

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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

No. 533.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS WORKING FOR A LIFE, OR, EXPOSING A GREAT FRAUD.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



The sudden appearance of the Bradys on the scene was a complete surprise. "Who are you?" shouted the man, pointing at the detectives as he held up the graduated glass. "How dare you intrude here!" The negroes looked around.

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, N. Y., Post Office, March 1, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1909, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 533.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

CHAPTER I.

BILLY AND HIS BOSS.

"It is becoming positively dangerous to live in New York City, so greatly has reckless disregard for life and property increased, and so great the influx of crooks and criminals from all parts of the world."

Such were the remarks of one of New York's best-known police magistrates, spoken from the bench about a year ago.

Nothing could be truer than these self-same words.

Watch closely the unfolding of the case we are now about to detail, the facts of which are taken direct from the private records of the world-famous Brady Detective Bureau, of Union Square, New York.

Not only does the case prove the position taken by the magistrate, but it also shows how absolutely uncertain everything is in this world of ours.

New York is no worse than its neighbors, except in the fact that there is more of it.

The same great fraud might have been perpetrated in any city in the United States.

On a certain, perfect May morning, a few years since, there came down the steps of the Brooklyn Bridge terminal at Park Row, a bright, stylish young fellow, not much past his majority, who turned down Nassau street and pushed ahead with the air of a man who had real business on hand.

His name, as known to his intimates, was "Billy" Gates.

Contentment and prosperity were written all over him. Any discerning man knowing New York conditions would have said at once upon seeing Billy Gates:

"That young fellow is perfectly happy.

"He is holding down a good job.

"He is satisfied with himself and the world."

And if the discerning man happened to be an old man, who had made a failure of life himself, he would probably have heaved a sigh and mentally added:

"Ah, what a glorious thing it is to be young and full of health, sparkle and vim!"

Quite so, Mr. Discerning-man, but listen to what happened to Billy Gates, who was all you thought him on that bright May morning, and then stop and reflect what an easy thing it is to be bowled out of a good job; out of contentment and prosperity in a great city like New York!

It was Monday morning and Billy Gates, keeping on

down Nassau street, turned into Wall, where he entered the second-floor offices of Mr. Thompson J. Sloan, the well-known stock broker and speculator, opening the door with his private key.

For Billy was Mr. Sloan's confidential clerk and right-hand man.

He belonged in the office; it was here that he held down a job which paid him \$2,000 a year.

Pretty good position for a young fellow of twenty-two who had been in business only four years!

Having opened the office door, Billy Gates proceeded to open the windows of both the main office and Mr. Sloan's private sanctum, for the morning was warm and the offices decidedly stuffy from having been shut up over Sunday.

He next opened his own desk and then the big safe.

The little safe in the sanctum he let alone, for to this Mr. Sloan only carried the combination.

All this done, Billy threw off his coat, dusted the desks and things generally, whistling all the while.

This done, he washed his hands, put on his office coat, and seating himself at his desk, got down to work, as happy and contented a fellow as could be found in all New York.

And why not?

Everything was just right with Billy, and to make things still more agreeable he was to be married to the girl of his heart in June.

But the main course of contentment was the boy's self-satisfaction.

Billy Gates believed in Billy Gates. He was entirely satisfied that there was no better business man of his age on Wall Street.

So much for Billy; now for his boss.

The reader must understand that this is no ordinary story.

To understand the great fraud, which was finally exposed by the Brady detectives, it is absolutely necessary to begin with a good understanding of those who figured in it.

Billy's boss was none other than the then famous "Silent" Sloan, or Thompson J. Sloan, to give him the name on his sign which we have mentioned before.

This man appeared in New York and in Wall Street circles about ten years before the opening of our story, coming from no one ever learned where, bringing with him a few thousand dollars with which he began to gamble in stocks.

Fortune smiled on Silent Sloan from the start.

It made no difference what he touched, the result was ever the same—it turned to gold.

And now after ten years Silent Sloan was rated away up in the millions.

Always silent and secretive to the last degree, the man grew more and more so as his fortune increased.

Friends he had none.

His intimate acquaintances he could have numbered on the fingers of one hand.

As far as was possible he did all business through Billy Gates.

Until he married Ethel Dument, the actress, about a year before the particular May morning of which we speak, there were only a few people who ever knew where the man lived.

After his marriage Silent Sloan established himself in an elegant suite of rooms at the "Bancroft," a fashionable family hotel.

How he got along with his actress bride nobody ever knew, of course, for Silent Sloan never told anything to anybody if he could help it and few men really have to tell their private affairs.

Such was Billy's boss, and we need only add that he had been kindness itself to Billy.

And yet his sole clerk—Mr. Sloan would never even employ a stenographer—knew almost nothing about the man except in a business way.

On Friday, Mr. Sloan went to Tuxedo Park to spend the week-end with his wife.

Just before starting for the train he called Billy into the private office and asked him when he expected to be married.

Learning that it was only a matter of a few weeks, he told him that he had been perfectly satisfied with his services and that on his return from his wedding trip his salary would be increased \$500 per year.

And to this he added that all expenses of the trip could be charged up to the business, and that Billy could draw against his increased salary if he ran short.

No wonder Billy Gates was satisfied with his boss!

How great then must have been the shock which came to the boy at nine-thirty on that May morning!

At nine-fifteen precisely, his usual hour of arriving at the office, the door opened and in walked Silent Sloan.

Billy had hardly expected him on time that morning on account of the Tuxedo trip. He concluded that Mr. Sloan must have come down from the "Park" the night before.

He did not say good morning; he never did. Under no circumstances did he ever speak an unnecessary word.

So Billy, who knew his ways full well, paid no attention to him as he passed into the private office.

A few minutes later he heard the boss open the little safe.

At nine-thirty by the office clock, Mr. Sloan touched his desk bell.

It was the signal for Billy, and the young man entered the room.

Mr. Sloan was writing, and for a moment did not raise his eyes from the desk.

Then, suddenly wheeling about in his chair, he said:

"Gates, are your books all written up?"

Billy was amazed; first, because his boss never addressed him other than as "Billy;" second, because Mr. Sloan knew perfectly well that his books were written up.

"Why, yes, sir," he replied. "You looked over the books on Friday—don't you recollect?"

"Very well," said Mr. Sloan. "I—er—I find, Gates, that it is to my interest to make a change. I can no longer employ you. Make up your account and hand me a memorandum of the amount due you. If I find it correct I will mail you a check. You can go."

Billy stood absolutely crushed!

If a thunderbolt had fallen from a clear sky, laying Silent Sloan dead at his feet, he could not have been more utterly taken aback.

And yet there sat the boss, the same old Silent Sloan, with his choppy whiskers and long mustache, looking calmly at him out of those same impenetrable gray eyes.

"What's the matter?" demanded the broker, after some seconds of painful silence. "Did you not hear what I said?"

"Why, Mr. Sloan!" gasped Billy. "What—what have I done? I—I thought I was giving you satisfaction! I—I——"

It was a case of the confusion of conscious innocence which short-sighted persons are so apt to mistake for the consciousness of guilt.

"I have not accused you of doing anything," replied the broker. "I simply discharge you. I don't want you any longer."

"But I have a right to know, sir. I——"

"You will get nothing further from me, young man!" said the broker, not even raising his voice. "Go! Don't come back again! Our business connection is at an end!"

And as Silent Sloan resumed his writing and declined to even look at his clerk, who still persisted in demanding an explanation of this peculiar dismissal, Billy could only beat a retreat.

If ever there was a boy completely crushed it was Billy Gates!

Now we cannot enlarge upon this situation, for it is necessary to hurry on to other matters.

Billy had lost his job.

Moreover, he found it exceedingly difficult to get another, for Silent Sloan refused to give him a recommendation, and to those whom Billy referred to him he gave the boy a bad name.

And from that hour everything went wrong with Billy Gates.

The next thing was his girl, who finding him down and out, promptly went back on him and married another man.

It nearly killed poor Billy, who was not wise enough to realize the narrow escape he had had of getting such a woman for a wife.

Next Billy's mother died, and he was thrown on the world alone, for he had neither brothers nor sisters.

And all through that year things went from bad to worse.

The following May found Billy again out of a job, after trying his hand at all sorts of things.

Such are the changes liable to hit anyone, but Billy's was certainly a peculiar case.

And if changes came to Billy Gates, they also came to Silent Sloan, his boss.

Along about Christmas of the year of Billy's discharge a great calamity came to the man.

For one evening, upon his return to his rooms at the Bancroft, Mr. Sloan found his actress-wife lying dead upon the floor.

She had been shot and had lain dead for hours, the doctors claimed.

For several days the affair was a mystery.

Then one Jeremiah Thompson was arrested for the crime.

This man, it turned out, was a cousin of Thompson J. Sloan, a lunatic, escaped from an asylum.

His particular delusion was that he was Silent Sloan and that his cousin was personating him.

When arrested he told a weird story of how he had been lured from Tuxedo Park, where he was staying a week-end with his wife, and clapped into the asylum, from which he escaped later on.

But the records of the asylum showed that he had been confined there for three years at his cousin's expense.

As the man was penniless the State had to employ a lawyer to defend him, and a very poor fist he made of it.

The story of his cousin personating him was excluded by the court, and the prisoner was tried on the evidence above.

No need to go into it.

Enough to say that the man was convicted.

He positively refused to put in the insanity plea, but the judge, after his conviction, ordered his examination by certain noted doctors before he was sentenced.

All pronounced him sane.

Thus Jeremiah Thompson was sentenced to die in the electric chair during the month of June, one year after Billy got the bounce.

And such were the happenings of that eventful year—eventful both for Billy and his boss.

CHAPTER II.

THE RECOGNITION AT THE TOMBS.

It was just about this time that Billy Gates found himself in serious trouble.

Having made few friends and adopting in a way the cold, supercilious manners of his boss, no sooner did trouble come to him than he found himself with no friends at all.

Billy dropped lower and lower as things continued to go against him until—impossible as it seems—he came down to a Bowery lodging house, owing to certain circumstances which we could explain if we had space to spare.

On his third night in that deplorable situation there was a mix-up in the lodging house, and Billy was mixed-up in the mix-up.

It ended in his being haled before the night court, with his eye blackened and his clothes torn.

It seemed the end of everything when Billy heard the sentence of the magistrate.

—“Three months on the island!”

Actually, it was the beginning of better things!

From the time Billy had given his name to the magistrate, and fortunately he gave his true name, a well-dressed, alert young man who was sitting near, had been eyeing the prisoner keenly.

Now he arose and, approaching the platform, spoke a few words in the magistrate's ear.

Billy saw, but did not heed.

His spirit was utterly broken.

Life seemed to have stopped.

He did not even care for the disgrace which had come to him.

He sat there half-dazed, waiting for them to take him away.

When he heard the magistrate say, “Gates' sentence is suspended,” he did not realize that it referred to him.

But it did.

The young man now came and sat down on the bench alongside of Billy.

“Look here,” he said, “you don't know me, but I happen to have some little influence in this court. I have had your sentence suspended.”

Billy looked at him, still dazed.

“Why?” he asked dreamily.

“Because I may be able to help you out of the fix you are in for one thing, because I think you may be able to help me for another.”

Billy grew suspicious.

“If you are trying to work me for anything you'll get left,” he said. “I'm away down.”

“I know it. I am not trying to work you for anything, and yet I don't blame you for being suspicious. New York is a bad town.”

“Well, I think I know that. What do you want?”

“You are Billy Gates, formerly clerk for Silent Sloan, the Wall Street broker?”

“I am; but who told you that?”

“No matter. You are down on your luck. You have taken to drinking too much. Is it not so?”

Unfortunately it was so, and this fact had a lot to do with Billy's downfall.

“Oh, I suppose so!” he said crossly. “But tell me what you want out of me. I know the world too well to suppose you would interfere in my behalf unless you expected something. What is your name?”

The young man smiled pleasantly.

“Now if you will excuse me, Gates, I propose to keep my name to myself for awhile,” he replied. “What I want of you to start with is simply this: that you will now come with me to my rooms. There I will give you a bath, a meal and a bed. To-morrow I will give you a good suit of clothes, a hat and shoes, and I shall want you to go to a certain place with me. Upon what happens there depends what may happen later. Meanwhile, let me assure you that nothing possibly can happen to put you in a worse position than you are in now. Do you consent?”

There was some further demurring, but in the end Billy did consent.

He could hardly do otherwise since he was away down and had not a cent to his name.

He accordingly followed the young man out of the

night court and entered an automobile with him, his mind full of suspicion and at the same time full of indifference.

In fact, he did not care what happened to him.

Truth told, Billy Gates had completely lost his grip.

That was the time when, if the young man had urged it upon him, he might have become a crook.

But fortunately for Billy his companion was no such person, as will soon be shown.

The automobile landed them at Washington Square, where the unknown ascended the steps of a large brownstone house and opened the door with a key.

It was now long after midnight and that Billy saw nobody but the young man was not surprising.

Everything came about as promised.

Billy got his bath, got a good, cold supper served in a comfortable bedroom, where he passed the night on a cot which the young man put down for him, he sleeping in the bed.

In the morning the suit of clothes was forthcoming.

The garments were not new; indeed, the young man explained that they belonged to himself, but they were miles ahead of Billy's dilapidated wardrobe.

Then followed breakfast in a comfortable basement dining room, with a colored man to wait upon them, who addressed Billy's benefactor as "Mr. Harry."

