is not only a highly educated woman and expert linguist, but an exceedingly shrewd detective in her way.

"And her knowledge of the Chinese language may prove invaluable to us," added Old King Brady.

This is Alice's trump card, so to speak.

Born and brought up in China, she can speak the Cantonese dialect of the Chinese language fluently, and read it fairly well.

Reaching their office, the Bradys found Alice in, and communicated their plans to her.

Preparations for departure were at once made.

The detectives actually left the Grand Central Station for Boston on the four o'clock train, although it was one o'clock when they received the call from Commissioner Clemens.

Reaching the Bean City on time, they were able to secure a good night's rest, and at seven next morning started on their tedious day ride to Bangor, Maine.

And here they had bad luck.

Delayed several hours by a freight wreck, they reached Bangor too late to connect with the St. John express.

This meant a delay of twelve hours.

It was evening when the Bradys swung around the old Martello tower at Carleton, New Brunswick, and took the ferry for St. John.

The steep streets looking a little formidable in the dark, they took a cab and were driven to the Hotel Dufferin.

Not knowing exactly what was expected of them, the

old detective registered under the name of Barnes, and wrote down Harry as his son and Alice as his daughter.

Directly after supper they started out to find Mr. McLaren, whose address was at a certain number on Prince William street, but a few squares from the hotel.

The number was found attached to a large retail hardware store, then closed.

After ringing the bell of the side door, a woman appeared in answer, and informed the detectives that Mr. McLaren had rooms on the top floor.

"Can we see him?" demanded the old detective.

"You can go up," said the woman. "I don't know whether he will see you or not. You will have to ring the bell at the foot of the stairs."

The woman then went upstairs, leaving the Bradys to look after themselves.

"I see no bell except the one outside the door," remarked Harry.

"Perhaps there are two there," Old King Brady said.

"No," replied Harry. "There is only one."

"Look again and make sure."

Young King Brady opened the hall door, but instantly closed it again.

"What is the matter, Harry?" asked the old detective, seeing by his partner's face that he was disturbed.

"Great Scott, Governor," replied Harry, "there is a Chinaman on the other side of the street taking us in."

"Ah, ha! A leak somewhere," replied Old King Brady.

"People never will give the Chinese credit for the shrewdness and intelligence they really possess," said Alice. "Undoubtedly our coming here is known."

"But the bell?" questioned Old King Brady. "Never mind the Chink. We can't help what blunders have been made at this end of the line."

"There is only the one bell," replied Harry.

"So? The woman must have meant the upper stairs."

The detectives now pushed on to the next floor.

There was still another flight visible, and they ascended.

Here they found a door cutting off the stairs leading to the top floor, and the bell-pull was at the side.

Harry rang.

Presently a voice called through a speaking tube to know who was there.

"H. 37-2," Harry called through the tube.

This was the password contained in Old King Brady's written instructions.

A man was heard coming down the stair with heavy tread, and presently the door was opened on the crack.

The person who looked out was a hatchet-faced individual of forty-odd.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "Well, come right up."

"Mr. McLaren?" asked Old King Brady.

"That's right."

They passed upstairs and entered a plainly furnished room.

I am glad to meet the famous Old King Brady," said McLaren, extending his hand. "Excuse formalities. My business is a dangerous one, and I have many enemies in St. John."

Introductions were now in order.

Mr. McLaren was very cordial.

He informed the Bradys that although he was a British subject and a native of St. John, he had been twenty years a United States Secret Service agent at that port; in other words, a spy.

His principal business, he further informed the detectives, was to look out for schooner captains engaged in smuggling liquors and cigars into the States.

"You have been informed of our coming, of course?" said Old King Brady, at last.

"Certainly," replied McLaren. "It is like this. I learned accidentally some weeks ago that the schooner Mary Ann Noon, which is ostensibly engaged in the potato trade between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia ports and Boston, has actually been running Chinamen into the States almost every trip. I promptly notified the Washington authorities, and they replied with a cipher despatch which said that they would send the Bradys to my assistance. That is all."

"And here we are," said Old King Brady. "We were told that there was necessity for the greatest haste."

"Well, as to that, the Noon is in port just now, and when I wired I didn't know just when she intended to sail, but I have since learned that it will be on Tuesday of next week."

"Which gives us time to turn—very desirable."

"Just so."

"Any details to give us of how they do the trick, Mr. McLaren?"

"No. I have not been able to learn much about it. The fact is, for me to interfere in this Chinese business, which our people regard as perfectly legitimate, would seriously interfere with my regular work. It is my wish not to interfere in the matter at all, beyond putting you on the trail."

"I see," replied Old King Brady. "Now, let me ask, have you said much about sending for us or being mixed up in investigating Chinese smuggling?"

"Here in St. John, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Nothing at all, sir. Not a word."

"Indeed! and yet to-night when we reached this house we found a Chinaman watching the door."

"For heaven sake! You don't say!" cried Mr. McLaren in considerable excitement.

"Yes, sir."

"Is it possible! I can't imagine what it means."

"Suppose you look out on the street and see if he is still there?"

Mr. McLaren stepped to the window.

"I don't see him," he said.

"Perhaps it was only accident. Are there many Chinamen in St. John?"

"Not so very many. A couple of hundred, perhaps."

"Are you acquainted with any of them?"

"Not at all. I don't know one of them. I can't imagine any reason why a Chinaman should watch me."

"They are far shrewder than is generally supposed. But now what are we to do first? Where is this schooner lying?"

"At Melich's wharf."

"Her captain is who?"

"A man named Gus Philips."

"She sails under the British flag?"

"Yes."

"Where does she pick up her Chinamen?"

"That I don't know."

"And she lands them where?"

"That I don't know."

"Then how do you know that Captain Philips is engaged in Chink smuggling?"

"A party in whom I have the utmost confidence so informed me."

"Can you take me to this person?"

"No, no! I can't even give you his name."

"It leaves us much in the dark, Mr. McLaren."

"I suppose it does, but I can't help it. This man is very useful to me. I would not think of going back on my promise to him."

"Then what can you do for us to give the case a start?"

"Only this: the crew of the Noon hold out at a certain house in our Tenderloin, as you New Yorkers would call it, only we call it Caliphat. If you could get next to them there something might come of it. I can do no more."

All this seemed beautifully vague and unsatisfactory.

But Old King Brady had done business with the spies of the Secret Service Bureau in Canada before now, and he expected something of this sort.

"I can't even recognize you on the street," added Mr. McLaren. "You can come here at night if you have to, but I had rather you wouldn't. Our people, as you probably know, are not stuck on American detectives. My business is known, and I am a very unpopular man. Naturally, I don't want to become more so by mixing up in this affair. For all I can tell these Chinese smugglers may be backed up by some of our best men in St. John."

Old King Brady saw that it was time to go, and he arose.

"If you need any money, or anything like that don't hesitate to call on me," said McLaren. "I can get your checks cashed to any amount."

"It may come handy," said Old King Brady, and then, bidding Mr. McLaren good-night, they went downstairs.

Harry opened the hall door and peered out.

"Anything doing?" inquired the old detective.

"No; I don't see any Chinamen," replied Harry.

They passed out and started along Prince William street.

In a moment Alice looked back.

"He is there," she said quietly. "There is a Chinaman close at our heels."

CHAPTER II.

THE ADVENTURE IN THE CARLETON ALLEY.

What shall we do?" demanded Harry.

"Give him a little walk first," replied Old King Brady.

"We will see what he will do."

"How shall we manage? Some of these streets are pretty dark. I am not ambitious to have a knife put in my back."

"Leave us at Princess street, and strike down toward the ferry. If he continues to follow us you strike in behind."

"And if he should follow me?"

"We will do the same."

"You are not going to the Caliphat house, then?"

"Not to-night."

"I know I am in the way," said Alice. "I am not a bit afraid to go back to the hotel alone, if you say so, Mr. Brady."

"No, no! We'll stick together for a little while," replied Old King Brady. "I shall not go far, anyhow."

They walked on to Princess street.

Here Harry shook hands with the old detective, raised his hat to Alice, and turned down toward the ferry.

Old King Brady and Alice crossed the street and walked on.

In a minute the old detective looked back.

"He is after Harry," he said. "We must be quick."

They turned and hurried back to Princess street.

Down at the foot of the hill they saw the Chinaman hurrying along close at the heels of a man of about Harry's size and general appearance who appeared to be heading for the ferry gate.

"He is going to Carleton," said Alice.

"Evidently, and I can't imagine why," replied Old King Brady. "I must follow, but it is a shame to drag you over there at this time of night."

"I had better go back to the hotel, Mr. Brady. I'm in the way, and I know it. There's no use talking, it is the correct thing to do."

"It is but a step. Can you find the way?"

"Right up this street, is it not?"

"Yes, two squares. Turn at Charlotte street."

"I know. Good-night."

Alice hurried away.

Meanwhile the Chinaman had entered the ferry house.

"I can't imagine what in the world Harry wants to go to Carleton for," thought the old detective, when all at once there was Harry at his side.

"What, you here?" questioned the old detective. "How is this?"

"I'll explain on the boat. We go to Carleton. Hurry up or we shall miss it!"

They had to make a run for the boat as it was, but in a few minutes they were afloat on the St. John.

The tide was running out and this means much on a river where the ordinary rise and fall of the tide is forty feet, varying from that to sixty or even seventy feet.

The river ran with great swiftness and the boat swung upstream in order to compensate for the downward pull of the tide on the opposite shore.

The Bradys remained on the afterdeck, where nothing was to be seen of the Chinaman or Harry's double.

"And now what about it?" demanded Old King Brady. "Kindly explain."

"I can't give you much in the way of explanation, Governor. All there is to it is this: As I was coming down the hill a young man who in a general way did not look unlike myself suddenly came out of a saloon. He turned and looked back. I suppose the Chinaman must have seen him; anyway he shot past me, never giving me even a look, and the next I knew he was dogging the heels of the man ahead. They went aboard this boat, I suppose; anyway, they went into the ferry-house. That's all there is to it, except that I dodged into a doorway and waited for you to come down Princess street; and you came, and here we are."

"Right," said Old King Brady. "You can just bet the Chink knows his business. He saw it to his greater advantage to shadow this fellow, so he shook you—that's all."

"What did you do with Alice?"

"Sent her back to the Dufferin; there was no use in dragging her over to Carleton. It may be midnight before we get back."

"You were quite right."

"But about this man—did he appear to be drunk?"

"It did not seem so to me."

"Did he act as though he was afraid of the Chink?"

"Not at all. He did not quicken his gait one bit."

"Well, we must locate them."

The boat was now in midstream, and dropping down toward the Carleton shore.

This was being accomplished with great rapidity, the boat merely drifting.

The Bradys passed through the cabin.

They located the Chinaman in the last seat forward.

He had so placed himself that he could look out of the window upon the forward deck.

He was a comparatively young man, and wore American clothes, his pig-tail being concealed beneath his hat.

It was rather a cold evening, and he wore a light overcoat.

He did not even raise his eyes as the Bradys passed out upon the forward deck.

Here they found Harry's man.

He was rather a rough fellow, and looked as if he might be a sailor.

He had evidently been drinking, now that they came to look him over. Still, he was entirely able to take care of himself.

The Bradys got over on the other side of the boat and watched.

As they ran into the long slip the Chinaman came out.

He looked at the Bradys just once, and then turned his head away.

"What do you think about it, Governor?" asked Harry.

"Well," replied Old King Brady, "that young man does in a general way certainly resemble you."

The boat soon tied up and the Bradys trailed after the Chinaman, who kept pretty close to the young man.

It was quite evident that the latter had no suspicion that he was being shadowed, for he never looked back once.

He turned into a dark side street, and ascended the hill.

Nor did the Chinaman look back.

This fact made Old King Brady feel that the fellow must have become convinced that he was making a mistake.

This part of Carleton is a decidedly tough neighborhood.

It is inhabited by fishermen, lumberjacks, saw-mill hands, and the like.

The young man turned down an alley, and the instant he did so the Chink started forward on the run.

"Quick!" breathed Old King Brady. "That spells murder!"

At the same instant a sharp cry was heard.

The Bradys whipped into the alley.

It was as they thought.

The young man and the Chinaman were struggling desperately.

A long knife which had evidently been wrenched away from the latter lay upon the ground.

Old King Brady whipped out his revolver and fired one high shot.

At the same instant the struggling pair fell.

"Help!" cried the young man, who was underneath.

"Coming!" cried Harry. "Hold him if you can!"

But this was more than he could do.

Before the Bradys reached the place the Chink had wriggled out of his light overcoat and was flying up the alley.

The spot was almost a deserted one.

Several of the houses were mere ruins, and unoccupied.

From the few which had lights in the windows no one appeared.

"Do I follow?" cried Harry.

"No, let him go," replied the old detective. "Remember, this is Canada. We can make no arrests here."

They reached the young man's side.

Certainly he possessed a beautiful flow of language. We should like to reproduce his remarks, but the trouble is they would fill a volume.

"Hurt?" demanded Harry.

"He stuck me, yes," replied the fellow, with more picturesque allusions to his late antagonist. "I am bleeding in the back. I don't know how serious it is."

The Bradys observed that with all his talk he made no allusion to Chinamen.

He did not appear to be aware that his assailant was one of that race.

