

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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

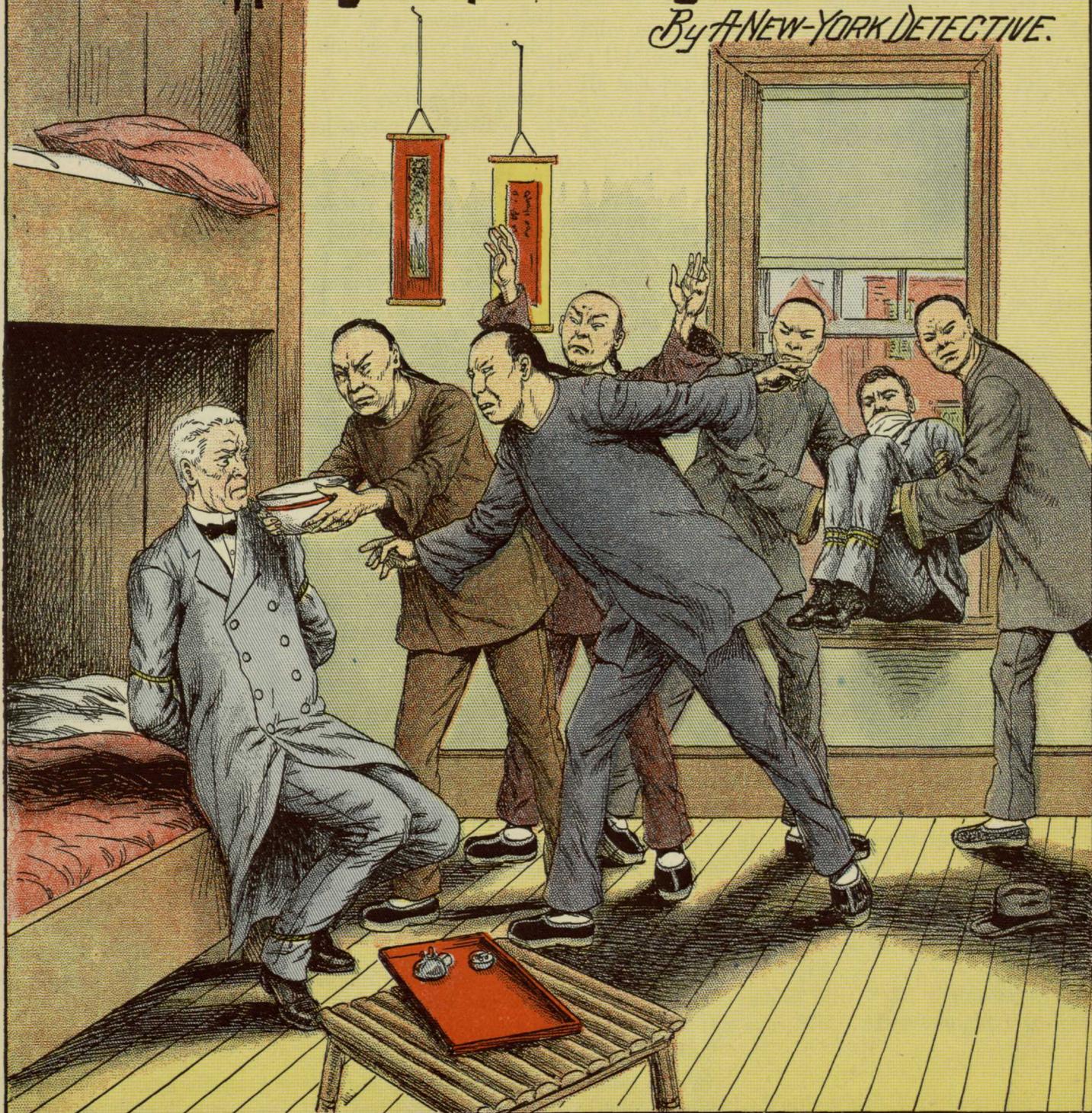
No. 523.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE YELLOW PRINCE; OR, THE DRUG FIENDS OF CHINATOWN.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



And the two Chinamen rushed the poisoned bowl upon Old King Brady, while the others started to throw Harry through the open window. It was a critical moment for the great sleuths. It was live or die.

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CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY OF A MARRIED MAN.

A supper at Martin's!

Everyone who knows the Great White Way knows that this is supposed to be about as near to the real thing in the eating line as one is likely to get in the City of New York.

A supper at Martin's!

To the man who gets there every week or every two weeks, or even once a month, it may be a question as to why the exclamation point and why we make so much of it.

But such a one is old and blase; the exclamation point is for him who has just had his first supper at Martin's!

"Ah! It was a dream!"

So thought Sam Jackson, fresh from a Far Western college, as he leaned back in his chair and watched his old chum and college mate pay the check and tip the waiter a five.

No; not a nickel—a five-dollar bill we mean, which was very wrong of Billy Terhune, even if he was just married and had just inherited his father's millions.

It is his kind who make it hard for the genuine New Yorker to sup comfortably at Martin's.

With the two chums was a very beautiful young woman, very richly dressed and wearing a few dozen more diamonds and other precious stones than was strictly in good taste.

But she was Mrs. Billy, and she had just married Mr. Billy, who among his intimates was known as the "Prince of Steelburg."

Sam Jackson had been best man. He had been suddenly summoned from his Far Western city for the purpose.

And as he was through with college, looking for a position, and the summons happened to be accompanied by a check in four figures, "just to cover expenses, you know, old man," as Billy put it, Sam had been only too glad to respond and come East to the little old New York which, like many a Western lad, he had been taught to despise.

For in Sam Jackson's section the honest miners religiously believed that all New Yorkers live on Wall Street and that all Wall Street men are rogues.

There turned out to be a little more to New York than Sam imagined.

He had been trying to find out just how much bigger than Steelburg it really was ever since he came into town and he was by no means at the end of his attempt to fathom the mystery.

And yet it was almost a week since he stood up with his chum, Billy Terhune, and they had been hitting the pace lively, too.

A word about Mrs. Billy, and we are ready to get down to business.

She was a Miss Nettie Sillcox before she became Mrs. Terhune. A vaudeville queen by profession; she would be instantly recognized by our readers under another name if we gave it.

So would Billy, too, for that matter.

Certainly under his true name—it was not Terhune—he has figured prominently enough in the papers since the night of that little dinner at Martin's.

But we anticipate. Let us hark back to Mrs. B.

Billy met her on the road and fell in love with her over the footlights.

He met her again out at Honolulu, whither her company had gone.

Some said that Billy followed her there, but whether this is true or false he met her and there they became engaged, but they did not marry until Billy turned twenty-one and came into his father's millions.

This happened a few weeks before the little dinner at Martin's.

And here was Billy beginning to spend the old man's millions.

Between ourselves the young man did not know how to do it.

To learn to spend millions properly it is necessary to live in little old New York more than a week.

And now for the story.

Sam Jackson began it by making a fool proposition, but then he did not know just how foolish it was, for this was the first he had had to do with his old chum in over two years.

"You were saying, Nettie," he began, "that we have got to devise some scheme for putting in the rest of the evening, for it is only eleven o'clock. What about a trip to Chinatown? Not on any old rubberneck wagon, even if one is running at this hour, but just by ourselves. I see by the papers that there really is no danger in it now; that the Chinks cater to our sort, and for money will show anybody the whole business."

Silence followed this speech and Mrs. Nettie had been rattling away at a great rate before it was made.

She looked hard at her husband.

Billy looked equally hard at his wife.

"No!" exclaimed Nettie.

"Yes," added Billy, in a low but firm tone.

"I say no!" flashed Nettie.

"And I say yes," added Billy, "and whatever I say goes. It is only for this once, Net. After to-night I am going to settle down."

After to-night!

Ominous words! Words which have been the ruin of many a promising young man.

Who can tell what may happen to-night?

Perhaps afterward it will be too late.

The only way is to strangle temptation when it shows the cloven foot.

But poor Sam had no cloven foot and never dreamed of doing the tempter act when he put the proposition to spend an hour or so in looking over that most fascinating of New York's slum—Chinatown.

"I am going over to speak to Mazie," said Nettie, rising. "You needn't come, Billy. I'll be back in a little while."

And she arose and crossed over to another table at which some time before she had espied her old friend, Mazie Kelly, late her associate in vaudeville, who was dining with a friend.

Now Billy detested Mazie Kelly. He had positively forbidden his wife to have anything to do with her.

But what could he do?

Make a scene in the dining room?

Billy had not reached that stage yet.

He was learning rapidly, however.

Just now he was learning that if he could put his foot down, Nettie could take hers up when he told her to keep it down.

Mrs. Billy took up both feet now and walked over to have a chat with her friend and her friend's friend, whom Billy did not even know.

"Oh, Billy, I am so sorry! I didn't want to make trouble between you two," said Sam.

Billy set his jaw and tried to look unconcerned.

"I know it, old man," he replied. "There is no trouble. What do you mean?"

"But your wife didn't seem to want you to go to Chinatown. I'd as soon go anywhere else, or go nowhere. It's all one to me."

"There is nothing the matter with your suggestion. I consider it a very good one. I have never been in Chinatown. I should like very much to go."

"But your wife?"

"Will go where I go—or stay behind." •

"That's just it. She don't want to go, and——"

"Shut up, Jackson! She'll go all right. So will I; so will you. There is nothing the matter with your proposition, but before we start out I want to ask a favor of you."

"Surely! Anything."

"But you don't quite understand. I think you are my friend, Sam."

"Indeed I am, Billy. You have always been my dearest friend, and now——"

"Bite it off. Say, Sam, I was afraid it might come to this and I have prepared for it."

"Come to what? Billy, you positively frighten me. For goodness sake let's get back to the hotel. That champagne——"

"Has not got into my head. Listen! I want you to stick close to me to-night. I want you to stick close to Net and be her true friend in case anything happens. Will you promise me that?"

"I'll promise you anything, Billy, if you will only ring off on this mystery thing and go to bed."

"He who makes his own bed must lie in it," muttered Billy. "I have made mine, that's right."

Poor Sam was on thorns. What was the meaning of all this mysterious talk?" he asked himself.

And as he sat there, puzzling his brains as to what he ought to do, he could not but reflect on how little he actually knew of Billy Terhune's life since the boy failed to graduate and was practically invited to leave the Far Western college at which their intimacy had been formed.

Just then poor Sam would have given all the change left out of that four-figure check if he had never mentioned Chinatown, and it amounted to a good bit, too.

But Billy kept right on talking, so Sam was not given much time to think.

"Now, see here, old man," he continued, "you are not going to work up any scene. You said Chinatown and it is going to be Chinatown, and the chances are we shall have lots of fun and it will come out all right. But in case it shouldn't; in case I—that is to say in case anything should happen—you take this sealed packet. It is to be opened only in case of trouble and after you have opened it you will know just what to do. If everything turns out all right, why you will just hand the thing back to me—see?"

And as he spoke Billy produced a long envelope and handed it to Sam.

Now Sam Jackson was no fool.

On the contrary he was a particularly bright proposition.

He realized that he had stirred up some latent fire, the existence of which he was unaware.

He also realized that it had been easier to start the blaze than it was going to be to extinguish it.

All he could do was to watch and wait.

So he took the packet and pocketed it with no other words than the half-laughing remark:

"I suppose you think the Chinks may scalp you and so have put your last will in my charge."

"Something of that sort," replied Billy grimly. "Hold on to it and don't tell Net one thing about it, either now or later—or later, mind. I depend upon you, Sam. All you have to do is to follow out the instructions which you will find in that envelope. And—oh, well, it won't come to that, anyway. I only want to be prepared."

"Prepared for what?"

This was the question Sam Jackson asked himself again and again.

Billy looked across the dining room at his wife who was sitting beside her friend, both talking as fast as their tongues could wag.

Billy looked at his watch.

"She has been there fifteen minutes," he remarked. "I'll give her ten more. If she don't come then, Sam, you and I will take in Chinatown alone."

"For goodness sake, Billy, don't start up a family row on my account!" protested poor Sam.

"No, son," replied Billy, "nothing of the sort. It is only to understand that I am the head of my own establishment and I want Net to understand it, too."

Probably Mrs. Billy did understand, for inside of five minutes she returned.

"Well, sir, and are you ready to go to the hotel?" she demanded.

"I am ready to start on our trip to Chinatown," replied Billy, steadily.

"But surely, Billy, you must remember your promise."

"I do. You have forgotten yours, it seems."

"Which one?"

"To keep away from that woman."

"Ridiculous! I never made any such promise."

"Yes, you did, and you have broken it, so don't talk to me about my promises. I go to Chinatown to-night."

"Then I go with you."

"Good! That is just what I want."

"But I believe you would have gone without me, you bad fellow."

"I certainly should," replied Billy, rising, "if it was only to show you that I am quite able to take care of myself. Come on, Sam."

And with this final mysterious allusion Billy Terhune, with wife and friend, started on his trip for Chinatown.

"Where will it end?" Sam asked himself. "What an infernal fool I was ever to start up all this mystery and row."

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN WITH THE YELLOW CAP.

Chinatown, New York, is only a little one.

There never was but one real Chinatown in America, and that was destroyed when San Francisco burned, and never again will it be what it once was.

But even if it is only a little one, Chinatown, New York, is bad—very bad.

At least those who view it from the rubberneck wagon will tell you so and of course they know it all.

As for its location, New York's Chinatown lies at the lower end of the Bowery, to the right as you go down town.

You can go in by Pell Street, or you can keep on to Chatham Square and enter by Doyers Street, while, if you prefer, you can make it Mott Street, and pass into the heart of Chinatown at once.

And the heart is not so far in, either.

Three short blocks constitute all there is to New York's Chinatown.

Billy Terhune and friends made it Mott.

They inquired their way of a policeman and as they neglected to do it until they came down into Chatham Square, the way he told them was the best.

They walked up Mott Street and saw nothing but a lot of shabby old brick houses, with here and there a more modern one sandwiched in.

They turned into Pell Street at the junction, still following the direction of the policeman, and found more brick houses, old and shabbier than those on Mott Street.

But the block was livelier and there were more Chinamen hovering about the doorways and passing up and down.

The famous illuminated sign of the Tuxedo Restaurant attracted their attention of course.

So did other illuminated signs, reading "Chop Suey,"

but when they got down on to Doyers Street, the Chinese Theatre being out, all was as dark and silent as the grave.

But Doyers Street was no more silent than were Mr. and Mrs. Terhune.

It was a most doleful trip to Chinatown.

Neither of them spoke a word after they hit Mott Street.

Sam tried to make things pleasant and ventured a remark now and then, commenting upon what they saw in passing.

But Mrs. Billy just clung tight to Mr. Billy's arm, and neither of them would answer a word.

And so it was until they hit Doyers Street when Mrs. Billy hit at Sam.

"And now, Mr. Jackson," she snapped, "I hope you are satisfied. We have seen Chinatown, so let us go home."

"By all means," replied Sam. "There is nothing here to see, anyhow, but a lot of dirty houses and dirtier Chinks. I can't imagine why the papers make so much of Chinatown. For my part, I never want to set foot in it again."

"Nor I," replied Mrs. Billy, adding:

"Come, Bill, dear, let's go home."

"No," said Billy. "Let's go back up Pell Street."

"But why?"

"Because I want to—that's all."

"Nonsense!" cried Sam. "It is now after midnight. What on earth is the sense in hanging around this dull hole? Let us go home, as your wife says."

"You go, if you want to," replied Billy, "and remember what I told you, Sam."

"Oh, I'm not leaving you, of course."

"Then it will be necessary for you to go back up Pell Street, for that's where I'm going."

Nettie began to cry.

"Billy, dear, do come away," she moaned. "You have seen all there is to see. For pity sake, listen to me."

"We have seen nothing," retorted Billy. "Don't you suppose these old houses hide a thousand mysteries? You little know the Chinese."

"I know quite enough of them," pouted Nettie. "They are a bad lot."

"They are good, bad and indifferent, like other people. Come!"

There was never any use in trying to hold out against Billy Terhune. There never had been, even when he was a boy.

Sam Jackson knew that, so he said no more, but meekly followed the couple back up Pell Street, hoping and praying for a peaceful ending to it all.

"Let us go into this restaurant and have a dish of chop suey," suggested Nettie, when they came abreast of the Tuxedo.

Sam thought that her aim was to get Billy off the street.

"No; we have eaten enough," retorted Billy. "Come on!"