All this done with and Billy, feeling himself more like a man than he had in many weeks, sat back in his chair, wondering what was coming next.

It began with the coming of the automobile.

"Ah! Here is my machine," remarked the young man, who was standing at the window at the time. "Now we will get on the move."

He had been friendly and cheerful through it all, while Billy, we are ashamed to say, allowing a sense of false pride to assert itself, had adopted the "Silent" Sloan manner, which he had cultivated in the days of his prosperity.

Through it all he remained sulky and reserved, scarcely speaking, except in answer to questions directly put to him, and these were few and concerned only his own comfort.

But now he relented sufficiently to inquire where they were going.

"We are going," said Mr. Harry, "to call upon a man who, if his story can be believed, is even more unfortunate than yourself."

"But what have I to do with him? It don't seem just fair for you to keep me in the dark the way you have done."

"Oh, I don't know about that!" replied Mr. Harry, with a light laugh. "I have certainly made good all I promised, have I not?"

"Well, yes. I suppose you have if it comes to that. But——"

"But your curiosity is aroused, and I don't wonder. Let me tell you this much. I want to make a test. If I was to tell you all I have in mind the test could not be a fair one. But this much I promise you, as soon as the test is made I will tell you everything with perfect frankness. Does that satisfy you, Mr. Gates?"

"I suppose it will have to satisfy me, since you won't

tell me any more," said Billy, in the same sulky fashion, and they went out and got into the automobile.

Their run was not a long one, but it rather startled Billy when they brought up at the entrance to the famous Tombs, the city jail of New York.

"Are you going to take me into the Tombs?" he demanded, all his suspicions again aroused.

"I am," replied Mr. Harry, "but surely you need not fear being detained there. If I wanted to see you a prisoner, all I had to do was to let you alone last night."

"Well, I suppose that is so."

"Of course it's so. Now come, Mr. Gates. Have patience just a few minutes longer and all this mystery will vanish like smoke. Meanwhile follow me."

They went into the Tombs, where Billy did not fail to observe that Mr. Harry was treated with great respect.

A turnkey led them to a certain cell and then stood back without attempting to open the door.

Mr. Harry drew Billy to one side and said in a low voice:

"Now look here, Gates, there is a man confined in that cell whom I am particularly anxious to identify in such a way that there can be absolutely no mistake. For certain reasons it seems probable to me that you may be able to make that identification. I am giving you no hint. If you have any idea who the man may be I want you to frankly tell me now."

"I have no idea," replied Billy. "Absolutely it is all a mystery to me what you are driving at."

"Very good! Now step in front of the grating and look into the cell. Say nothing. If the man speaks to you, don't answer him. Simply identify him if you can. Pull out and come and tell me."

Billy, with his curiosity now thoroughly aroused, obeyed.

Mr. Harry, watching, saw the young man give a sudden start as he looked through the grating into the cell.

He stood there but the fraction of a moment and then returned.

"Well?" demanded Mr. Harry.

"It gets away with me," said Billy slowly, "but if I know anything that man is my old boss, Thompson J. Sloan."

"So? Otherwise known as 'Silent Sloan'?"

"Yes. But how can it be?"

"Wait! Have you not read of the Sloan murder case in the papers?"

"You mean Mrs. Sloan?"

"Of course."

"Yes, I read it."

"And that a cousin of Sloan's was convicted of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Did you know this cousin?"

"No. I never knew any of his people. He never told me he had a cousin. I didn't take much interest in the affair, anyway. The man used me shamefully. He has been the cause of all my troubles. But——"

"Wait! The man in that cell under the name of Jeremiah Thompson is this supposed cousin. He has been convicted of Mrs. Sloan's murder on purely circum-

stantial evidence, and is condemned to die in the electric chair. His claim is that he is really Silent Sloan and that the man who, for a year past, has posed as Silent Sloan is actually his cousin, Jeremiah Thompson. He is penniless and without friends, for that reason I have interested myself in his case."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No; I am a detective. My name is Brady. I am of the Brady Detective Bureau, of Union Square."

"Oh!"

"You cannot have followed up this case very closely, Mr. Gates."

"I have not, as I told you."

"If you had you would have known that the Bradys have been looking everywhere for you."

"For me?"

"Yes."

"Well! I think I can guess why."

"So? You seemed to have dropped out of sight completely."

"I did so purposely."

"I understand. My stumbling on you last night was pure accident. I happened to be in the night court and I heard you answer to your name. Now, as for your guess, it is because you think you can positively identify this man."

"I don't think so. I know it. Was that why I was wanted?"

"Yes. He claimed that you could identify him."

"Did he tell you how I could do it?"

"He did. But I want you to tell me. I want everything to dovetail. If this man is really Silent Sloan then he may not have been the man who used you so badly."

"Oh, but he is! I can swear to it!"

"You are wrong if he is right."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember a certain week-end a year ago May, when Mr. Sloan went to Tuxedo Park with his wife?"

"Perfectly. It was the beginning of all my troubles, for when he came back he discharged me without a moment's warning."

"This man claims that he never did come back from that trip; that he was kidnapped and clapped into a lunatic asylum. That the man who actually returned to his office and hotel was Jeremiah Thompson, his cousin, and that this man has been personating him ever since."

By this time Billy's interest was aroused to the highest pitch.

"If that is so, then anything in the world I can do for Mr. Sloan I stand ready to do!" he cried.

"Hush! not so loud," breathed Young King Brady, for "Mr. Harry" was none other than that noted detective. "I don't want this turnkey to overhear us. One cannot be too careful in a case like this. So you see, Gates, all depends upon the identification. Now, please give what you propose to do a name."

"Why it is like this," said Billy. "One day about three years ago, just at the time I began to get into Mr. Sloan's confidence, he said to me in the office, 'Billy, if I should ever meet with an accident, or if in any way a question as to my identity should ever arise, there is one sure way in

which you can always identify me, and I am going to show it to you now.'"

"Good!" exclaimed Young King Brady. "Your story corroborates his. And the way?"

"He has been stabbed in the right thigh and carries a big scar, which he showed me."

"That is it!"

"Has this man such a scar?"

"I don't know. He claims to be. He would not show it, either to Old King Brady or myself, but he has expressed himself willing to show it to you any time. His claim is that you can positively identify him by that scar, but that there is nobody else living who can."

"I can!"

"Well, then, are you glad I took possession of you?"

"Indeed, yes."

"Did he see you when you looked in through the grating?"

"He was facing my way, but he did not seem to be looking at me. I don't think he recognized me. He acted like a man lost in thought."

"He acts that way almost all the time. But now for the final test. I will take you into the cell. Don't say a word. Just let us see if he recognizes you. Understand?"

"Perfectly, and you can rely upon me."

"Good! Follow me."

Young King Brady spoke to the turnkey, and the door was opened.

The prisoner sat on a low stool, with his head resting on his hands. He scarcely looked up as they came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Sloan," said Young King Brady, "I hope you are well this morning."

The prisoner looked up and nodded.

"As well as can be expected," he replied. "Where is Old King Brady?"

"I expect him here any moment."

Just then the man turned and caught sight of Billy.

Instantly he gave a cry and sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"You are Billy Gates! Come at last!"

"That's who I am," replied Billy in equal excitement, "and you are my old boss!"

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGE STORY OF SILENT SLOAN.

The condemned man dropped back upon the stool, buried his face in his hands and wept convulsively.

Billy was much moved.

It was the first time for months that his mind had really been taken off his own troubles.

He would have put his hand upon the prisoner's shoulder and said something comforting, but Young King Brady pulled him back and shook his head.

In silence they stood there, waiting for the man to recover himself, which he presently did.

Raising his head he looked Young King Brady full in the eye and demanded almost fiercely:

"Now are you satisfied?"

"It is not me who has to be satisfied, Mr. Sloan," replied Harry. "Old King Brady is that man."

"This young man can identify me. Billy, you remember what I told you one day in the office; the day I showed you the scar on my thigh?"

"Perfectly," replied Billy.

"I am prepared to show the scar now, Mr. Brady. Heretofore, you have declined to look at it."

"By Old King Brady's orders."

"If I could only see Old King Brady himself."

"He is a very busy man. That is the reason why he has turned the case over to me. Just now he is in Washington. I daresay he will come to you when he returns."

"I wish he would. Shall I show the scar now?"

"Yes, if you will."

The prisoner immediately loosened his clothes and exhibited the scar.

Billy merely glanced at it.

"He is Thompson J. Sloan," he said emphatically.

"You are prepared to swear to that?" demanded Harry.

"Any time."

"Look again. Remember, this man is condemned to die within a few weeks. Time is short. He is liable to be taken to the death-house in Sing Sing any moment. It is only because of the accident that the death-house is full that his removal there has been delayed."

"If I was to look at the scar for an hour it would not change my opinion. He is Thompson J. Sloan."

"Good! Mr. Sloan, you have not told me how you came by that scar. Perhaps you will do so now."

"I will. I should have told you before, but you did not seem interested."

"You misunderstand. I am interested."

"I was stabbed by my cousin, Jeremiah Thompson, the man who murdered my wife, either with his own hand or by some hired assassin; the scoundrel who has robbed me of my place and name."

"How did it come about?"

"We quarreled. He was rooming with me at the time. In the dead of night he tried to stab me. I grappled with him and got the knife in the thigh."

"And the rest?"

"Need I tell any more?"

"Not unless you wish."

"I prefer not to."

"At least, tell me the cause of your quarrel."

"A woman."

"The woman who was afterwards your wife?"

"No, no! Another, long since dead. Jerry swore then to be revenged. He has kept his word."

"Are you prepared now to tell all the details of your past life and your cousin's?"

"Is it necessary?"

"Old King Brady thinks not. I dissent from his opinion."

"I should prefer not to."

"Why?"

"It would not help my case. It would rather prejudice it."

"Let me ask a few questions which you can answer in your own way."

"Very well; go ahead. Afterwards, may I see Billy alone for a few minutes?"

"Yes."

"Ask your questions."

"Did you have a criminal record before you came to New York?"

The prisoner, who to Billy's eyes looked but the shadow of his former self, flushed slightly and glanced nervously at young Gates.

"Come, you don't have to answer, you know," said Harry.

"But I will. Yes, I was a criminal before I came to New York. Now that you have found Billy Gates and there is some hope, I must help all I can."

"What was your line?"

"I was a hold-up man in the Far West."

"Where?"

"Arizona."

"You have done murder?"

"Never! I drew the line at that. My cousin cannot say as much."

"He worked with you?"

"Yes."

"You have done time?"

"Ten years, as a Government prisoner in the Leavenworth, Kansas, penitentiary. I left it, determined to reform, and since that hour I have wronged no man."

"It was long ago?"

"Twenty years since I came out."

"And your cousin, was he arrested, too?"

"No. We were always taken for twins. I was convicted for a crime which he committed. He might have saved me, but he never opened his mouth."

"That was after your quarrel?"

"About a year after. Now, Mr. Brady, is it necessary to go any further?"

"A little; not much. You do not speak like a Western bandit. What was your early life?"

"I positively will not tell it. I am long since forgotten and believed to be dead by all my early friends and relations, except that scoundrel!"

It was noticeable that the prisoner never spoke of his cousin by any other term.

"But I must know, Mr. Sloan," persisted Harry. "Were you born above the class you afterward found yourself in?"

"Decidedly. My father was one of the richest men in Boston. That scoundrel and I were Harvard graduates. We were sworn friends; we went West and fell into bad ways. Now then, Mr. Brady, that should be enough."

"No," replied Harry firmly. "Remember we are taking up your case wholly as an act of charity. We are entitled to your fullest confidence. While I do not demand that, I do insist that you answer my questions."

"Well, go on," sighed the prisoner, "but spare me all you can."

"What is your real name?" Harry quietly asked.

"Now that is the one question I do not want to answer," replied the prisoner, passionately.

"And it is the one thing Old King Brady insists upon knowing."

Silence followed.

But it was only for a minute.

"My name is Thompson Jeremiah Dybold," was then said.

"And your cousin's real name?"

"Is Jeremiah Thompson Dybold."

"I don't know that there is anything else that I must insist upon," said Harry then. "But I am instructed to go over that lunatic asylum business again."

"Anything in that connection I will answer freely."

"Then let me ask a few questions. Correct me if I am wrong on any point."

"Proceed."

"To begin with, did you know that your cousin was around when this kidnapping took place?"

"No. I had not heard of him for several years. I did not know whether he was alive or dead."

"Had you heard of him since your discharge from the Leavenworth penitentiary?"

"Only once. Directly after my discharge he wrote me a letter, which was mailed in Chicago. It renewed his old threats to have his revenge. After that I never heard of him again until this blow struck me."

"And then not directly?"

"Oh, no! Not at all, in fact."

"After your escape you went to your office and faced him?"

"Yes, but only once. He refused to speak. I was so weak and nervous that I could scarcely utter ten words myself. His clerks aided him to throw me out of the office. Next day I was arrested and charged with the murder. I saw him again on the witness stand and in court. His testimony and that of Horatio Holton, clerk of the Bancroft, convicted me, as you know. What they swore to was wholly false. I never went near the Bancroft. I was in rags and penniless. Moreover, I believed my wife to be in the plot."

"Goodness, how you must have suffered!" breathed Billy.

"Suffered!" cried the prisoner. "Heaven alone knows what I have suffered! But, Mr. Brady, excuse me if I say that you seem to be beating about the bush. We were to talk of the asylum episode."