"Can't you get up? What are you lying there for? It may not be so bad as you think," said Old King Brady. "Here, take my hand."

The fellow staggered to his feet.

"I feel awful faint," he gasped.

"Brace up. Probably you are more scared than hurt. What's your name? Do you live around here?"

"My name is Ike Peters. I have a room in a house down here."

"Shall we take you there and see how badly you are wounded? I am something of a doctor. Perhaps I can fix you up."

"I wish you would go with me, if it isn't asking too much," replied Peters.

Harry got the knife and picked up the Chinaman's overcoat.

"These Chinks carry long knives," he remarked.

"Say, was that a Chink?" cried Peters.

"That's what he was," replied Old King Brady.

"Gee! Is that so?"

"Can you imagine any reason for this attack?"

"Mebbe I can."

Old King Brady was interested, of course, but he did not press the fellow then. The time for that would come later, he thought.

So the Bradys helped Peters to his room, which was on the top floor of a shabby frame house further along the alley.

Here he partially removed his clothes and displayed the wound.

It was in the lower part of the back on the left side.

The knife had penetrated about half an inch.

"It's an ugly cut, but there is nothing serious about it," said Old King Brady.

"Do I need a doctor?" asked Peters.

"Not at all. I'll wash the wound out and tie a bandage around it. Go to a doctor in the morning, and have it dressed. It will be all right."

"I'm sure I can never thank you enough, sir."

"That's all right. Didn't you hear the Chink coming up behind you?"

"No; he came without a bit of noise. He jumped on me like a cat, and had the knife in my back before I knew where I was at."

Old King Brady dressed and bandaged the wound.

"Now you are fixed, and we must be going," he said.

"Say, how can I thank you?" said Peters. "I'd like to know who you are."

"The name is Brady," replied the old detective. "Come to the Dufferin, where we are stopping, before nine tomorrow, and I'll dress the wound again for you. It will save you a doctor's bill. Inquire for Mr. Burns."

"I'll do it," said Peters. "Brady, eh?"

He looked the old detective over curiously.

"Well?" said Old King Brady. "What do you make out of me, young man?"

"I make an American detective out of you."

"So?"

"I make Old King Brady out of you?"

"Indeed!"

"Is that right?"

"Perhaps so. We will talk it over in the morning. I was going to take the Chinaman's coat, but I think I'll leave it for you."

"You had better look in the pockets."

"That is just what I propose to do."

"Well, do it now. I'd like to see what you find?"

Old King Brady ran through the pockets.

From the inside one he took out three letters.

They were all three postmarked Boston, and were addressed to "Jo How, St. John, N. B."

Old King Brady opened them and found that they were in Chinese.

"You better keep those," said Peters.

"I intend to, and you may keep the coat," was the reply.

"And the knife?"

"And the knife."

"Perhaps I can put it in that Chink's back some of these days. If I ever get the chance you can just bet your sweet life I will."

"Come to the Dufferin in the morning and tell why you think that Chink tried to stick you."

"I'll come. Mebbe I'll talk. I'll think it over tonight."

And with this the Bradys pulled out.

"Upon my word, I believe we have made a start," said Harry, as they hurried back toward the ferry.

"It may be so," replied the old detective. "It has been an interesting evening at all events."

"Good job Alice didn't come."

"Yes, indeed. She would have been greatly in the way."

But we have a job for her with these Chinese letters. I only hope she can read them."

And the Bradys returned to St. John.

CHAPTER III.

LAYING PIPE.

Alice was up and waiting when the Bradys got back to the Dufferin.

Needless to say, she was greatly interested in the account of their adventures in the Carleton alley.

"It looks like something in connection with our case," she said.

"It certainly does," replied Old King Brady, "but here are our Chink letters. Get busy, Alice, and see what you can make out of them."

Alice glanced at the letters.

"I can't read more than a few words of this one," she remarked as she ran her eye over the first.

"Not Cantonese?" asked Harry.

"No."

"What language is it in, then?"

"I can't say. Some north China dialect."

She tried the second.

"This is Cantonese, all right," she declared.

"Before you read it, look at the other," said Old King Brady.

Alice did so, and pronounced it in the same dialect as the first.

She then read the second letter as follows:

We render it into good English and not in the flowery Chinese style in which it was actually written.

"Boston, April —.

"On or about May 10th we shall send our good friend Jim Hing to you. To him tell where the next landing shall be. You had best not go there yourself, or we may not be able to use you again in St. John, and so give him the money to pay the captain and let him go. The Secret Service men are after us. Who has told? If you are the man then beware of our vengeance. But we do not believe it. Keep quiet and watch; make no move."

The letter was unaddressed and unsigned.

"Important," said Old King Brady. "Let's see the postmark."

It proved to be the latest of the three.

It had been received at St. John only that morning.

"Very important," said Old King Brady.

"We are next on the Chink smugglers, all right," added Harry. "If we can be on hand when this fellow comes and shadow him we are right in it."

"He is due to-morrow," said Old King Brady. "That's the tenth of the month."

"My job," said Alice quietly, "and, Harry, don't you say no."

Young King Brady, being deeply in love with Alice, is disposed to raise objections to her taking parts liable to lead her into danger.

"Do you mean you are going to personate this Jim Hing?" he asked.

"That was just my meaning."

"The boss has something to say about that."

"I say yes," replied Old King Brady. "But only so far as getting next to the secrets of this Jo How and his bunch is concerned."

"Just what do you mean by that?" demanded Alice. "Where shall I draw the line?"

"I mean that you must take no money."

"If you do they will follow you till they kill you," said Harry.

"They are very vindictive," replied Alice. "Still, if money is offered me I don't see how I could help taking it. We could return it later on, after the case is settled up."

"Don't take a cent unless you are absolutely forced to," persisted Old King Brady. "You can probably trump up some excuse."

"Then it is settled that I do the Jim Hing act?"

"We will think it over during the night," said Old King Brady.

"The fellow may arrive on the morning train," said Harry. "It would be a bad job if you were to run into him."

After some further talk the Bradys retired.

Old King Brady was up by five o'clock.

He left the hotel and chased about town trying to locate the Chinaman Jo How.

He steered straight for the Caliphat section, and away down by Courtney Bay he struck a Chinese laundry which carried the sign "Jo How."

Old King Brady then went to the railroad station.

He was on hand when the morning express from Bangor came in.

No Chinaman left the cars.

Old King Brady went back to the Dufferin, and found Harry and Alice at breakfast.

"I think you are safe to try it," he said to the latter, "but be very, very careful. Harry will accompany you and do the dummy act."

"It is not necessary," said Alice.

"It is absolutely necessary," replied Harry. "I should not think of letting you go alone."

Young King Brady is an expert in making up as a Chinaman.

Many times he has successfully played the part.

The only difficulty is his inability to speak or understand the language.

Equally successful has been Alice.

As she can hold her own with the Cantonese Chinamen, who represent ninety per cent of the Chinese in America, she and Harry working together make a great team.

Old King Brady gave them their instructions, and they retired to their rooms to get their things together.

The making up they proposed to do at a costumer's on Charlotte street.

It would not do for Chinamen to be seen leaving the Dufferin.

At quarter past nine Old King Brady, who hung around the lobby, saw Ike Peters come in.

He beckoned to him, and took him directly to his room.

"Well, how are you feeling this morning?" he asked.

"Pretty lame and sore. I can scarcely walk."

"You had a narrow escape, young man."

"That's what I did."

"You might be wearing a wooden overcoat now."

"And that's no dream. Only for you——"

"Oh, you did pretty well."

"He was choking me, Mr. Brady. He only let me up when he heard your shot."

"So?"

"Yes. You saved my life, all right."

"Glad I was able to be of service to you. Perhaps you can do as much for me."

"I'm going to. I seen Mr. McLaren. He's willing."

"Ah, ha!"

"You see, I work for him. I hang about the wharves and pick up points about smugglers."

"Yes, yes. And was it you who posted him about these Chink smugglers?"

"Yes. But I didn't tell him all."

"You told him that the schooner Mary Ann Noon was engaged in the business?"

"Yes."

"What more do you know?"

"That the smugglers are backed up by the firm of Robertson Bros. They own the steamer Flamingo, in which the Chinese come down from Quebec. They are landed on the coast somewhere, and the Noon calls for them."

"What does she do with them?"

"Lands them in either Portland or Boston. They are taken off at night in boats."

"Know any more?"

"That's all."

"Does the Noon expect to get a load this trip?"

"I reckon she does."

"You don't know the place where she takes on the Chinamen, I suppose?"

"No; it is never done twice in the same place. Sometimes it's on the New Brunswick shore, sometimes over in Nova Scotia."

"Who pays you for your work?"

"Mr. McLaren."

"Well, then, I'll pay you well for any definite information you may pick up about this business."

"I'll see what I can do."

"And you think this Chink got on to the fact that you had told McLaren about the operations of the Noon?"

"That's what I think. Don't you?"

"It certainly looks so. You had no idea that you were being followed by a Chinaman last night."

"No. The fact is I was pretty well jagged."

"Let this be a warning to you," said Old King Brady.

He then examined and dressed Peters' wound, and dismissed him.

"More points gained," he said to himself.

"What he really wanted was to find out the representatives of Robertson Bros. in Boston and Portland, as these men could be arrested, and in that way the business broken up."

Old King Brady now left the hotel and went down to the Market Slip, at the foot of King street.

Here he easily identified the Noon, which lay at Mellich's wharf.

There was no appearance of taking on cargo.

The old detective concluded that Captain Philips was awaiting orders to meet the Flamingo.

"If we can be on hand at the landing-place we may be able to accomplish something," he thought.

Still, it was difficult to know what to do unless he could be empowered to make arrests.

In his perplexity, for he was deeply perplexed to know just how to act, Old King Brady walked the streets for an hour or more.

At last an idea occurred to him which he determined to act upon.

He looked up the address of the American consul in the directory.

This gentleman proved to be a Captain Stillings.

His address was at the International Steamship Co.'s wharf.

Thither Old King Brady went and made himself known to Captain Stillings.

In a private interview he explained his business.

"I am ready to help you in any way in my power, Mr. Brady," said Captain Stillings. "What would you like to have me do?"

"Two things," replied the old detective. "First there will come here from the States either by train or steamer within a day or two a Chinaman whose papers will be made out in the name of Jim Hing."

"Well?"

"I want this fellow arrested the instant he sets foot in St. John, and held until I am through with this case. Can it be arranged?"

"Easily. The chief of police is a good friend of mine. He hates Chinese. He will do it for the asking."

"Very likely you will find that the Chinaman is traveling on another man's papers, as half of them do."

"The chief will find an excuse. What is the other thing?"

"I want the schooner Mary Ann Noon held beyond her time, so that the Flamingo will have a load of Chinese on her hands, and the captain will be puzzled to know what to do with them."

"Ha! I see your drift. You want to fix it so that he will attempt to land them himself on American soil."

"That's it. What can you do in the matter?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Let us think."

"The Noon flies the British flag."

"That's the trouble. She is an old-fashioned Nova Scotia coaster."

"Do you happen to know Captain Philips?"

"No, I don't know him."

"She could be libeled."

"I don't see how it can be done, but I might wire the Washington authorities to make a request that she be held pending an examination of the captain to ascertain if he was engaged in Chinese smuggling or not."

"That wouldn't do at all."

"Then I shall have to ask you to suggest some plan."

"I may not want to do it, but in case I should my idea would be something like this: for you to see your friend the chief of police and request that the entire crew be arrested on the eve of sailing. This would make the delay."

"But on what grounds?"

"I will think up some scheme. You think the chief would be willing to do this for you?"

"He certainly would if you could think of any reasonable excuse which would prevent trouble coming to him."

"Then it is up to me to get the excuse. I'll see you again in a day or two."

Old King Brady then went back to the Dufferin.

He had hoped to find Harry and Alice there, but they were not in evidence.

Pipe-laying in a case like this is slow business at the best.

Such was the work of the Bradys on that first day.

CHAPTER IV.

ALICE'S WONDERFUL CHINESE WORK.

Meanwhile Harry and Alice had started on their dangerous and difficult undertaking.

The old costumer on Charlotte street was an intelligent

German whom the Bradys had had occasion to employ before.

He therefore recognized Harry, and was perfectly willing to lend them any aid in his power.

Some of the things they needed Harry had brought along with them, and some the costumer furnished.

Young King Brady decided to adopt the American dress for both, and when all was ready the costumer declared their disguise perfect.

"You would pass for Chinese men anywere," he said; "but how you make de talk?"

"Oh, Miss Montgomery attends to that," replied Harry. "She speaks Chinese well."

"So? Dat vas strange."

"Not so strange seeing that she was born in China."

"Vell, vell! Dot vas schüst vot you vant in dis case."

They left the costumer's, and walked about the streets a little while.

Harry was anxious to test their costumes, and to see if they attracted any particular attention.

He could not see that it was so, and he finally started to cross the King's Square with the idea of going down into the lower part of the town by way of Carmarthen street when who should he see coming out of the old burying ground which lies beyond the square but the Chinaman Jo How.

"Now we are up against it," he whispered to Alice.

"Yes, but it is better so," replied Alice. "What I have feared is that there is some secret password to be given; if that is the case we are not in it, and it is just as well to have the matter decided here in the open street."