And as they went on Sam noticed—he could hardly help it—how strangely his old chum peered into the face of every Chinaman they met.

Was he looking for some particular Celestial?

Sam began to think it must be so.

They did Pell Street over again and once more turned into Mott.

•And still Billy Terhune kept peering—peering into every Chinaman's face until at last the climax came.

They were walking along on the north side of Mott Street when suddenly a young Chinaman emerged from a dark doorway, who wore a singularly shaped cap of yellow silk with an amethyst ball attached to its top.

As Billy peered in this man's face he gave a sharp cry and pulled away from his wife.

And all yellow cap did was to hold up his hand and beckon with his long, slender forefinger.

"Billy! Oh, Billy! Help! Sam Jackson!" screamed Nettie, making a grab for her husband's arm.

He shook her off roughly.

When Sam caught at the other arm, Billy swore and struck at him.

Meanwhile yellow cap had retreated into the dark doorway.

And Billy darted after him in spite of all they could do.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" screamed Mrs. Nettie. "Save him, Sam Jackson! Save him from that dreadful man if you are really his friend! I knew we should be sure to run into him! Yes, I knew just how it would be!"

"If you will only let go of me perhaps I can do something!" cried Sam, for the woman was holding on to his arm with a death-like grip.

Now secretly Sam did not approve of Mrs. Billy, although he had tried to be very friendly.

He wished very much that Billy had never met the girl, much less married her.

It made him mad to have the young woman raise a scene here on Mott Street and while calling out for him to save her husband to keep on holding him back.

"Oh, don't leave me! Don't leave me! Save him!" she wailed.

"My gracious, Mrs. Terhune, will you either let me go alone or come along with me?" flashed Sam. "How can I save Billy when you won't let me make a move? We shall have all Chinatown about our ears next thing we know!"

There was no danger.

Down on Mott Street there is one cast-iron rule observed by the Chinese, and that is to mind their own business.

Mrs. Nettie might have screamed even louder and no one would have paid the slightest attention to her, unless a policeman or some slumming party had chanced to come along.

But it was late at night and there was neither.

Mrs. Billy thus urged gave way, but she never let go of Sam's arm. She seemed to be afraid that he also would run after the man with the yellow cap.

"Let us go together," she said. "If I can only see Billy I may have some influence with him. Oh, this is dreadful! This is terrible! I knew it would be so! Oh, oh, oh! What shall I do? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

She was getting hysterical.

Sam drew her into the dark doorway.

"Now you stop that," he said sternly. "We want to save Billy, that's what we want, and if you are going to

start in and throw fits there will be nothing doing. Are you afraid to venture into this place?"

"Not with you—no," replied Nettie, pulling herself together.

"Then come on."

But they could not get far.

Sam hurried through the passage, with Mrs. Billy still clinging to his arm.

At the end they came up against a locked door.

Sam knocked, and as he did so, discovered that the door was made of iron.

There was no answer.

Usually in these Chinese joints, if there is anything crooked concealed, there is always a watcher, a man who speaks no English, who knows nothing, but tries to terrify you with his black looks; but here there was no one.

And yet Sam seemed to feel that they were being spied upon for all that.

And now the boy began to realize the uselessness of it all.

Billy had not been dragged into this Chinese den; he had gone of his own accord.

Moreover it looked very much as if he meant to go; as if he had discounted the chances of his going.

No one knew better than Sam himself how obstinate the young millionaire was.

"If we get to him, he will never come away until he is good and ready," thought Sam. "Never in the wide world."

And he turned to Nettie and said:

"We can't get in here and it would not do us any good even if we could."

And Nettie was beginning to wake up to a realizing sense of the situation, too.

"I am afraid it wouldn't," she said. "Billy wouldn't come for us. That's right."

"Nettie, who is that man with the yellow cap? What does all this mean?"

Nettie hesitated.

Then she showed more character than Sam had given her credit for.

"I can't tell you, Sam Jackson," she replied, "for I swore I never would."

"Is he an enemy of Billy's?"

"Yes, and no. He pretends to be his friend. Actually he is his worst enemy, but the trouble is you can't make Billy believe it."

Just then Sam remembered the sealed packet.

All Billy's mysterious talk came back to him, too.

"There is no use in going any further," he said, dolefully. "I am sure of that."

"I guess you are right," sighed Nettie. "Even if we could get to him Billy wouldn't come for us. He would only chase us out."

"Then shall we go home?"

"I am afraid there is nothing else to do. Oh, if we had never come here! Oh, if you had never suggested it!"

"Nettie," said Sam quietly, "you can't be any more sorry than I am. The suggestion was absolutely a thoughtless one. How was I to know?"

"You could not, of course. I don't blame you. No, you could not know."

They went out on the street.

They had come to Chinatown on the cars, for Billy wished to see the Bowery.

Sam now proposed that they return to the uptown hotel where they were staying in one of the nighthawk cabs which hang about Chatham Square, to which Nettie assented.

Not until they were alone in the cab did he broach the matter again.

"Where did Billy meet that man?" he asked.

"It was at Honolulu," replied Nettie. "Don't ask me any more, please."

"But, Nettie, if I am to help Billy——"

"You can't help him. No one else can."

"Then what are we to do? Leave him to his fate?"

"All we can do is to wait till he comes back. He'll come, but I'm sure I don't know what I shall do if he don't come soon. I haven't a cent!"

And she with thousands of dollars worth of jewelry upon her!

Mrs. Billy knew very well what she would do.

She would visit her "uncle" and loan him a diamond or two, and it would not be the first time, either.

"I'll look out for you," said Sam. "Don't you fret."

And he took her back to the hotel.

Not until he got into the privacy of his own room did Sam Jackson open the sealed packet.

Something certainly had happened to Billy, and he felt justified in doing it now.

It contained a letter and a document.

The document proved to be a power of attorney, authorizing Sam to draw upon Billy's bank account as he pleased.

It touched Sam to find the confidence his friend displayed in him and he was still more touched when he read the letter.

It was dated on the day of the marriage, as was the power of attorney, and it read as follows:

"Dear Sam:

"You think you know me, but you do not. I am sadly changed since the days we were roommates at college. There is a blight upon me, dearest of all chums. I am praying that this marriage will remove it, but I don't know. I do know my own weakness and have but slight confidence in myself.

"But I have implicit confidence in you, Sam, hence I have executed a power of attorney in your name. If I should happen to disappear, look out for my poor wife. Keep her well supplied with money and use as much for yourself as you will.

"If this happens, make no move for a week. If I don't return at the end of that time do what you can to find me and to restore me to my wife, even if you have to adopt legal means to accomplish it.

"Meanwhile, believe me your weak, but ever devoted friend.

"WM. TERHUNE."

"What in the world is it all about?" Sam asked himself.

It was all about the man with the yellow cap.

But who was the man with the yellow cap?

This was just what Sam did not know.

CHAPTER III.

MORE MYSTERY.

Two weeks passed and nothing was seen nor heard of Billy Terhune.

Of course Sam was not idle during this time.

He employed a private detective first; a man who claimed an intimate knowledge of Chinatown.

They went together to the Mott Street house.

Either Sam made a mistake in the number or conditions had changed.

There was no such iron door as the young man described to the detective.

Instead they found an ordinary wooden door which was not even locked.

The house was searched and its Chinese tenants closely questioned.

They denied all knowledge of the man with the yellow cap.

Nothing could be learned from them about Billy Terhune.

Then Sam went to the police, and through the influence of Billy's banker, whom he consulted, was able to get them to promise secrecy.

In a way this was his best course, for what the wardmen of the Elizabeth Street Station don't know about the Chinese quarter is supposed not to be worth knowing.

But nothing came of it.

The police soon lost interest.

They began to talk insolently to Sam.

In short they suspected an "inside job."

Becoming alarmed, Sam pulled out. He feared arrest, and it was a fact that certain detectives called on Mrs. Nettie and tried to poison her mind against him.

But Nettie was true blue, and at once rose to the situation.

She told the detectives in exceedingly plain English that they were making fools of themselves and chased them out.

Then came real trouble, for these men had their revenge.

They gave the whole business away to the reporters and all through the second week the yellow journals and those not yellow were filled with the mystery of Billy Terhune.

Reporters thronged in on Nettie and Sam.

Newspaper detectives hounded both.

It was broadly hinted that poor Sam had pre-arranged the young millionaire's disappearance for the purpose of securing his fortune and his wife.

Mrs. Nettie wrote indignant denials, but it was all useless.

By the end of that week both Nettie and Sam agreed that there was but one thing for them to do, and that was to disappear.

They did it, and they did it so neatly that neither reporters nor detectives were able to find them.

But the "yellows" kept it right up and it was given out that they had eloped.

Only Billy's banker knew the truth.

It is no joke to be mixed up in the disappearance of a young millionaire.

But what bothered Sam most of all was the fact that he was doing nothing and could do nothing to find his friend.

If Sam and Nettie had gone to another hotel or had gone into the country or to another city, they would surely have been traced.

What they did was to take furnished rooms in a house on Charles Street, in the "Greenwich Village," under an assumed name, where they passed as brother and sister.

And here one morning Billy's banker called in a taxicab on his way down town.

Nettie received him in a great flutter.

"Oh, you have heard from my husband, Mr. Sather-twaite!," she cried. "You have come to tell me that he is dead perhaps! Speak right out! I want to know the worst."

"You are all wrong, madam," replied the banker. "I have heard nothing. I suppose it is the same with you?"

"Necessarily, since we left orders at the hotel that any letters which came for us should be forwarded to you."

"None have been received. That is why I am here. Something should be done, and now that the papers are beginning to let up on you a little it seems to me that the time has come to get busy again. I suggest that you engage the services of the Brady Detective Bureau. They are the most skillful detectives in America. More than that, they are especially noted for handling Chinese cases. One of the partners is a lady, a Miss Montgomery. A particularly gifted person. She was born out in China and understands the Chinese language. You have heard of these people, I presume?"

Mrs. Nettie had heard of the Bradys, but only in a general way.

She jumped at the suggestion.

The banker, who was personally acquainted with Old King Brady, gave her a letter of introduction, and that morning she called at the elegantly furnished offices of this noted detective bureau on Union Square, Sam accompanying her.

They timed their coming just right.

Not only was Old King Brady in, but also Young King Brady and Alice Montgomery.

Old King Brady proved to be a tall, striking-looking person, who wore a long blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar and a big white felt hat with an extraordinarily broad brim, which he hastily removed when Sam and Mrs. Nettie entered.

The old detective read Mr. Sather-twaite's letter and said:

"I am pleased to meet you, Mrs. Terhune. I am well acquainted with Mr. Sather-twaite and shall be glad to oblige him. Be seated. This is Mr. Jackson, I presume. You see, Mrs. Terhune, we have followed up this matter in the papers; suspecting that the case might come our way—many Chinese cases do."

"Yes, this is Sam Jackson!" cried Nettie, "and I want you to understand that we haven't eloped together. The papers have treated us shamefully. Sam is my husband's dearest friend and I am sure I don't know what I ever should have done without him."

"Be seated, and tell us all about it," said Old King Brady, and his partners were introduced.

Nettie then told her story—that is all she had told Sam.

For be it understood Nettie had stuck to her guns.

Not one hint had she dropped as to Billy's former connection with the man with the yellow cap, nor did she even hint that she knew of it now.

Sam then added his story, exhibited the letter and the power of attorney.

Nettie was amazed.

For Sam, equally true to Billy's orders, had not mentioned these things.

But he gave them out freely now, for he felt that the time to do so had surely come.

Nettie took him to task for not having told.

"So that is how you got the money?" she cried. "I thought it was your own you were advancing me."

"It was," replied Sam quietly. "My own, which Billy gave me. I have not drawn a cent."

"But now, Nettie," he added firmly, "I am going a step further in this business. The man who consults a doctor and conceals his symptoms and habits of life is simply a fool, and——"

"And Mrs. Terhune has been concealing a whole lot from us," said Old King Brady. "I am quite aware of that. Indeed, I was just about to remark that we can do nothing with this case unless we can be given this lady's full confidence."

"You can't have it!" flashed Nettie. "I promised Billy I would never tell on him, and I never will."

"Then you can't have our services," retorted Old King Brady. "That is final, Mrs. Terhune, so there need not be another word said."

Nettie set her lips and was silent.

"But it is different with me," Sam hastened to add. "I shall tell all I know, which is very little. I can only add that I am absolutely certain that Billy had met this yellow-capped Chinaman before. Mrs. Terhune told me so. They met out in Honolulu."

Still Nettie was silent.

"Of course, Billy, as you call him, smokes opium or drugs," said Old King Brady. "Which is it, Mrs. Terhune?"

"You want to tell us all, my dear lady," spoke up Alice Montgomery. "Surely it is better to do so than to permit your husband to remain in the clutches of these Chinese. They may intend to kill him. They may already have done so. If you don't want to talk before my partners, come into my private office and tell me."

Nettie began to cry.

Seeing that she had wop, Alice arose, took her by the arm and led her into the front office, closing the door.

Soon they could hear wild hysterical laughter proceeding from Alice's office.

"A very excitable young woman, Mr. Jackson," remarked Old King Brady, who had sat silent until now.

"She is, and she isn't," replied Sam. "She can be cool enough when she wants to. But she knows a whole lot about this business which she has not told and she ought to be made to—that's all."

"Alice will work it out of her," remarked Young King Brady.

"And if she fails then who can hope to succeed, Harry?" added the old detective.

"Indeed, yes!" was the reply.

Old King Brady then pressed Sam for further details as to Billy Terhune's past.

Was he a gambler? Did he drink to excess?

All sorts of leading questions were asked, but Sam was not able to answer many of them.

He now began to realize what a difference two years' absence makes and how little he really knew about Billy.

Meanwhile, the hysterics in Alice's office appeared to have quieted down.

Just then the telephone bell rang.

Harry answered the call.

It proved to be Mr. Sathertwaite.

"Is this Old King Brady?" he demanded.

"Old King Brady's office. Young King Brady talking," Harry replied.

"I sent some people to your place this morning."

"Yes, they are here now."

"Good! Can I speak to Mrs. Terhune?"

"If absolutely necessary, yes. But she is closeted with our Miss Montgomery just at present and for certain reasons we should prefer not to disturb her."

"It is not necessary. You think she knows more than she has told and are trying to get it out of her?"

"That is our idea. Mr. Jackson agrees with me."

"It is not necessary that I should talk with her. I merely wish to say that a letter has been forwarded here from her former hotel. It is addressed to Mrs. Terhune and seems to be from her husband, if I am any judge of handwriting, although our paying teller, who certainly is a judge, thinks differently. Can you hold her there till I send it up? The boy shall start by the subway instantly."

"Yes," replied Harry. "Send it along," and he turned and told Old King Brady and Sam what had been said.

Just then Alice came out of her office alone.

"Mr. Jackson," she said, "I am adopting a rather singular course. By the way, I have your permission, Mr. Brady, to do as I please in this matter?"

"Certainly, Alice," replied the old detective.

"Do we take the ease?"

"If you say so—yes."

"Then I say so. Now, Mr. Jackson, I prefer that you should not see Mrs. Terhune again. She will not return to her lodgings, but will remain under my protection for a few days. In the meanwhile, you will stick to this Charles Street house, and——"

"Hold on, Alice!" broke in Old King Brady. "Don't we get any explanation of this singular move?"

"None!" replied Alice, decidedly. "That is just the point."

"Oh, very well."

"Of course, if you insist——"

"But I don't, my dear girl. Nothing of the sort. Do it all your own way."

"Then that is my way."

"But good gracious!" cried Sam, "what has the woman been saying about me? I give you my word I haven't done——"

"You have done nothing but what you should have done. This singular move on my part does not concern you in any way, Mr. Jackson. I will merely state that in my opinion it is very doubtful if Mr. Terhune still lives. I also consider his wife in danger. I think I am acting for the best."

"She always acts for the best," said Harry. "But listen, Alice. There is a new development which you ought to know."

He told of the conversation over the telephone.

"That may alter matters, of course," said Alice. "We will wait for that letter and see what it contains."

She returned to the front office then and closed the door.

"More mystery!" groaned Sam. "Confound that woman! I knew she had something up her sleeve!"

"Well, young man," observed Old King Brady, "this shop deals in mysteries. They are our stock in trade. You leave Miss Montgomery to deal with her. If she don't succeed in finding out all she knows it will be the first time she has failed in such a case."