"Yes. You were confined at Dr. Featherton's asylum, Claverack-House-on-the-Hudson."

"Yes. While at Tuxedo I received a telephone call, asking me to come to the Gilsey House in New York. The name of one of my most important customers was used. It was Sunday, but I ran down to New York, intending that my wife should follow Monday morning. Upon reaching the Gilsey I was handed a note, pretending to be from this party, saying that a carriage would call and take me to his club. I had scarcely finished reading the note when the carriage was announced. I entered it unhesitatingly. We had not gone far when it stopped and two men, strangers to me, sprang in. I was easily overcome, for my health was not good. They chloroformed me and I woke up in Dr. Featherton's asylum. Excuse me for going over all this again, Mr. Brady, but I wanted Billy to understand."

"I am very glad to have you go over it again," said Harry. "Now while you were at the asylum you never once saw Dr. Featherton, as I understand it?"

"Never once. He positively refused to see me."

"He also kept away from the trial. Pleading illness, he made his deposition, which was read in court."

"That is so. His deposition was a tissue of lies. Anything more?"

"No; that is all, except that for Mr. Gates' benefit, you can tell in a general way how you escaped?"

"Which will only take a minute. The asylum is located on the river edge, a high fence separating the grounds from the water. One night I managed to get down into the grounds, owing to the drunkenness of an attendant who left a door unlocked. I climbed the fence and dove into the river. Being a good swimmer, I managed to escape. It is rather a long story, but I can give details if you wish."

"It is not necessary," replied Harry. "Now I will retire and leave you to talk to Gates."

And thanks to the influence of the Bradys at the Tombs plenty of time was allowed for this.

When Billy Gates finally rejoined Young King Brady he was asked if he had learned anything of importance.

"Nothing," was the reply. "Our talk was mostly about old times. Only thing he said, which I think you would care to know, related to his wife."

"And what was that?"

"That he believed her to be in the plot, and that his cousin murdered her for fear she would betray him."

"Yes, I know. He has told me that."

"Oh, and he said that he and his cousin not only looked alike but their voices were identical, and even their handwriting was the same!"

"Yes. I know all that."

They left the Tombs and entered the automobile.

"Where now?" asked Billy.

"To our office," was the reply. "Old King Brady may be there. I want you to meet him."

And during the ride Harry explained that only a few days before Old King Brady had received a pitiful letter from Mr. Sloan, as we shall continue to call the condemned man, begging his help.

"And Mr. Brady, after hearing his story, decided to take the matter up," added Harry. "Of course, you can see how nearly hopeless it is, but my meeting with you and your identification of Silent Sloan will give us a big boost. We may yet win out, hopeless as the case seems."

"Heaven grant it!" cried Billy, fervently. "No matter what that man may have been in his younger days he was always good to me."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. J. T. SLOAN DISAPPEARS.

Billy Gates now had something to work for—something to live for; and still following out Silent Sloan's methods he concealed that something from Young King Brady.

Perhaps he was justified in this, for it certainly did not concern the detective.

While talking with his old boss, Billy related the whole story of his misfortunes.

Then Mr. Sloan said it.

"Billy, we have both fallen down before that scoundrel. Stand by me. Help me out of this terrible fix and to get back my name and my property, and I will formally adopt you as my son. If that scoundrel has not wasted the estate there ought to be seven or eight millions. We will quit business and go abroad together. When I die, which won't be long, for I am a broken man, all shall be yours."

And this promise sounded good to Billy Gates.

But in simple justice to the boy it should be said that he would have worked just as hard for his old boss if it had never been made.

Arrived at the offices of the Brady Detective Bureau, Billy was introduced to Miss Alice Montgomery, the accomplished female partner of the concern.

Shortly afterward, and while they were discussing the case, an elderly gentleman of striking appearance entered.

He was dressed in a peculiar blue coat with brass buttons, and wore an old-fashioned stock and stand-up-collar.

His hat was a white felt with an unusually broad brim.

Billy, who had often seen the man on the Street during more prosperous days, recognized him as the famous Old King Brady.

"Now then, Governor," said Harry, after the first greeting had been exchanged, "there has been a move in the Silent Sloan matter. Let me introduce you to the much-sought-for Billy Gates."

"What! Captured at last!" exclaimed the old detective. "And did he identify our man?"

"He did, fully."

"Good! Let us hear all about it."

They sat together for over an hour, discussing the situation.

"There is no doubt that you can be of the greatest service to us, young man," said Old King Brady at last. "If you want to jump in and help it will suit me, and you shall be well paid for your services. I believe in that man. I am working for his life. There is but one way to save him, and that is to expose this great fraud, which I consider by long odds one of the boldest I ever came up against. I have formed a definite plan of action, and as it happens, you fit in nicely. Decide now, for we have to get right down to work."

There was no hesitation on Billy's part. He simply jumped at the chance and asked what he was expected to do.

"The part you have to play is somewhat of a dangerous one," replied the old detective. "With you to back me I can throw a great big bluff bomb straight into the enemy's camp, but you want to remember that if we are right in our conclusions we have to deal with a man who will not hesitate to murder you or hire you murdered."

"I don't care," said Billy. "What's your plan?"

"To draw this man's fire. Of course we cannot be sure that our condemned man may not be deceiving us."

"I am sure."

"I am not. According to the man's own admission he has been a crook and has done time. He may have reformed, but such people are never to be relied upon."

"But the scar?"

"Bless my soul, boy, he is not the only man with a stab-wound scar on his thigh. The other fellow may have one, too. Mind you, I believe in the man in a way, but what I say is we cannot be sure."

"Go on," said Billy, not disposed to argue.

"Sit down there at the desk and write what I tell you. Take a blank sheet of paper—there in the pigeon-hole on your left. Now."

And Old King Brady dictated as follows:

"Mr. Sloan:

"Remember Billy Gates, whose life you have ruined? I am now down and out, practically a tramp. Detectives have taken me up who are trying to prove you a fraud and to save that man in the Tombs. I have seen the man. He is Thompson J. Sloan, and I hold the proof. Want to buy, or shall I sell to the detectives? It makes no odds to me. I am out for the stuff. I can pull you off your perch or I can help you to keep on it. Up to you, old man, to decide which. To-night at ten o'clock I shall stand in front of the Worth Monument, Madison Square, for exactly ten minutes. If you want to talk with me, that will be your chance. No go-betweens. If you don't come I sell to the detectives.

"WM. GATES."

"You will now mail that letter, and to-night you will dress like a tramp in clothes which I will provide and keep your appointment," said Old King Brady.

"And what shall I say to him if he comes?" demanded Billy.

"Tell him the exact truth," replied Old King Brady. "How you came to fall in with us, what Harry did, about the scar, what our Sloan said to you, all as it occurred. Tell him you are working for us, but that you will promptly vanish if he will give you \$5,000."

"All that is easy, but suppose someone else tackles me?"

"Harry will be near. Of course you will talk with no one but Sloan himself. Equally, of course, he won't pay you the money on the spot. Out of the conversation which occurs we shall be able to figure our next move."

And to all of this Billy assented. The letter was promptly mailed.

It was arranged that Billy should stay at the Brady house until the time came for his appointment, and as the old detective thought it best for him to keep under cover, he and Harry went back to the house in the automobile.

After they had departed Old King Brady turned to Miss Montgomery and said:

"Now, Alice, for your part."

"Which I am anxious to get down to," replied Alice. "I feel deeply interested in that unfortunate man."

"Exactly. If he tells the truth he is entitled to all sympathy. Far be it from me to give a man the cold shoulder because he has once been a crook. But to business. We have no time to make a long, drawn-out case of this. It has to be put through quick, or they will snake our man off to the death-house before we know it. Once there our case will be more difficult."

"Exactly, Mr. Brady. We have run over all that ground. What do you propose?"

"Bluff, pure bluff, Alice. Remember we have not seen the enemy; we do not even know that he is in New York at the present time. But I will attend to him. Your work lies with Horatio Holton, formerly clerk at the Bancroft family hotel, but now proprietor and owner."

"What? Where the murder was committed?"

"Yes."

"When did you learn that?"

"My hurried trip to Washington was for the sole purpose of looking up that young man's past record, for that is where he came from. I have learned a lot. The substance of it I wrote out on the train. Take these papers, look them over and arrange your bluff to suit yourself, remembering one thing, that our best hold is to bring this lunatic asylum keeper to terms, for he must know the truth."

And having said this Old King Brady left the office.

He went directly to Wall Street, and entered the offices of Silent Sloan.

They were not the two little offices of Billy Gates' time.

Since Billy's discharge "T. J. Sloan" had blossomed out and was now doing a larger business.

He had three handsomely-furnished offices in another building and employed a bookkeeper, a stenographer and two other clerks—one of these came forward to the railing when Old King Brady entered.

Bluff, pure bluff!

That was Old King Brady's watchword in this case.

He had made no attempt to disguise himself.

He wanted to be recognized, and from the way the clerk looked at him he thought he was.

"Mr. Sloan in?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the reply. "Mr. Sloan is out of town."

"When do you expect him back?"

"I could not say, sir. He has been away for several days now."

An elderly man, who was writing in a large account book, looked up.

That he recognized the old detective was certain from the change which came over his face.

He thrust the pen behind his ears and came forward.

"You are Old King Brady, the detective, are you not?" he asked in a tone of respect.

"Yes."

"My name is Lamb; I am Mr. Sloan's bookkeeper," said the man. "May I ask why you wished to see Mr. Sloan?"

"Why certainly, Mr. Lamb. I have a few loose thousands. I was looking for investments. I heard that he was handling the stock of the Golden Queen Mine. It has been recommended to me as a good investment, that was why I called."

"That stock is all sold," said Mr. Lamb. "We disposed of the last of it two weeks ago. May I speak with you privately a moment, Mr. Brady?"

"Certainly," replied the old detective, impressed with the man's earnestness and at a loss to understand it.

He expected to be invited into the private office, which was open and vacant, but he was not.

Instead of that, Mr. Lamb came out from behind the railing and led the way out into the hall.

"I suppose," he said, "that it is hardly the fair thing to ask your professional advice on the fly this way, but something has occurred to us here which is worrying me greatly. If you don't mind——"

"Not at all, not at all. Any suggestions I can offer are at your service, Mr. Lamb."

"It is like this," said the bookkeeper. "Sloan went away as usual about a week ago. He did not say a word about going out of town, but we haven't seen or heard from him since and he has sent no word. I have been greatly worried, but he is such a peculiar man that I hardly like to butt in. You know, perhaps, that he goes by the name of Silent Sloan."

"I have heard so," replied Old King Brady. "Have you inquired at his house?"

"Would you believe it, Mr. Brady, none of us know where the man lives. Since the murder of his wife he has been more silent and secretive than ever. I have thought at times that he was in terror lest someone should murder him. Absolutely, I don't know where to look for him. But I have not come to the point yet."

"Then do so now, by all means. If I can aid you in any way, Mr. Lamb, I certainly will."

Old King Brady was disgusted at the turn affairs had taken.

Just then it looked to him as if Mr. Sloan's double had probably made off with all the spare cash he could lay his hands on and abandoned the business to its fate.

But it was not to work out that way, as he was now to learn.

"It is like this," continued Mr. Lamb. "This morning, not more than an hour ago, there came a man here, a total stranger to me, with what purported to be a letter from Mr. Sloan and a power of attorney, authorizing him to take full charge of the business. He has but just gone out. That is why I brought you out here, for I don't know at what minute he may return. Here is the letter. You can read it and then I will show you a sample of Mr. Sloan's handwriting and his signature. I am certain that you will say that Sloan never wrote the letter."

"But what did you do? Give up to this stranger?"

"What else could I do for the time being, situated as I am? I notified the bank privately of my doubts. He won't be able to cash any checks. He did not ask to see the books, so there has been no harm done as yet."

"What is his name?"

"He gave the name of Henry Parmenter. But read, Mr. Brady, you will see for yourself."

The letter which the bookkeeper handed Old King Brady read thus:

"Mr. Lamb:

"This will introduce my friend, Henry Parmenter. It has become necessary for me to enter a sanatorium for awhile on account of my failing health. You must have observed that I have been growing worse and worse ever since the death of my wife. I have therefore issued a power of attorney to Mr. Parmenter, who will act for me and take charge of the business until such time as I am in shape again. Yours truly,

"T. J. SLOAN."

"Now if you will wait just a second I will show you Mr. Sloan's signature and writing," said the bookkeeper. "It is a singular thing, by the way, that this letter bears neither date nor address, but then on the other hand that is just like Silent Sloan."

Mr. Lamb went back into the office and presently returned with two letters of old date, addressed to himself, and also a handful of canceled checks.

Old King Brady ran them over, examining the various signatures.

Then he compared the letters, using a magnifying glass.

"I should say decidedly that Mr. Sloan neither wrote this letter nor signed it," he said at length.

"That is my opinion," replied Mr. Lamb. "I—hush! Here he is!"

The elevator had just stopped and the door opening, out stepped a stout, elderly gentleman, with a beard and mustache.

He bowed to Mr. Lamb, eyeing the old detective keenly as he passed on and entered the office of Silent Sloan.

"What do you think of him?" demanded the bookkeeper. "Quick! Advise me if you can. I must go right in."

"He is not an ordinary crook," said Old King Brady. "Keep quiet for to-day. To-morrow I will see you again, or perhaps may come to your house to-night if you will give your address. Meanwhile, try and get a peep at Mr. Sloan's private papers and find out where he lives. By the way, did this man have the combination of the safe?"