"Better."

"You are quite right. Let him tackle us first."

"I'm going to. Don't you fear."

As yet Jo How had not caught sight of them, but he did in a minute.

He kept his eyes fixed upon them as he came along.

At first Harry thought he was going to pass them without speaking.

But as they drew nearer he made some remarks to which Alice immediately responded.

Harry caught the name "Hing."

Jo How stopped short and spoke to Harry.

Young King Brady paid not the least attention to him.

Alice said something, at the same time touching her lips.

Then followed a fifteen-minute talk in Chinese.

Of course, it was all a muddle to Harry.

What pleased him was to see that Alice was evidently holding her own well.

At last Jo How pulled away and started across the King's Square.

Alice opened the graveyard gate and they went in, the place being a thoroughfare.

"Well?" demanded Harry, in a whisper.

"I stood the test," replied Alice. "I completely fooled him."

"Good! But then I expected nothing less."

"Oh, I shall make a miss of it some time, Harry."

"Never! You were simply superb. Every look, every gesture, was that of a Chinaman."

"Oh, you are partial."

"No, I am not. I am simply speaking the truth."

"Well, never mind. He has accepted me as Jim Hing, and that is what we want. He expected me by the morning train, it seems, and had started out to look me up."

"And what about me?"

"Oh, I told him that you were my deaf and dumb brother, and that I always take you with me wherever I go."

"He did not seem to speak as fluently as most Chinamen. There seemed to be some hesitation."

"He is from the North of China; he does not speak good Cantonese; still, we got along pretty well."

"And what is the upshot of it?"

"Well, we are to go down there in an hour. He has gone for money."

"To give you?"

"Yes."

"You know what Old King Brady said."

"It can't be helped. He is the representative of a powerful Chinese society in Boston. His orders are to pay me \$2,000 which I am to give to the captain of the steamer Flamingo."

"I don't see how you can get out of it now."

"It is impossible. We started this thing, and we have got to go through with it."

"And this Flamingo?"

"Is bringing a load of Chinamen down from Quebec."

"Where are they to be landed?"

"At a place called Skegwash, in lower New Brunswick, not far from the island of Campobello."

"That is off Eastport, Maine."

"Yes, and I've got to go there at once."

"To-day?"

"Yes. By the evening train."

"You don't go alone, then. I'll not permit it."

"Hold on now, Harry. Since you started in to make love to me you treat me like a baby. You will spoil me as a detective. I don't believe you care two pins for me, or you would not do that."

"Come now, Alice, if you only knew the depth of my affection——"

"Hold on! A graveyard is no place to make love in. Besides, you must quit making love in business hours."

"You have said that half a dozen times before, and my answer is that with detectives all hours are business hours."

"Come, come, Harry; quit it. I haven't told you all yet."

"Well, go on."

"I take this money to Skegwash, and wait till the Flamingo comes in. She is to transfer her passengers to the schooner Mary Ann Noon, which will take them to Boston."

"Do you stay with Chinamen there at Skegwash?"

"No. With an old fisherman who will drive me down from the railroad station at St. Andrews."

"But the Noon don't sail till Thursday. You will have to hang around there several days."

"It can't be helped."

"Look here, Alice, in the meantime the real Jim Hing will turn up. Then where will you be?"

"You and Old King Brady must prevent him from turning up, and I am sure you can do it if you try."

"Probably we can. Well, you have learned a lot, anyhow. But I am like the Governor. I am afraid about this money."

"There will be no difficulty whatever if we can only hold up the real Jim Hing."

"Well, we will look into that," said Harry. "He can't arrive before night, anyhow. You are not going to stop at Jo How's laundry for the rest of the day, I hope?"

"No. He particularly does not want me to. I am to keep away, and get out of town just as quick as I can."

"These Chinamen have a lot of confidence in each other."

"Don't they? And if you knew them as I do you would know that their confidence is very rarely betrayed."

They had passed out on to Elliott Row now, and they kept on to Courtney Bay.

The tide was out, and the bay was just one vast mud flat.

With the return of St. John's wonderful tide it would become a splendid sheet of water, capable of floating an ocean steamer.

They wandered about until the hour was up.

Now they were in Caliphat, close to Jo How's laundry.

This part of St. John is a mass of small buildings, hastily erected after the great fire of June, 1877, which destroyed nearly the entire city.

It is given up to low saloons, sailor's boarding-houses, and the like.

It is safe enough during the day, but a most dangerous neighborhood after nightfall.

Fortunately it is a corner by itself, and no thoroughfare runs through it.

Thus an unobserving person might live months in St. John and never know that such a place as Caliphat exists.

They readily found the laundry and went in.

A hideous old Chink was boiling clothes over an old stove, and the place was full of steam.

He informed Alice that Jo How was out, and they sat down to wait.

At last the would-be murderer of Ike Peters came in. Young King Brady now settled down for a long wait. No Chinaman ever does business in a hurry.

To the mind of the Celestial it is absolutely necessary that certain ceremony shall be observed in the completion of every transaction, no matter how small.

Jo How took them into his back room, and having placed two rickety old chairs for his guests, drew a table away from the wall.

Upon this he placed sweetmeats, a bottle of sam-schu, or rice brandy, several tiny cups, and then proceeded to make tea.

This took time, and was done in silence, after the Chinese style.

When all was ready the tea was poured into the little cups, and the saucers placed on top of them.

Jo How did not seat himself in the presence of his guests, neither did he eat or drink with them until it came to the sam-schu, when he took his portion, and pledged them in the American style.

Harry and Alice barely touched the powerful stuff to their lips.

But this was quite satisfactory to Jo How.

No Chinaman would dream of urging a guest to drink one drop more than he wished.

The feast over, Jo How sat down, and he and Alice had another long "chin-chin."

At last the Chinaman produced a great roll of Canadian bills, and counted out two thousand dollars.

He then brought Chinese writing materials, and Alice, with a dexterity which anyone must have admired, wrote a receipt.

This ended the transaction.

Alice and Harry went right away.

"Well, how did I make out?" asked Alice, when at last they found themselves on Queen street, far enough away from Caliphat to make it perfectly safe to talk.

"Splendidly!" replied Young King Brady. "You were a perfect master of yourself clear through."

"Well, Harry, unless it is some half-breed out in California, I don't believe there is another detective in the United States who can play the part of a Chinaman any better than I can, even if I do say it myself."

"And I am dead sure of it."

"Where do we go now? I hate to make a change. We may be watched."

"I was thinking of the same thing myself. Where did he tell you to go?"

"He advised me to get over to Portland and remain in a certain laundry until train time."

"And I hate to have you do anything of the sort, Alice."

"I knew you would object. At the same time, I think

I ought to do it, for it will be sure to excite suspicion if I don't."

Of course, Harry could not gainsay this, for he knew perfectly well that what Alice said was true.

"We must see the Governor?" he said. "How can we fix it?"

"You take me to the laundry, show yourself, and after a while leave me and get to the costumer's. You can come back again. So long as I stay there with the money it will be all right."

This was so plainly the best way that Harry raised no further objections.

They accordingly walked to the Portland district of St. John, and having found the laundry, went in.

It was quite a large establishment, and employed a good many hands.

Alice gave the boss a slip of red paper which Jo How had given her, and he took her upstairs to a room which he informed her that she and her brother could have to themselves.

This was unexpected good luck, and as the room opened on an outside balcony from which there were steps leading down to the street Harry was able to leave soon afterward without attracting the observation of the men in the laundry.

He hurried to the costumer's.

To all appearance he was not being shadowed, and in a few minutes, in his usual dress, he was on his way to the Duffwin.

Here he found Old King Brady impatiently waiting for him.

It took but a few minutes to run over the details of their morning's work.

"Good!" exclaimed the old detective. "Alice is immense!"

"She certainly has proved of the greatest service in our Chinese cases."

"Indeed, yes. I don't know what we should have done without her."

"I hope you don't object to her having taken the money?"

"Under the circumstances she could have done nothing else. Now, hear of the little I have been able to do."

Then it was Old King Brady's turn to explain.

"Peters' story coincides with what we heard from the Chinaman," said Harry.

"Exactly. There is no doubt that the captain of the Flamingo is our game. If we can only fix it so that he attempts to land his load of Chinks on American soil we shall be all right."

"I shall have to make a start with Alice. She seems to think it is perfectly safe for her to go to this Skegwash alone."

"Not a doubt of it as long as there are no Chinese to be there to watch her, and even if there were I'd back her

cool head against the bunch. Run down the line with her as far as McAdam Junction, or wherever you meet the night train from Bangor."

"And then return to St. John?"

"Yes. I shall need you here. Tell Alice she need have no fear. The real Jim Hing will be promptly arrested the instant he strikes town, and will not be turned loose until I give the word."

So Harry got back to the laundry as quick as possible.

Alice reported all quiet.

The Chinks perfectly understood the necessity of her keeping out of sight, and had not disturbed her.

Late in the afternoon one came upstairs and told them that supper had been prepared for them.

They went down and ate alone.

Alice did some talking, but very little was needed.

The Chinese are naturally a taciturn race, and do not consider it necessary to talk all the time, as many white people do.

Train time found Alice and Harry at the station.

Jo How was here to see them off.

Never was a Chinaman more completely hoodwinked.

"Little does he imagine," said Alice, when the train pulled out, "that you are the man who fired that shot at him in the Carleton alley last night."

CHAPTER V.

THE BRADYS START THE BALL ROLLING.

The day following was Saturday.

On the train in which Harry returned from McAdam Junction came a young Chinaman whom he believed to be Jim Hing.

And this proved to be the case.

The fellow was promptly nabbed at the station and whisked away to jail in a cab.

Captain Stillings had made good.

Harry hurried to the Dufferin with the intelligence.

"So far so good," said Old King Brady. "And now patience. We can do nothing until Thursday next, but before that date every pipe must be laid. I shall make a bluff of leaving town to-night if you can help in the way I wish."

"Which is?"

"I want you to ship on the Noon, Harry."

"Chances are the crew are not aboard."

"Certainly not all of them, but you must get aboard and find out all you can. On Wednesday night you must get the entire crew into Caliphat, and there they will be arrested. Tie up the schooner we must."

This was Old King Brady's plan.

Its execution did not seem so easy.

Still, where there is a will there is a way.

Right after breakfast the Bradys called on Consul Stillings.

Old King Brady disclosed his scheme.

"The arrests will be made if you can do the rest," the consul assured him.

"I shall keep you posted, but when you next see me I shall be differently dressed from what I am now."

"It will be all right any way you fix it," said Stillings.

"I only hope you may succeed, but I have no confidence in your friend, McLaren."

"Ah—so!"

"Yes; he is a man who would sell you out if it suited his purpose. I should give him no inkling of my plans."

Leaving the consul's, the Bradys went to the old costumer's.

Here Harry fixed himself up in a "hard luck" suit, and started for Melich's Wharf.

The Noon was taking on potatoes this morning.

Harry thus got an opportunity to observe Captain Phillips.

He was a comparatively young man, and appeared to be a good-natured sort of fellow.

Young King Brady watched him for a while, and then went aboard.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the captain, looking him over doubtfully.

And well he might the way Harry was dressed.

"Cap, I'm just about starved; can't you give me a job?" Young King Brady said.

"Are you a sailor man?"

"I have been to sea, yes, sir; but it's not my trade. I used to be a ship's cook."

"What is your trade?"

"Printer now."

"What's your name?"

"Dick Dooley. I belong in Boston, and want to get there. I'm dead broke, cap, and if you will let me work my way up on your schooner you will find me ready to do anything and everything. Honor bright, you will find me a good man."

"Take hold here and help get on the balance of these taters," said the captain. "I'll see that you get your dinner, anyway. But I can't ship you, for my crew is all engaged but the cook."

"I'm a right good cook, cap."

"Ah, rats! You'd poison us all, you blamed Yankee. You fellers don't know how to cook."

But Harry does know how to cook, and what is more, he knows the prejudice which the people of the lower provinces hold against all Americans, and particularly those of the New England and Middle States.

So he said no more, but jumped in and helped load the potatoes.

This done, Captain Philips gave him twenty-five cents, and sent him about his business.

But this was a beginning.

That night Old King Brady took the train, and went over to Halifax, where there was a party whom he wanted to see.

Harry hunted about, and finding a sailor's lodging-house, turned in there.

As luck would have it he ran up against one of the crew of the Noon.

This man told him that it was a fact that the entire crew was engaged, as Captain Philips had expected to sail that day, and was holding his men over.

The cook engaged, he further stated, would not stand for the delay, and had shipped on another steamer.

"If you could really make the skipper believe you can cook, I have no doubt he would take you on," said the man, whose name was Tom Brown.

"Well, I can cook," replied Harry, "and if you will tell him so and make him give me a show I'll give you two dollars. You can just bet your life I'll be able to deliver the goods."

They talked further, and grew quite chummy as the evening advanced.

Sunday morning Harry went into Brown's room, and asked him again to intercede in his favor with Captain Philips.

"Pretend you know me," he said. "You needn't be one bit afraid. I'll make it five dollars, and that's every cent I have."

"And enough to take you to Boston on the steamer," said Brown, suspiciously. "What are you so blamed anxious to sail with us for?"