CHAPTER IV.

THE BRADYS TAKE UP THE CASE.

Inside of fifteen minutes the bank messenger appeared with the letter.

It was in a plain envelope and was addressed to Mrs. Terhune.

Alice being called took the letter and was gone in the office some time.

At last she appeared again with the letter open in her hand.

"Well?" demanded Old King Brady.

"The letter purports to be from Mr. Terhune," said Alice, "but Mrs. T. considers it a forgery. She has shown me specimens of her husband's writing, and I say the same."

"I should like to make the comparison."

"You shall. Meanwhile, read the letter."

Old King Brady took it and read aloud as follows:

"Dearest Wife:

"I suppose you have been worried to death about me, but you know my weakness and how hard it is for me to keep away from the opium pipe. I have had a dreadful time of it, but I am through now. This evening, at eight o'clock, I shall come to the hotel. I hope you will meet me there. If you can forgive me I shall remain. But, oh, Nettie, I want to tell you how deeply you have wronged the Prince. He is a good man. He has been so good to me. Long ago he has torn your image from his heart and now he would not hurt a hair of your head.

Don't blame him, either, for what I have done. If I had not seen him I should have torn myself away from you, anyhow, for I was bound to smoke that night. But, dearest, we will talk all these things over together. Perhaps you will forgive me. I am hoping and praying that you may. I have been as comfortable down here in Chinatown as circumstances would admit. Some day I want you to go with me and let me show you where I have been living and to introduce you to Sing Fu as my wife.

"A thousand kisses, darling. Your own husband,
"BILLY."

Alice, who had left the office, now returned with a letter.

"I have promised her you would not read it," she said. "Just compare the writing, Mr. Brady. Here is the envelope, too, so that you may compare the addresses."

Old King Brady was not one minute in deciding.

"It is a clever attempt," he said, "but it is a forgery. Still it might deceive a nervous woman, and that was the chance they took."

"I just want to say one thing," replied Alice. "I shall go to this hotel and pose as Mrs. Terhune without any particular attempt to make up like her, which would be impossible, since she is a woman who is built upon entirely different lines from me.

"If I can fool this man who, according to my theory, proposes to impersonate Mr. Terhune, it may be a great point gained. You, Mr. Jackson, should be on hand where you can look our visitor over unseen. We will fix all that. Now I must return. I regard the receiving of this letter as a great thing. It opens a road which we might have spent much time in getting in on."

"One thing I want to ask, Alice. Who is this Sing Fu? This prince who appears to have been making love to Mrs. Terhune?"

"He poses as a Chinese prince, that is all I know," replied Alice. "The lady was formerly a vaudeville star. She met the Prince in Honolulu and he made fierce love to her. As he is supposed to be very rich she amused herself with him for awhile. Then, Billy, as she calls him, and we may as well do the same, turned up and was introduced to the Prince by her. It appears that the young man had already learned to smoke opium in San Francisco, and, according to her, the Prince got him off on a terrible opium debauch. I was not going to tell you these things because I had to promise that poor soul I would not, but this letter has changed everything. Besides the opium smoking the Prince seemed to get a tremendous hold upon Billy. Mrs. Terhune thinks he hypnotized him, but I daresay it was all done through some Chinese drug. You know they have many with which we Americans are not at all acquainted. In the light of all this I feel that it would be best to keep Mrs. Terhune entirely out of reach of these people. I was going to try to think up some scheme to get next to this bunch of drug fiends, for such I believe them to be, and now comes this letter which seems to open the door wide."

"Good!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "Alice, you are a great woman. You go ahead on the lines you have laid down and I predict that we shall win out with but little difficulty."

"And in the meantime," replied Alice, "let someone get down into Chinatown and see what can be done towards locating this Prince with the yellow cap."

Thus saying, Alice returned to Mrs. Terhune.

"Who goes?" demanded Harry.

"You and Mr. Jackson," replied Old King Brady. "I have too much to do to-day. I shall be lucky if I am able to clean up sufficiently to take hold of the matter to-night."

"Come," said Harry, addressing Sam, "we will take a trip to Chinatown."

Now it is a fact that the Bradys are pretty well posted in regard to New York's Chinese quarters.

Here they have many friends, and one in particular is old Quong Lee, who keeps the opium joint in a cellar on Chatham Square.

This man considers himself under particular obligations to Old King Brady and usually he is willing to go to almost any length to serve him.

But it was to Mott Street that Harry took Sam first.

Here Sam pointed out the doorway into which Billy hurried on the night of his disappearance.

They entered.

Where Sam positively declared that he had come up against an iron door there was now certainly a wooden door.

Harry looked it over critically.

Nobody had followed them into this hallway and they had the place to themselves.

"The wardmen feel sure that I must have been mistaken in the house," observed Sam, "but I am just as sure that it isn't so."

"I don't see why you need be mistaken," replied Harry. "Look at the hinges on this door. They are of the simplest construction. It would be a very easy matter to lift the door off bodily and substitute another. Besides this house has always borne a bad reputation. I happen to know that there are, or were, secret passages under it. We took a bunch of drug fiends out of secret cellars which lie between here and Pell Street, two years ago. At that time the landlord promised to fill up those underground rat holes. But did he do it? I am sure I can't tell."

"Come!" exclaimed Sam, "this is of the highest importance. Chances are that drug fiends are using those same secret cellars again. Can we get in there?"

"Easier said than done. I don't know the people living in this house now. The entrances may all have been changed. We better bust ahead and see Quong Lee."

"And who is Quong Lee?" asked Sam.

Harry explained.

"The old fellow will go to any length to serve old King Brady," he added, and they went around on Chatham Square.

Quong Lee was sitting in his little office, smoking a Chinese brass pipe.

But it was not an opium pipe.

Perhaps old Quong hit the hop himself once in awhile, but if he did he was very secret about it.

Certain it was the Bradys never caught him at it, nor in any way under the influence of the drug.

He greeted Harry with his usual cordiality and brought

out a box of excellent cigars before he would listen to a word.

Then Harry told sufficient of the story of the missing man.

"Yair," said Quong Lee, "then I know de Yellow Plince as you callee him, Blady. Say, me callee him dlat, too. Him always wear yellow cap nights. Dlat because he really is a big, big mandarin, likee you callee plince. Him used to smokee here long wit Dloctor What-him-nlame? I forget him nname. Dloctor him comee here now, but plince no comee no more."

"Where does he live?" demanded Harry.

Quong Lee shrugged his shoulders.

"Me no know," he replied. "Sometimes he here, sometimes he go San Flisco. Don't know where he live now. Him win big, big money on laces. Him have big contact to smuggle in Chinee men; all klind of tings. Oh, yair, him sure velly rich."

"But we want help, Quong. Can't you find out the name of this doctor?"

"Mebbe; plaps."

"Is he a Chinaman?"

"No, no, no. He Melican dloctor. Young man. Him smokee too much. Bad man. Velly bad man. Wait! Mebbe him here now. Dlis is bout him ttime when him comee here, but he no comee evely day, lunderstan'? Sometimes me no see him in a week."

And Quong Lee got up and, opening a door, hobbled into his opium joint.

He was back in no time.

"Gee! You vas lucky, Hally," he said. "Him here now. Wantee see him? Yair?"

"Sure," replied Harry. "That's just what I do want. Can my friend come, too?"

"Sure," replied the divekeeper. "Him fast asleep. Him hittee de pipe tlee times. But say, he is an old hand. He gettee up allee light. You wouldn't never know, Hally, dat he hittee de pipe at all."

Thus saying, Quong led them out into the main cellar.

Here were bunks ranged along, one above the other, on both sides.

It was the roughest style of opium joint and frequented principally by the criminal class of white smokers, although there is always a sprinkling of Chinamen to be found at Quong Lee's.

There were four here now, and six white men; a wretched-looking bunch they were, too.

It was easy to recognize that all were oldtime users of the death-dealing drug.

In one of the middle bunks lay a young man who certainly had been a handsome fellow in his time. Indeed, he was that now.

His hair was coal-black and cropped close to his head.

He lay in his shirt and trousers only. His coat and vest hung suspended from a hook alongside the bunk.

Harry would have given considerable to be able to search the pockets of those garments.

But he knew full well that this was the one thing Quong Lee would not allow.

For although the divekeeper was always ready to help the Bradys he still had a keen eye for business and would

never stand for any interference with a customer in his place.

Nor was it safe to stare at the sleeping drug fiend.

Harry knew that, too.

So he merely glanced at him and followed Quong through the joint to carry out the illusion that they were just two curiosity seekers who had been permitted by the old man to inspect his place.

So, having made the rounds, they returned to the office.

"You comee 'gain, Hally," said Quong Lee. "I find out dloctor's name and where him live, too, mebbe."

"And all about the Yellow Prince, if you can, Quong," Harry replied.

"Sure," said the joint keeper.

"By the way, what is the Prince's name?" Harry asked.

Quong hesitated.

It evidently went against the grain to give it away.

"Does Old Kling Blady wantee know velly bad?" he inquired.

"Very much indeed, Quong. In fact, we have got to find it out some way."

"Vell, den I tellee you on de quiet. Him name is Sing Fu. Dlere now. Vas I good? I tellee no odder dlective dlat much. Dlat one sure ting."

"You're all right, Quong," laughed Harry. "Not only am I very much obliged to you, but Old King Brady will be greatly pleased."

And this is what Young King Brady and Sam Jackson learned at Quong Lee's.

They pulled out then.

When they were safely out on the Square, Sam said:

"Upon my word, Brady, that fellow looks astonishingly like Billy Terhune. If it hadn't been for the black hair I should have thought for the minute that I was looking at Billy himself."

"Come!" exclaimed Harry, "that's something. Billy's hair is light then?"

"Yes, a light brown."

"A good wig could soon fix that. We must be on the lookout for this Dr. Nameless to-night. But now let us go back to that Mott Street house. I've got a scheme."

CHAPTER V.

HOW ALICE'S SCHEME WORKED OUT.

Naturally Old King Brady and Alice expected Harry and Sam Jackson back early at the office.

But the blustery March day closed in and they did not come, nor was any word concerning them received over the telephone.

Old King Brady, who had gone out on business which consumed nearly the entire day, returned to the office about five o'clock to find Alice there alone.

"Oh, you are here!" he remarked. "What did you do with that woman?"

"She wanted to go back to her own room, and I finally consented," replied Alice. "I don't know but what after all she will be as safe there as in my rooms to which I in-

tended to take her. But what about Harry and Sam Jackson? I haven't heard a word from them. Have you?"

"No. I have not been in the way to hear. Strange! Harry must have struck a rich lead down there in Chinatown."

"I hope trouble has not struck him then. I don't like it. Besides I proposed to use them to-night. You know I specially told Jackson that."

"I remember. Perhaps they will turn up yet. Have you made your arrangements at the hotel?"

"Yes. It is all fixed. I have hired two rooms. I was not able to get the suite the Terhunes occupied, but the manager readily agreed to help us. When the man comes he will be taken care of and properly steered."

"I hope Harry comes then," said Old King Brady, "for I don't wait to go."

But Harry did not come.

Old King Brady and Alice went out to supper together.

When they returned it was time to start for the hotel, and still no word of Harry.

"We shall have to give up," said Alice. "What is the word, Mr. Brady?"

"Oh, I'll go!" replied the old detective. "All the same it is very provoking. Neither you nor I know this man Terhune. We haven't even seen his photograph."

"I have," replied Alice. "I have one with me. I went with Mrs. Terhune to her room and she gave it to me."

She produced it and Old King Brady studied the face.

"As weak as water," he remarked. "That man might be capable of any folly."

"So it seems to me," replied Alice. "Well, let us make a start."

They arrived at the hotel in good time.

Which particular one it was we shall not mention for certain reasons.

Enough to say it was in the immediate vicinity of Central Park and is one of the best known and most fashionable hotels in New York.

Old King Brady happened to know the manager, and he had given Alice a letter to him.

They sought him now and Old King Brady particularly cautioned him to do nothing to arouse the suspicions of the expected visitor.

"This is to be a case of shadowing," he said. "The man will not be allowed to remain here in any case."

The manager assented, and Alice and the old detective ascended to the rooms.

They were on the ninth floor and had been selected with special reference to the business on hand.

As it was now almost eight o'clock Old King Brady at once took his place in the inner room and locked the dividing door.

There was a transom over it, which he opened.

He also unlocked the door leading into the hall in order that he could make a quick exit in case of necessity.

Alice had not made up in any particular way.

She was dressed about as Mrs. Terhune might be expected to dress.

She also wore elegant diamond jewelry, but it was her own.

She knew that it would be quite impossible to deceive

anyone who really knew Nettie and she did not propose to try.

At last the summons came over the telephone.

It was the manager's voice which spoke.

"He is here, Miss Montgomery," he said.

"Is he Mr. Terhune?" inquired Alice.

"He certainly looks very much like him, but he is greatly changed."

"Let him come right up."

In a few minutes there came a knock on the door.

Alice called "Come!" and a page showed in an undersized, light-haired man, expensively dressed.

Alice stood in the middle of the room with her left hand resting on the table.

And certainly she was a very beautiful woman.

She was in every way superior to Mrs. Terhune.

And in the one hasty glance which she bestowed upon her visitor Alice saw much.

In the first place she saw that his light hair was a wig, that the man was probably an opium smoker, that his face had been doctored to destroy the appearance that the face of a dark-bearded man must always have, even if he is as clean shaven as this man was.

In short Alice at once recognized that she was dealing with a man in disguise.

A second later and she became equally certain that the man did not know the deception which was being practiced upon him.

He came rushing forward with both hands out.

"Oh, Nettie, can you ever forgive me!" he exclaimed.

"He has not even seen her photograph," thought Alice.

"I have him dead to rights."

"Keep back, sir!" she said, drawing herself up proudly.

"Your letter was all very well, but further explanation of your conduct is quite necessary. I don't know whether I shall forgive you or not until I hear what you have to say."

He drew back and faced her.

"I suppose you hardly know me, Nettie," he said in a low voice. "I have been very, very ill. I am well aware that I am much changed."

"You are indeed."

"And yet you are able to recognize your husband I hope?"

The question was a dead give away to one who knew what Alice knew.

And yet she recognized the fact that it was one the fellow had to ask.

"Why certainly, Billy," she responded. "As though a woman could ever mistake another man for her husband or her husband for any other man in the whole world? But you have treated me shamefully. You swore to me that you would never hit the pipe again. So much for your word."

"Nettie, I am a deeply penitent man. This shall never occur again."

"So you say now, and so you said before. But how am I to believe you? It is an easy thing to deceive a woman most men think, but I am no easy mark and I want you to understand it, too."

"Indeed, you are not. But you will forgive me, Nettie?"

"I don't know whether I will or not."

"But I am your husband."

"Worse luck! It is no joke for a woman of my talent to be tied to a drug fiend."

He looked puzzled.

Evidently he had counted upon a different reception from this.

Suddenly flinging himself into a chair he held out his arms and cried:

"Come and sit on my lap, little one! Let it be between us as it used to be!"

It was rather absurd.

Alice is no little one, but a tall, stately woman.

This man was decidedly a little one:

So was Billy Terhune. So was his wife.

That the man was not as well up in his part as he should have been was plain.

"No," replied Alice, drawing herself up. "Not yet, Billy. Come again. I want time to think."

"But how are you to live?" he blurted. "Do you think to give me the cold shake and take up with Sam Jackson? He hasn't a cent, and you know it. My money counts for something, I suppose."

"There, now!" cried Alice. "You have said it. That's enough. You go, sir! I have my profession to fall back on, I suppose. I made a living before I ever saw you. I can do it again, I guess."

The man looked despairing.

He seemed to be hitting it wrong all around.

For a few minutes he was silent and then he arose with the air of a man discouraged.

"Oh, very well," he remarked. "Of course I know what to do. I'll go back to Sing Fu and my opium pipe. This is the way women drive us men to destruction. If I go to the bad altogether you will have only yourself to blame."

"I don't care!" sneered Alice. "Go on. I shall know what to do. Anyhow you can't deprive me of money altogether. The courts will give the wife of a drug fiend relief."

"Nettie, you are too cruel!"

"Go!" cried Alice, pointing to the door. "Go! I hate you! Go, and don't come again till I send for you!"

He put on his hat and moved towards the door.

Then Alice called him back.

"Billy!"

He turned and faced her.