"Yes. He seems to have it. He opened Mr. Sloan's private safe."

Mr. Lamb wrote a Brooklyn address and hurried back into the office, leaving Old King Brady to descend by the elevator, pondering upon this singular turn of affairs.

"What can it mean?" he asked himself.

He could read the riddle but one way.

To him it seemed almost certain that the confederates of the pretended Silent Sloan had turned on him and were trying to get possession of the millions he had stolen from the condemned man in the Tombs.

CHAPTER V.

TRAILED TO THE MADHOUSE.

Harry was so well satisfied with the way Billy Gates handled himself that he did not think it necessary to keep any watch on the young man, so leaving him at the house on Washington Square he went away on other business, and it was not until suppertime that he saw the young man again.

"There is a change of programme, Gates," he said then. "I don't understand it exactly, but it is not likely that we shall be favored with a view of the supposed Silent Sloan to-night."

"How is that?" demanded Billy.

"My information is confined to this telegram," said Harry, and he handed Billy a dispatch, which read as follows:

"Tell G. not to expect S., but to respond to whoever challenges him. Use extra precaution. Queer business in the wind. May not turn up to-night. O. K. B."

"Looks as though the man may be out of town," suggested Billy. "But perhaps you know about that."

"I don't know anything about it," replied Harry. "Perhaps the Governor will give us a call over the telephone before we start, and so make everything plain."

But Old King Brady gave no call.

Harry fixed up Billy Gates so well that he looked the sedy clerk to perfection.

"We will go in the automobile," he said. "Orders being to take every precaution, I must be prepared to make quick moves in case of necessity."

"Suppose I am asked to go somewhere with whoever tackles me?" demanded Billy.

"Don't do it! It will involve too great a risk, and to do that would certainly not be observing every care."

"Shall I talk out freely?"

"That will have to be left to your judgment, Gates. You know what you said in the letter."

"That I would talk to nobody but the man himself. That is why I asked."

"I cannot advise you. I should almost be inclined to ring off myself. But go ahead and do the best you can."

So at the appointed time Billy Gates stood by the Worth Monument, while Young King Brady sat in his automobile around the corner on Twenty-fourth street.

It was but a short wait before there was something doing.

A large touring car came up to the monument and stopped.

Harry could see a tall man, wearing a linen duster over his clothes, lean out and speak to Billy Gates, who approached the automobile.

A few words passed between them, when to Harry's surprise and disgust Billy sprang into the auto.

The chauffeur instantly started.

"Why, confound him! He is going dead against orders!" muttered Young King Brady. "I am afraid the fellow is crooked after all!"

He tried to start after the auto.

But his own machine, provokingly enough, was seized with a cranky fit.

To be sure, he got started inside of two minutes, but the other automobile had obtained the lead by that time.

But upon reflection Harry did not so much care.

"Anyhow, I can only follow on," he said to himself. "If the fellow has gone over to the enemy he will have to go. It's the Governor's scheme, and I did not have much faith in it from the start."

He was greatly annoyed just the same, for he had pinned his faith to Billy Gates.

And now began a long, drawn-out case of auto shadowing.

The machine ahead went on and on until Manhattan Island was left behind, and they passed over into The Bronx.

Then it was The Bronx which was left behind, and then Yonkers, and still on they went up the continuation of Warburton avenue of that pretty city.

Hastings was passed, and still the chase continued.

Young King Brady kept a close watch, but not once did he catch anyone in the auto ahead looking back at him.

Altogether it seemed a most mysterious turn of affairs.

At last the auto ahead went spinning into a stretch of woods at some distance beyond Tarrytown.

Here the road taking a turn, Harry lost sight of the machine.

Nor did he come in sight of it again.

When he got through the piece of woods he saw the road extending off straight ahead of him for a long distance.

It was not a particularly dark night.

Young King Brady felt that he ought to be able to see the auto if it had not turned off, but this was just what he could not do.

He had not observed any crossroads.

On he flew for about half a mile, but still he could not see anything of the machine.

"Confound them! They have doubled on me somehow!" muttered Young King Brady, and he turned back.

This time he went slowly, looking sharply to the right and left, but it was not until he was in the woods again that he discovered what he sought.

It was a winding road leading toward the river.

There was neither fence nor gate, so it was not strange that he had previously missed it.

Knowing that the Hudson could not be far distant, Young King Brady ran the auto in among the trees off the road and got out.

He had now determined to pursue his inquiries on foot.

By the aid of his flashlight he got back to the wood road and followed on, arriving at the railroad, the trail continuing.

He soon came upon a high stonewall, where there was a gate and a porter's lodge.

Never doubting that the vanished automobile had passed through this gate, Harry stood behind a tree and tried to form some plan of action.

He could think of nothing.

The porter's lodge was dark and to stir up its occupants could accomplish no good purpose.

Young King Brady now determined to make the circuit of the wall.

Soon he discovered the impossibility of doing this by land.

For on following the wall on the left he came to the river edge.

He came out on a low embankment; the Hudson flowed at his feet.

On the opposite shore the lights of Nyack twinkled and he could distinguish the outlines of the Hook Mountain to the north.

"It was about here somewhere that Dr. Featherton's private madhouse is located," thought Young King Brady. "Can this be the place?"

The thought grew upon him, but the wall was so high or the buildings behind it so low that nothing could be seen.

Young King Brady went back along the bank, hoping to get a view of them.

He had not advanced far before he was attracted by a glimmer of light ahead low down, close to the ground.

Harry now advanced more cautiously.

In a moment the mystery was solved.

The light proceeded from a dying fire which had been built in front of a shelving ledge, forming quite a sizeable cave.

And in front of the cave sat a cave dweller, in other words a fine specimen of the genus "hobo."

A coffee-pot and a skillet were in among the coals and the "Weary Willie" was patching up a coat with needle and thread.

"If that tramp makes this cave his hold-out right along he probably knows as much as I can expect to find out about that place," Young King Brady thought.

With his hand on his revolver he advanced to the fire.

"Good evening, friend!" he called, as he drew near. "A word with you, if you please."

The tramp started to his feet and, seizing a big stick, faced about.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you want with me?"

"Detective," replied Harry. "Not after you. Want information about this neighborhood, for which I am prepared to pay."

Thus saying he advanced boldly to the fire.

He held his revolver as he came into view, but he immediately pocketed it.

The tramp looked him over suspiciously.

"You a detective?" he sneered.

"Sure," replied Harry, displaying his shield.

"Oh! I see."

"I told you so. That's a snug place you have there."

"Good enough. What yer want?"

"Do you know this neighborhood?"

"Some."

"What lies behind that wall?"

"Private bughouse."

"Dr. Featherton's?"

"Yair."

"What they call Claverack House?"

"Yair."

"The buildings must be very low. You can't see them over the wall."

"They are only one-story high. What they call bungalows."

"I see. Have you been in there?"

"In de bughouse? Nit! What should I go in dere for?"

"You know this Dr. Featherton perhaps?"

"Naw! I dunno nothin' about him. He keeps himself shut in dere wit his loonytics. I never seen de man. I only come here once in a while, annyway. What yer gunnin' for? Some friend of yourn locked in dere?"

"Yes, if that is Dr. Featherton's."

"Waal, it is, an' dat's all I know. If you was to pump me a week you wouldn't get anny more out of me, coz dere's nothing more to come."

It was evident enough that the fellow was sincere in what he said.

Harry tipped him a dollar and pulled out.

The information he had received was highly interesting, however.

From the first it had been Old King Brady's idea that Dr. Featherton must have been mixed up in the inside workings of the plot against Silent Sloan.

Now it would seem certain.

But what could have been said to induce Billy Gates to deliberately put himself in the power of this doctor or some of his people Young King Brady was utterly at a loss to understand.

As Harry walked away from the hobo he thought the situation over.

"I don't see what I can possibly do to-night," he said to himself. "It is back to New York for mine. The Governor must decide the next move."

He was much troubled at the idea of leaving Billy Gates behind him under such suspicious circumstances, for he felt in a way responsible for the boy.

Still pondering over the problem he made his way back to where he had left his automobile.

He had some difficulty in locating it, and when at last he came upon the machine he was treated to a surprise.

A man was sitting in the automobile.

Harry halted, wondering what he was coming up against now.

Dimly discernible, all he could make out of the man was that he was a tall person.

He sat stiffly upright and motionless.

Young King Brady drew his revolver and cautiously advanced upon the automobile.

CHAPTER VI.

BLACKMAIL.

Alice studied the papers which Old King Brady had drawn up on the train with the greatest care.

She was amazed at the completeness of the information they contained.

Yet this was not altogether so strange when one comes to consider the expert hand which had been applied to the matter.

Truth told, it had been easier than it appeared on the face of it to obtain particulars of Horatio Holton's past.

While the man simply remained a clerk nobody paid any attention to him.

But when he launched out as owner and proprietor of a big New York hotel people began to want to know who and what he had been.

Old King Brady went direct to a well-known commercial credit agency, and from their head man he obtained a few pointers which sent him flying to Washington, where, through a certain congressman, he obtained an introduction to another congressman, and from this man he got hold of the astounding facts which Alice had just perused.

And these, when revealed, will go to show the truth of the remark of the police magistrate with which we started out:

"It has become positively dangerous to live in the city of New York."

And while Alice sat at her desk pondering, Mr. Horatio Holton was busy at the Bancroft, superintending certain changes in the big kitchen, where was carried on the "Southern cooking," which had made his house famous among a certain class of patrons who always had plenty of money to spend.

Mr. Holton was a comparatively young man and by the lady patrons of his house was considered decidedly good-looking and was, of course, correspondingly popular.

He was a correct dresser, a slick talker and a man of exceeding alertness.

Those who had watched his rapid rise were not altogether surprised at it.

Yet many of them asked themselves:

"Where did Holton get his start?"

This was the question.

A year before this man was only a salaried clerk.

Suddenly he bought out his boss and set up for himself.

This took money—a lot of it.

Horatio Holton had produced the money.

No one knew where he got it.

Rumor had it that rich relatives in the South, where the man originally came from, were backing him.

Certainly someone must have staked him, for it was a known fact that shortly before he set up for himself Horatio Holton did not have a hundred dollars to his name.

The work in the kitchen completed, Mr. Holton returned to his private office, where he got busy with his manager.

It was while he was thus engaged that a card was handed him by a page, who informed Mr. Holton that a lady wished to see him in the parlor.

The card read:

"MRS. CARMICHAEL."

"What does she want? To engage rooms?" demanded Holton.

"I don't know, sir," said the page. "She would not tell her business."

"Take the card back. Tell her I am busy. If she wants to engage rooms the housekeeper can attend to her."

And Mr. Horatio Holton resumed his talk with the manager, little dreaming of the blow which was about to strike him.

The fact was Mr. Horatio Holton had waited so long for the blow that he had forgotten that he once expected it.

It was to descend upon him now.

Back came the card, upon which was written:

"I must see you personally. Tuscobora, July 10, 1898."

It was a singular message.

July 10, 1898, was a date nearly ten years old.

As Mr. Holton glanced at the card the manager observed that he turned deathly pale.

"What is the matter?" he demanded. "Bad news?"

"No, no! Just a twist of cramp around my heart," replied the hotel man, shaking himself.

He paced the room a few times and then, turning, added:

"Well, go ahead on those lines, Barkley. I must see this lady, who turns out to be an old friend of mine. I may be with her some little time. I did not recognize her by her married name."

The manager winked and looked wise.

"An old flame, I take it," he ventured to remark, thinking that it would tickle the vanity of his boss, whether it was true or false.

"Exactly," replied Holton, and he left the room.

He hardly knew what he was going up against.

So to fortify his courage he first stepped into the cafe and turned down a full-sized highball.

"What the mischief can it mean? Who can she be?" he asked himself as he went to the parlor.

He was prepared to see almost any sort of female except such a one as met his gaze.

The woman, who sat by the window—she was the only occupant of the parlor—was not only young but exceedingly beautiful.

Moreover, she was fashionably dressed and all ablaze with diamonds.

As she was looking out of the window at the time Mr. Horatio Holton paused for a moment in the doorway to contemplate her.

To the best of his knowledge he had never seen the young woman before.

"It beats the band who she can be," he muttered, "but whoever she is I must go slow."

He advanced into the room.

The young woman, hearing his footsteps, turned and faced him.

"Mr. Holton?" she asked without rising.

"Yes, madam," replied Holton, with his best bow.

"Be seated."

"And upon my word," thought Horatio. "Be seated! And this my own house!"

He, however, drew up a chair.

"I cannot imagine your business with me, Mrs. Carmichael," he said, by way of a starter.

"Yes, you can," replied the young woman with the utmost coolness. "What I wrote on the card was quite sufficient. I know what happened at Tuscobora on the night of July 10, 1898."

Again Holton paled, but he quickly recovered himself.

"I don't understand," he said. "Where is this Tuscobora? What have I to do with it? Explain."

"It is not necessary to tell you that Tuscobora is in Alabama, and that the night mentioned saw the murder of Mrs. Caruth and her invalid husband," said Mrs. Carmichael, steadily.

Horatio turned pale again and stayed pale.

His face was livid. He knew it. He would have given any amount to have changed it, but it was no use.

"You have altogether the advantage of me," he said in a hollow whisper. "I wish you would state your business plainly, and at once."

"Certainly," was the reply. "I am an adventuress, a professional blackmailer. My business with you is black-

mail. I have an automobile waiting at the door and I request you to take a ride with me, Mr. Holton."