"Because I want the longer voyage. I'm fond of the water. Besides, I'm not cooking for nothing. I want my pay."

Brown collared the five in advance.

He told Harry he would give it back if he did not succeed in getting him the berth.

This, of course, he had not the least intention of doing.

But Harry knew that with the bill in his pocket he would lie all the faster.

And so it proved.

That afternoon Brown took him down to the schooner. Captain Philips was ashore, and was not expected back until evening.

Brown agreed to meet Harry at seven o'clock and try it again.

Of course, he failed to keep his engagement.

Late that night he turned up at the crimp's place boiling drunk, and Harry helped put him to bed.

But Young King Brady knows his business.

He felt sure that he had his man now.

Brown was in his room before he was up.

"Say, Dooley," he said, "was it you who steered me to roost last night?"

"Yes," said Harry. "You're a deuce of a fellow. You kept me waiting an hour, and never showed up. You just give me back that five."

"Huh!" growled Brown; "you'll have to take it out of my hide, then, for I don't know what became of it. I fell in with a bad bunch last night."

"And got loaded on my money. I know your kind."

"Hold on! I'll make good. Gimme the price of a bracer, and you get your cookee's berth all right, all right. I'll tell the old man I sailed with you two voyages, and that you can cook like a French chef."

"Well, then, go and tell him without the bracer, for when I pay for my night's lodging I won't have a blamed cent."

Harry stuck to his room.

About ten o'clock Brown came stumbling in.

He had a beautiful bun on, wherever he got it.

"It's all ri', ole man," he roared. "You get ri' down there. The skipper wants to see yer. Min' now! You was with me on the schooner Reindeer—ketch on? Reindeer, New York to Demarra. Now, git. I'm a man of me word."

Harry got out soon after and strolled leisurely down to the Market Slip.

Captain Philips was aboard, and he came on deck after a little.

"You again," he said. "What do you want now?"

"Why, I heard you wanted to see me, cap," replied Harry. "I struck an old shipmate of mine, Tom Brown. He sent me here."

"What, are you the famous cook he was loading me up with?"

"I'm the one."

"What vessel was you on with Brown?"

"Schooner Reindeer, New York to Demarra."

"Your stories tally, anyway. Well, you can cook for your grub and passage to Boston, providing you can satisfy me while we lie in port."

"No, sir. That don't go."

"What don't go?"

"I'm willing to work my passage as a sailor man, but if I am going into the galley I expect cook's pay."

"Cook, cook," said the captain. "Show me what you can do and we will fix up the rest later on."

It was all Young King Brady wanted.

To have appeared too willing might have spoiled his chance.

He went right to work, and by Wednesday Captain Philips was so well pleased with his new cook that he came voluntarily to Harry and offered him full cook's wages.

Young King Brady stuck close to the Noon all day, but every night, after his dishes were washed, he claimed shore leave, and went up into the town.

In this way he not only saw Old King Brady after his return from Halifax, but followed up his acquaintance with Tom Brown, and through him got acquainted with the entire crew of the Noon, six in number.

Of course, he also had a chance to explore the schooner.

In the hold there were rude accommodations for about twenty-five passengers.

Everything was now in good working order.

The chief of the St. John police of course did not appear in the business.

Neither of the Bradys even met the gentleman to know him.

But when Captain Stillings told Old King Brady that there was a certain boarding-house in Caliphat which the police had long contemplated raiding, and that the raid would be made on Wednesday night at ten o'clock, the old detective took this as final.

He gave Captain Stillings a list of the sailor men he wanted held.

"If you will keep those fellows in jail until Monday it is all I ask," he said.

On Wednesday Captain Philips received a telegram—Harry saw it come.

That was the time the captain spoke to him about the matter of wages.

"We sail to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning," he added. "The crew will come aboard late this evening."

Harry hurried through his dishes, and got to the crimp's house on Caliphat with all haste.

Here, as he expected, he found Tom Brown in a state of beastly sobriety.

"We sail in the morning, I suppose you know," Harry said.

"Yes, I know," replied Brown. "The mate sent me word. I'm going aboard pretty soon."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Harry. "I struck luck this evening."

"What do you mean?"

"Met a fellow who owed me twenty this long time. He cashed in."

"Cents."

"Cents nothing. Twenty dollars."

"By gum, that's great. You ought to treat."

"I'm not drinking myself, but I'm treating an old shipmate, all right," said Harry.

And with this remark he started the ball rolling.

He soon proposed to Brown that they go to another crimp's house where the balance of the crew were stopping.

This was done, and from there all hands went to Cassidy's boarding-house in the slums of Caliphat.

What happened there will be presently shown.

Now we need only mention that this was the particular

joint named by Captain Stillings as the one which the police desired to close up.

The Bradys had now started the ball rolling in great shape.

The question was how would it all end.

CHAPTER VI.

ALICE GETS INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE.

During the long ride to McAdam Junction, where the New Brunswick main railroad crosses that branch of the Canadian Pacific system known as the European & North American, which runs from St. John to Bangor, Me., Alice and Harry found plenty of time to talk.

There were few passengers on the train that night.

Had it been otherwise in their Chinese disguises they would scarcely have dared to open their mouths.

As it was Harry had just what he wanted—a chance to press his suit upon the beautiful girl with whom he had fallen so deeply in love.

Alice let him talk, but it must be confessed she did not offer him very much encouragement.

"It is no use, Harry; I am not ready to become engaged," she said. "I am too fond of the detective business for that."

"But if you would only give me hope, Alice."

"I have never refused you that. Some day, after we have won out in a few more cases."

"You always say that. The day will never come."

"Perhaps it will. Don't despair. I am devoted to my business."

"And am I devoted to anything else?"

"How can you say that after the way you have been talking? It strikes me very forcibly that you are devoted to me."

And so it went, and so it always goes.

Not that Alice is indifferent to Harry, by any means, but in her thoughts the fascinating business in which she is engaged has found first place.

She missed him after she changed cars, however.

The long ride down to St. Andrews was tedious enough, for, owing to her Chinese disguise, Alice was barred from the sleeping car, of course.

Sitting upright in the day coach she simply could not sleep.

Reaching St. Andrews in the early morning Alice was forced to sit on a hard bench in the shabby little station until half-past eight o'clock.

For fear of missing the fisherman she did not dare to leave even to look for a bite of breakfast.

This was one of the times when detective work did not seem so pleasant.

At last a rickety old buggy drove up, and an elderly man with a long goat's beard got out.

He stood gaping about.

Alice saw him through the window, and came outside.

"Oh, here yer be!" cried the man. "You're the Chink what's going to cook for me deown to my place, eh? Eh?"

"Mlister White?" questioned Alice.

"That's me. You speakee English—yes, no?"

Cautioned by Jo How not to say one word to this man, Alice shook her head.

"No sabebe," she said.

White then produced a bit of red paper with Chinese characters on it.

It looked like a laundry ticket.

Alice got out the other half which had been given her by Jo How, and matched the pieces, as a laundryman would do.

"Oh, it's all straight," said White. "That's the paper sent me from St. John by Robertson Brothers."

"Allee light," said Alice.

"It will be allee light when you cough up the cash, and not before," muttered White.

He motioned to Alice to get into the buggy, and she did so.

Once they were well out of town she gave White fifty dollars, acting under instructions from Jo How.

Their way lay through the unbroken forest.

This section of New Brunswick is practically undeveloped, as the land is rocky and worthless.

During the long ride of twenty-odd miles Alice saw but two houses.

At last they came out in sight of a bay studded with islands.

This was the famous Passamaquoddy, one of the most beautiful bays in the world so far as natural scenery is concerned.

They skirted the bay for about five miles, coming at last to an old shack of a house at the head of a deep cove.

"There yer be. That ar's my house," said White, "and here you will hev ter make yerself to hum till the Noon comes."

It was the slowest time Alice had ever put in.

What the object was in sending her forward so many days ahead she never could understand.

Fisherman White and his wife lived all alone here.

They treated Alice with absolute contempt and indifference.

After the first day they scarcely uttered a word.

She was provided with a fairly good bed, but her meals were served in an old shed outside.

The cooking was something fearful.

Poor Alice was almost starved.

She bore up patiently, however.

During the day she wandered along the shore or in the woods.

At last she took to fishing to keep herself from going crazy.

This was real sport.

The cove was simply alive with fish.

The old woman cooked fish every meal for Alice after that, which suited her better than the tough chunks of fried beef and pork had done.

It was a tedious time for Alice, and as its description would make equally tedious reading we jump to Friday.

This, according to Jo How, was the time appointed for the arrival of the steamer Flamingo with its load of Chinks.

Alice went down to the heads at the mouth of the cove to watch and remained around there nearly all day.

Night settled down upon them, and still nothing had been seen of the steamer.

But while they were at supper the firing of a cannon was heard.

Old White came tumbling out into the shed.

"She's come," he cried. "You want to chase yourself, you Chink."

"Stleamer?" said Alice, with all the calm indifference of a real Chinaman.

"Yes, stleamer," replied White. "Mind now, this here is your funeral. I hain't got nuthin' to do with it."

"Allee light," said Alice calmly. "Plenty time."

"Time nothing! Do you suppose they are coming in here after you? Get the boat and pull out to them. You can take this here lantern. Mind your eye now or they'll be smuggling you off to the States and selling you for a slave."

"No sabebe," said Alice, going on with her supper.

Nor would she make a move until she had finished.

She was well assured that the captain of the Flamingo was not going away until he had collared the \$2,000.

Moreover, she had no notion of pulling out to the steamer alone.

Old White fussed about, growling and spitting.

Alice, pretending not to understand, was oblivious to it all.

At last she got up, took the lantern and walked down to the water's edge.

She could see the lights of the steamer which lay just within the heads at the mouth of the cove.

Listening, she caught the sound of oars.

Evidently someone was coming ashore.

In spite of what he had said, old White's curiosity was too much for him, and he followed her down to the shore.

"Hain't you going to pull out?" he asked.

Alice held up her finger.

"Man comee," she said.

"Waal, I guess yer about right. Don't believe you can row, you blamed Chink, and that is why you wuz so slow to make a move."

"Comee, comee," said Alice, thankful that there was something doing at last.

Presently they caught sight of a boat in which there were three men.

Alice waved the lantern, and they pulled toward it.

A middle-aged man with an officer's cap stepped ashore

"Is this the Skegwash, Hank White's cove?" he asked.

"Yas," drawled the fisherman. "It's his cove, and I'm the man."

"We were to meet a Chinaman here. I suppose this is the fellow?"

"Yas," said White, "an' I wisht you'd hurry up and finish with him. I'm tired of having the blamed rat-eater about."

"Takes too much time to catch the rats to feed him on, I suppose," sneered the officer. "Where's the Mary Ann Noon?"

"I hain't seen nuthin' of her, cap."

The captain burst out with a torrent of foul words.

Was he to be kept here waiting for the schooner when he was due in New York on Sunday? What did the Robertsons mean? There had been no bad weather, he had wired Captain Philips from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, exactly what time he would run into the cove, and so on.

Meanwhile the two men stuck to the boat, and Alice stood by in silence.

"Come, you Chink," said the captain quieting down at last. "Let's talk business. I want to know where I am at."

"Talkee plivate," said Alice.

"Get back to the house," said the captain to old White, showing him about as much respect as he might have done in ordering a dog.

The old fisherman retreated.

"Do I get my money?" demanded the captain, then.

"You gottee Chineese mans?" demanded Alice.

"Yes, twenty-eight of them."

"What you namee?"

"I'm captain Barber."

"You gottee tlicket?"

Captain Barber pulled out a torn red paper, and Alice matched it with the other half.

"Allee light," she said then. "Me payee you money."

She produced her roll of \$2,000, and placed it in the captain's hands.

"How much is here?" he demanded.

"Two thousan' dlollars."

"Flames and furies! The price was to be twenty-five hundred. What do you mean, you yellow rat-eater, by talking two thousand to me?"

Alice did not know.

Jo How had said that the \$2,000 was to be given to the captain, and fifty of the extra hundred he gave Alice was to go to old White.

But the Chinese are pretty slick articles when it comes to dealing with white people.

Alice could readily imagine that knowing that Captain Barber would have to get rid of his undesirable passengers anyhow, Jo How might have kept back \$500 as a little private graft.

The captain, swearing and storming all the while, counted the money.

"This don't go," he cried. "I'll drown every pig-tailed son of a rat-eater on the Flamingo if you don't cough up the other five hundred."

It was not necessary for Alice to pretend to be frightened. She was scared half to death.

"Me no gottee more! Me no gottee more!" she protested, making every effort to keep cool,

"You've knocked down five hundred on me, you yeller pup!" roared the captain. "Give up, now! Give up or I keelhaul you! By the great horn spoon, I'll break every bone in your yellow hide."

"Claptain," protested Alice, "me no know nloting. Me givee you just what me gettee. Dlat de truth."

The captain looked fixedly at her without a word.

To Alice his silence was more terrible than his rough talk.

What to do the poor girl did not know.

Needless to say, this was one of the times when she devoutly wished that she had her devoted Harry at her back.

And the situation was really serious.

Suddenly Captain Barber pounced on her.

Seizing her roughly by the coat collar, he dragged Alice toward the boat.

"You go aboard with me, and you stay there till Gus Philips comes," he snarled.