"You might leave me your address."

"What's the use?"

"I might change my mind."

"Change it now, Nettie."

"No. Not to-night. You have said things."

"I will unsay them."

"But they have been said. It will take time for me to get over it."

"I will call again."

"Not till I give you an invitation, sir, if you know when you are well off. Give me your address."

"I will send it to you."

"I may not be here."

"The letter will reach you, I daresay."

"Give me the address, Billy."

He hesitated.

Alice stood silently waiting.

"I can't!" he blurted at last. "It would not do for you to come to an opium joint, Nettie, and that is where I am heading for now if you drive me away."

"Very well."

"I will write and send you an address where we can meet to-morrow."

"Very well."

"You will forgive me yet, Nettie?"

"I will think it over."

"Think of the good times we used to have, of the good times we can have again, and you will not turn me down so I am sure."

"Go now, Billy."

"At least let me kiss you good night, darling?"

"Go!" cried Alice, stamping her foot, and he slid out through the door.

Instantly Alice threw on a long cloak and put on a cheap hat with a veil with which she had provided herself. Then she opened the door.

The elevator had gone.

She expected that.

She did not expect to come up with her man.

She only hoped for it.

But Alice knew that Old King Brady was on the job and provided for all emergencies.

If the man came on foot then Old King Brady would follow on foot.

If he came in a cab then Old King Brady was just as well off, for he had a cab in waiting with a driver who perfectly understood his ways.

It was just the same if the man came in an automobile.

Thus there were two on the watch outside, the cabby and the chauffeur, from either of whom Alice could hope for help.

Thus the keen detectives of the Brady Bureau work.

And with all these careful arrangements there seemed every reason to hope that the man who had made this bold attempt to impersonate Billy Terhune would be tracked to his lair.

He came out to deceive and had been completely deceived himself.

"It is a bold stroke for millions," thought Alice, as she stood waiting for the elevator.

"If he had been received by that woman, and really he might have been, there is no telling where it might have ended, especially if Billy Terhune is dead."

And she thought as she stood pondering over the situation how helpless Mrs. Terhune would have been if this man and his backers had once got her into their clutches.

Thus, taking everything into consideration, Alice felt that she had every reason to congratulate herself on the success of her scheme.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY AND SAM SEE THE MAN WITH THE YELLOW CAP.

"What's your scheme now, Brady?" demanded Sam Jackson, when Harry suddenly announced his intention of returning to Mott Street.

"Listen," said Harry, "if that man we saw at Quong

Lee's, that doctor, really is a pal of this Yellow Prince and they live in that house where you think you saw Billy vanish I have thought of a way of smoking the Prince out."

"Well?"

"You see we have his name."

"Yes."

"Well, we will go there and boldly inquire for him; we will put up as a bluff that we have just come from Quong Lee's and that the doctor is there, that he is dying from too heavy a dose of hop and that the Prince is wanted right away."

"Say, that's great. We ought to get him on that."

"Oh, I am not so sure! It is what I have called it, just a bluff. If it succeeds I shall not hesitate to arrest the Prince and run him to the Elizabeth Street Station."

"I wouldn't do that. I am afraid of them there. I told you how they treated me. Why they as good as accused me of murdering Billy for his money."

"Oh, pshaw! You didn't know how to handle yourself. You only dealt with a new sergeant and a couple of Chinatown wardmen. What you ought to have done was to go directly to the captain; it would have been all right in that case. But, anyway, it makes no difference. They won't turn the Bradys down. If we can get this Yellow Prince in a cell we can soon make terms and find out what it is all about. At least that is the way it seems to me."

"I am in your hands, Brady. Whatever you say goes. But what if we run up against a bunch of Chinks who can't speak a word of English?"

"Jackson, they can always speak English when they want to, and when they don't want to they can't understand a word. No newly-arrived Chinamen are in this deal. Upon that you may depend."

And Harry was quite justified in his opinion.

But it must be admitted that he should have been more cautious and remembered the size of the stake for which these men were probably playing, which was nothing less than the Terhune millions.

On the other hand it must also be remembered that Young King Brady did not then know what Alice learned later in the day and what the reader already knows.

So with Sam Jackson he returned to the Mott Street house.

They walked boldly in through the mysterious door.

Now this house was an old one, altered over and added to.

Such houses in Chinatown are apt to be full of "rat holes," as the detectives term the underground dens.

The first floor was occupied by a Chinese banker of good reputation, as Harry knew.

That this man had anything to do with the tenants on the upper floors was not probable.

Even if he did it cut no figure, for in that case he surely would not tell.

Beyond the door was a short hall, which ran back of what had originally been the rear wall of the house.

An extension had been added and there were doors opening on either side of it.

Those on the left opened into the banker's apartments, and Harry, ignoring them, knocked briskly on the first right-hand door.

It was presently opened by a spruce-looking young Chink in American dress, who wore an expensive diamond in his red scarf.

Harry showed his shield.

"I want to see Sing Fu," he said.

"No sabee," replied the Chink, holding the door on the crack.

"Look here," said Harry, "somebody has to sabee. His friend, the doctor, is dying of an overdose of hop. I want him to go to him with me right away—see?"

"Upstairs; next floor. First door on the right," said the Chink in perfect English, and he slammed the door.

"You see?" said Harry. "It is beginning to work already. We will surely get there, Jackson. I begin to be quite in love with my scheme."

They ascended the stairs and knocked on the designated door.

There was some shuffling about inside.

Then a little round panel opened and an eye peered out at them.

"I want to speak to Sing Fu," said Harry.

"No livee here," came the reply. "Me no sabee Sing Fu."

Harry showed his shield and repeated his yarn.

But the Chinaman closed the panel without a word.

"Nothing doing," sighed Sam.

"You wait," said Harry. "These people are slow to act."

They waited several minutes in silence.

At length the door opened at the full, revealing a decently-furnished room, where a white woman sat in a rocking chair, nursing a baby.

A middle-aged Chinaman in native dress stepped out into the hall, leaving the door open behind him.

"You detective?" he demanded.

"Yes. I want to see Sing Fu. His friend, the doctor, is dying of an overdose of hop."

"Where?"

"Look here, John, I am not telling everyone. Are you Sing Fu?"

"Nope."

"Does he live here?"

"Yair."

"Well, then let me see him and I'll soon explain."

"Allee light, you comee with me."

The Chinaman spoke in that mild, bland tone, which his people know so well how to assume when they choose, and then started up the next flight of stairs.

Here he knocked at another door on the right, which opened into the extension, be it understood.

It was promptly opened by a sporty-looking Chink in American dress.

He looked fat, well fed and prosperous.

In short he was just such a Chinaman as may be seen hovering about the racetracks.

Such men are no fools and he who picks them up for such are pretty sure to get left.

Their guide spoke to him in Chinese.

"Is that so!" said the Chink in English, looking hard at Harry. "Is the doctor really dying?"

"That's what we think," replied Harry. "Anyhow he

is a very sick man. If Sing Fu wants to see him alive he must go with us right away."

"Where is he?"

"As I told this man I will only tell that to Sing Fu himself."

"But Sing Fu is a sick man, too. I don't know if he will be able to go, or even to see you."

"He lives here?"

"Yair."

"Why don't you ask him?"

"You are a detective?"

"Yes, yes. I told this man so. Can't you see that if I was putting up a job on you I wouldn't go at it this way? You look to be smart enough to understand."

The Chinaman grinned.

"I'm no blame fool, anyhow," he replied. "You wait here and I'll go and tell Sing Fu. He is in bed."

He said something in Chinese to their guide, who immediately turned on his heel and went downstairs.

The door was closed and another wait followed.

Sam began to grow nervous.

"Say, I don't like this very well, Brady," he whispered.

"We are going to fall into some trap, surest thing."

"Nonsense!" replied Harry. "The Chinks always act this way. They are the most secretive people on earth. Anyhow they would scarcely dare to attack us in broad daylight, and me with a detective's shield on. They have a wholesome respect for detectives, I want you to understand."

All of which was true enough. There is no denying it.

But as we said before these men were out for millions.

This is what Young King Brady did not fully comprehend.

The wait this time was not so long.

In a few minutes the door was again opened by the sporty-looking Chink, and he said:

"Look here, boss, if you want to see Sing Fu in bed you can come on in. He is a rich man and he won't get up for me."

They entered a decently-furnished room.

There was a door at the back which stood open.

It appeared to lead into what is called in New York a "dark room," that is one lighted only by a shaft.

As such rooms are very generally used as sleeping apartments there seemed nothing strange about the invitation Young King Brady had received.

And Harry advanced to the door.

He ought not to have done it.

He certainly ought not to have taken chances, knowing what he knew about the Chinese.

But he entered the dark room behind the door, and Sam followed him.

It was certainly very dark, so dark that for the moment they could see nothing.

And in that moment the door behind them closed with a bang.

Harry gave a sharp exclamation.

Too late he realized his rashness.

And he realized it more fully when he discovered that the door was no longer there.

Harry's hand came in contact with iron!

It was moving downward.

With all quickness Young King Brady drew his electric flashlight and pressed the button.

He was just in time to see a sheet of heavy galvanized iron drop into place.

"Caught in a trap!" groaned Sam. "Oh, Brady, what have you done? We are up against it now!"

Harry made no answer.

As he said afterward to his chief he had never felt so thoroughly called down in his life.

He should have thought of it! He might have known! He was forced to admit this to himself!

But now it was too late and Harry was only rendered the cooler as he realized their danger.

"Yes, it is all my fault," he replied quietly. "We are up against it as you say, but let us take it coolly. This is not the first time by several that I have been trapped by the Chinks. We shall work out of it, never fear. Incidentally it may bring us up against your friend, Billy, and after all that is just what we want."

Sam caught his coolness and his courage.

"I'm not blaming you again, Brady," he said. "We are up against it—that's all. We shall have to take it as it comes, and as you say it may bring us up against poor Billy."

"If he is alive," thought Harry, "which I begin to doubt."

He flashed his light about the room.

It was only a little box of a place and quite unfurnished.

The ceiling was away up out of all reach and close under it was the opening into the light shaft, but this was concealed behind a heavy black curtain.

On the side opposite to that which they had entered was another sheet of galvanized iron.

This was the exit of course.

Harry saw that the iron ran in deep grooves cut in two joists, which reached from floor to ceiling.

It was an ingenious and inexpensive arrangement.

Evidently the iron was controlled from above.

Up in the ceiling was a trap door which was closed.

Sam watched Harry's face in silence until he shut off the light.

"Well?" he then demanded. "What are we to do?"

"Wait!" replied Harry. "There is no other way. We are up against it and all we can do is to wait patiently for whatever is to come."

In a moment they heard a noise overhead.

"Someone mussing with that trap door," whispered Young King Brady.

He had scarcely spoken when a light was flashed down upon them.

Of course they both turned their eyes upward.

There peering down upon them was a young and exceedingly good-looking Chinaman, upon whose head was a yellow silk cap.

"That's the fellow!" breathed Sam. "That's the man who got hold of Billy Terhune!"

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE HANDS OF THE DRUG FIENDS.

If this man who was now looking down upon them through the overhead trap door was the Yellow Prince,

then Mr. Sing Fu certainly spoke the best English Harry ever heard a Chinaman use.

But this is very common in these days in New York where Chinese children attend public school and speak in their homes better English than they do Chinese.

The Prince, for it was he, contemplated his prisoners in silence for a moment.

It was not he who held the light. Someone behind him appeared to be doing that.

"You are Young King Brady, the detective!" he called down. "That is who you are. I know you."

"Certainly!" replied Harry. "Whoever denied it? I am not making any mystery in this business. It is you who are doing that. Are you Sing Fu?"

"That is my name. You wanted to see me?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

Harry repeated his yarn, although he felt that the case was pretty hopeless.

"You lie, and you know you lie," said the Prince. "My friend, the doctor, is at Quong Lee's. I have just sent to inquire about him. My messenger has returned. The doctor has been hitting the pipe, as he always does at this time of day, although he does not always patronize Quong Lee by any means. He is no better and no worse than he always is. Now then what is your motive for trying to fool me?"

Harry made no reply.

He felt that he had made a bad break.

In short he did not know just what to say.

The Yellow Prince indulged in a sneering laugh.

"You may be a very wonderful detective, Mr. Brady," he said. "People say you are and what everyone says must be true, but this time you certainly have made a bad break. I will tell you what your motive is. You are trying to find a friend of mine who prefers my society to that of his actress-wife. He is of age. He has a right to do as he chooses. You would have been a wiser man if you had not started in to meddle with other people's business. Don't you think that is so, Mr. Sam Jackson? I should like to hear from you."

"So you say," replied Sam. "If you will take a fool's advice you will let us go."

"Ha! Ha! Yes. But first I would like to see the fool. Stand over to the right. I want to see your face more distinctly, young fellow. Perhaps you are not the person I think you are, in which case I will let you both go, for I have no reason for keeping you prisoners that I am aware of."

And this was the time Sam made his bad break.

He changed his position as ordered.

This brought him up against the sheet of galvanized iron on the other side of the little room.

He had no more than assumed this position when the trap door dropped with a bang and they again found themselves in the dark.

"Come away out of that!" cried Harry. "Stand in the middle of the room!"

He was quick to speak, but not quick enough.

For at the same instant Sam gave a yell and Harry heard him fall heavily to the floor.

The galvanized iron had been slightly raised.

Two hands came in from under it.

They seized poor Sam by the ankles.

The next the boy knew he was down and being dragged in under the iron.

Harry flashed his light and made a grab for him.

But he was all too late, for Sam was pulled away from him by a force which he was unable to resist, and the iron dropped into place.

Immediately the clutch upon the boy's ankles was relaxed.

Sam sprang to his feet to find himself facing three Chinaman, two of whom were armed with revolvers.

"You be good now, or me telle dlem shootee you," said the unarmed man.

Sam was thoroughly frightened.

He had come to feel a distinct horror of the Chinese.

They were standing in a room even smaller than the one he had just left.

From it ascended a very narrow flight of stairs.

"Go upee dlere!" cried the Chink. "Go on, now, or dley shootee you."

Sam scrambled up the stairs.

They landed him in a much larger room where there was a window.

There was also a single bunk built against the wall, beside which was an opium layout upon a low stool.

There was no other furnishing to the room save a couple of Chinese scrolls on the wall.

"Sittee down dlere," ordered the Chink, pointing to the bunk.

Sam obeyed.

He could only guess what was to happen next.

He tried his best to keep up his courage, but the truth was the boy was horribly scared.

One of the Chinamen now stood over him with the revolver while the other left the room by another door.

Presently he returned, bringing a small bowl, which he presented to Sam.

"You dlinkee soup!" cried the spokesman. "Velly good soup! Oh, yair, velly good!"

"Take it away! Take it away!" cried Sam in horror. "You can't make me drink it. You may kill me first!"

But they did make him drink it just the same.

One caught his head and forced it back.

Another pulled his mouth open, and the third poured the liquid in the bowl down Sam's throat in spite of his struggles.

The unfortunate boy choked and gagged, but much of it went down, although a good part was spilled over his clothes and upon the floor.

The stuff had a sweetish taste and was by no means unpleasant.

The Chinaman now let go of Sam and the two still standing over him with their revolvers, the third retreated to the window and remained, looking out.

Sam felt no effects from his dose as yet.

But it was working within him just the same, and at last the change came.

There was nothing unpleasant about it.

It was rather a feeling of supreme satisfaction which came stealing over him.

Sam looked out at the Chinamen and wondered why he should have felt afraid of them.

He came to the conclusion that they were decidedly good-looking fellows.

He felt at peace with them, with himself—with all the world.

He closed his eyes.

Beautiful fields, where sheep were feeding, seemed to open up before him.

He felt as if he was treading on air, and at the same time he felt as if he had lost somebody, as if there was something he ought to do, something he must look for.

But who was it?"

He could not think of Billy—not even his name.

It was the same as to Young King Brady.

Something had happened.

What was it?

Sam could not remember—until he suddenly opened his eyes and then it all came back, for the Yellow Prince stood before him.

"Wake up!" he was calling.

And then seeing that Sam was awake he muttered in English:

"I should have come quicker. The drug seems to have taken a tremendous hold on him: I am afraid I am too late."

"Too late for what?" Sam asked himself.

But the Prince was speaking.

"You are Billy Terhune's friend, Jackson?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Where is his wife?"

Sam was almost gone, but his wits were still somewhat at his command.