He hesitated.

"The chauffeur!" he said, gaspingly.

"Discussions are not in order before chauffeurs. What's the matter with blowing me off to a little lunch in a private room in some hotel? Or perhaps you would sooner talk business in your own hotel. It is all one to me."

Holton moistened his lips and sat motionless for a full minute.

"What I ought to do is to telephone for an officer and have you arrested," he said fiercely.

"Certainly. Do it if you dare! But I see you are finding it hard work to make up your mind. Let me help you. Just run your eye over that paper. Don't waste time in destroying it. The thing is only a copy. If you are foolish enough to destroy it or have me arrested or any pleasant thing like that, why the result will be that those acting with me will at once show the originals from which this paper was compiled to the commercial agency people, to a few reporters, and perhaps find other ways of disposing of them, such as sending your address down to Alabama with a full account of your present prosperity. What a fool you were not to change your name! But I suppose you did not dare."

It was too much for Holton.

He snatched the paper from her hand and strode from the room.

"Go slow, Horatio! Go slow!" she called after him as he vanished through the door.

Then Mrs. Carmichael calmly waited.

She seemed to feel very confident that Mr. Horatio Holton would return, and she was right.

Within five minutes the man was back again, calm and collected.

"Let us take a turn in your auto and lunch at the Ardillac," he said quietly, as he handed the paper back.

She opened it, and seeing that it was intact, thrust it into her handbag.

"I am ready," she said, "but you are not."

"I will be in a few minutes," was the reply. "Return to your automobile and I will join you."

And this he did.

They took their turn in the park.

Mrs. Carmichael could not but admire the man's assurance.

When they started he started—to flirt.

He kept it up until they found themselves alone in a private room in the Hotel Ardillac, with the waiter dismissed.

Mrs. Carmichael had come to the Bancroft, expecting to have to deal with a bold, dangerous man.

She knew differently now, or thought she did.

She was satisfied that she was dealing with a coward and a fool.

But the instant they found themselves alone the man's whole manner changed.

"How much do you want out of me?" he demanded. "Name your price, and be quick."

"Listen!" said Mrs. Carmichael. "Perhaps, instead of taking anything from you I can put you in the way of

making money. I don't suppose you have much, anyhow."

"What do you mean?"

"Less than a year ago you were a poor clerk, my friend. Suddenly you branched out as a hotel proprietor. People wondered where you got the money. I am not wondering. I think I know."

He sat in silence, with his eyes partially closed.

"If I am a blackmailer then you're another," continued Mrs. Carmichael. "There was a woman murdered at the Bancroft. You know who killed her. You traded on that knowledge to get your business start. Probably you used up all the money you got and ran in debt for more."

Still no answer.

"You are making it hard for me," continued Mrs. Carmichael after another silence, "but suit yourself. To-day there is a man in the Tombs, convicted of that murder and doomed to die next month. You know who he is and that your false testimony convicted him. Don't think for an instant that I propose to save him unless it is going to pay me best to do it—which I can. Do you hear? Which I can!"

This time he spoke as she paused.

"You must be a witch," he muttered. "How in the name of heaven——"

He left his sentence incomplete.

"What I want," continued Mrs. Carmichael, "is to get my chance at the man who is at the bottom of all this. He got Silent Sloan's millions. I don't know how much he paid you, but I know nothing short of a million will satisfy me. I hold the proof that he is Jeremiah Thompson, and that the man in the Tombs is the true Silent Sloan."

"I don't believe it!"

This burst from Horatio like a bombshell.

"It is impossible!" he added. "You can't prove what you say!"

"I can prove it. Have I not shown you my power? You thought no one in New York knew your past; that no one knew that you shot Mrs. Caruth through an open window on the night of July 10, 1898, and then shot her helpless husband, merely because they had made remarks about you. You thought that no one knew that you threw the crime upon an unfortunate negro and allowed him to be lynched. You thought that nobody in New York knew that you were subsequently arrested, but were wickedly allowed to escape on account of your family connections. Now you know differently. I know all this and I propose to use my knowledge to advantage. Come, Horatio, join hands with me. Help me to squeeze a couple of millions out of old Thompson and we'll divide and let Silent Sloan die."

"Wait! Not so fast!" broke in Holton. "You're a slick article, all right, but you don't know quite as much as you think you do. If you were properly posted you would know that old Thompson, as you call him, disappeared over a week ago. If you want to go into the blackmailing business with me as your partner, Mrs. Carmichael, we shall have to direct our efforts against another man."

"Who?"

"Ah! Don't you wish you knew?" cried Holton, lean-

ing back in his chair. "Now it is my turn. Ah, ha! We shall see what terms we can make."

He thought himself on top then, for he accepted Mrs. Carmichael for what she represented herself to be.

Little did he imagine that he was up against the shrewdest female sleuth in America!

Alice?

Why, of course!

CHAPTER VII.

BILLY GATES GETS HIMSELF INTO THE MADHOUSE.

While Young King Brady felt that Billy Gates was all wrong in going off in the automobile, Billy himself thought he was doing just the proper thing.

This was the way it came about:

When the auto came up to the Worth Monument and stopped the old man in the linen duster leaned out and looking towards Billy, said:

"If you are William Gates, come here."

Billy stepped up alongside of the automobile.

"You are not the man I expected to meet," he said. "I have nothing to say to you."

The man, who was a rough-looking old man, leaned forward and whispered close to Billy's ear.

"Hist, boy! Say nothing. I am Old King Brady in disguise. Get in and come with me."

And recognizing the voice, and now, as he looked more closely, feeling that he could recognize the man, what was there for Billy to do but to obey?

So he got into the automobile.

Once when they were passing under the elevated railroad his companion spoke.

"I can't talk on account of the chauffeur," he whispered in Billy's ear. "The case has changed. I am going into the private lunatic asylum in which your boss was and I want you to go with me. I shall look out and see that no harm comes to you. Are you game for this?"

"Yes," breathed Billy.

And that was the last word said during all that long ride.

Was Billy mistaken?

Was the man with the duster really Old King Brady?

Billy had reason to doubt it when the end of the journey finally came.

They rounded up at the porter's lodge, which Harry was to discover later.

The chauffeur jumped out and touched an electric bell. Immediately a colored man came out of the lodge and looked through the bars of the gate.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" he said to the chauffeur. "De doctor is in de lodge. He wants to see that old feller before you go in. Get out, boss, and come in de front way."

There was another door to the lodge which opened on the road.

The man with the duster got out and advanced towards it.

At once the door was opened by a man, whose face was so in the shadows that Billy could not see what he looked like.

A few words were spoken and the man with the duster went inside, whereupon the door was closed.

Instantly the colored man opened the gate, which moved noiselessly upon well-oiled hinges.

"Go on in," he said, and the auto, passing the gate, went flying up a tree-lined road.

It did not look right to Billy.

Still he felt sure that he had been dealing with Old King Brady.

Just the same it worried him.

He wished that the old detective might have gone in with him.

His doubts and fears were not allayed when the end came, as will be seen.

But it did not come just then.

They ran on until they came upon a group of low bungalows standing about among the trees.

The machine stopped before the largest, the door of which immediately opened and a young coon stepped out on the porch.

"Mistah Gates!" he exclaimed.

"That's me," replied Billy.

"Orders am dat yo's to come into de 'ception room an' wait fo' de doctah," said the coon. "Dis way, sah, ef yo' please."

He was so polite that for the moment Billy's fears were quieted.

He followed the coon into a neatly-furnished reception room, where he was left alone.

There was but one door to the room and several windows.

Billy tried the door and found it unfastened. He could see that the windows were in the same condition.

And this went a long way towards allaying the boy's fears.

"Old King Brady will come in a few minutes and set everything right," he said to himself.

But Old King Brady did not come.

Instead, in a few minutes, there came a sleek, pompous, elderly man with closely-cropped whiskers and a moustache.

He wore a black dress suit and a white tie.

As he entered he stood for a minute, surveying Billy Gates in silence.

Then he pointed to a chair and said in a balmy tone:

"Oh, sit down, Mr. Gates! Make yourself at home. I wish to have a few words with you."

Billy dropped back in his chair.

Doing the detective act did not seem so easy now.

He wondered where Old King Brady was.

He hoped that he was going to handle himself right in the presence of this man.

"I am Dr. Featherton," said the man, taking a seat between Billy and the door.

He fumbled in his pocket and produced a letter, which Billy at once recognized as the one he had written at Old King Brady's dictation.

The doctor held it up, saying:

"Do you recognize this letter, Mr. Gates?"

"Now look here," said Billy, "I don't know you. I didn't come there to the Worth Monument to talk with anyone but Mr. Sloan."

"Exactly," replied the doctor. "Let me explain. I keep a sanatorium here. A place of refuge for the worn-out brainworker. Mr. Sloan is in that condition. Just now he is in my charge. I have entire control of his affairs, even to examining his mail. Hence your letter, instead of reaching him, fell into my hands."

Billy was silent, for the excellent reason that he could not think what answer to make.

"I have read the letter," continued the doctor, "and I must confess that I don't understand its contents. It looks like blackmail. Was it so intended?"

Billy began to wish he was out of it.

"I want to see Mr. Sloan," he said. "I can't talk to anyone but him."

"You were formerly Mr. Sloan's clerk, were you not?"

"I was."

"He discharged you, as I understand it?"

"Yes."

"And you accuse him of personating his cousin, is that it?"

"If you read the letter I don't need to answer."

"Ha!" said the doctor. "Well put. This is—er—this is serious business, Mr. Gates. If what you intimate is true then my patient is not really the man known as Silent Sloan, but a big fraud. Now—er—now I can help you, young man. I—er—I will confess, seeing that we have no witnesses, that—er—that, like yourself, I am out for all I can make. If what you claim is true then we have got this man, who calls himself Silent Sloan, where the hair is short. We can squeeze him. Ha! Yes, we can squeeze him. Money should be the result. Some for you, some for me. Why not let us get together. Ha! That's the idea. Let us get together—see?"

This kind of talk bothered Billy more than that which had preceded it.

He really did not know what to say.

But something had to be said, and his answer was:

"I don't know just what to say to you, doctor, but the idea is I am out for the stuff. If you can show me how to get it, well and good."

"Good!" cried the doctor. "You speak sensibly. I also am out for the stuff. If you are disposed to follow my advise you will let me send this letter to my patient; give him time to read it, and then you follow. He is not dangerous at all. Just nervous. Talk to him. Get him to commit himself and make you promises. I think we shall be able to attend to the rest. Oh, yes! I—er—I am quite certain that we shall be able to attend to the rest."

And still no Old King Brady.

But Billy continued to believe that he had made no mistake.

"Perhaps it was a part of the old detective's plan to get this crooked doctor to commit himself," he thought.

If so, then probably Old King Brady would turn up at the right moment.

Billy saw no other way than to chime in with Dr. Featherton's crooked schemes, and he said as much.

"Good," replied the doctor. "You remain here and I will take this letter to Mr. Sloan."

He arose and departed, leaving the door partly open behind him.

And this went a long way to help Billy to believe that all was going right.

Perhaps he would not have been so sure if he could have looked out on the porch where the negro stood, revolver in hand, evidently on the watch.

But Billy did not know this, and he rested content until the doctor's return, which was in about ten minutes.

Indeed he congratulated himself that he had acted pretty shrewdly after all.

And the doctor's first remarks convinced him that he was right.

"By jove, boy, you came up against me at a good time!" he exclaimed. "I have the man so scared that he is ready to consent to any old thing. Come with me. I think a few minutes' talk with you will settle the business."

And Billy followed him in perfect confidence.

They went through a long hall and passed out into the grounds.

Crossing these they came upon another bungalow which stood near a picket fence.

Billy could see the Hudson through the palings.

The doctor led on into this bungalow and opened a door in the rear.

The room behind was dark.

"How!" exclaimed Dr. Featherton. "Who turned out the gas? Wait till I get a match to light up here."

He stepped behind Billy.

Then came the awakening.

Suddenly the doctor gave him a violent push.

In addition he gave him a fearful kick.

Alas, for poor Billy's self-satisfaction!

It was all taken out of the boy when he found himself flying through that dark doorway.

He fell sprawling.

Instantly the door was slammed shut and he heard the key turned in the lock.

Billy was furious.

He jumped up and turned towards the door.

He was going to pound upon it and demand to be let out.

To his horror, when his hands came in contact with the door, he found it moving upward, as he fancied.

But instantly the truth dawned upon him.

It was not the door moving up, but the floor moving down.

And it was taking Billy with it!

So noiseless was the movement that he could not hear a sound.

"Great Scott! I'm up against it!" gasped the boy. "It was all a plot! It couldn't have been Old King Brady after all. We are dealing with a slicker bunch than we knew."

He looked down, for a light was coming into view below.

The moving floor had almost reached the end of its journey.

After a few seconds it grounded with a slight bump.

A grated door stood open and in the doorway was the civil negro, holding a lantern in one hand and a revolver in the other.

"Ah, howdy, Mistah Gates!" he exclaimed, with a

chuckle. "So yo' has come down into mah house, have yer? Ise boss down hyar. Yo' jest trot along."

Furious though he was, Billy had sense enough not to protest.

He stepped through the door, the negro giving him a shove as he did so.

"Don't push me!" flashed Billy. "You can do your work without that!"