Resistance was useless.

For Alice to have produced her revolver would have been folly.

The captain proved himself a man of immense strength.

He dragged Alice to the boat and tumbled her in without ceremony.

"Pull away, boys!" he ordered.

Then to Alice he added:

"Looker here, now, you Chink. I'm going to kill you if I don't get that other five hundred. To kill you—do you understand?"

Of course, Alice did not dare reply.

"And how easily he could kill me and nobody but his own crew be the wiser?" she thought.

That old White would ever even inquire what had become of her she knew was something not to be expected.

Her only hope was that the captain would relent.

She knew the private plans of the Bradys, all of which we have not yet divulged.

And knowing these, she also knew that no help could be looked for from them.

When they reached the Flamingo Captain Barber ordered her to climb aboard, and she obeyed.

He followed next.

No sooner had his feet touched the deck than he hauled off and dealt poor Alice a stunning blow alongside the head.

Alice reeled.

It was a wonder she did not fall.

Her hat flew off, and the false pigtail which was coiled beneath it dropped down.

Instantly Captain Barber made a grab for it.

He got more than he bargained for.

The whole business came off in his hand.

"Thunder and guns! A white woman disguised as a Chinaman!" he roared.

CHAPTER VII.

UP WITH THE CHINK SMUGGLERS AT LAST.

Cassidy's boarding-house in Caliphat was one of the last of its kind.

Formerly this sort of thing was very common in this part of Canada.

Now the sailors have to go a slower pace.

Cassidy thought he had a pull, so he started his boarding-house upstairs over his groggery on Peter street, in the heart of Caliphat.

Harry and his sailor friends turned up shortly after nine.

They entered the saloon and lined up at the bar.

This was no gilded gin palace.

Far from it.

Cassidy belonged to the old school, and depended upon quantity rather than quality and fancy fixings to bring him trade.

The stuffy little room was filled full of kegs and barrels.

The window was equally crowded with fly-blown bottles, some full, but for the most part empty.

The place was filthy, and smelled abominably, but in spite of that it was so full of customers that it was all Young King Brady and his companions could do to find a place at the long black bar.

Harry let the gang do the drinking, and he did the paying.

Beer flowed in schooners, and the whisky in tumblers.

The capacity of the crew for tankage beat anything Young King Brady had ever seen.

They did not seem to care a rap whether he drank or not, as long as he footed the bill.

Naturally Young King Brady kept his ears open for

anything that might be said in relation to Chink smuggling after the sailors' tongues began to run loose.

Not a word did he catch.

Hence he concluded that Captain Philips and the mate were the only ones in the secret.

At last they adjourned upstairs, where some dancing was already going on in an empty room.

Here there was a big company assembled—sailors, sailor's wives, and the wives of the Caliphat boarding-house keepers.

It was a rough crowd.

The room was a long unplastered enclosure.

At one end a man was thumping on a tinkly old piano, with a boy accompanying him with a cracked fiddle.

Ranged along the wall were plain wooden benches without backs.

Twenty couples were on the floor waltzing, and the benches were pretty well crowded.

A master of ceremonies came forward whom Tom Brown seemed to know.

He did the introducing act, and in the march and two-step which followed Young King Brady and his companions danced with the rest.

The floor was so badly supported that Harry seriously feared that it might give way under them.

Dance followed dance, and it seemed to hold, however, until suddenly there was a loud uproar started downstairs.

The music ceased.

The master of ceremonies ran downstairs.

It is doubtful if he reached the foot of the flight before he came chasing back again, followed by half a dozen policemen armed with stout canes, which the police carry instead of clubs in St. John.

"You are all under arrest here!" shouted one, with "Captain" in gilt letters upon his cap.

The women screamed and the men swore.

It made no difference.

As Captain Stillings told Old King Brady, the police had been keeping an eye on Cassidy's for some time, and this was the night he got pulled.

There were more officers downstairs, and the result was a complete round-up, but the men's wives were allowed to go free.

Harry and his bunch landed in the police station, where they were all locked up in cells.

Hours passed, and mighty uncomfortable ones they were for poor Harry.

At last, the liquor beginning to tell on his companions—there were five in his cell, and none of them of the crew of the Noon—all hands were asleep but himself, when an officer came to the grated door with a paper in his hand.

"Is Dick Dooley here?" he gruffly inquired.

"That's me," replied Harry, thankful that relief had come at last.

He encountered just what he expected.

He was taken upstairs to the office of the station. Here he found a short, thick-set man in plain clothes. "Your name is Dick Dooley?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You are the cook of the schooner Mary Ann Noon?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many of the crew were taken in the raid on Cassidy's?"

"There were six beside myself, sir."

"Go below with this officer and point them out."

Harry did so.

He was thankful to find them all asleep.

They then returned upstairs.

"You may go, Dooley," said the man in plain clothes. "Don't let me catch you hanging around Caliphath again, or I'll send you over the bay."

The officer inquired their names, and Harry gave them.

Harry skinned out in a hurry.

Was the stout man the chief of police?

He never knew.

The allusion was to the St. John penitentiary, which is located opposite the city on the east side of Courtney Bay.

Young King Brady now hurried to the Dufferin, and after some delay made necessary by his rough appearance, which compelled him to send a note to the old detective, he was allowed to go upstairs.

He found Old King Brady up and dressed, although it was now two in the morning.

"Well, Harry?" he demanded. "What's the word?"

"Captain Stillings made good. We were all pulled at Cassidy's. For a while it looked as if I was doomed to share the fate of the rest."

"Good! You were finally discharged, it seems."

"Discharged is hardly the word. I was chased out."

"It is a matter of no consequence how they did it. Pick up the grip. We will go right aboard. We are to sail at the turn of the tide, which will be five o'clock."

And now we must explain Old King Brady's carefully arranged plans.

He had chartered a small steam yacht, and provisioned her for a week's cruise.

In this craft he proposed to follow up the Flamingo.

Alice was under orders to make her way to Eastport, Me., as soon as she had paid the captain, and there remain at the hotel until the Bradys came for her.

The yacht, which was named the Rosabelle, lay at Magee's wharf.

As the tide was out she lay forty feet below the Bradys as they looked down upon her from the wharf.

"Hello, there! On board the Rosabelle!" shouted Old King Brady, peering down.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied a man, coming forward along the deck of the yacht.

"Is Captain Arnold aboard?"

"He is, sir."

"I am the man who has chartered this yacht. This is my partner. We are coming aboard."

"All right, sir. We expected you sooner."

"We were delayed. Wake up Captain Arnold. Tell him that I want him to start as soon as possible."

They descended a standing ladder attached to the wharf and jumped upon the deck.

"We may as well turn in and get what sleep we can, Harry," said the old detective. "Captain Arnold will attend to everything. He is an efficient man, and a person whom I am sure you will like."

"It's a relief to get away from that infernal schooner," said Harry. "Come, this is all right. We ought to be mighty comfortable here."

It was indeed a snug little cabin into which Old King Brady ushered his partner.

They hardly had time to open the stateroom doors before the captain came down to see if they wanted breakfast.

"We want nothing just now but sleep," replied the old detective. "How soon can you get under way?"

"I had rather not leave before five o'clock. There are ugly ledges outside of Partridge Island. There is real danger at low tide for a man not familiar with the channel, and as I explained to you before, Mr. Brady, that is what I am not."

"It's all right," said Old King Brady. "We will be on the safe side, and wait for the turn of the tide."

The detectives then turned in and when they awoke the yacht was well away from St. John.

Breakfast was all ready for them, and after they had disposed of the waiter, which they promptly did, they fell to discussing their plans.

"We shall have to lay well away off Skegwash, I suppose," said Old King Brady.

"If the Flamingo is not in sight what's the matter with making a landing and me looking up Alice?"

"I was thinking of that. The only thing is the fisherman with whom she is staying might suspect something, and trouble come out of it."

"I could go as a Chinaman."

"That might do. Really, I see no objection to that plan."

But the opportunity to carry it out never came.

About ten o'clock the propeller suddenly ceased to grind.

Captain Arnold hurried to the engine room.

"I'm afraid we have broken down," said Old King Brady.

He and Harry were pacing the deck at the time.

"Shall I go and see what the matter is?" inquired Harry.

"No; let Arnold attend to it. Here he comes."

"Well, now we are in a fix!" cried the captain.

"What's the trouble?" Old King Brady asked.

"Oh, the engine has gone on the Fritz, I don't understand just what has happened. I'm not mechanic enough for that."

"Can the engineer repair damages?"

"He says he can, but it will take three or four hours."

"Well, let him get at it. I suppose we are safe from the ledges here?"

"I'll run up a sail and we will stand out."

"All right. Accidents will happen; it can't be helped."

Old King Brady's way is always to make the best of a bad job.

It required patience in this instance, however.

The engineer worked faithfully, and Harry, who is a good mechanic in his way, helped him.

But it was late in the day before they were able to make a start.

Worse was to come.

They had run but a short distance before the engine broke down again.

This time there was no repairing it.

Under sail the Bradys were obliged to put back to St. John.

This wiped Thursday off the calendar.

Repairs were pushed forward as vigorously as possible, but it was late Friday morning when they finally got away.

During the wait Harry in a safe disguise went down to the Market Slip to see what had become of the Noon.

She was still tied up at Melich's wharf, and he saw only the mate on deck.

Crews are not so easily picked up at St. John in a hurry.

Harry returned with word that they were safely ahead of the schooner if they could only get away that day, which they did.

Now the question was whether they were too late to see the Flamingo leave Skegwash, as the harbor where Alice had done her fishing is called.

Captain Arnold was a "Blue Nose," or Nova Scotia man.

He was, in spite of his ignorance of the exceedingly dangerous harbor of St. John, thoroughly familiar with the coast all the way to Boston.

"We ought to be off Skegwash by eight o'clock," he told the Bradys.

And at that time the detectives were on the watch.

The night was clear, but there was no moon.

"What do you think the captain of the Flamingo will do, cap?" asked Old King Brady, "when he finds that the schooner is not in ahead of him, I mean?"

"Well, he can't wait long," replied Arnold. "The Flamingo is a regular liner plying between Quebec and New York, touching at Yarmouth and Prince Edward's Island. He has got to make his time."

"If you were in his boots what would you do?"

"Dump my Chinks in the early morning at the nearest Maine point where there is no custom house."

"And where would that be?"

"Oh, let me see; there are harbors below Dennysville where he could run in. I think that would be my choice. He would hardly dare to try it further west."

"Why in the early morning?" inquired Harry.

"Because no man in his senses who does not know every rock would dare run into one of these Maine harbors in the dark. Dangerous business that, gentlemen, I tell you."

"You don't think he is familiar with the Maine coast, then?" inquired Old King Brady.

"I doubt it. You see, it's a long stretch."

"You know it?"

"I know every regular harbor and some of the little ones. I have been coasting up and down here all my life."

The mate came forward.

"We are right off the Skegwash now, sir," he said.

Captain Arnold looked around.

"Well, so we are," he remarked. "Excuse me, gentlemen. I'll take the wheel."

"We shall soon know our fate now," said Harry. "I wish it was a brighter night."

"We ought to be thankful that we have the stars," replied Old King Brady, "and after all I am just as well satisfied that it isn't moonlight. I don't want this Flamingo captain, whatever his name may be, to see us just yet."

"The worst is Alice. I only wish I knew how it fared with her."

"Oh, she will take care of herself. Don't you fret. Hello! By jove, that must be the Flamingo now!"

They had come opposite to a deep cove.

In between the two headlands which marked its entrance they could see the lights of a small steamer.

"There you are, Harry," said Old King Brady. "We are up with our Chink smugglers at last."

CHAPTER VIII.

ALICE A PRISONER ON THE FLAMINGO.

If Young King Brady could have known that his beloved Alice was on board the Flamingo in the clutches of a man of Captain Bill Barber's stamp, the yacht Rosabelle would not have stood in among the islands of Passamaquoddy Bay, which it did.

Alice was indeed in a bad way.

Captain Barber, holding in his hand her Chinese wig, looked her over with a sneering smile.

"Oh, this alters matters," he said. "Not so bad-looking! Sorry this is only a freight-boat, so that you will

have no lady for company, but I will try and make up for that, my dear."

Alice never said a word.

It was no time to talk.

She gave Captain Barber a look, though, which would have been sufficient to warn any ordinary man that he had better keep his place.

The captain stroked his whiskers for a few minutes, and then handed Alice back the wig.

"You will follow me," he said. "Later I will have a little chat with you. Meanwhile it is my wish that you dress yourself in garments becoming to your sex, which I will undertake to supply."

"Am I to consider myself a prisoner?" demanded Alice.

"For the present, yes."

"By what right do you hold me a prisoner?"

"By the right of might," laughed the captain.

"Allow me to compliment you on the sudden improvement of your English," he added. "It is quite remarkable, really."

"Instead of dressing myself in any old duds you may happen to have, I should prefer to put on my own clothes."

"Where are your clothes?"

"Up at that house. In a grip."

"Packed?"

"Yes."

"I'll send a man for it."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it. I should like to see you dressed in your own clothes. I have an idea you will blossom out as pretty as a peach."

"What is your name?" demanded Alice, determined to ignore all such talk as this.

"Bill Barber. What's yours?"