And yet this appeared to make little difference, for he felt that no matter what this singular man with the yellow cap might ask him he must answer and that his answers must be true.

And the next question came promptly.

"Where is Mrs. Terhune?"

"I don't know," replied Sam.

And it was the truth, for he did not know.

"Did she get a letter from her husband?" demanded the Prince.

"Yes."

"Will she come out of her hiding place and meet him at the hotel?"

"I don't know."

He did not.

How could he know?

He had not seen Nettie since she read the letter.

If the drug in the bowl had the effect of destroying a man's willpower and making him subject to the will of another, then certainly the Prince was framing his questions very badly.

For Sam could only speak the absolute truth.

But other questions were to follow.

"Tell me," said the Prince, "has Nettie put her case in the hands of the Bradys?"

"Yes."

"Is the man who was with you Young King Brady?"

"Yes."

"Why did you come here?"

"To find you."

"Was it not to find Billy Terhune?"

"It was to find you."

"But you want to find Billy, too?"

"Yes."

"He is dead."

"You lie! He is not dead!"

And in this answer Sam surprised himself.

But the effect of this drug was most peculiar.

The answers came without the least thought on Sam's part.

It seemed as if someone else was speaking.

The Prince appeared to appreciate the situation.

"No use to try to deceive you," he remarked.

"No."

"How do you feel?"

"Funny."

"Have you a buzzing in your ears?"

"I had, but it is gone now."

"How much money is Billy Terhune worth?"

"I don't know."

"He gave you a paper to act for him?"

"Yes."

"What is this they call it?"

"A power of attorney."

"Yes, yes. It enables you to draw his money out of the bank?"

"Yes."

"Have you drawn any?"

"No."

"Have you a check book about you?"

"Yes."

"Why, if you did not intend to draw any money?"

"I thought I might have to draw money, so I got the book."

"Let me see it."

Sam tried to obey.

But he found himself powerless to raise his hand.

"I can't!" he replied.

"Why?"

"I can't move."

"Ha! You are badly fixed. Try! Try! Try, I order you to try!"

And the Prince's orders seemed to have a great deal to do with Sam's present condition.

While he could not raise his hand before he found himself able to do it now.

And he put his hand into the inside pocket of his coat and produced the check book.

The Prince spoke a few hurried words in Chinese.

One of the Chinks immediately left the room.

"Keep awake!" said the Prince. "Keep awake!"

And he kept on repeating the order, saying it again and again until the man returned.

He brought with him a pen and ink.

"Raise him up," ordered the Prince.

It was done.

And now Sam felt the effects of the drug more strongly.

His head began to swim. He was scarcely able to balance himself on the edge of the bunk.

"You draw a check to your own order for five thousand dollars," said the Prince.

It was foolishness of course.

The bank would never have cashed it.

But this made no difference.

Sam was past drawing checks.

The drug had asserted its full power now.

For Sam was a young man who had taken the best of care of himself.

Never in all his life had he tasted wine or liquor.

Had it been otherwise the drug undoubtedly would have taken a less powerful hold upon him, and that check might have been drawn.

What happened, Sam never knew.

Suddenly everything seemed to go to pieces.

He was falling—falling in utter darkness.

The Prince and all his surroundings vanished.

Sam floated away into the land of dreams.

And such dreams!

Presently the light came.

Sam thought he was in mid-air, flying.

A great city lay beneath him, but it was not New York.

He could see tall towers and strange-looking houses.

He could see people in the streets. They were dressed in loose, gayly-colored robes and had queerly-shaped caps on their heads.

Horses were dashing about, bearing mounted men, some of whom were armed with long spears.

Other horses were dragging richly-gilded chariots in which men stood upright.

All this he saw for the moment only and then he appeared to fly away beyond the city.

Field, forest and lovely lakes lay stretched out before him in a vast panorama, extending as far as the eye could reach.

There were beautiful villas and gardens, too.

Sam could see some people, but not many, as he floated on.

And then suddenly all changed.

Sam seemed to have come over the ocean.

It was water, water everywhere.

He was falling.

Stop himself he could not, and he gave one despairing cry.

Down, down he went until he struck the water.

It closed over him and poor Sam knew no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD KING BRADY HAS DEALINGS WITH THE YELLOW PRINCE

When Alice got downstairs she found the manager of the hotel standing by the elevator door.

He recognized her even in her disguise, for Alice had done business in this hotel before, and for the manager himself.

"They have just gone," he said.

"Did he come in a cab?" asked Alice.

"Yes, and went away in it. He proved to be Mr. Terhune all right—yes."

"It happens to be no," replied Alice hastily, and she went out on the avenue.

Old King Brady's cab was gone, but the automobile was on hand.

The chauffeur did not recognize Alice until she addressed him.

"Oh, Miss Montgomery, it is you!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Brady told me to wait and see if you wanted to use the auto. He went by cab."

"Which way?" demanded Alice.

"Down the avenue."

"I'll go. Go for the cab. Follow it to its destination—the forward cab, I mean. You took particular notice of it, I hope."

"Oh, yes. It was a shabby old affair. Came from downtown somewhere, I think."

Without answering, Alice got into the automobile.

As the machine rolled down the avenue she made further changes, thus perfecting her disguise.

Things had gone very satisfactorily thus far, but the question was where was it all to end?

Soon they overtook Old King Brady's cab, and the chauffeur pointed it out.

The other cab was then about half a block ahead.

"Shall I get up alongside and take Mr. Brady in with you?" asked the chauffeur.

"No, no!" replied Alice. "You do just as I tell you. Keep behind Mr. Brady. If anything should happen to his cab it would be time enough to ask him to get in here. He don't like to be interfered with in his work."

And the chase took Alice to Chinatown.

She left the automobile at the corner of the Bowery and Grand Street, for there she had seen Old King Brady spring out of his cab.

Evidently the false Billy Terhune had left his cab and was proceeding on foot.

Alice hurried all she knew, but she did not dare pass Old King Brady, or even to come quite up to him, for the old detective does not like to have anyone interfere with his work.

Alice saw him turn down Pell Street, but she could see nothing of the man until they were almost at its junction with Mott Street, when having an eye out ahead she saw him suddenly pass in at a doorway.

Half a minute later Old King Brady followed him.

Alice was now in doubt what to do.

The arrangement had been that if she was to keep up the chase, in case she was able to undertake it, that the old detective should give her a secret sign of which the Bradys have a regular code.

She had received no such sign.

Old King Brady had not even looked behind him.

The fact was the old detective, not liking the look of the house, did not care to have Alice enter it.

And it would have been better perhaps if he had not been in quite so big a hurry to enter it himself.

But Old King Brady considered it easy shadowing.

His man never looked behind him.

Thus, when he saw that he must be almost at his destination, Old King Brady closed in on him and was in time to see him pass through the hall and out into the yard behind.

The old detective pushed on to the back door and peered out.

The yard was exceedingly shallow—a mere court, in fact.

Behind rose a brick extension two stories high, part of some building fronting on Mott Street.

There was an open door here through which it was safe to assume the man had gone.

And this to the old detective seemed to be the end of his chase.

He was just about to turn away when a young Chinaman appeared in the doorway.

He gave a start at the sight of the old detective, and raising his hand beckoned:

"Someone knows me," thought Old King Brady. "It would have been better if I had hit this job in disguise."

But he stood his ground, feeling that something might be learned from the man, who at once advanced into the court.

"Good evening. You are Mr. Brady, the detective?" he said in perfect English.

It was useless to deny his identity.

Old King Brady stepped out into the court.

He could not recall ever having seen the Chinaman before.

But then many knew him by sight, whereas to remember a Chinese face is something which the old detective finds exceedingly difficult.

"Yes, I am the man," he said, as the Chink, who was in American dress, came up to him.

"I thought so," was the reply. "Looking for anyone in particular?"

"No. I am just looking about Chinatown, as I often do. Why?"

"I thought you might be looking for your partner, Young King Brady," said the man, lowering his voice. "It is none of my business, of course, but I know you two are particular friends of old Quong Lee, who is a friend of mine. I will put you next to something. If you like to pay me for the information, I shan't say no."

Evidently the young man was a New York production.

Old King Brady had never heard better English spoken by one of his race.

"Out with what you have to say, John," he answered. "If your information is worth anything I'll pay for it."

"Well, then, boss, your partner has made a bad break. The Chinks have got him—that's all."

"You mean they have him a prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In there."

The Chinaman waved his hand towards the doorway.

"Who is it?"

The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't ask me," he said. "I can't tell you. But I can put you next to where he is."

"Do you live in there?"

"No. If I did I wouldn't be talking to you like this."

The old detective was very doubtful as to how he ought to proceed, and this the Chinaman seemed to realize.

"Oh, you don't have to run any risk," he said. "If you don't believe me why there is nothing doing. If you come in there with me I'll show you where he is. I'm giv-

ing it to you straight. Only thing is I don't want to get myself into trouble."

"Go back and bring me some token from my partner and I'll give you ten dollars," Old King Brady said.

"I can't do that," was the reply. "I can't get in where he is, but I can show him to you all right. You'll have to get him out yourself. I can't help you a bit."

"Is he alone?"

"You mean a prisoner alone?"

"Yes."

"So far as I know he is. I only saw him through a window. All I can do is to take you to that window and let you see him for yourself."

"All right. Lead the way, but look here, John, you may expect all kinds of trouble if you are putting up a job on me."

"Boss, I am not, but you don't have to go."

"Lead on," said the old detective.

"I will be very careful," he assured himself. "Anyway, this may lead up to something which will help along the case."

And he followed the man through the doorway.

There was a light burning in the hall from which several doors opened, and there was also a staircase leading to the floor above.

The man passed the stairs and entered a door beyond which led into the hall of the main house fronting on Mott Street.

Old King Brady trailed after him, watching every move. He had been trapped before in Chinatown and he did not care to repeat the experience.

They came to the main stairway of the Mott Street building and went up a flight, where the Chinaman produced a key and opened a door.

He flung it back wide, as if anxious to show that the room was unoccupied and that there was no trick intended.

There was another door on the opposite side of the room.

The Chink opened this also, Old King Brady remaining in the hall.

He could see that the room beyond was exceedingly small. There was a window at the end and it looked out upon the roof of the extension through which they had passed on their way from Pell Street.

The Chinaman threw up the sash and returned into the room.

"You are afraid to follow me, boss," he said with a grin.

"John, if my partner is a prisoner, then I don't want to become one, too," replied the old detective, looking down upon the man who stood scarcely higher than his shoulders.

The Chinaman did not even smile.

"If I was white you would trust me," he said, "but because I am yellow you doubt me. Is that fair?"

"It is nothing. Show me my partner and let us be done with it."

"You will have to come with me through that window and look down through the window on the roof."

"You mean the skylight?"

"Yes."

"Lead on. I will follow."

The Chinaman started to close the door leading into the hall.

"Leave all doors open," ordered the old detective, sternly.

"All right, boss. Come on."

He entered the little room which was entirely unfurnished and climbed out upon the roof.

Old King Brady shot a wary look around and followed him.

There was a small skylight on the roof through which a light came streaming.

The glass was plain and Old King Brady could easily look through.

And there, sure enough, he saw Harry lying gagged and bound upon the floor of a room in which there was a single opium bunk, with a layout beside it on the usual low bamboo stool.

"And now what did I tell you?" whispered the Chinaman. "Did I not give it to you straight?"

"You certainly did, John," replied the old detective, and he handed the man ten dollars.

Again he looked down upon Harry, who appeared to be unconscious and took a more careful survey of the room.

And right here we may mention that, although as to furnishing and general appearance, it was precisely similar to the room in which Sam Jackson got his drugging, it could not have been the same room, as the Bradys came to know later on.

"Do you know the people who live down there?" demanded the old detective, supposing that the Chinaman still stood beside him.

There was no answer.

Old King Brady looked up.

The man had vanished.

It seemed certain that he must have passed back through the window, but Old King Brady had not heard a sound.

"Crooked business," thought the old detective, and he hastily started to beat a retreat.

He was deeply interested, of course, and by no means sorry that he had come.

Yet he did most dreadfully hate to be caught in a Chinese trap for his own reputation, aside from the danger of it.

So he crawled in through the window, determined to get out of the house at once.

The doors were still open right through.

He could see the light shining in the hall.

It was only a few steps to cover and yet before he could cover it the trap was sprung.

Down dropped a sheet of galvanized iron, completely covering the door.

Old King Brady whirled around, preferring the roof to being caught in that narrow box.

He was too late!

Down dropped another sheet of iron!

It was the same room in which Harry and Sam had been captured, but Old King Brady had entered by another way.

There were four galvanized iron sheets to that queer little den, as Harry saw it.

A third dropped now, covering what Old King Brady had taken to be a solid wall on his left.

The old detective was now in darkness, and a madder man it would have been difficult to find within the limits of Chinatown.

"This is simply disgusting," he growled. "And yet it may give me a chance to help Harry. I must wait with such patience as I can."

He got out his flashlight and surveyed his prison.

"Very ingenious," he muttered. "Upon my word these Chinese do beat the earth for their contrivances. Of course this place was never rigged up for my special benefit. What excuse there can be for its existence I am at a loss to understand."

But now he was to learn more, for just then a light was flashed down from above.

Looking up, Old King Brady saw his ten-dollar Chink looking down at him, his face wreathed in smiles.

And now the man wore a queer yellow cap on his head.

"Come," thought Old King Brady, "I am getting on. Undoubtedly I have been dealing with the Yellow Prince."

CHAPTER IX.

SAM AND THE COKE FIEND.

Needless to state that Sam Jackson was not drowned in the imaginary waters induced by his drug dream.

He had simply passed into the last stages of the effects of this singular drug, which must have been profound sleep.

And there can be little doubt that the yellow prince imagined this sleep would last longer than it did.

Because Sam was in such perfect physical condition the drug was much quicker to act than it would have been with another, and Sam was quicker to revive.

And to this the boy probably owed his escape.

He awoke suddenly to find himself alone in the room now dark save for the night glow of the great city which shone in through the window.

And Sam was practically himself again.

Save for a slight headache and a little nausea the drug had left no bad after effects.

But at the first Sam was confused, and it took time to pull himself together, which having been accomplished, he slipped out of the bunk.

The first thing he did was to go through his clothes.

Foolishly he had been carrying what remained of Billy's gift of \$2,000 about him.

It was something over \$1,500, and would have been more but for the advances he had made to Mrs. Terhune.

It was gone, of course.

So was his watch and the check book; also a fine diamond scarf pin, a present from Billy.

It was too discouraging.

Poor Sam was in despair.

But the boy realized that this was no time to tarry about bemoaning his loss.

There was a chance to act, and if he was wise he would make the most of it.

Sam hurried to the window and looked out.

He must be at the top of some of the newer buildings he perceived.

This window opened on the side and overlooked a flat roof, some fifteen feet down.

It looked good to Sam.

There was a scuttle on that roof, and three skylights—something unusual.

But then in Chinatown one meets with all kinds of architectural freaks.

Sam determined to try to escape by this window, even in preference to the door, as there would be less liability of running into the hands of his Chinese enemies.

But to make sure that he was not going to be suddenly intruded upon he went back and tried the door.

It was locked.

Sam returned to the bunk and looked for his hat, but it had vanished.

"Worse luck!" he muttered. "I am liable to be mobbed in the street for going about without a hat, and I haven't a cent left to buy one with. Wonder what time it is?"

He could only guess, but from the sounds he heard in the street he judged it could not be so very late.

He now prepared to act, and hanging out of the window with his hands, he dropped to the roof below.

He knew that he was taking big chances.

Get back he could not; to go further along the block was equally impossible, for beyond that roof was a very steep one, covered with tarred felt placed over the original shingles.

"If the scuttle is fastened I am in the soup," thought Sam.

And he hurried to make the examination with an anxious heart.

He lost!

The scuttle was fastened.

Raise it he could not.

But there were the three skylights. What about them?

Sam proceeded to investigate.

Fortunately this roof was covered with gravel, and he was able to walk about in silence.

From two skylights light came streaming, but the third was dark.

Sam peered down through the two light ones.

Beneath both he could see Chinamen.

Directly under one four Chinks were seated at a table smoking long stogies and playing cards.

From the chips, which he could plainly see, Sam judged they were playing poker.

It was not a bunch upon whom he cared to intrude, so he pulled away.

Under the second lighted skylight he could see two Chinamen half dressed lying in bunks.