"G'wan, g'wan!" cried the negro. "G'wan, till yo' come to a do' what's open, then go inside. It's de bridal chamber. Ha! Ha! Yo' come to yo' senses now, hey? Wat yo' take us for hyar? Lot of fools? Anybuddy kin see what yo' be, nuffin but a tramp."

Billy stalked ahead in silence.

The passage was not a long one.

In a few seconds he came to the open door.

It led into a narrow, cell-like room, where there was only a cot-bed and a chair.

Then Billy got another push, and the door which had a grating in its upper panel was slammed upon him.

Poor Billy!

He was a prisoner in a private madhouse.

If he could believe what he had heard he was in the power of a bold, unscrupulous man.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN WHO CAME DOWN THE PIPE.

Harry turned his flashlight upon the man in the automobile.

It was Old King Brady, calmly smoking a cigar.

"Why, hello, Harry!" he exclaimed in a low voice. "I thought you would turn up after awhile, and here you are. Get in here and sit down. I want to have a talk."

"But whatever brought you here?" demanded Harry, as he climbed into the auto.

"Came in the other automobile with your friend Gates."

"Oh! That is why he got in so promptly?"

"Yes; I told him to get in. He obeyed me. I am afraid he wishes now that he hadn't."

"How did it come about? Is he in trouble?"

"One question at a time. He is in the clutches of this Dr. Featherton, who is certainly a perfectly unscrupulous man. It would not surprise me if he intended to kill him, but I really don't see what we can do about it unless we want to ruin our case."

"He is a sharp enough fellow. He will be able to look out for himself perhaps."

"It is to be hoped so. Now, as to how it came about. It is rather a long story, but one that has to be told. Have a cigar?"

"Isn't there danger of the lights of our cigars being seen?"

"A little, perhaps. Still I don't think there is enough to make it worth while to worry. Light up. We have to get together on this situation before we can decide what is to be done."

Harry lighted his cigar, and Old King Brady proceeded:

"I went to Sloan's office after we parted. Found things in queer shape. Sloan has disappeared. Is supposed to be in a sanatorium. A man named Henry Parmenter has turned up and taken possession of the business under a power of attorney, purporting to be signed by Sloan. One Lamb, bookkeeper for Sloan, doubts the genuineness of the signature. So do I. Parmenter came up on the elevator while I was talking to Lamb and I had a good look at him. I should have said then by his appearance alone that there was no doubt about his being a crook. Now I know that I was right."

"Well! And you managed to get in with him?"

"Wait; that's coming now, and it came about by one of those strokes of luck which sometimes blow our way. Remember Bat Reilly?"

"The strong-arm man?"

"Yes."

"Certainly. You swore to arrest him on sight for his connection with the Bartlett case."

"Exactly; but the Bartlett case having been taken out of our hands by that rascally lawyer, I am not particularly anxious to arrest the fellow. Anyhow, it all came around just right. Reilly is afraid of me and at the same time he does not particularly dislike me, for once, some years ago, I did him a good turn. But to my streak of luck: While I stood waiting for the elevator, who should step off of it but Reilly. He was scared when he saw me, but he pretended not to know me and walked right by. I watched him, and when I saw that he was about to enter Sloan's office I gave him the call."

"To which he promptly responded?"

"Yes. I went for him and found out that he had been sent to this man Parmenter by Jimmy Daveny."

"Ah, ha! The Tombs' lawyer who furnishes strong-arm men to order."

"Exactly. He had a letter from Daveny to Parmenter. Well, I bought him off and he promptly departed. Fixing up this disguise, I came back to Sloan's office and presented my letter. He grumbled about my being an older man than he wanted, but finally he engaged me."

"For what?"

"Listen! I am coming to that. He said that he did not want me personally, but for a friend. He would not say what for and I did not consider it worth while to press him. I was told to report at a certain garage on West Fifty-third street at nine o'clock, where I would receive instructions. When I got there a chauffeur handed me a letter from Parmenter. It was to the effect that we were to go to the Worth Monument at ten, and I was to tackle Gates and get him into the automobile, even if I had to knock him out. As you saw, I got him. The chauffeur brought us here. When we hit the porter's lodge I was told that the doctor wanted to see me. I went into the lodge and had a talk with him. His make-up was somewhat different, but he is Parmenter all right."

"Of course he could not fool you."

"Well, it is not so easy to fool a man of my long experience. He told me I was too old and wouldn't suit. Gave me twenty-five dollars and the bounce came with it. Satisfied that you must have trailed us I looked for

your automobile, found it, and here I am, but unfortunately poor Gates is in the clutches of Dr. Featherton."

"Then your good luck turned out to amount to nothing after all."

"You can hardly say that since it has shown me that this Dr. Featherton, under a false name and a power of attorney, probably forged, is in possession of Sloan's affairs."

"True. There is that side of it."

"Meanwhile, where is Sloan?"

"In the Tombs."

"I am speaking of the Sloan the world recognizes. Don't try to confuse me, boy."

"I beg your pardon. But what is to be done? I have been prowling about here. There is no one big building behind that wall; just a number of small bungalows. I don't see how we can possibly get in there secretly."

Old King Brady lighted a fresh cigar and remained for some time pondering.

"We will have to give it up for to-night," he said at last. "I have put Alice on a trail—that fellow, Holton, you know."

"Yes, yes. She'll be able to work that all right."

"Probably; but you are partial, like all lovers. Your long devotion to Alice makes you too ready to jump at conclusions."

"Thank you."

"Now don't be offended. I am merely stating facts. But in any case I think it will be best to see Alice before we make a move on this doctor, for we may interfere with her plans."

"And in the meantime, suppose Dr. Featherton does up Billy Gates?"

"He must take his chances. It is exceedingly unlikely that he will kill him offhand. Come, let us go home."

"Governor, do you know I hate to leave that poor fellow here without making at least an effort to get him out of the fix which we have deliberately led him into."

"I don't blame you at all for feeling that way, Harry, but what can we do?"

"Let us get busy around the wall again and see if there isn't some way in which we can sneak in there."

"But you found none."

"I only looked on two sides. Suppose ye try the other side and the river end of the grounds?"

"Well, all right, if it will be any satisfaction to you I don't mind."

"It will be a great satisfaction to me."

"Come on, then. Which side did you go on?"

"To the left. I can't say that I examined the front wall with the care I should have done."

"We will make a thorough search. I should not object at all to getting an inside view of this so-called Claverack House."

"I wonder why they call it Claverack House when, instead of one house, there are several."

"The chauffeur explained that to me before we started away from the garage. It seems that there originally was one big house, but it was destroyed by fire a few years ago and the bungalows were built in its place."

They now left the automobile and began their work.

The porter's lodge they gave a wide berth, but examined the wall and the gate.

To scale the wall without a ladder was certainly impossible and the gate was securely locked.

They next now went down along the right-hand wall to its end at the river bank.

It was without a break and equally high with the wall in front.

"There has been a lot of money spent here," observed Old King Brady. "That wall alone cost a large sum. But let us go down on the shore. It will not be difficult here."

They climbed down the bank and walked along the narrow strip of beach.

On top of the bank here a high picket fence took the place of the wall.

The bank had been cut down straight, with the evident intent of making it impossible for anyone to climb it.

"And from the top of that fence our condemned man claims to have dived," said Old King Brady. "If the water is any way shallow here it is a wonder he did not break his neck."

The words were scarcely uttered when a man's head suddenly popped up out of the water, not three feet from where Old King Brady stood.

"Oh!" he gasped. "And after all I have been through."

He made a move as though to duck down again, but then seeming to change his mind he rose up in the water, and a most astonishing-looking object he proved to be.

A tall man, wasted to a skeleton, with a thick mat of tangled white hair, now, on account of the water, hanging limply down to his shoulders.

He wore simply pajamas of peculiar make, as near as the Bradys could determine, and was barefooted.

The jacket was green and the trousers had one red leg and one yellow one.

He stepped ashore and staggered towards the detectives.

"If you have been sent by Dr. Featherton to take me, do so now," he said in a dismal voice. "I am too weak to put up a fight."

"Nothing of the sort, friend," replied Old King Brady. "You are an escapee from this private madhouse. We are your friends."

"I am. I have been for months working on a hole which admitted me to the private sewer draining this place. To-night I was able to get into it, and at the risk of my life I came through."

"You need not fear us, friend. We are detectives—see?"

Old King Brady displayed his shield.

"Oh!" exclaimed the man in a tone of immense relief. "Are you working against the scoundrel who conducts this place?"

"Indirectly—yes. But you are suffering. You will get your death here."

"I am a dying man, anyway, I fear. I have been made a subject for that wretch to experiment on. You see the condition to which it has reduced me. For fear that I might escape he has made me dress as you see me for over a year now. That these garments would make any-

one to whom I might appeal believe me a lunatic was his idea."

"What is your name?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Isaac Carus," was the reply. "I belong in Denver, Colo. I am an architect and builder. I accumulated a fortune, and about three years ago was foolish enough to marry a young woman. My wife persuaded me to come to New York, and once there she had me declared a lunatic. I was brought here and have been here ever since. I am perfectly sane, sir, I assure you. Not once have I heard from any of my people since I was brought to Dr. Featherton's. I have no doubt that my death has been announced long ago and that my wife is now enjoying my wealth. Help me if you can, gentlemen, and I shall see you well paid."

"We will help you, of course," replied Old King Brady. "As for the pay part, it is not to be considered. We have an automobile here and we will take you where you shall be properly cared for, but first tell me something. To-night a young man has been taken into Dr. Featherton's establishment. He is in the doctor's way and he fears him. Do you suppose there is any chance that Dr. Featherton will kill him outright, or will he keep him to experiment on as he did you?"

"The last, most assuredly, if I know the man, and I think I ought to. He is mad on the subject of drug experiments, gentlemen. I will not deny that he is a learned and intelligent man. That there are other victims in the place upon whom he has worked as he has worked on me, I have no doubt."

"And yet you do not positively know it?"

"No; but believe me, it is true. I have been dosed and drugged until the only wonder is I am alive at all."

"We will help you right now, Mr. Carus," said the old detective. "Our young man must take his chances—come!"

It was easier to say it than for the unfortunate man to comply, for he was so weak that he could scarcely walk.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the Bradys got him to the automobile, where they wrapped a lap robe around him and with all speed carried him to the house of a Tarrytown physician, whom Old King Brady knew.

On the way the detectives questioned him about Silent Sloan.

But nothing came of it.

The unfortunate man had been kept isolated from all other patients and knew no one in the sanatorium.

"Well, Harry, there is one point gained by this adventure at all events," said the old detective when they finally found themselves on their way homeward.

"What is that?" inquired Harry.

"Why a way of getting in behind that wall if the doctor don't close it up on us before we get ready to use it."

"What! Do you propose to get under water and work your way up a sewer pipe? That man is a swimmer, according to his own story. You are not, and——"

"Nonsense!" broke in Old King Brady. "We don't have to do anything of that sort. What's the matter with cutting a hole into the sewer further up the bank and starting in above the water. Didn't Carus tell us that the water only runs in a few feet?"

"Excuse me," laughed Harry. "I think we will try it

some other way. The real point gained is the knowledge that for the present, at least, Billy Gates is probably safe."

CHAPTER IX.

BILLY GATES FINDS PLENTY OF WORK.

Although the work of the Bradys during the day which had now closed was not altogether to their taste they had still learned a lot, and all doubt in the mind of the old detective that the Silent Sloan in the Tombs was the real Silent Sloan had now been removed.

But there was little satisfaction for poor Billy Gates in this.

He put in a most strenuous night, and yet it was not without its interest, too; it was certainly lively enough.

The amiable coon had no sooner departed than Billy began to pull himself together.

He had been caught napping and the thought made him furious, for to tell the truth he had been greatly taken with the idea of doing detective work and assisting the famous Bradys.

"If I could only make my escape," thought Billy, "we would have a big stick to use on this rascal of a doctor, and my slip might turn out to be a real benefit after all."

Then Billy Gates got to work.

Fortune favored him at the start.

He had plenty of matches. Lighting one, he began an examination of the door of his prison.

He was not long on discovering that it was simply secured by an ordinary night latch.

Billy had small hands and he tried to get one of them between the bars of the grating, hoping to be able to reach the latch.

In this he failed, and then began a study of the bars.

They were thin iron rods, set in holes bored in the wood.

A bright idea seized Billy.

He had not been searched, probably because, owing to his trampish appearance, Dr. Featherton imagined he had nothing about him worth looking after.

And this was practically true, but just the same Billy did have a jackknife, and with this he got busy cutting away the wood at the base of one of the bars.

It was just soft pine, and in a few moments Billy had exposed the bar.

He gave it a yank and out it came.

There was no trouble in reaching the latch now, and in a few seconds Billy stepped out into the corridor.

"Good start!" he muttered. "I may get out of this snap with flying colors yet."

He struck another match and hurried to the grated door at the other end of the passage.

It was just the same style of door as the one he had left behind him.

Billy did the cutting-away trick again and the result was he found himself outside of this door in a few minutes.

The elevator or movable floor was before him. Just beyond was a flight of stairs.

Listening, and hearing nothing, Billy struck another match and groped his way to the top.

They took him to the main floor of the bungalow.

There was a door at each end of the broad hall and four others, two on a side.

The hall was lighted by a hanging lamp.

Pausing to listen and hearing nothing, Billy tried his luck with the front and rear doors.

But the luck was no luck, for both were securely fastened.

The side doors now claimed attention.

The bungalow was but a one-story building, so the only chance of escape seemed to be by the side windows.