"For convenience sake you can call me Kate, which is not my name."

"Any kind of handle will do so long as the jug is all right."

"You were going to take me somewhere. Suppose we go now."

Captain Barber led Alice forward.

Here they descended into a tiny cabin with one stateroom.

"This was fitted up for the captain," he said. "But I prefer a deck stateroom. I have never made use of it. Make yourself at home here, Kate."

He turned on his heel, and was about leaving when he looked back and added:

"Of course, you are a detective. If you don't want me to come down here and search you you'd better put your revolvers outside the door with your Chink clothes."

Alice nodded.

She shut the door with a bang.

To her immense relief she found that it had a bolt on the inside.

This she promptly shot.

The captain had lighted a hanging lamp for her.

Alice dropped into a chair and tried to think.

"Wouldn't Harry go wild if he only knew this!" was the first idea which came into her head.

Upon reflection Alice concluded to pick out a proper moment and tell Captain Barber exactly who she was.

"He won't dare to harm me if I make him understand that I am a partner in the Brady Detective Bureau," she reflected.

During the scene on deck Alice had not failed to observe the faces of the sailors who stood about at the time of the expose.

All seemed to regard it as a huge joke but one young man.

Upon his face Alice had seen sympathy plainly written.

It was something to remember.

Alice thought of it now.

After a time someone descended the stairs, and there came a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" demanded Alice.

"I have your grip, miss," was the answer.

"Put it down."

"Please open the door, miss. I have a word to say. You need not fear me."

The voice carried a distinctly French accent.

"A French Canadian," thought Alice.

She opened the door.

To her great satisfaction there stood the young man just alluded to.

He handed her the grip.

"Thank you, sir," said Alice in French, which language she speaks as well as she does English.

The young man's face lit up.

"You do not want to stay here?" he asked in a whisper, speaking French.

"Indeed I do not," replied Alice in the same low tone.

"No more do I. The captain is a terrible man. It is not safe for you, miss."

"I know it."

"Perhaps I can help you later. I will see."

He turned abruptly and hurried upstairs.

Alice locked herself in again with a sigh of satisfaction.

She had found a friend. Now she lost no time in making the change. As ordered she put her Chinese disguise outside the door, with one revolver, keeping another which she had concealed about her. After a little she heard somebody come and get the things. Meanwhile the steamer remained motionless. In about half an hour somebody else came downstairs and the young man's voice called in English:

"Captain Barber wishes you to join him at supper, miss."

Alice did not hesitate.

The young man escorted her to a comfortable cabin. Here a table was spread for two. Captain Barber was already seated at the head. The young man proved to be a waiter. He took his stand behind the captain's chair.

"Ah, this is better," said Captain Barber, looking Alice over approvingly. "Really, Kate, you are a beauty."

"Spare your compliments if you expect to get on with me," replied Alice coldly.

"I always make it a point to recognize female charms wherever I see them," grinned the captain.

"You have no objection to eating supper with me?" he added.

"Not unless you propose to poison me or drug me, or something."

"Nothing is further from my intentions."

"Very well, then. So long as you behave yourself like a gentleman I will remain."

The captain appeared to take the hint. There were no more compliments coming after that. The supper was a good one, and well served by "Frank," as the captain called the French-Canadian boy. Alice did not hold herself in sulky silence as another less shrewd might have done. On the contrary, she laid herself out to be entertaining. There was no doubt that she succeeded. Before supper was over she knew that she had really captivated Captain Barber. She refused to touch the wine, however. The captain himself drank more than one man's share. At last he dismissed Frank. Alice saw that her time had come.

"Now, Captain Barber, our talk is to be business, and business only," she said.

"Very good. Business is what I want," was the reply. "You are a detective, of course?"

"I am."

"United States Secret Service?"

"Part of an outfit trying to break up this little Chink smuggling side line of mine."

"Exactly."

"Going to tell me your real name?"

"I had just as soon."

"Well?"

"I am Alice Montgomery, the female partner of the Bradys."

"The Bradys of New York?"

"Yes."

It was easy to see by Captain Barber's face that he was duly impressed.

He drummed on the table with a spoon for a minute, and then said:

"I wish I could persuade you to become the partner of a certain widower I know, Miss Montgomery."

"Meaning yourself?"

"Exactly. There's money in this side line of mine. It would pay you better than the detective business, I am sure."

"That would be a matter for future consideration. Let us get back to business, please. I'd like to know what you are going to do with me."

"Certainly I would not harm you, Miss Montgomery. What I want to do is to get rid of my load of Chinks. I should take it very kindly if you would post me on this situation a little bit."

"I have been thinking it over, Captain Barber, and I have come to the conclusion that I have myself to look out for. I cannot prevent you from landing your Chinks."

"That would be rather difficult," smiled the captain.

"Therefore I am willing to freely answer any question you may put, provided you will promise to put me ashore."

"Here?"

"Say where you land the Chinese."

"Very well. It shall be so."

"All right. Then put your questions."

"Where are the Bradys?"

"That I do not know."

"Are they after me in some steamer?"

"I cannot tell you. Old King Brady always keeps his plans to himself."

"But you think it likely?"

"I do."

"Why were you sent here in Chinese disguise?"

"That is in the line of my work. I speak Chinese."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"How on earth did you learn it?"

"I was born and brought up in China."

"Oh! Where did you get that money?"

"Just as I told you, it was given me by Jo How, the St. John laundryman."

"You fooled him into thinking that you were a Chinaman?"

"Yes. And the amount I gave you was the exact sum he gave me."

"Oh, I believe that now. I have no idea that you would deceive me. What were you going to do afterwards?"

"My orders were to go to Eastport and remain until I was ordered elsewhere."

"Now for the most important point of all. Where is the Mary Ann Noon?"

"Tied up at St. John, I presume."

"By the Bradys?"

"Yes."

"How were they going to manage it?"

"I didn't ask."

The captain pulled at his whiskers.

"It is most annoying," he grumbled. "I just don't know what to do. I suppose they will detain me and hold my steamer if they catch me landing the Chinks on American soil."

"They probably will if they can, that being their business."

"I have a great good mind to put the whole bunch ashore here. Only thing is I shall be out a lot if I do."

"Is there anything further you want to ask about, captain?"

"I should like to know who gave us away?"

"The Secret Service's detectives have been watching you this long time."

"You couldn't give names, I suppose?"

"I couldn't if I would, and I wouldn't if I could."

And this ended the talk so far as business was concerned. Captain Barber began to ask Alice a few questions about herself, when the mate knocked on the cabin door.

"There was a small steam yacht off the heads a few minutes ago," he said. "She has gone in somewhere up the bay, I think, sir. I don't suppose it amounts to anything, but I thought I ought to let you know."

"I am going on deck now, Miss Montgomery," he added. "Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again to-night?"

"No," replied Alice decidedly.

Captain Barber took his dismissal in silence, and left the cabin. Alice at once returned to her own quarters.

"I wish he had come to some decision," she thought; "but I suppose even if he has he wouldn't tell me."

She retired to the stateroom and bolted herself in.

Here she lay down in her clothes and waited for whatever might happen next.

On the whole she felt fairly well satisfied with her interview with Captain Barber.

Like most noisy men he was evidently a weak one.

"I think I can manage him," Alice said to herself. She lay listening, determined not to sleep. She could hear no confusion on deck. Evidently they were not making any attempt to land the Chinamen.

After a little the steamer started. It went steadily on, and Alice, as might be expected, finally dropped into a sleep out of which she was aroused by a rapping on the outer door.

CHAPTER IX.

WRECKED IN THE FOG.

Alice got up and looked at her watch. It was half-past two o'clock. Opening the stateroom door she stepped across the cabin just as another rap came on the outer door.

"Who is it? What is wanted?" she called.

The answer came in French.

"It is Frank, miss. If you will trust me open the door."

Alice hesitated, but it was only for a moment.

She opened the door slightly, holding it on the crack.

"What do you want?" she whispered in French.

"Miss," replied the young man, "I am very unhappy on this steamer, as you would understand if I told you my story. I ran away from a good home because I was wild to go to sea. I have had enough of it, but I can't get away, for I haven't a cent, and when we are in port Captain Barber keeps me locked up. I see a chance to escape to-night, and if you will trust me and want to go with me I will take you along."

"Come in," said Alice.

Frank slid inside.

"We must not talk long," he said. "I shall be missed."

"Tell me your plan. I had sooner trust you than Captain Barber."

"You would indeed if you knew him as I know him, miss."

"Go on."

"Well, miss, we are running along close to the shore. I have lowered a boat so that it almost touches the water. My mate is at the wheel and the watch is sleeping on the sly; there is nobody else but the lookout in the bow, who will not see us. If you could slide down a rope, now——"

"Which I can."

"Then there is nothing to hinder us from getting away if we act quick."

"I am with you, Frank."

"If you could lend me a few dollars when we get ashore, miss, I'll pay you some day—honest I will."

"I'll give you all the money you need."

"Thank you a thousand times. The sooner you can come on deck the better, miss. You will find me standing at the head of the stairs. I'll give you warning if it is not safe for you to show yourself."

"One minute," said Alice. "Is there a steam yacht following us?"

"There is a yacht running about a mile outside, but she is ahead of us now. Captain Barber did think she was following us, but I believe he has given that idea up."

"Very well," said Alice. "I'll join you on deck."

"I'll take your grip up, miss."

"I shall abandon it. 'Twill only be in the way. Go on."

Frank ran up the stairs. In a few minutes Alice followed him.

"It's all right," whispered the boy. "Follow me."

He led the way to the side where a life-boat hung from the davits.

"I am afraid you can't do it," breathed Frank.

"Nonsense!" replied Alice. "This is child's work."

She climbed to the rail with Frank's help, and seizing the rope swung out as a man would have done, sliding down and taking her place in the boat.

Frank lost not an instant in following. Quickly he cut the boat free, and pulled away to avoid the steamer's wake. His friend at the wheel saw them, of course, but did not

interfere. The attempt had been a perfect success. In a few minutes they were well astern, and to all appearance no one on the steamer was a bit the wiser.

"You're the right sort, miss," said Frank, admiringly. "I used to kick because he made me stand watch as well as wait on table, but I am mighty glad of it now, for it has given me a chance to help you."

He turned the boat in the direction of the Maine shore, which was about a mile distant. Meanwhile Alice had been busy with her eyes taking everything in. Ahead of them she could see the lights of a small steamer. The Flamingo appeared to have passed it.

"Can it be possible that they are on that boat?" thought Alice. "How I wish Mr. Brady had told me his plans."

Then she added: "Wait a minute, Frank."

"What's the matter?"

"Is that your yacht?"

"Yes, miss."

"It is dropping behind the Flamingo."

"It has stopped."

"Frank, do you know what I am?"

"The men said you were a detective, miss."

"That is right, Frank. I have an idea that the people on that yacht may be friends of mine."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. If there was only some way of reaching it."

"I can pull for it. She is certainly standing still."

"Do it, then. Another thing?"

"Well, miss?"

"Do you know what Captain Barber intends to do with his Chinamen?"

"No, I do not, miss. He is not the man to tell me that."

"Pull for the yacht. How cold and chilly it is getting!"

"That's what it is, miss. And there is a lot of fog off there, too."

"They have a great deal of fog on this coast, I am told."

"All the time, miss. It comes without a minute's warning; if the wind shifts to the southeast we are going to catch it sure, and I believe it is shifting now."

Alice listened to this with considerable anxiety.

How right Frank was soon became evident. In a few minutes the fog could be seen rolling in. The lights of the Flamingo vanished, but the yacht was still visible. She lay motionless on the water. Frank pulled vigorously, and in a short time they were within hailing distance. A man wearing a suit of oilskins was pacing the deck.

"Give him a call, Frank," said Alice. "Ask if that is Mr. Brady's yacht. Say Miss Montgomery wants to know."

Frank shouted this between his hands. It was necessary to be quick. The fog was rapidly closing in upon them.

"Hold on!" answered the man in the oilskins, and he was seen to go below.

"They are there!" cried Alice. "Pull, Frank! Pull!"

Frank was alongside before the man returned. And then, to Alice's immense relief, she saw Harry right behind him. The fog had now enveloped them. If they had remained where they were it is doubtful if they would have found the yacht.

"Hello, Harry!" cried Alice.

"For heaven sake!" exclaimed Harry, running to the rail.

"May I come on board?"

"May you! Alice, what on earth brings you here?"

"This boat and this very excellent young man. I have just escaped from the steamer Flamingo, where I have been held a prisoner."

Of course, Alice lost no time in getting on deck.

"This is such a relief!" cried Harry. "Mr. Brady's asleep. This wretched old tub of ours has broken down for the third time, and now comes the fog. I'm afraid it is all up with our case."

"I'm afraid it is if you can't catch up with the Flamingo, for she has the Chinamen aboard."

Harry hurried Alice down into the cabin, where she told all that had happened to her.

"What luck that you were able to get here," said Young King Brady. "I was worried to death about you. I just knew something had gone wrong."

Everything was wrong now. Morning came, and found the Rosabelle bobbing about helpless. The yacht was old and worthless. This was the time Old King Brady had allowed himself to be deceived. But it was in no way Captain Arnold's fault, for Old King Brady had hired the yacht himself.