They appeared to be asleep, and there was an opium layout.

"More drug fiends," thought Sam. "Poor Billy! To think that he should descend to such dreadful business as this!"

He tried this skylight, and finding that he could lift

it right off its frame, he was seriously contemplating a drop on the drug fiends when two other Chinks suddenly appeared and began stirring up the smokers in the bunks.

Sam came to the conclusion that there were about three too many in this bunch, so he gave it up and proceeded to investigate the third skylight.

This was down at the lower end of the roof in the rear.

Sam got down on his hands and knees and tried to distinguish objects, but he was unable to see a thing.

Sam pulled at the skylight.

It lifted right off, but he could see no better than before.

He listened, but could not hear a sound.

He now concluded to call down and see what the effect would be, so putting his head into the opening he said:

"Hello, down there! I am caught on this roof with the scuttle fastened against me. Can I get out this way?"

There was no answer.

Sam waited several minutes and then called again, but without effect.

He had a few matches in a little gilt match safe which had not been taken from him.

Striking one, he held it down through the opening.

All he could see was the bare floor.

"Unoccupied," he thought, "and the chances are that even if the door is not open I can get out somehow, so here goes."

He lowered himself through the opening and dropped.

Dropped to encounter an experience which was certainly calculated to make the boy's black hair rise in horror.

For Sam had no more than straightened himself up than there came a frightful yell, and something sprang upon him out of the darkness, which was profound, and seized him by the throat.

It was a man!

Sam knew that he must be a maniac.

"Fiend! Fiend! Foul fiend!" he yelled in English. "How dare you come to torment me? I will kill you! Kill! Kill! Kill!"

He set his teeth into Sam's cheek, and bit him like some savage dog.

Sam shook him off.

He discovered that the creature had no strength.

Down in a heap he went, and lay there whining and moaning.

Sam was trembling all over as he struck a match.

It was a man!

He was dressed in pajamas only.

His hair was all tangled, his face black with dirt and horribly emaciated.

There was blood on his lips—blood from Sam's cheek!

It was a horrible sight.

"Who are you? Who are you? Why do you come to torment me?" whined this mysterious creature. "Fly away! Go back to the infernal regions where you belong!"

There was a dirty cot bed in one corner, the only furniture save a table and chair.

But over by the door was a gas jet, and Sam lighted it. Meanwhile the man had taken to weeping and sobbing. Sam wiped the blood off his cheek with his handkerchief and strove to be calm.

"Look here, friend, who are you?" he demanded. "What has brought you into this dreadful condition? Get back into bed. Try to tell me. Although you have attacked me, I will help you if I can."

"Give me the stuff if you want to help me?" cried the man. "If you have got it, give it to me or I shall go mad!"

"What stuff? Opium? Is it that you want?"

"No, no no! The flake."

"I don't know what you mean by the flake. Here, let me help you into the bed."

While speaking Sam, who had been standing near the door, put his hands behind him and tried it sharply.

Worse and worse!

The door was locked. There was no key.

Sam was a prisoner with this terrible man.

He could neither get back through the skylight even by standing on the table and chair, as he plainly perceived, nor could he escape by the door.

The drug fiend got upon his knees and glared.

"So you don't know what the flake is," he gasped out. "Well for you is it that you don't. Cocaine! Give me cocaine and save my life. Can't you see what I am? A coke fiend! A human wreck and yet young man. I am a graduate of one of the most expensive colleges in America. But who are you? A spirit? One of the thousand fiends I see in my dreams? No! You cannot be that, for you are flesh and blood. I have tasted your blood. I want more of it! I will have more! I'm a vampire! Blood! Give me blood!"

He was raving mad now—that was evident.

Springing to his feet, he made a rush at Sam, who got the table between them and went dodging around it.

He hated to strike at the poor wretch, but he had to do it.

The man had no strength.

Sam's blow was by no means a hard one, but it did the business.

The coke fiend reeled, staggered backward and fell in a heap in the corner, where he lay gibbering like some wild animal.

A cold perspiration broke out all over the boy, as he stood there by the table.

And this was what the abuse of cocaine brought a man to!

Sam had heard of such things, but he had never fully realized what it all meant.

There are many coke fiends in New York.

For in spite of the stringent laws against it, cocaine is still sold on the quiet to such wretches as the man Sam now saw before him.

They will go to any length to get it.

Compared with this terrible drug opium is but as baby's milk.

Nor are the coke fiends all confined to Chinatown by any means.

The Chinese themselves never use it, but there are

many degraded whites who seek refuge among them after they become coke fiends.

The mad fit passed, and the man staggered to his feet.

"You needn't be afraid of me now," he said. "It is all over. Oh, will he never come?"

"Will who never come?" demanded Sam.

"My doctor."

"Oh! you have a doctor! Why does he keep you locked in here? Why do you keep that black cloth over the window? Tell me all about it."

"Why should I?" demanded the coke fiend, sulkily, and he threw himself at full length upon the bed.

"You don't have to. Perhaps I can help you if you will, however," Sam said.

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Sam Jackson. I was looking for a friend who is lost in Chinatown. I was captured by Chinese and locked in a room. I dropped out of the window onto this roof——"

"And then you dropped down on me, scaring me almost to death. It is a wonder I didn't kill you. I am not master of myself when I am deprived of cocaine."

"Have you been deprived of it long?"

"Two days."

"This doctor brings it to you?"

"Yes."

"Why does he keep you locked in here?"

"Why? To rob me, of course. He has made me give up everything to him. I have drawn checks in his favor for the last dollar I possess, and now he is trying to make me deed away my real estate. I refused, and he has left me for two days without the drug. I'll sign any old thing if he will only come."

"And he keeps you here in the dark?"

"I want it dark. The light hurts my eyes. I wish you would put out that gas."

"I'll turn it down," said Sam, and he did so.

He was horrified at what he had heard and seen.

"I'm right among the drug fiends of Chinatown, that's sure," he said to himself. "I only hope poor Billy is not taking cocaine."

"If I could only get out of here I'd be willing to help you get your drug," he said.

"You could not help me."

"Why not?"

"You could not buy the stuff; they would not sell it to you. It is against the law."

"Have you the key of that door?"

"No! Of course I haven't. Would I stop here an instant if I had? I guess not! You would see me making tracks for the City Hall Park."

"And why there?"

"That shows how little you know! Why there? Because the coke pedlers come there right along. If a man knows the ropes and wants to buy cocaine, all he has to do is to sit on one of the benches in the City Hall Park. It won't be long before a coke pedler will turn up and let him have all he wants. But you must have the exact price in your fist all ready for them. They never make change for fear the cops will see them. That's the way

the coke pedlars do business. Oh, great heavens! If I was only on one of the park benches now!"

He began to cry and sob.

This lasted for a minute, and then suddenly the drug fiend, with a horrible yell, bounded off the bed and once more threw himself upon Sam.

Sam tried to shake him off.

But this time it was not so easy.

In the struggle the table was overturned and down they went between the legs, the coke fiend on top.

"Blood!" he yelled, trying to bite Sam. "Blood! If I can't have cocaine, give me blood!"

CHAPTER X.

OLD KING BRADY FINDS HIMSELF UP AGAINST THE POISONED BOWL.

Old King Brady looked up at the Yellow Prince.

And the Yellow Prince looked down upon Old King Brady.

"And now, my good friend, Mr. Detective, you are there, are you?" sneered the Prince. "I hope you are enjoying yourself down there as well as I am up here."

Old King Brady folded his arms and stood silent.

"You were going to make me all kinds of trouble, if I went back on you," continued the Prince. "You were going to do this, that and the other. You see how little you know as to what is going to happen. You can do nothing at all."

And still Old King Brady stood silent.

In cases like this it is always best to let a man talk himself out.

That this Chinese crook was a very shrewd person was evident.

Old King Brady felt that he could not be too fully on his guard.

"Why don't you speak, detective?" thundered the Prince, growing impatient at last.

"Because you seem perfectly able to do all the talking," replied Old King Brady, breaking silence. "All I have to say is that if you are wise you will let me go."

"If I am wise I will hold you a prisoner. If I am wise I will show you that it is no light matter to interfere with the business of a smart man like you. Perhaps you think I am a full-blooded Chink, but I am only half Chinese. I know what I am about every time, Mr. Old King Brady, and don't you forget it, either."

"Oh, I daresay. I am used to boasters of your kind."

"Let me tell you what you would do. You would find my friend, Mr. Terhune, who prefers to live with me rather than with his actress wife. That was what your partner and the other fellow you put on my trail were out for. And what was their fate? It was the same as yours has been, and will be. They fell into my clutches same as you did. You will share their fate. I am absolute master of the situation here."

Again Old King Brady folded his arms and was silent.

It seemed simply useless to talk with this man.

Such as the Yellow Prince are more dangerous to deal with than the full-blooded Chinese themselves.

"Let him rant away," thought the old detective. "All I can do is to wait and take it as it comes."

The Prince kept up his taunts for some minutes, and then pulled back out of sight.

But the light continued to shine down through the trapdoor, which was not closed.

Several minutes passed.

Suddenly the Prince reappeared at the trap, and with him a Chinaman in native dress.

Both were armed with revolvers, and they covered the old detective.

"Brady, you move a single inch and you are a dead one!" cried the Prince.

At the same instant there was a rattle of iron at the side.

The galvanized shield flew upward, revealing an open door, in which stood three Chinamen in native dress.

Two held revolvers, the third carried a coil of rope.

"You see," said the Prince, "we have got you foul, Brady. You may yet escape, but it can only come about through yourself. Yield to these men quietly, and there is still hope. Offer resistance and you will be instantly riddled with bullets. That is the way you are fixed now, my ancient detective. You and your bunch have made trouble enough for us Chinamen. It is our turn now!"

"Talk, talk, talk!" replied Old King Brady. "Talk is cheap. However, I agree with you that my situation is rather hopeless, therefore I yield."

The Prince now called down something in Chinese.

The Chink threw down his rope and advanced towards the detective.

"Raise your hands, Brady!" ordered the Prince.

It was done.

Old King Brady was now searched and a revolver, a cheap watch and a small sum of money taken from him.

A spare revolver concealed in a secret pocket was overlooked.

Old King Brady was then securely bound, blindfolded and led through the little door.

It was not easy to follow his course.

He was in the Chinese rat holes all right.

It was down steps and up steps, through one passage and then another.

At last they brought up in a room.

They could not have gone directly there, of course.

The idea evidently was to confuse the old detective, and it succeeded.

The room was similar to the one in which he had seen Harry, but Harry was not there.

The instant the Chinese entered it they set up a tremendous chatter.

It seemed as if they were surprised at something.

They dropped the old detective to the floor and hurried away.

Now this was the room in which Sam Jackson had been dosed with the poison in the bowl.

That the surprise of the Chinese was due to the absence of Sam there can be no doubt.

This, however, Old King Brady could not know.

A few minutes later the Chinks returned.

This time the Yellow Prince was with them.

He wore his yellow cap, and he had also put on Chinese clothes.

Old King Brady could not deny that the fellow was the handsomest Chinaman he had ever seen.

But he did not address the old detective.

He shot one hasty glance at the bunk and then walked to the window and looked out.

The others joined him here, and they talked for a few minutes, after which they all left the room and the door was locked.

There was a skylight overhead, and as the room so closely resembled the one into which he had hastily looked, there is no wonder that Old King Brady was deceived into thinking that it was the same, which was the case.

He was able in a way also to follow the pantomime which had been going on around him—or at least he thought so.

"Harry must have been able to free himself and make his escape!" he concluded.

And he mentally added:

"Then there is some hope for me."

He lay there possessing his soul in such patience as he could.

The wait was not a long one.

After a little the door was again opened, and Old King Brady's hopes were dashed.

For into the room the Chinamen brought Harry, tied up like himself.

They were chattering and laughing as they laid him on the floor where Old King Brady could see him, after which they immediately retired and again the door was locked.

Harry's eyes were closed, and he appeared to be quite unconscious.

But it was not so, for the Chinamen had no more than gone before he opened his eyes and fixed them upon his chief, but he did not speak.

Instead he continued to regard Old King Brady dreamily and once more the eyes closed.

"Harry! Harry!" breathed the old detective. "What is the matter with you? Have you been drugged?"

"Yes. Drug fiends!" muttered Young King Brady, and again the eyes closed.

Old King Brady was in despair.

"Harry! Harry!" he called louder at the risk of bringing the drug fiends down upon them. "Rouse yourself, my dear boy! What have they been doing to you? Are you in such a bad way?"

Harry opened his eyes again and murmured:

"I have been, but I think I am coming out of it. Governor, is it really you, or are you only another creature of my dreams?"

"Of course it is really I!" cried Old King Brady. "Have you been taking opium or what?"

"Don't know. It was only something in a bowl. Oh, I have had such strange dreams. But I am coming out of it now. Yes, I am coming out of it all right. Keep on talking to me, Governor. It helps to arouse me. I must be aroused. I—I—"

The eyes were closed and he seemed to drift away again.

But Old King Brady took the hint and kept up the talk.

At first Harry made no answer, but presently he suddenly looked up again with an entirely different expression on his face.

"There! I am quite myself again!" he exclaimed. "I feel as if a great big load had been lifted off my brain. Ah! What a relief!"

And after that he did not return to his former state.

"Tell me all about it. How did they come to get you?" demanded Old King Brady. "Where is young Jackson? Have the drug fiends, as you call them, captured him, too?"

"Yes. They got him first. But you tell your own story, Governor. Just let me rest. I am gaining strength every minute. By the time you get through your story I feel that I shall be all right."

And it was so.

Old King Brady told all he had to tell.

Harry's revelation then followed.

But what he said need not be repeated in detail.

It was simply that he had been captured as Old King Brady had been and made to drink from the drugged bowl.

Strange dreams followed.

His experience had been much like Sam Jackson's.

He warned his chief that he might expect a similar fate.

It was just at this juncture that the Yellow Prince, accompanied by four Chinamen, entered the room.

This time the Prince was bareheaded.

One of the Chinks carried in his hand a bowl filled with some liquid.

They were all scowling horribly except the Prince.

It seemed to be part of the programme.

They kept their faces all screwed up through what followed.

The Prince glanced at Harry and said something in Chinese.

Feeling that it would be no use to talk, Old King Brady did not attempt it.

The Chinks now proceeded to tie a handkerchief over Harry's mouth, and the window was raised.

Old King Brady was then lifted up and seated upon the edge of the bunk.

Two Chinks took hold of the bowl.

And now at last the Prince addressed him in English.

"Brady," he said, "I suppose you have been talking with your partner, and you know what has happened to him. We deal in drugs. Some call us the Drug Fiends of Chinatown. He has been drugged. He will be drugged again. You will be drugged again and again until finally you are put out of business. I am determined to rid Chinatown of the Bradys forever. We have had enough of your interference in our affairs."

"You speak," replied Old King Brady, with all the calmness he could assume, "as if all Chinamen were like you. As it happens, I know better. Fortunately for the world such is not the case. Go ahead, Sing Fu. I am in your power. Do your worst, but remember I have

powerful friends in this town. For all you do against me you will be held in strict account."

The Prince laughed shortly.

"I'll take my chances," he replied, "and now let the fun begin."

And the two Chinamen rushed the poisoned bowl upon Old King Brady, while the others started to throw Harry through the open window.

It was a critical moment for the great sleuths—it was live or die!

But Harry was held at the window.

"Drink, Brady!" cried the Prince. "Drink from the bowl or out of the window your partner goes!"

And Harry, gagged as he was, could neither protest nor appeal.

"I must take the drug or they will kill the boy," thought the old detective.

And he was just about to press his lips to the bowl when there was a crack at the skylight overhead, and a mass of broken glass came tumbling down into the room.

CHAPTER XI.

ALICE TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME.

Sam Jackson's situation was now most critical.

Being himself between the legs of the overturned table with the whole weight of the drug fiend upon him, Sam could not move.

The maddened wretch was just about to set his teeth into the boy's cheek again when there came the rattling of a key in the lock of the door.

The drug fiend gave a yell and drew away slightly.

Instead of biting Sam he clenched his fist and dealt him a harder blow between the eyes than it would have seemed possible he was able to strike.

Half stunned, Sam lay there unable to aid himself.

A terrible weakness came over him.

Perhaps it was the nervous shock, perhaps the after effects of the drug.