The first door Billy tried opened into a neatly-furnished bedroom.

This door was not fastened and it was the same with the one beyond, which also opened upon a bedroom.

Billy now tried it on the other side, for the windows of both these rooms were barred.

This door was secured by two bolts, which were shot.

"There is probably somebody in here," thought Billy. "I must go slow."

He cautiously drew the bolts and opened the door.

It was just such a room as the others.

A hanging lamp burned low and by its light Billy could see a man lying in bed.

He was about to close the door and beat a retreat when suddenly the man opened his eyes, raised his head and looked at him.

It gave Billy a decided jolt when he recognized the face of "Silent Sloan."

But of course it could not be the man he had left in the Tombs.

Therefore it must be the one who had robbed Billy's old boss of his name and place.

These thoughts flashed quickly through the boy's brain and he stood motionless, hardly knowing what to do, for the face before him was a frightened face. It seemed evident that the man was in great distress.

"Who are you?" he demanded in a trembling voice. "Are you another victim—say?"

"I am, Mr. Sloan," replied Billy, his detective instinct now aroused.

He saw that the man did not recognize him.

It seemed a good time to pick up points.

"You know me?" demanded Sloan, as we shall call him, sitting up in bed.

"I certainly do," replied Billy, advancing into the room and closing the door.

"I must work quick," he thought. "If I am caught here it's all up with me."

"But who are you? If you are a victim of that scoundrel Featherton—"

"Which I just told you I am. I was captured to-night. One of his coons locked me up downstairs. I managed to get out and came up here. That's my story, Mr. Sloan."

"But who are you? How does it happen that you know me? Your face is familiar to me, boy, but I can't place you."

"Remember Billy Gates?"

"Ha! I know you now."

Sloan fell back on the pillow and the tears came into his eyes.

He was evidently in a fearfully weak condition.

Not for an instant did Billy imagine that the tears were shed for him.

"I thought you would know when I mentioned my name," he said. "What's the matter with you? Are you sick?"

"Sick. I should say so. But listen! You mean to escape?"

"If I can, you bet."

"Will you take me with you? I am very weak. I don't know whether I can walk or riot, but I'll tell you something. I know where there is a ladder. If we can climb the wall and get down on the other side we may escape from this fiend, but how to get out of this house is the question. We have to find out that first."

"I think I know a way," said Billy, who had been taking in the bars at the window. It may take a little time, but I think I can work out if I try. But why should I take you with me, Mr. Sloan? You gave me the bounce; since then everything has gone wrong with me. I came down to being practically a tramp. I feel that I owe all my troubles to you."

The man on the bed groaned.

"I wish now I never had discharged you," he said weakly.

"Still I might help you," continued Billy. "What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

Again Sloan raised himself in the bed.

"Young man," he said, "you don't realize what you are up against. This Dr. Featherton is a fiend—do you hear me? A fiend! He has made me a prisoner here and has been practicing on me with different drugs. He will end by putting me out of business. Worse than that, Billy Gates, I have every reason to believe that he is trying to steal all my property. He will surely drug you when he gets around to it and you will be reduced to the fearful condition in which you find me now. If you really do know of a way to get out of this bungalow, get busy, take me with you and you shall have your old job back again at a bigger salary. I——"

"Hold on!" broke in Billy. "Not so fast! We must come to an understanding first. I think I know all about you, Mister. I think, too, that you deserve all you are getting."

"Boy, what do you mean?"

"Just this. You are a great big fraud. You are no more Thompson J. Sloan than I am, much as you look like him. My old boss is now in the Tombs, condemned to death, and it is you who put him there!"

Billy spoke rapidly and with fierce earnestness.

The answer was another groan.

"And this Dr. Featherton helped you to do it," continued Billy. "It was all a put-up job. Probably you murdered the boss' wife, too. I guess you deserve all you are getting."

"Stop! Stop!" cried the man in the bed. "Don't say another word! I can only hope that you get your dose! It will serve you right. But even if you get out of this house you can never get off the place without my help.

I know where there is a ladder, but I am not going to tell you, Billy Gates."

"Think twice about that, Mister. See here, I'll make a bargain with you. Swear that you will confess all and save Mr. Sloan and I'll help you if I can."

"Are you mad?" cried the man fiercely. "Even if I was what you say, would I be likely to put myself in the electric chair? Don't be a fool!"

"I'm not saying anything about the murder," said Billy. "I'm talking about the other part."

"Nonsense!"

"All right. I'll travel on."

"Wait!"

"What for?"

"Let me think."

"What good will that do?"

"Patience. My head is all in a whirl."

Billy waited.

At last the man in the bed, who had covered his face with both hands, removed them.

"I think I see a way," he said. "Is there anybody in this house besides ourselves?"

"I don't know. I have been in all the rooms but the one next to this. I haven't seen anyone."

"I don't know whether to believe you or not, Gates. This may be only a trick to do me further harm, but I shall die if I stay here, so something must be done. Help me to escape and I promise to see to it that the man now in the Tombs goes free."

"How long is it since the doctor turned on you?"

"I don't know exactly. I have lost the run of time, but I should think it must be as much as two weeks."

"As for your promise it amounts to nothing. However, I will see what I can do to get free and to take you with me. But you must first admit that you are not Thompson J. Sloan."

There was another moment of hesitation and then the man in the bed blurted out:

"Well, I do admit it. Are you satisfied now?"

"As near satisfied as I can be, I suppose. Now I'll get to work."

"What do you propose to do?"

"To cut out these window bars."

"It will take you forever, unless you have a hammer and chisel."

"I've got a good, sharp jackknife and it's a big one. I'm getting to work now, so don't talk. I want to give my whole attention to my job."

Billy threw up the sash and examined the bars.

They were just iron rods, but little bigger than the ones in the grated doors.

Billy started to split the window-sill.

It was a slow task, but the boy was handy with tools and he stuck at it.

"Look here," he said in about ten minutes, "I'm going to win out on this. Don't you think you better be getting into your clothes?"

"Why I have no clothes," was the reply. "He has taken them from me. The best I can do is to wrap the bedclothes about me. I haven't even got my shoes."

"All right. I'll give you a hand, but if you can't walk what am I to do? Carry you?"

"I must try to walk, but even if we get over the wall I don't see how I am going to get anywhere, for I certainly shall not be able to walk far. Ha! Have you actually done it?"

A splitting sound was heard.

"You bet I've done it!" cried Billy, triumphantly, and he pulled away a piece of the window-sill.

It was easy to get three of the bars out now.

The opening thus formed was quite sufficient to admit the passage of a man.

CHAPTER X.

ALICE GETS IN AT "CLAVERACK HOUSE."

Alice sat looking at Mr. Horatio Holton as the hotel proprietor sprung his surprise.

"If what you say is true," she remarked, "I fail to see how it makes any difference to us."

"It makes all the difference in the world, Mrs. Carmichael. Can't you see that?"

"No, I can't. We were discussing how to blackmail this man who calls himself Silent Sloan. If another blackmailer has jumped in ahead of us, why what we have to do is to blackmail the blackmailer. The only difference is that we display our talent to another man."

"Listen!" said Holton. "In a way, do you know, I have taken a big fancy to you. I am admitting nothing, of course. But for argument's sake let us assume that all you say is true and that I was paid to testify against this condemned man. Few people under such circumstances are satisfied with what they get. Perhaps I am one of them. Perhaps I would like to get more. Let us assume that such is the case and put our heads together and see what means we can find to bring about the desired results."

"The case is simple. Are you on good terms with this Dr. Featherton, whom you believe to have got the false Thompson J. Sloan into his clutches?"

"The very best. He is a bold, dangerous man. He is also a very learned man in his way, and one not to be caught with guff. Now listen to my theory: One night when he had been drinking too much, and perhaps I had also, he confessed to me that he had certain patients in his sanatorium who were supposed to be dead, on whom he practiced with drugs, in the interest of a book on poisons and their effects which he is now writing. My theory is, for I believe he spoke the truth, that he is now using Sloan, as we shall still call him, for some such purpose. That is what we have to learn first of all. If it is so and can be proved, then we have him by the hip."

"It would take too much time. Besides, I don't just see how it can be brought about."

"I do. Listen! I saw him no later than this morning, for he spent the night at my hotel. He told me this morning that he was looking for a trained nurse to act as his assistant. One who for good pay—he mentioned

four times the usual salary—would keep her mouth shut and do special work for him. That work I believe to be nothing less than to take care of his drugged victims. If you were only a trained nurse now——"

"Well?"

"I could get you the job. You are smart enough to soon get the information we want. Once you have the evidence I can invite him to spend the night with me and then we will spring it on him—see?"

"I can be back here with a trained nurse's certificate inside of an hour."

"Is it really so?"

"It is, I assure you."

"Then that is surely what we want to do, Mrs. Carmichael. How does it strike you?"

It struck Alice that it might be a good beginning, at any rate.

But the necessity of quick work in order to save the condemned man had to be considered.

"We don't want to make this a long-drawn-out business," she said. "First thing you know the man in the Tombs will be ordered to execution, then our hold over the doctor is not so strong, it seems to me."

"Yes, but if we can get the other Silent Sloan out of his clutches we can make terms with him."

"That's true. Well, Mr. Holton, I'm game to try it."

"Good enough; and something tells me we shall win. Do you know I am rather glad, on the whole, that I ran up against you. We are about of one way of thinking. I believe we would make a great team if we can get hold of a big pot of money. In the hotel business there is unlimited chances for blackmail."

Alice assented to this, and as a natural consequence a flirtation began.

She let Holton go just so far and then promptly cut him short.

Alice took him back to the Bancroft in her automobile, and there they separated with an appointment for her to call early the next morning, ready to undertake the somewhat dangerous commission of going to Dr. Featherton's as a nurse.

Holton promised in the meanwhile to communicate with the doctor by telephone and arrange for her reception.

Alice got back to the office, feeling rather proud of her success.

Naturally she was anxious to tell the story to her partners, but the chance did not come until the following morning, when she called upon the Bradys while they were at breakfast, having learned over the telephone that they had returned home at an early hour that morning.

A grand comparison of notes was the order of the day then.

"You have done splendidly," said Old King Brady. "There is no reason why this business should not be brought to a head at once. I have no doubt that all your man Holton has told you about Dr. Featherton is true. We hold an affidavit from this Carus, sworn to before me as a notary public, as to the treatment he received at Claverack House. That alone is sufficient ground on which to arrest Dr. Featherton. The point is to pounce on him suddenly, otherwise he may slip through our

fingers, and I think that can be arranged. You go right ahead, Alice. Pick up all the points you can."

"But the one ground you have not covered, Alice, is the murder of Mrs. Sloan," remarked Harry. "We are no nearer learning the truth on that important point than we were before, it seems to me."

"It is not to be expected," said Old King Brady, emphatically. "The murderer hardly could have killed the woman in the presence of witnesses. We shall not learn the truth about that until we have Sloan, second, as we may call this man, who has vanished, actually under arrest. Probably he is the guilty party unless, indeed, it was Holton himself who shot the woman."

"I don't believe that," added Alice. "Bad as Holton's record is, he did not act to me like the guilty one in this instance. But tell me, Mr. Brady, when do you expect to raid Claverack House?"

"Towards midnight."

"To-night?"

"Yes."

"Do you propose to go in through that sewer?"

"Such is my present idea, but I must have another talk with Mr. Carus first. The man was in no condition to be questioned closely as to details when I left him. I shall get up to Tarrytown right away, after breakfast."

Alice kept her appointment with Holton, which was to take breakfast with him at the Bancroft.

She exhibited her nurse's certificate and he informed her that he had talked with Dr. Featherton over the telephone and everything was arranged.

Holton seemed to have no suspicion of the truth.

Breakfast over, Alice started for Claverack House, modestly dressed and with such belongings as a trained nurse would be likely to take with her.

When she rang the bell at the porter's lodge and presented Mr. Holton's card, she was at once admitted and she walked up the tree-lined avenue to the nearest bungalow, where Dr. Featherton met her at the door.

His questions were searching ones, but Alice has done the trained nurse act many times before and had come perfectly prepared for all this sort of thing.

Thus she was able to successfully pass the ordeal.

"And now, Mrs. Carmichael, as to the nature of your work," said Dr. Featherton, after the preliminaries had been settled, "it is necessary for you to understand that I am engaged in scientific studies, which makes it essential that I should test the use of certain drugs upon the human system. Your work will be to assist me, and nothing else. Most of my operations in this line are undertaken at night; hence, during the day, you will have nothing to do but to take what sleep you need to enable you to remain up until all hours at night, and to amuse yourself as best you can."

"I think I understand," replied Alice. "And when am I to begin?"

"To-night, if you will."

"I am ready. I have come prepared to stay."

This seemed to please the doctor.

He called an elderly woman, whom he introduced as Mrs. Hall, the housekeeper, and Alice was placed in her charge.

A long, dreary afternoon followed.

Alice did not attempt to sleep, for she wanted to improve every instant.

From the housekeeper she could learn nothing, but along towards evening she managed to pick up a point on her own account.

It was just at dusk and Alice was walking alone on the grounds, which were very tastefully laid out.

She had avoided any conversation with the patients, some of whom were allowed to use the grounds freely, by the doctor's particular request.

Just now she had been down near the gate and she was standing near a clump of shrubbery, when she saw a man come out of the porter's lodge and start in the direction of the doctor's private bungalow, in which Alice's room was located.