Meanwhile one of those fearful fogs for which the Maine and New Brunswick coast is so noted had enveloped everything. Old King Brady was surprised enough when Alice joined them at breakfast next morning. Harry purposely kept her coming a secret.

"You have had a narrow escape, I don't doubt," the old detective said. "But here we are tied up. To all appearance this case is foredoomed to failure."

"Certainly nothing but a streak of good luck can save us," said Alice.

"The Bradys' luck," laughed Harry. "Sometimes it comes."

This was a day which required patience, for the fog never lifted.

All day Harry and the engineer were tinkering at the machinery.

Old King Brady put Frank at work with the crew.

The boy was willing enough. Alice gave him ten dollars, and Old King Brady promised to pay his fare back to Quebec, where he belonged. Night came, and still the fog was with them. The Bradys had now given up all hope of success. About nine o'clock in the evening Harry came into the cabin where Old King Brady and Alice

were playing dominoes, and reported that the repairs had been completed at last.

"What about starting?" asked the old detective.

"That is just what Captain Arnold wished me to ask you."

"What does he think?"

"That we had better lie by till morning."

"Can't he steer by compass?"

"He can if you wish; he says it is very dangerous, unless we stand out further."

The shriek of a fog-horn almost drowned Harry's words. But the Bradys were becoming well used to the sound. It had been going on all day. Old King Brady pondered for a few minutes.

"Tell the captain we will wait till morning," he said.

Later in the evening Harry and Alice were pacing the deck.

"This is the first chance I have had to tell you how I really felt when I saw you in that boat," remarked Harry, after a brief silence.

"Well, and how did you feel?" demanded Alice.

"As though I wanted to do this," replied Harry, and he drew Alice to his side and kissed her cheek.

"You are a bold, bad boy, and you want to stop it," cried Alice, half-angrily.

"No harm done, I hope," laughed Harry.

"You'll find that out if you try it again."

"I prefer to remain in blissful ignorance."

"Really, Harry, you must not. It isn't right. I——"

"Look! Look!" shouted Young King Brady.

For an instant the fog had lightened.

There, directly in front of them, was a schooner loaded with lumber.

It was evidently a derelict. The deck was all awash. The Rosabelle had anchored at a point not far from an island, and had not changed her position since.

Before Harry had a chance to utter a second exclamation, the derelict, impelled by the suck of a strong ebb tide, ran her bowsprit against the yacht.

And then Harry learned what the fresh paint concealed. The timbers were as rotten as punk. A great hole was stove in the yacht's side. The derelict swerved, and ripped it still larger before she managed to free herself.

Captain Arnold was on hand in an instant. Old King Brady came rushing on deck. Then the fog closed in on them again. The mischief-maker was now completely concealed.

"What is the matter?" shouted Old King Brady.

"It is all up with us!" cried Harry, who was looking over the rail.

"We are done for! Man the boats!" cried Captain Arnold.

It was a case of many mishaps. But now it did seem that they had reached the limit. The yacht was rapidly filling. The Bradys gathered up their belongings and with Alice entered the captain's boat. The engineer and the remainder of the crew got off in two others. They

were but just in time. The Bradys saw the yacht go down. Then the fog closed in over all.

"Can we keep together, captain?" inquired Old King Brady.

"I don't propose to make the attempt," replied Captain Arnold. "The crew will have to look out for themselves."

"This is a bad job," growled Harry.

"It might be worse," said Old King Brady.

"It's the worst ever," said the captain. "Really, Mr. Brady, it is wicked the way you were deceived in that yacht."

"Never mind about that. Which way are we pulling?"

"I'm going by the fog-horn."

"But this coast is just a mass of dangerous ledges."

"You're just shouting; but don't let us think of it. Before we know where we are at we may be on one."

"Of course, this ends our case with the Chink smugglers," said Alice. "Even I give up hope now."

"But I don't," replied Old King Brady emphatically. "Sicker horses than this have got well."

Captain Arnold had been doing the rowing.

The boat was rather a small one.

Lucky for the crew of the Rosabelle was it that the big life-boat which Frank had brought Alice off from the Flamingo in was on deck at the time of the accident.

But for this lives might have been lost.

"O-oo-whee! O-oo-whee! O-oo-whee!" shrieked the fog-horn. The Bradys were wrecked in the fog.

CHAPTER X.

MYSTERY ON AN ISLAND.

Captain Arnold pulled for the fog-horn.

He had not proceeded much farther when they got another jolt. There was a ripping, tearing sound, following a slight shock.

"Great Heavens! We are done for!" cried Captain Arnold. The boat had caught on one of those needle-like pinnacles of rock so common on this dangerous coast. It had torn the bottom terribly. Now there was real danger. The water came rushing in. Captain Arnold began backing off the rock which had done the mischief. Then he pulled desperately. The boat was doomed, and its occupants might have gone to their death with it if at the very moment when there seemed to be no hope they had not struck in between two seaweed-covered rocks. Harry sprang ashore and helped Alice off. Old King Brady and Captain Arnold got off by themselves. The boat slipped away and sank, but the captain managed to save the oars. And so thick was the fog that they could scarcely see each other.

"Where on earth are we now?" cried Alice.

"We are off Washington County somewhere," said the captain. "We must be below Dennyville. I don't believe we are so very far from Cherryfield."

Harry and the captain started off in the lead, and were instantly lost to view. In a minute Harry called:

"We are ashore all right. Follow the sound of my voice!"

"Come, Alice," said the old detective, and he gave her a hand. They were off the seaweed in a minute. Then, ascending a slight rise they stepped to another rock.

"This way! This way!" Harry kept calling.

In a moment they saw him above them. He bent down, and getting Alice's hand pulled her up to level ground.

"Give the others a call, cap!" said Old King Brady.

Captain Arnold did so, but got no answer. The other boats had evidently taken a different course altogether.

The shipwrecked detectives wandered on. In a few moments they found themselves in a piece of woods.

They went on about a hundred yards further, when they came to a clearing. Here stood a large frame house, very much in want of repair. Old King Brady went to the door and tried it. To his surprise it was locked. He thundered on the door. In a moment a light appeared at one of the upper windows. The window was pushed up, and a woman wearing a white nightgown appeared. She drew back hastily when she saw the crowd below.

"Who are you?" she called.

"We have been shipwrecked!" shouted Harry. "We are wet and cold. Can you let us in?"

"Wait!" came the answer.

In a moment she looked out again:

"Has a schooner gone on the ledges?" she called down.

"No, ma'am," replied Old King Brady. "We were on a yacht which sank. We came ashore in a boat, and managed to sink that, too. Kindly let us in. I will pay for everything. The lady is wet and cold."

"Oh, but I can't let you in!" replied the woman, in a troubled tone. "I don't know what I shall do."

"Is there any other house near here?"

"No. This is an island. I wish you would go away, for your own good."

"Madam, I am coming into your house even if I have to kick down the door!"

Old King Brady's manner now was too emphatic to be misunderstood.

"Very well," said the woman. "Your fate must be on your own head. I'll open the door."

And in a minute she did so. She ushered them into a kitchen which was plainly furnished, but the furniture was new. This greatly puzzled the old detective. However, the woman made a fire and bustled about to get them something to eat. Captain Arnold began to question her.

"Do you mean to tell me that you live on this island all alone, ma'am?" he asked.

"I do not," replied the woman, "and I don't mean to tell you anything. If you will force your way into this house I can't help it, that's all."

Old King Brady whispered to the captain to stop it. The woman started the coffee, and then told Alice that if she would follow her she would give her dry stockings and shoes.

"What sort of a joint do you suppose we have struck?" questioned Harry, as soon as they had departed.

"Smugglers," said Captain Arnold.

"Either that or coiners," added Old King Brady.

"Evidently the men are away."

"Right. Gone to the mainland, probably, where they have been caught in the fog."

"If they are coiners and there are many of them we are liable to have trouble."

"The woman gave us fair warning."

"That's what she did. I'd like to look about a bit. Any objection?"

"Go on if you want to," replied Old King Brady, who was trying to dry his stockings and did not care to move just then.

Harry got out his electric flashlight and started to explore.

He made as little noise as possible, not wishing to attract the attention of the woman. There was only one other room furnished on that floor. This was fitted up as a sitting-room. At the end of the passage was a new door, cutting off the unfurnished wing. This and the newness of the furniture confirmed Harry in his belief that these people had been but a short time in the house.

He tried the door, but found it as solid as a rock. It was evidently fastened on the inside.

"Anything doing?" demanded Old King Brady when he returned to the kitchen.

"Nothing unless I break down a two-inch door."

"This is not the time for such work."

"Just the same, if there is no boat on the island and we are stuck here we ought to know where we are at."

Old King Brady had put on his stockings now, and, tying his shoes, he took down a lantern which hung from a nail.

"I am going out to explore a bit," he said. "You two stop here and wait for Alice."

He left the house, and Harry pulling off his shoes, proceeded to dry his own stockings.

"Mystery, mystery," he said. "We Bradys seem to be born for it."

"That's because you are detectives," replied the captain.

"Yes, but even so, one would think that we might strike in on this lonely island without running against a first-class mystery, and that is what we have done."

CHAPTER XI.

HARRY KNOCKED OUT AND ALICE CAPTURED BY COINERS.

The woman lent Alice such assistance as she could.

She did it in silence. Indeed it was not until Alice was just about ready to leave the room that she uttered a word.

Then suddenly she turned, and looking Alice full in the face, said fiercely:

"Child, do you know that you are very beautiful?"

Alice blushed.

"Why should you flatter me?" she asked.

"It is no flattery. Youth and beauty! I possessed both once. Look at me now! All gone! Isn't it terrible? Don't you think that you would go mad in a month if you were compelled to live in this dreadful place?"

"It certainly is not very cheerful."

"It is purgatory. Just fancy being alone here cut off from all the world weeks at a time, and often, as now, with almost nothing to eat. That is my life, my dear, and yet I enjoy myself best when I am alone."

Alice did not know what to say, and she was making some talk to the effect that if that was the case the woman might not find the place so bad in pleasanter weather, when she was interrupted by:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Alice Montgomery."

"And those men?"

"Are my friends, Mr. Barnes and his son and Captain Arnold."

"The young man is in love with you. I can read it in his eyes. Marry him, my dear. You may go further and fare worse, as I did. That is my advice."

"You have a husband, then?"

"Oh, yes, such as he is. He is away now. I suppose the fog is keeping him. I only hope it may keep him until you can get away."

"Do you think he really would harm us, then?"

"My dear, it is my duty to warn you. He would kill those men as quick as he would kill a dog. He will not return alone. There will be others with him. At the risk of my own life I am going to tell you the truth, they are a band of desperate criminals. I am their wretched slave."

Tears came into the woman's eyes, but she brushed them hastily away.

"I was afraid it was something like that," said Alice. "Let me tell you something. Mr. Barnes is one of the kindest of men. If you care to confide in him, I am sure he would help you. He has helped many who were poor and in trouble."

"I am past help."

"But why not escape if you get the chance?"

"I have no money. My health is poor. I should starve."

"Are you willing to leave your husband if you got the chance?"

"He, a minute, but it cannot be."

"He, a minute, but it cannot be." miles think differently. This fog will soon lift. If we had our boat——"

"There is none, as I told you. We only keep one and they went to Machias in it."

"And you expect them back when?"

"Any time. They have been gone three days."

"How many of them are there?"

"Three all the time and others come and go. There is liable to be five when they return."

"Do you want to tell me what they do, and what your name is? I would like to help you if I could."

"Do you know I believe you would. I really begin to

think that God has sent you to help me, you beautiful girl. Oh, if I only dared to speak!"

Seeing that the woman's excitement was increasing, Alice talked to her soothingly and in the same strain.

At last she said: "Let me go downstairs and tell Mr. Barnes how you feel. He is a very intelligent man. Perhaps he can suggest something."

"You can try it," assented the woman, "but he must ask me no questions. I will not reveal the secrets of this place to anyone but the Secret Service detectives. If they ever do come I shall tell all I know quick enough."

Promising to return in a few moments, she went downstairs. Harry was pacing up and down the kitchen alone. Captain Arnold and Old King Brady had disappeared.

Alice explained matters to Harry.

"I suppose it means coiners, Harry," she added.

"That's what we think."

"Where are Old King Brady and the captain?"

"The Governor went out quite a while ago to look around. When he didn't come back Arnold went after him and he seems to have got lost, too."

"Come ahead, Harry; let's take things in our own hands. I'm sure Mr. Brady won't mind."

"All right, let her go!" replied Harry. "If there is any blame coming, I'll take it on my shoulders."

"Not at all. The proposition is mine, and I bear the blame. I'll go upstairs and tell her."

Alice threw open the door. There stood the woman with folded arms.

"I have been playing the spy," she said. "I know all."

"No harm done," replied Alice coolly. "I was just coming up to tell you that we were Secret Service detectives. You have saved me the trouble."

"Thank heaven, you have come! Follow me," said the woman, catching up the lamp.

She led the way to the closed door. Producing a key, she opened it. The room beyond extended the whole length of the unfinished wing. There was not much to see. Just a cheap coiners' plant, on rather a larger scale than usual. There were two stores, a work bench, melting pots, pigs of lead, bars of silver, a box of powdered glass used by queer coin makers to give ring to their coins, a milling machine and other things such as coiners use.