At all events he lay there powerless to move, and while in that condition, he saw, as he thought, Billy Terhune enter the room, but he was unable to rouse himself sufficiently to speak.

Meanwhile the drug fiend appeared to grow calm.

He stood facing the door with his right hand behind him.

But his eyes were all ablaze with the light of madness.

"Who are you?" he cried. "Another fiend come to torment me? I thought you were the doctor, I thought you had come to bring me my drug."

"Shut up, Joe!" cried the man. "I am the doctor. I am doing the disguise act to-night. I have brought you flake enough to last you a week. Keep cool, old man. Who in thunder is this? What is this fellow doing here?"

The answer was a fiendish yell.

At the same instant Sam saw the madman draw a knife out of the back pocket of his trousers.

"Hold! What would you do, madman!" shouted the false Billy, but he was too late.

Quick as a flash the drug fiend flung himself upon the doctor and buried the knife in his breast.

"Die, you false friend!" he yelled. "You brought me to this. I swore to have revenge!"

With a groan the false Billy Terhune fell bleeding to the floor.

But the drug fiend kept his hold upon the knife.

It came out of the wound as the man went down.

"Ha, hâ, ha!" he wildly laughed. "One out! Now for No. 2, then for self! Three out all out!"

And he turned upon Sam, flourishing the knife.

It was too much for the boy, tried as he had been, that night.

Poor Sam lost his nerve completely, as well he might.

"Help! Help!" he shouted. "Save me from this madman! Oh, is there no one to help!"

There was!

Help was close at hand!

For at the same instant the door flew open and there stood a woman armed with a revolver.

She covered the coke fiend!

"I will help!" she cried.

"Back, you murderer! Throw down that knife or I fire! I am a detective!"

It was Alice, of course!

Waiting and watching, she had seen the false Billy Terhune come out of the extension and pass up the stairs of the house into which he and Old King Brady had vanished.

Alice tracked him up the stairs, and this was the result.

Sam recognized her and cried:

"Look to yourself, Miss Montgomery! Shoot him! The man is raving mad!"

It was brave enough of Alice. As brave a thing as ever she did.

She pushed the door shut and stood with her back against it, taking in the whole situation at a glance.

"Drop that knife!" he repeated. "Do you hear me? Drop that knife!"

The outcome was peculiar.

"Joe" faced her, and his face broke into a smile.

"Beauty! Beauty!" he cried. "Of course I'll obey you!"

He flung the knife into a corner.

Sam's strength seemed to return with the act. He crawled out from between the table legs and secured the knife.

Meanwhile Joe was throwing kisses at Alice.

"Oh, I love you, beauteous vision!" he shouted. "But wait! Let me secure my drug first! It will make me a man again! Then we can come to an understanding! You will save me! I know it! I feel it! Beauty! Beauty! Beauty!"

This last came as an inarticulate murmur as he bent over the doctor and rifled his pockets.

He secured several blue papers. Some he put in his pocket. Opening one, he eagerly snuffed up the contents.

Alice stood motionless, and made a sign to Sam for silence.

She knew that this man was a "coke fiend" deprived of his drug, and she perfectly understood that just as soon as the cocaine got in its fine work he would be a sane man, for the time being.

As for the unfortunate wretch she and Old King Brady had been trailing, he appeared to be past help, for the doctor lay as one dead, and Alice honestly believed that he was dead.

And it was as she imagined about the coke fiend.

Finishing with his flake, "Joe" straightened up and stood motionless for several seconds.

Gradually all the contorted look disappeared from his face, and he grew perfectly calm.

"Lady," he said, quietly, "you need no longer fear me. If you are indeed a detective, as you announced just now, arrest me and take me to the station. I will go with you quietly. I have murdered that man. He has been a most bitter enemy under the disguise of a friend. I swore to do it, and it is done."

"We will see if he is dead," replied Alice, gently. She advanced and, looking down at the doctor, made up her mind that all was over.

"How long will you remain in your present condition?" she asked.

"Oh, for some hours," was the reply. "But you better arrest me now."

"Wait. Mr. Jackson, how came you here? Where is Young King Brady?"

Hastily Sam related his own and Harry's experiences.

Meanwhile Joe righted the table and placed the chair for Alice.

When she declined to make use of it, he sat down himself and leaning his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands.

"And perhaps you thought that man was your friend, Billy Terhune," said Alice, when Sam had finished up his story.

"I did for the moment," was the reply, "but I see now he is a man disguised."

"Yes. He is the man who came to the hotel."

"His name is Dr. Henry Roundy," said Joe, looking up. "He is an opium fiend himself, and he has made a coke fiend of me. He and his Chinese friend, Sing Fu, the 'Yellow Prince,' as they call him, got me into their clutches. Have they got hold of someone you know then—this Bill Terhune?"

"Yes," replied Alice. "A young millionaire. If you have any idea where they have hidden him, and if you will direct us to the place, or better still, can take us there, not only to rescue him, but another—Young King Brady—"

Alice's voice half broke at the mention of the name.

For she is very fond of her younger partner.

As for Harry himself, he is deeply in love with Alice, and has many times asked her to become his wife, which doubtless she would have done long ago, but for the fact that she is devoted to her chosen profession.

The coke fiend noticed the break and understood.

"Ha! You love somebody!" he cried. "Well, it is all right. I was in love with a girl like you once, but she

turned me down, and the disappointment drove me to this."

"Who are you?" demanded Alice.

"Must I tell?"

"You don't have to tell me, that is certain."

"But if you arrest me?"

"Wait. Help me rescue Mr. Terhune, and the man you think I love, and I shall do nothing about this business, which is none of mine."

"It is a bargain," replied the coke fiend. "And I will keep my own counsel. I have not long to live anyhow. Very likely when I next feel the mad fit on me I shall decide to give myself up to the police."

"And in the meanwhile we are to have your help?"

"Yes, if it will do you any good. I know something about the nest of ratholes in the Yellow Prince's place, but I don't know it all. Come, I will go there with you. But what can you do alone against a bunch of Chinks? You need a man to help you out."

"I could help if I had a revolver," put in Sam.

"Take one, then," said Alice, handing him her spare weapon.

"Don't count on me," added Joe, hastily. "I'm as weak as a cat except when the mad fit is on me. I am just no good at all."

"Show us where you think the Yellow Prince may have confined his prisoners," said Alice, "meanwhile I will reflect and give you my decision. I belong to the Brady Detective Bureau. I have reason to believe that Old King Brady is somewhere in this immediate neighborhood. We may run right into him. He very much objects to having the police mix up with his affairs."

"Come then," said Joe. "I will do the best I can."

"You won't break loose again?"

"Not for a couple of hours at least. Perhaps not then, now that I have plenty of coke."

Alice glanced again at Dr. Dundy, but the man lay just as he had fallen.

It seemed horrible to have to deal with this murdering drug fiend, but the opportunity was one which Alice felt ought to be seized upon. She also felt that to a certain extent she could rely upon Sam Jackson's help.

So having left, as they supposed, a dead man behind them, they descended the stairs.

And upon that floor were several Chinese tenants.

The cries of the coke fiend they must have heard.

But the Chinese strictly mind their own business.

Not one of them even had curiosity enough to look out into the hall when they heard footsteps on the stairs.

Gaining the lower hall, Joe led Alice and Sam into the Mott street extension.

"The Yellow Prince has two rooms where he and his fellow Drug Fiends—for they all drug—hold out when they are hitting the hop and the other dope they take," he explained. "Of course if they are in their rooms you will have to face them, miss. That's the worst of it. I don't want to see you get into trouble."

"Look here," replied Alice, "not only am I a detective, but I can speak Chinese after a fashion. I am not as much afraid of these people as one might imagine I might be. Lead on."

"We will take the upstairs room first," said the coke

fiend. "That I take it is where this young fellow was dosed. But, see here, Miss—by the way, what is your name? I suppose it is hardly fair to ask you since I am not willing to tell mine, but I should really like to know."

"My name is Alice Montgomery," was the reply.

"Yes, well, see here, Miss Montgomery, an idea strikes me. Let us go on the roof. There is a large skylight directly over the upstairs room I am telling you about. We can easily look down through it and see if there is anyone in there."

"A good idea!" said Alice. "By all means let us carry it out."

So far they had met no one.

Their held.

They met no one on their way up to the roof, which they readily gained by way of a scuttle ladder in a hall closet.

The coke fiend pointed out the skylight and all looked down through the glass.

And with that look came a startling discovery.

It was the situation described at the end of the last chapter.

There were the Bradys in the hands of the Chinese Drug Fiends.

Harry was being held close to the open window.

Old King Brady, bound, sat on the edge of the opium bunk.

Two Chinese were holding the bowl of poison close to his lips.

With an instant's hesitation Alice raised her foot and sent it crashing through the skylight, sending a shower of broken glass down into the room below.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

The surprise to the Bradys when the broken glass came showering down upon the Chinamen was no greater than to the Chinks themselves.

"Back!" breathed Alice. "Leave me to manage this."

Sam and the coke fiend drew away.

Alice shouted some words in Chinese.

What she said was:

"The police are upon you! Fly for your lives!"

At the same instant she fired her revolver twice.

The first shot was sent into the air, the second down through the broken skylight, above which Alice did not show herself until she fired.

The result of her manoeuver was just what might have been expected.

The Chinks did not throw Harry out of the window.

Of course they never intended to do so, for of what use would such a move have been to them?

They dropped him on the floor and promptly took to their heels.

The bowl of poison went crashing to the floor at the first alarm.

Then Alice called down through the skylight words of cheer.

"Blessings on you, dear girl!" Harry burst out. "Help us if you can!"

"You help me, Mr. Jackson!" cried Alice.

Sam took hold of the skylight with her—and they lifted it off.

"I propose to drop down into that room," said Alice hastily. "You two go for help, unless indeed you, Mr. Nameless, can make your way into the room below through the doors and help me to get the Bradys out."

"I know the way if the Chinks don't head me off," was the reply. "I'm doing just exactly what you say, Miss Montgomery—you rely on that."

"Go with him, Jackson!" cried Alice.

"No, no, Miss Montgomery, let me drop down there," protested Sam. "It is not proper for you to do anything like that."

He pushed her gently aside, and letting himself down through the opening, dropped in spite of Alice's protest.

"So it is you, young man," said Old King Brady grimly. "You see what a botch has been made of this business. I——"

"Oh, cut it out, Governor!" cried Harry. "Never mind the apologies. What we want is to get out of this. Jackson, have you a knife? Cut us loose, for heaven sake!"

Now Sam had no knife, but even as Harry spoke one came rattling down from above.

"There is your knife," called Alice. "Do your work, Jackson, and do it quick! Harry, I am off to open the way for your escape!"

And Alice was gone before Young King Brady could reply.

Of course Sam lost no time in setting the Bradys free.

Old King Brady meanwhile plied him with questions.

Sam told what had occurred.

Harry tried the door which had been slammed shut by the retreating Chinamen and found it unfastened.

"The way seems clear!" he exclaimed. "Hurry! Hurry! If Alice falls into the hands of these drug fiends I shall never forgive myself."

They pushed out into a narrow corridor.

At the end was a narrow flight of stairs, leading down.

"Hold!" said Old King Brady. "Give that coke fiend two minutes at least. To descend those stairs may be only to fall into the hands of our enemies again."

And the old detective was wise in waiting.

For within one minute a panel at the end of the stairs shot back and through it came Alice and the coke fiend.

"Well!" exclaimed the former, in ill-concealed triumph. "This is pretty work for the Bradys!"

"And what would they have done but for their Chinese-speaking partner?" added the old detective.

"I didn't say that, Mr. B."

"No; but you secretly mean it, and what is more it is quite true. But introduce me to this gentleman, Alice."

"Can't!" replied Alice. "He has not seen fit to give his name."

"Nor is it necessary," replied the old detective, "for I know it. Young man, I recognize you by a picture I saw in the newspapers, which happened to be a good one, although you are sadly changed. You are Joseph Skillings, of San Francisco, for whom the police of half a dozen cities have been searching for the past three months."

"That's true," replied the coke fiend. "But it would have done them little good to find me. I have lost myself. I am a dead one, Mr. Brady."

"Yes, but your old mother still lives. If you escape the consequences of the crime which I understand you have committed to-night take a fool's advice. Turn over a new leaf. Taper off on your drug and return to your mother."

"But I shall not escape. I tell you I'm a dead one, old man. You are an officer. I confess to you that I killed Dr. Roundy. Arrest me now if you will. I shall make no defense."

"I have nothing to do with your private affairs nor your crimes, either," replied the old detective. "What I want now is to find Mr. Billy Terhune, another victim of these drug fiends. If you can pilot me to him, as Mr. Jackson seems to think you can, I shall consider myself in your debt and I shall do all in my power to serve you."

"I can only take you to the other rooms where the Yellow Prince and his fellow drug fiends indulge in their vice," was the reply.

"That must be the room I was drugged in," said Harry. "It looks much like the one we have just left, does it not?"

"It does," replied Joe. "It is almost identical, but it is in the extension to this house."

"He wasn't there when I was drugged then."

"Nor when I looked down through the skylight and saw Harry," added Old King Brady. "But lead on, Mr. Skillings, conditions may have changed."

"It is down these stairs," said the coke fiend. "They have these rear rooms all cut off by secret panels and all kinds of queer contrivances. By the way, Mr. Brady, perhaps you may not be aware that this bunch of Chinks are perhaps the heaviest opium smugglers in America. There is, or rather was, a big lot of the hop concealed in a secret room in that same extension. You see I stood in with them at first until I got so bad that Dr. Roundy conceived the idea of getting me to give up what there was left of my father's estate to him. I can take you to that room."

"Take us to the other first," said Old King Brady. "Our main business is to find and rescue Billy Terhune."

And they started down the stairs.

The old detective had less fear of trouble now than may be imagined.

For these Chinese crooks are peculiar.

They have a holy horror of coming up against the law.

Personally Old King Brady had little doubt that all had fled from the house.

"Jackson, give Mr. Brady that revolver I gave you," said Alice suddenly.

"I don't need it," replied the old detective. "I have my spare one, although the Chinks got the other, but Harry may not have been in such good luck."

"Yes. I have mine, too," replied Young King Brady, and both producing their weapons, they trailed on behind Joe Skillings down the stairs.

These landed them in a narrow corridor, which Alice was obliged to light up with her electric flash lamp, for the gas which burned in the room they had just vacated and which helped them on the stairs, did not serve here.

At the end of this corridor was a blank wall, but on the side was a door.

Skillings opened it and put his finger to his lips for silence as he did so.

It was the same room in which Old King Brady had seen Harry lying unconscious on the floor, and there was no one in it.

"As I thought," said Old King Brady. "Now where is your drug room? If it is close by we will take that in next."

"It is right here!" whispered Skillings, and going to the supposed-to-be blank wall he pressed a secret spring. A panel shot back.

Light streamed forth.

Old King Brady jumped through the break.

"Now I've got you, you yellow rascal!" he shouted.

And he had!

It was the Yellow Prince!

He was in the act of packing up his smuggled drugs.

But the Bradys had accomplished more than this.

For there lying on a lounge in a complete stupor was Billy Terhune!

The Yellow Prince surrendered at the revolver's point.

The Bradys rounded up the rascal at the Elizabeth Street Station, while Alice, Sam Jackson and the coke fiend stood guard over Billy.

When the Bradys returned there were officers with them and an ambulance surgeon.

No resistance had been encountered. Not a Chinaman was to be seen anywhere they went.

Billy was taken to a hospital and his wife summoned.

It was many days before he recovered from the effects of his fearful opium debauch, but recover he finally did, and from that hour he finally abandoned the drug.

Strange to say Dr. Roundy was not dead. The Bradys ran him to the hospital, too, and the man recovered and finally landed in Sing Sing, along with his friend, Sing Fu; for Billy was determined on this, and in spite of the notoriety it brought him he put the business through.

The Bradys kept quiet about Joe Skillings' part in the affair.

To-day he is a respectable member of society, for which he has only the Bradys to thank.

The conviction of the drug fiends accomplished, the Terhunes went to Europe.

Sam Jackson returned to the Far West, where through Billy's money and influence he was well placed.

As for the detectives, Billy Terhune treated them most liberally, as well he might.

He owed his life to the successful outcome of the case of "The Bradys and the Yellow Prince."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE BROKEN POOL BALL; or, THE STRANGE CASE OF A DEAD MAN," which will be the next number (524) of "Secret Service."

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ITEMS WORTH READING.

A strangely pathetic tragedy has been revealed by the death of a man in the casual ward of the Tonbridge workhouse, London. The man arrived there in the prosecution of his search for his wife, from whom he had separated many years ago, and he died through breaking a blood vessel. He told his story to the workhouse master, who made inquiries, and ascertained that on the same day a woman had died from a precisely similar cause in the same workhouse. It was the missing wife. Both bodies were buried in one grave.

Another Meriden, Conn., woman has taken a position unusual for the fair sex. Mrs. Annie Gibson has been appointed by the selectmen as sexton of the East Cemetery, which is owned by the town. Her property adjoins the cemetery, and for many years she has had a sub-contract for caring for the yard. The position has no salary, but for every grave that is opened \$4 is paid to the sexton, and out of this amount she will have to pay about half to the grave digger. Many people owning plots call upon the sexton to keep the plots in order, and for this work she will realize a fair income.

Mrs. Mike Huller, of Henderson, Ky., hid away where she could easily find it, \$76 in bills, for use at a time when necessity or desire required it. She thought of thieves, but not of the rodent description, and was, therefore, quite particular in selecting a hiding place. A few days later she thought she would take a look at her hidden treasure, with the view of assuring herself that the money was where she had hidden it; but on going to the place her surprise can easily be imagined when, on placing her hand where the money ought to have been, she discovered that it was gone. Matters remained in that condition up to a few days ago, when, hearing a rat traveling around the house, the idea struck her that rats were the real purloiners of her money. Going to work with a vim, she was not long in ripping up two or three planks from the floor of one of the rooms of the house, and, instituting a close search, was greatly elated to find that rodents had actually stolen the money, packed it away, and made a cozy bed of it, for there it was before her eyes. Every bill was found intact, not a dollar missing.

The story of a curious surgical operation at the St. Antoine Hospital, London, has been communicated to the Surgical Society. The patient swallowed a packing-nail, which was shown by an X-ray photograph to have lodged, head downward, at the level of the seventh rib. A bronchoscope, which

consists of a tube the inner surface of which is highly polished, to serve as a reflector, and an electric lamp arranged so as to throw a strong light on the tube, was passed into the bronchial tube and then withdrawn. This process was repeated for six days, with larger and larger tubes, and then an eight-millimeter tube was inserted to a depth of nearly fifteen inches. A magnet had been specially made to put into the tube, but it was too short to fit, and the coughing of the patient forced a suspension of the operation. A second X-ray photograph showed that the nail had now slipped to the level of the eighth rib. The doctors, therefore, performed the operation of temporary tracheotomy. A ten-millimeter tube was introduced to a depth of fourteen inches, and the operator then saw the nail. The magnet was introduced, and the nail adhered to it. The whole operation lasted only five minutes, and saved the patient's life.

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS

"So your son is now a soldier, hey, Uncle Ben?" "Yes, sah; he's done j'ined de malicious corpse, sah."

Missionary—What is that six-foot box? Cannibal—That's my lunchbox.

"Pa, what is the meaning of inconsistency?" asked Freddy. "Inconsistency, my son," exclaimed pa, "means a man who growls all day and then goes home and kicks the dog for barking at night."

"What do you think the finish of the campaign will be?" "I suppose," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, "it will be the usual finish, with one side talking about virtue triumphant, and the other making dark hints about fraud."

The Boston boy baby contemptuously rejected the alphabet blocks that some misguided Western relative had sent him as a present. "Of all the intellectual diversions," he exclaimed, "playing on words is absolutely and unquestionably the most trivial."

Barber—You certainly needed a hair cut. Customer—Yeah. Been away. Hair in bad shape, eh? "Fierce. Must have been in the country." "Yep." "Cut by a farmer?" "That's right." "He certainly didn't know the business." "That's so." "Where was it done?" "You did it before I went."

Two country youths were on a visit to London. They went into the British Museum and there saw a mummy, over which hung a card on which was printed, "B.C. 87." They were mystified, and one said, "What do you make of it, Bill?" "Well," said Bill, "I should say it was the number of the motor car that killed him."

The little hero of the following incident did not belong to me. In fact, from his appearance I think he belonged to no one in particular. I am equally sure that the fact of his loneliness had no terrors for him. He was a ragged little urchin, selling papers on a busy downtown corner. A stylishly gowned woman amid the hurrying throng dropped her pocketbook. Quick as a flash the boy seized it and hurried after her. Touching his cap, he handed her the heavy purse. She thanked him very graciously and handed him a nickel. In a tone equally gracious he responded, "Aw, keep your nickel. I was poor once myself."

A COURTROOM TRAGEDY.

By D. W. STEVENS.

Four gentlemen were seated around a small dining-table in a New York clubroom. Two were well-dressed, prosperous-looking insignificants of city club-room style. The other two, the old judge and the major, evinced in manner more character and force. The old judge was erect and slender, his clear, quick eye indicated penetration, his whitening hair experience, his alertness of movement decision of character, and the whole bearing of the man showed culture and vigor in an intellectual life. The major was shorter, thicker, wore some slight insignia of a military career, and the loss of one thumb hinted that he had seen service.

Dinner was now nearly over. Only the fruit and coffee remained. The party had been chatting upon various dinner-table topics, the news of the day, affairs in town, a recent absurd imitation of a duel, and what a harmless matter a duel had nowadays become, a most mysterious murder of late occurrence, and the like, until the judge advanced the idea that the perils of the military man in battle are not so much more serious than those which attend on civil life, as is ordinarily thought. To this the major demurred.

"Well, you may be right," said the judge, "but I venture to say I have been in more danger from shooting, while acting as judge, than ever the major was in his military duties."

"How was that, judge?" echoed the major.

"Did counsel throw an inkstand at the bench?" queried the third member of the party.

"No. It was when the judge was very much struck by a powerful argument," said the fourth.

"No, gentlemen," said the old judge, "I am speaking in earnest. Help yourselves again, and I will tell you the story.

"To begin at the beginning, I must go back to the year 1835 or '36. At that time I was finishing my legal studies in a law office in this same city of New York. There was employed as errand-boy in the same office a bright, attractive lad named Louis. At the time of which I speak we did not know his surname, or, if it had been told to any of us, it was never used—'Louis' we always called him. He was of French nativity or descent, and exhibited the natural courtesy and the readiness of manner and address which is characteristic of his nation. He was a handsome fellow, too; was about ten years old, and intelligent, industrious, and faithful in all his work, and he made himself a great favorite with the heads of the office, as well as among us clerks and students, and the clients generally.

"Quite a different kind of Frenchman was Pierre, the janitor of the building. He was a man of about forty, reserved, even to sullenness. A temper, naturally morose, had been soured, apparently by bitter experiences of life. He gave a strict, though no one could call it a willing, attention to his duties in the care of our rooms, and in superintending the building; but neither sought nor accepted courtesies. A direction or request about his work was usually heard in silence, and obeyed to the letter. Questions or remarks—even ordinary salutations—seemed unknown to Pierre.

"I never knew whether Pierre's wife died or was separated from him; but toward the close of my clerkship we began to have glimpses of his little daughter—a child of five years old perhaps—who lived evidently with her father, and apparently under his sole care, in the rooms allotted to the janitor of the building upstairs. At first the father, coming at the close of the day to put the rooms in order, would bring the little girl with him, seat her in a chair under stern instructions to keep still, and then, while any of us who might be tarrying a little late, were putting away our books and papers, and Pierre was commencing his routine of services, the child would obediently

sit and watch. Later she took a little freedom to run about the rooms. Next we had glimpses of her in the upper halls and stairways, and once or twice we saw her go out marketing in company with an elderly woman servant. Still later she took courage to come down, now and then, to the office, and when this happened it was quite likely that some of us had saved a bit of candy or a picture for her delectation.

"She was an engaging little thing, and we soon observed that our errand boy 'took to her,' as the expression is, wonderfully. At their ages there was not of course anything like love-making; but the lad's kindly and generous nature seemed to lavish itself upon his lonely little countrywoman. He was upon the watch for her, and eager to serve her. They chattered in French, or in French and English ludicrously mixed. I do not mean that they were together often; a week or two would pass between her visits; but we clerks all noticed his enthusiastic, boyish attentions, and her childish, pretty responses, and predicted there would be a match, and wagered which would be asked to draught the settlements.

"Thus stood matters at the end of my clerkship, when I left the office—left the city, indeed; and for some years I knew no more and thought no more of Louis and Henriette, or of the incipient courtship in the dingy old law office. But there was a steady progress in it, as I afterward learned."

"A progress toward shooting you, judge?" queried the major.

"Yes, sir; a steady progress toward shooting at me.

"Some twelve years afterward, in making a homeward voyage from Europe, I had for a fellow-passenger my former employer and instructor, the senior partner in the old law office. Of course, we renewed our acquaintance, conversed about old times and our more recent experiences, and among other things he told me what he knew of Louis, and of Pierre and Henriette. From him I learned that Louis had grown, according to the promise of his boyhood, to become a generous-hearted, popular young man, not rising much in his sphere of life, or making any solid attainments, but highly liked. He had outgrown the salary and duties of the lawyer's office, but his employers there had interested themselves to obtain for him a situation as clerk and messenger in a large insurance company; and there he was doing very well—very well indeed.

"Had he ever forgotten his little friend Henriette?" I asked.

"Oh, by no means. There the boy has not done so well. Not very badly, perhaps, considering he had no bringing up, but not well."

"Then I learned that some circumstances, not known in detail, had recalled Pierre, the father, to his native land, and he had left his little Henriette in charge of a family in New York, promising to send money for her support. No one doubted that he had a real affection for his child, covered by his morose and harsh manner, nor distrusted his intent to provide steadily for her. But something had prevented. He was dead, or had fallen into sickness and poverty, or had been some way hindered. For a long time nothing was heard from him. Remittances had ceased. And poor Henriette, becoming a blooming, lovely girl, had neither provision nor prospects.

"She had suffered much, but throughout all Louis had been her steady friend, and later, her declared lover. And at last—and this was where my old instructor declared the boy had not done well—he had made a home for Henriette, with himself, in little furnished rooms, somewhere, where they were keeping house and living lovingly and happily, but without a marriage.

"I thought, when I heard this, that I knew Louis well enough to be assured he had not meant to do badly. Later there was proof that he meant well. But really the lad had not had any moral education, according to the American standard. On the Continent, in those days, marriage was not esteemed as sacred and as necessary as it has always been with us. Louis' ideas

were, doubtless, founded almost wholly upon his countrymen's reminiscences of Parisian life. And I felt sure he had meant to do his best for Henriette.

"Soon after my arrival at home I was elected judge; and not many weeks after I had taken the seat there came into my courtroom a little knot of people to be heard in a habeas corpus case. At the first glance, the anxious, intent face of the chief figure in the group seemed strangely familiar, and in a moment the recollection flashed upon me—the man was Pierre, the janitor. The timid, shrinking girl was Henriette. And in the background, as one who watches with intense interest, yet is powerless to act, stood Louis, well-grown now, and as fine-looking, courageous, attractive, genial as of old.

"It seems that Pierre, the father, returned to America from his long and unknown wanderings, and sought to regain his daughter. Finding her with Louis, he expostulated and urged her to return to him. She would not leave Louis, nor would Louis part with her. Then the father induced some lawyer to bring this suit, asking that the court would order Louis to surrender the girl, and that she be given back to her father's care.

"Just here I must tell you that the apartments where I held court comprised two rooms. We were in the main courtroom. Adjoining it was a smaller apartment, known as the judge's private room. It had a door opening into the main hall of the building, and was also connected with the large courtroom by a door immediately behind the desk and chair occupied by the judge. This private room was used by the judges of the court for rest, lunch, writing letters, private consultations, and similar matters. I could step immediately into it from behind my chair, and the lawyers, when they stood facing me, to speak, faced also the door behind me which opened into the private room.

"Well, the lawyers read the papers and made their speeches, but before they were half through I saw there was no question about the facts, but to apply the law rightly was somewhat embarrassing.

For Henriette was not confined or restrained of her liberty in any way. She was living with Louis voluntarily. If told to go where she pleased she would return with him. No order could be made granting the father's suit, founded on the idea of setting the daughter at liberty from an unlawful imprisonment, which is the principle of a habeas corpus. There is, however, a vague power in the Supreme Court to order a child into its father's custody for its own nurture and education. But could this power be exercised toward a girl nearly of age, and in favor of a father who had so long neglected her? Upon the other hand, could I appear to sanction the life in which she had found shelter, during his absence?

"A thought occurred to me. I declared to the lawyers that I could not pass judgment until I had conferred with the young lady, by herself, to ascertain what her free and unrestricted wishes were. She passed into the judge's private room; and I soon had her unequivocal assurances that she was happy in the home her lover had made for her, and desired to return to it. Her father's suit had no support from her.

"Sending a clerk around through the hall to the principal door of the courtroom, to detach Louis from the audience there, and bring him to me, I soon had him present in the judge's room; and he was even more emphatic than Henriette in his assurances of their mutual affection, and of his desire to retain, protect and support her. I began some explanations of the American view of marriage; its propriety and universality; the importance of respecting it; but in a moment both my hearers were in earnest in their willingness, nay, wish, to be married. They had, in truth, never regarded the tie between them in any other light.

"Calling upon one or two clerks for witnesses, I married the young couple behind the scenes, as one may say.

"Then, returning to my seat in the courtroom, I announced that the young woman had been married to Louis; she was now, by her own choice, in the care of her husband; her father had no longer any rights over her, and his suit must be dismissed.

"The father, infuriated by this defeat of his application, snatched a pistol from his pocket. I instinctively dodged as I saw it leveled at my breast; in fact, I slid down from my chair in a most unjudicial way, so that when the ball whizzed past, I was sitting on the floor with the back of my neck against the front edge of the seat. The ball crashed through the door behind me. There was a piercing scream, followed by shouts and outcries from the inner room. There, reclining in her lover's embrace, bathed in blood, lay Henriette expiring. The bullet aimed at me, had buried itself in her bosom."

WAR PRICES DOWN SOUTH.

In 1865 an ounce of quinine could not be purchased for less than \$1,700 in the South. Provisions were simply enormous in price. Here are just a few instances: In February a ham weighing fifty pounds sold for exactly \$750, or at the rate of \$15 a pound. Flour was at \$300 a barrel.

Fresh fish retailed all over at \$5 a pound, and ordinary meal was at \$50 a bushel. Those who lived in boarding houses paid from \$200 to \$300 a month. White beans retailed at \$75 a bushel. Tea went for anything from \$20 a pound to \$60, and coffee in a like ratio.

The most ordinary brown sugar was sold for \$10 a pound. Ordinary adamantine candles were sold for \$10 a pound. In a cafe, breakfast was ordinarily \$40. In April sugar went to \$900 a barrel, and articles of wearing apparel sold, coats at \$350, trousers at \$100, and boots at \$250.

Butter was \$15 a pound. Potatoes went for \$2 a quart. Tomatoes of the size of a walnut sold for \$20 a dozen. Chickens varied from \$35 to \$50 a pair.

The prices on the bill of fare of the Richmond Restaurant in January, 1864, were: Soup, \$1.50; bread and butter, \$1.50; roast beef, a plate, \$3; boiled eggs, \$2; ham and eggs, \$3.50; rock fish, a plate, \$5; fried oysters, a plate, \$5; raw oysters, \$3; fresh milk, a glass, \$2; coffee, a cup, \$3; tea, a cup, \$2.

These figures are taken from various sources and have the virtue of accuracy, if nothing else. Always was present the fear of famine, and time and time again did the soldiers donate a portion of their rations, taken from their apportionment in the field, to relieve the pressing necessities.

The shrinking of the currency was of course responsible, and some idea may be gathered from a story that went the rounds at the time. A soldier galloped along a country road and a farmer leaning over a fence admired the animal. He called to the trooper offering to buy the horse.

"Give you \$30,000 for him, Johnny," he said.

"Not much, old man. I just paid \$15,000 to have him skod," was the reply.

"But," exclaimed the man of delicate sensibilities, "will your conscience permit you to do as you suggest?" "Look here, my friend," answered the New York politician, "I am accustomed to be boss, even of my own conscience."

"Augusta," said Mr. Wyss, when the quarrel was at its height, "you have devised a great variety of ways to call me a fool." "Merely a matter of necessity," replied Mrs. Wyss. "You have devised so many ways of being one."

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