"Well, there you are. Now you know all."

"Except the names of the gang?"

"My husband is Tony Pitali. Then there is Joe Welch and Ed. Stein. They three are the makers. The shovers come and go. I don't know all their names. You will have to find that for yourself."

"Where are they now?"

"Gone to Machias with a load of coins to send to Boston."

"Is the place cleaned out?"

"Pretty near. Look in those boxes under the bench. I don't know what they have left behind them. I never interfere."

Harry peered into the boxes. Here he found samples

of the coiners' work. The quarters and dimes were particularly good.

"Where does this gang come from?" he asked.

"Boston," replied the woman. "We were chased out about six months ago and came here."

"I should have thought that people would have got on to your business long ago. Everybody is so curious about their neighbors in the country."

"There are dangerous rocks all around this island. Few come this way, and those who do come never get as far as the house."

"Well, this is all right," said Harry. "I promise you that we will help you in every way in our power."

"If you can only arrest Pitoli it is all I ask."

"He is a dangerous man, I suppose?"

"None worse. Listen. You must kill him or he'll kill you if it comes to a fight. Think of this dear girl falling into their hands."

"Let us go back to the kitchen where it is warm," said Alice. "There is no use staying here."

Harry turned and opened the door, which had swung shut.

Instantly a man sprang from the shadows and dealt him a blow which sent him sprawling to the floor.

"Tony!" screamed Mrs. Pitoli.

"You traitor!" roared the coiner.

He struck her down as she stood.

Three other men came crowding out of the kitchen.

"Aw, say," cried one, "bite it off, Tony. Don't hurt the pretty gal!"

* * * * *

Just what Mrs. Pitoli said had come about.

Old King Brady had managed to lose himself in the fog.

This was one of those times which come to everybody when everything goes wrong. Everything had gone wrong with Old King Brady since he struck the bargain for the ill-fated Rosabelle. The old detective's object was to ascertain the size of the island and to make sure that there really was no boat. He walked straight ahead until he came to the shore. At this moment the fog obligingly lifted a little. Old King Brady caught sight of a mountain in the distance. This he assumed to be the mainland. It did not seem so far away. He hurried along the shore, peering among the rocks, but failed to discover a boat.

Just then the lantern went out. Old King Brady shook it. The oil was expended. He produced his electric flash lantern and pushed the button. Nothing doing. The battery was worn out.

"Come, come," growled the old detective. "This is a shade too much. I had better get back to the house."

Easier said than done. Old King Brady wandered about for half an hour. By this time he became convinced that he was going around in a circle and that the island was larger than he had supposed.

"I'm away off," he thought. "What is to be done?"

Just then he heard a voice shouting:

"Brady! Oh, Brady!"

"Hello!" he called.

"It's Arnold. Where are you?"

"Don't know."

"Same here. Keep calling. I can find you by sound better than you can me."

Old King Brady kept shouting, and at last the captain materialized.

"Did you ever see it so thick?" he exclaimed. "I came out to look you up and was lost in a minute. I have been wandering about ever since."

"I got that dose. Which way do you imagine the house is?"

"Haven't the faintest idea. What ails your lantern?"

"No oil."

"Hark!"

"Well, what do you hear?"

"It seemed to me that I could hear the sound of oars."

The sound grew more distinct. Suddenly it ceased.

"They have landed, whoever they are," said the captain.

"Stand still and see if they show a light," said Old King Brady.

And this is just what happened.

"They are working this way," said the captain, "and the fog is certainly thinner—or we could not see the light so."

In a moment the light vanished. Meanwhile Old King Brady had produced his compass. He now had his bearings as far as the light was concerned. Handing the captain a box of flammers, he told him to keep a light on the compass while they lasted. They hurried forward. This time fortune favored them. The fog began to clear. In a minute the stars were out.

"Good enough!" cried the captain.

"There's the house," said Old King Brady, putting up his compass.

They were right at the edge of the clearing, and the house was in plain sight.

"Quick," replied the captain. "This is only momentary. The wind has not shifted. There will be more fog in a minute."

It was upon them again before they could reach the house. But now they could see the light. They crept to the window and peered in.

"Great heavens!" gasped Old King Brady.

What he saw was Alice struggling in the grasp of a burly ruffian. Harry was not to be seen, but there were two other men standing by laughing. And now it took a wise man to divine the cause of the woman's warning.

The gang had come.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

It was not in the nature of the man for Old King Brady to hang back one instant after what he had seen through the window of the old house.

"Follow me, captain?" he breathed. "Use your revolver and use it quick, but we want to capture them alive if we can."

He flung open the door. And just in time. The man had flung Alice upon the old lounge.

Bang! Bang!

Both Old King Brady and Captain Arnold fired. Two went down wounded. Alice's assailant was one. The third fled for the inner door. Here he turned, and, whipping out a revolver, fired.

"Tony, Tony! It's Old King Brady!" he yelled.

Bang!

Once more the old detective's revolver spoke. The man dropped in the doorway. Another coming from the hall sprang over him and fired. Again it was a miss. At the same instant there was the sound of a fall and Harry appeared behind the man and dealt him a crushing blow on the head. He fell face forward over the man Old King Brady had winged. Alice was on her feet by this. With a revolver in each hand, she held the wounded men on the floor covered.

"Any more?" shouted Old King Brady.

"I've knocked out two and you've done for three!" cried Harry. "That is all—five!"

"Which is the boss?"

Harry pointed to the man he had just felled. Young King Brady, though he fell when struck, was not hurt a bit. He watched his chance and was up and at it the instant Tony Pitali made the rush. Striking down the fellow with whom the leader of the coiners had been talking, he was in time to do for Tony himself. Well used to such emergencies, the Bradys made prompt work of the rest. Nobody was killed, nobody was even seriously wounded. Three were winged and two knocked out. The Bradys had made a clean sweep. Old King Brady had two pairs of handcuffs and Harry one. Mrs. Pitali now appeared on the scene. With her face all cut and bleeding, she pointed out Joe Welch and Ed Stein, as well as her husband. These the Bradys promptly handcuffed. The other two men were tied up with rope which the woman provided. The talk made by the coiners while this was going on we have left unrecorded. It came good and plenty, however, and was choice of its kind. A council of war was now held. The man Stein proved himself the coward and offered to turn State's evidence and give away the shovers of this "queer" coin gang. Old King Brady led him to believe that his proposition would be accepted.

He then told the detectives that they were only five miles from Machias, and that across the channel to the mainland was but a mile. Again the fog had lifted.

Stein said there was but one boat. He was but slightly wounded, and he offered to pilot them to it. This offer the Bradys accepted. With Stein and Mrs. Pitali they hurried to the shore, leaving the others behind them.

Stein assured the detectives that they could not get off the island, even if they succeeded in getting free. They boarded the boat and Captain Arnold and Harry pulled over to the mainland. They were not a moment too soon, for again the fog settled down upon them. But Stein, who was still kept handcuffed, proved a good guide. He

piloted the party to the Jonesboro station of the South Shore branch of the Maine Central Railroad. Here, after a brief wait, they caught the night train from Bangor to Eastport, and at three in the morning they landed with their prisoner at the large town of Machias. Following the direction given them by the station agent, the Bradys went to the house of Jonathan Parcher, sheriff of Washington county, and rang his bell. It took time to get the good man out of bed and down to the door, but at last he came.

"Old King Brady, eh?" exclaimed the sheriff, with true down-East heartiness. "I am very much pleased to make your acquaintance. But who have you here?"

"A couple of a bunch of coiners who have a hold-out on Little Mistake Island," replied Old King Brady. "We have left the rest handcuffed and tied up behind us with our boat. This woman is Mrs. Pitali, wife of the leader of the gang. She will testify against them, and one prisoner here would like to be State's evidence if it comes that way. I leave the matter in your hands."

"Come!" cried the sheriff, "this is great. I have had my eye on that bunch for some time, but I could never just manage to find out what was doing on Little Mistake."

"Can we push the business right ahead?"

"You surely can. I'll go with you to the lockup. We'll dispose of this prisoner and then I'll hitch up and we'll drive back to Jonesboro, and go over to Little Mistake and bring off the rest of the gang."

Old King Brady now took the sheriff aside and told him their real business.

"In case we should run into the Flamingo I want to arrange for the holding of Captain Barber," he said, "and to have his steamer libeled and detained. Can it be done?"

"Easily," replied the sheriff.

These plans were carried out. Stein was put in the lockup. The collector was routed out of bed and he executed the papers needed to hold the Flamingo. The sheriff picked up a posse of ten to avoid any possibility of trouble. These men were armed, and, teams being procured, all started for Jonesboro except Alice, who, being much fatigued with all she had passed through during the night, concluded to remain at the hotel. There was some delay about getting extra boats when they reached Jonesboro. By the time all was ready it was broad daylight.

The Bradys could now see a myriad of islands, great and small. It was not difficult to understand how the coiners' gang could remain isolated on Little Mistake. This Sheriff Parcher pointed out to them. It was one of a group and was about half a mile long and less in width.

"The only safe way to get there is around by the Bean Island Channel," said the sheriff. "It was a wonder you weren't stove, crossing as you did in the night."

Bean Island was a high wooded bluff. Just as the Bradys' boat turned the point they caught sight of a steamer lying between that island and another.

Instantly the old detective called a halt.

"The Bradys' luck!" muttered Harry.

Yet he could scarcely believe it himself. Old King Brady whipped out his glass and turned it upon the steamer.

"Well, captain," he said in a tone of huge satisfaction, "there we are."

"The Flamingo?" cried Captain Arnold.

"Even the Flamingo."

They had not studied it long before they saw Chinamen crowding on deck.

"They are getting ready to land their load," said Captain Arnold.

"It will be on Rat Island," added the sheriff.

"Which is the one in front of us?" inquired Old King Brady.

"That's it."

"Can't we go around this island the other way and make a landing on Rat Island so that we cannot be seen by those on deck?"

"We can, but it is dangerous."

"Don't consider us. Do it."

The turn was made. At the head of a little cove on the northerly shore of Rat Island the Bradys made their landing. Rat Island was made up of several small hills, with deep hollows running between them. This was favorable for the detective's intentions. Instructing the sheriff and his posse to keep behind them so that they could close in on signal, the Bradys and Captain Arnold hurried forward. They hung to one of the hollows and soon came to a point where they could take in the steamer. A boatload of Chinks was almost in shore. To the Bradys' immense satisfaction, the man who sat astern wearing an officer's uniform bore every resemblance to Captain Bill Barber as described by Alice.

"Now is the time we get him," chuckled Harry.

That time came a few minutes later. The boat was run on the beach and the captain stepped ashore and looked about. Then he turned and gave an order. The Chinks began to jump ashore.

"Now," said the old detective, and he gave the whistle to warn the sheriff to close in. As the Bradys and their companions came around the hill the captain threw up his hands with a cry of disgust. The Chinamen on the beach took to their heels. The men in the boat seemed uncertain what to do.

"Captain Barber, I believe?" cried Old King Brady.

"Well, Barber's my name," he drawled, "and I suppose yours is Brady. This is the time you get me foul."

"Dead to rights, captain," chuckled the old detective. "Here are two papers which may interest you."

He thrust them upon the Canadian, who was too sensible to refuse to take them.

Captain Barber glanced over the documents.

"So you propose to arrest me and to detain my steamer?" he said.

"Exactly. You will have to go with us to Machias. Be

sensible, captain. You have lost in this game, and we have won out—that's all, but you have two thousand dollars good Chink money in your pocket, which ought to satisfy you and your friends, the Robertson Brothers, of St. John."

"I'm done. I surrender. What am I to do?" demanded the captain in a business-like tone.

"You will send orders to your mate to lie where he is," replied Old King Brady. "He will land no more Chinamen. You will come with us. We have a little business to attend to and then you go to Machias with us."

"Very good."

This ended it. The Bradys, with the prisoner, passed over to Little Mistake. Here they found their coiners as they had left them. The Bradys knew how to tie knots and handcuffs are not so easily removed. It was a great round-up for the detectives. The coiners were all lodged in the Machias jail. The captain secured a lawyer, who succeeded in getting bail for him, and, after a lot of telegraphing, which occupied two days, the Flamingo was allowed to proceed on her way under the care of the mate.

But this was not until the government was secured in its claim for damages. The Chinamen were landed and run over the line into Canada by the Bradys; those on the island were secured. The detectives then went back to New York. Later they learned that all fines were paid and Captain Barber went free. But this put a stop to Chink smuggling from that quarter of Canada for some time to come. It turned out that there was a big reward up for Tony Pitoli and the Bradys finally got it. The gang all went up, Stein's evidence not being needed. Mrs. Pitoli filled that bill.

Later Old King Brady brought the unfortunate woman back to New York, where it seemed she belonged, and secured her a good position as housekeeper in a large hotel. And this made another devoted friend for the kind-hearted detective. Old King Brady has many such friends scattered all over the United States. Upon making their report to the Secret Service Bureau the detectives were warmly congratulated upon their double success. But the chief little knew how large an element of luck there was in the winding up of this case of "The Bradys and the Chink Smugglers."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND 'KID JOAQUIN'; OR, THE GREASERS OF ROBBERS CANYON," which will be the next number (429) of "Secret Service."

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