As the man drew nearer Alice recognized him as a certain private detective for whom the Bradys had the utmost contempt, well knowing him to be a grafter and all-round fraud.

More with an idea of avoiding a meeting lest he might recognize her than for any other reason, Alice stepped behind the shrubbery to let him pass.

But the detective did not pass.

He came up to the clump of bushes and, halting, lighted a cigar and then began pacing up and down.

Alice was just about to go further off into the grounds and thus avoid the man, when she saw the doctor sauntering down from the bungalow.

It was the first she had seen of him since their meeting in the morning, and she understood from the housekeeper that he had been in town all day.

Evidently he had been telephoned from the porter's lodge and was now coming to meet this detective half-way.

And they met right abreast of this clump of shrubbery. Devoutly hoping that she might not be discovered, Alice waited.

"Well, Mac," said the doctor, "so you got busy, I suppose? What did you learn?"

"I'm afraid you won't be satisfied, doctor," replied the detective. "I did not succeed in definitely locating him, but I am morally certain that he is in Tarrytown at the house of Dr. Taylor."

"So? What makes you think it?"

"Answer me a question first. You have heard of the Brady detectives, of course?"

"Why certainly. Everybody knows the Bradys by reputation."

"They were seen passing through Tarrytown at a late hour last night in an automobile."

"Ha! Anyone with them?"

"No."

"From which direction were they coming?"

"From the direction of Dr. Taylor's house, which would also be from this direction. But that is not all. Old King Brady came up to Tarrytown on the train this morning and called at Dr. Taylor's."

"He did, eh? Anything else?"

"Yes. Late last night, after your automobile came up from New York, a young man who carried a detective's shield was seen prowling about here outside the wall. I believe him to have been Young King Brady."

"Seen by whom?"

"By a tramp, who lives in a sort of cave over in the woods beyond the wall. That's all, Doc. I believe that the Bradys got your escaped patient and took him to Dr. Taylor's. I shall keep right at it. Probably by to-morrow I shall have something definite to report."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Dr. Featherton said with a calmness which Alice could not but admire:

"Come with me, Mac, I will show you how he got out. It may be that these detectives will try to get in the same way to-night. If so, the matter rests in your hands, and you must devote yourself to that and nothing else. But mind you, personally I don't believe your story. My theory is that the poor wretch was drowned, for he was not only very weak but perfectly insane. All the same, you may be right. I am leaving the loophole open as a trap to catch anyone who may have assisted him. Should anyone come, Bradys or anyone else, it is up to you to see that they are balked. There is but one thing to do, and that is to shoot to kill."

"You can trust me for that, Doc," replied the man coolly. "I should not object at all to putting Old King Brady out of business, if only the job can't be traced back to me."

"I'll fix that," said the doctor. "Come!"

They hurried away together.

"Good gracious! This is a bad state of affairs," thought Alice. "If I could only warn them."

She hurried back to the bungalow as fast as she could, hoping to be able to get an opportunity to use the doctor's telephone.

But the doctor's office door was locked, and without asking for the help of the housekeeper it would be impossible to get at the telephone, and that was not to be thought of.

So Alice could only remain patient, trusting to the Bradys to look out for themselves.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEAD MAN IN THE WOODS.

The detective Alice had seen in the company of Dr. Featherton was one Jim McAliney, and when he stated that Old King Brady visited Dr. Taylor's house at Tarrytown that morning he told the truth.

It was at this doctor's that the old detective had left the unfortunate Mr. Carus the night before.

Upon his arrival Old King Brady was fortunate enough to find Dr. Taylor in his office, although it was not his usual hour.

"That man will probably survive," said the doctor, in answer to the old detective's questions. "He seems to have a wonderful constitution, and badly as it has been racked, I think he will pull through. This is a most rascally piece of business, however. That man Featherton is a disgrace to our profession. It will give me particular satisfaction to do anything I can to help you put him behind the bars."

"He would disgrace any profession," replied Old King Brady, "and if I could tell you the whole story, which I am not at liberty to do now, you would see that I am right. Can I see Mr. Carus?"

"I would prefer that you should not, Mr. Brady. He is resting quietly. He has had a fearful shock to both brain and body. Everything depends upon absolute quiet."

"I must bow to your decision, doctor. But listen! As I told you last night, I propose to arrest Dr. Featherton and I want to make a sure thing of it."

"I know. You remarked last night that you had some idea of using that sewer as a means of getting inside that wall."

"Yes. I wanted to get from Mr. Carus a full description——"

"I have it for you. I anticipated that and got full information from him this morning. You see I am as deeply interested in this matter as you are. Dr. Featherton is a member of my medical society. I have spoken to three of our principal officers. They are not only most indignant to think that one of our members should be guilty of the crimes you believe this man to have committed, but they are anxious to personally take a hand in his arrest and exposure as I am myself. Now I want to ask a favor of you, instead of working behind that wall with your detectives or police, take us along as your assistants. There will be three besides myself. Our president, vice-president and secretary. Believe me, Mr. Brady, that rascal will curl up like a caterpillar when he sees us. What do you say?"

"I accept," replied Old King Brady promptly. "Only thing is, don't go back on me; it will not do to make a miss."

"We shall be on hand at any cost," was the reply. "Now about this sewer. Carus declares that it was on a gentle slant up through the bank and is quite large enough for a man to get through easily. It passes directly under the bungalow in which he was confined. He worked in by raising the floor of the bathroom and working under it. The earth which he removed in an old tin pan he threw down the bathroom trap until he got enough out to make this unnecessary. The man seems to have had wonderful perseverance. He worked at night and restored the floor each time. He was formerly a miner, it seems."

"And knew his business? How did he get into the sewer?"

"By removing bricks. He claims that a man with a rubber suit can easily get through. I'll provide rubber suits for the whole bunch at my own expense if you will let me go along."

"That part is settled, doctor. Provide your suits. Meet us under the bank, say at eleven o'clock to-night, which is as early as we can work with safety. I do not propose to enter by the mouth of the sewer. That's a little too strenuous for an old man like me. I think we can cut into it where it strikes the bank without much difficulty, and that is my scheme."

"We can try it," said the doctor, "but it needs a pick and shovel. Do I provide those?"

"I'll attend to that. We may begin a little before eleven so as to get a start."

They talked further, arranging all details of their plan. Old King Brady then returned to New York.

His first intention was to visit the condemned man

that day and cheer him by reporting progress, but on second thought he concluded not to do so, as there seemed a good chance that the next day would see the end of the case.

Evening came.

It found the Bradys on the train for Tarrytown.

Old King Brady carried one oblong package and Harry another.

They contained a pick-ax and shovel.

At Tarrytown in a cigar store they gathered up another, which had been left for them by Dr. Taylor.

This contained a crowbar.

With this outfit at about quarter past ten the detectives started by a roundabout way for Claverack House.

They crossed the Hudson River Railroad tracks and started along the projecting point of land upon which the sanatorium was situated without having attracted any attention as far as they were aware.

Entering the strip of woods to the right of the wall they pushed on, keeping back some little distance from the wall itself.

They advanced cautiously, coming to a place where the undergrowth was quite thick.

Suddenly Harry laid his hand on the old detective's arm.

"Hist! A man lying on the ground!" he breathed.

"Where?"

"There! Don't you see? Right alongside that bunch of bushes."

"That's so! This must be investigated. He looks as if he was asleep."

Old King Brady laid down the shovel and crowbar which he had been carrying, and drawing his revolver, advanced with still greater caution.

But Harry, not willing that he should go alone, also dropped his load and pressed close behind.

The man was lying on his side with his back towards them.

In the uncertain light the Bradys had not been able to see him very distinctly, but as they drew nearer they discovered that he was wrapped in a bed quilt.

"A tramp! Asleep!" whispered Harry.

Old King Brady tiptoed to a position where he could see the face.

"His sleep is the sleep of death!" he exclaimed, throwing his flashlight upon the recumbent figure. "Why look, Harry! The false Silent Sloan!"

It was no one else!

He stooped and laid his hand upon the dead man's forehead.

It was icy cold.

"This man has been dead at least twenty-four hours," the old detective declared. "What can it mean?"

"It looks bad for Billy Gates!"

"It may have nothing to do with him. Do you imagine that Dr. Featherton killed this man and threw his corpse out here? Such a proposition is not to be entertained for a moment."

Old King Brady threw back the bed quilt.

There were only pajamas on the corpse.

The bed quilt was damp with dew. It was perfectly

evident that the body had been lying there since early evening at least.

"What do you propose to do?" demanded Harry at last.

"Nothing," replied Old King Brady. "That is nothing for the present. This is only an incident in this much complicated case. Let us proceed with our work just as though it had not come to our notice."

And drawing the bed quilt up over the dead man's head Old King Brady went back and got the bundles, and they again moved on.

Soon they came to the river.

"We will leave our bundles here," said the old detective. "It is first necessary to make sure that the coast is clear behind that fence."

It was well that they did so.

As they came in under the bank a man suddenly stood up behind a big rock which lay close to the water's edge.

"That's Old King Brady!" he cried.

He discharged a revolver, the shot flying close past the old detective's ear.

But Harry was as quick as he was and instantly fired. His aim was better.

With a cry of pain the fellow dropped his revolver and tottered against the rock.

"Let up on me!" he gasped. "I'm done for!"

"Why it's Jim McAliney!" cried Harry, darting forward and securing the detective's revolver.

"Handcuff him, Harry. We take no chances," said the old detective.

It was done.

"Now then, Jim, if you are on our side this is the time to prove it," said Old King Brady. "You were laying for us?"

"Sure."

"By Dr. Featherton's orders?"

"Sure. There was an escape last night and you were at the bottom of it, as you know."

"One escape or two?"

"Only one that I know anything about. What do you mean?"

"I think there were two."

"It might be. I'm not the only man who is working for Dr. Featherton. He don't tell all he knows."

"There was a boy brought in there last night. What can you tell us about him?" demanded Harry.

"Dunno nothing about him," was the reply, and the sudden arrival of the four doctors put an end to the questioning.

Explanations were in order, and they were made.

Then the Bradys, having gagged Detective McAliney to prevent his sounding the alarm, fell to their work.

They had been afraid at first that the shots might have been heard and that others would turn up, but no one appeared.

The breaking into the sewer proved a tiresome task, but shortly before midnight it was accomplished.

Meanwhile Dr. Taylor had attended to McAliney's arm and he pronounced the man in no danger.

The rubber coats were then donned and they entered the sewer, leaving McAliney tied up on the beach.

There was no real trouble in making their way into the bathroom of the bungalow, and leaving their rubber cov-

erings behind them, all hands passed out upon the grounds.

"There's the doctor's bungalow," said Dr. Taylor, pointing. "Lead the way, Mr. Brady. We want to make a quick finish to this business which has been so well begun. If Isaac Carus dies we will have this scoundrel in the electric chair.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

If Mr. Jeremiah Thompson Dybold, alias Silent Sloan, second, lay dead in the woods, what had become of Billy Gates?

This is a question which will naturally be asked by the reader and the answer must now be had.

The escape had been made as planned.

As was afterwards learned, Dybold, as we shall now call the false Silent Sloan, had been for some time living with Dr. Featherton as his guest.

Hence he was perfectly familiar with the premises and probably at the time he and his companion in crime were planning the great fraud which was perpetrated up, "Silent Sloan" Dybold little dreamed that the time would soon come when he also would find himself a victim of the scoundrel with whom he had become associated.

Having accomplished his purpose, Billy got the drug victim on his feet and, wrapping the bed quilt around him, they got out through the window and into the grounds.

Dybold led the way to the barn, in which he assured Billy a ladder, long enough to help them over the wall, would be found.

It required some ingenuity to get the door open, but Billy finally managed it and the ladder was brought out.

Then fortune seemed to favor them, and Dybold was planning what they should do after they got over the wall.

But when they actually did get over it, and the ascent and descent were made without much difficulty, the man suddenly fell into a state of collapse.

Billy got him into the woods, where he insisted that he would have to lie down.

"It is no use, boy," he said at last, after Billy had worked over him for some time. "I know what this means. It is my heart giving out, and no wonder, after the dosing I have had. I am a dying man."

"If that is so," said Billy, "what you ought to do is to tell the truth about the murder of the boss' wife, and so save him from the chair. If you don't, Dr. Featherton will gobble up all the property, surest thing."

"It is so," replied Dybold. "Listen, Billy Gates. I have prepared myself for this. The man you know as Silent Sloan is my cousin. I hate him, but I hate Dr. Featherton worse after what he has done for me. For that reason, fearing death, I prepared a written confession. I shot that woman. She was in this great fraud, too. We quarrelled, and I killed her. Then I threw the crime on my cousin. The confession tells all the details. If it can be placed with the right parties it will save the life of your Silent Sloan."

"Then where is this confession? Tell me," pleaded Billy.

"If you can get back to the bungalow and run your

hand up the chimney you will find a bunch of papers," replied the sufferer, weakly. "The chimney in my room, I mean. That's where I put it. Leave me here and come back as quick as you can. I shall either be over this spell or dead, one of the two."

Needless to say, Billy Gates accepted the commission.

He climbed to the top of the wall, lowered the ladder on the other side and, descending, hurried to the bungalow.

All seemed to be as he had last left it.

Billy got in through the window and was just heading for the chimney when the door flew open, and in darted the amiable coon.

"You!" he cried. "Yo'se at the bottom of dis! Yo'se de feller what done get me into trouble!"

And he flung up the lantern which he carried, bringing it down with fearful force upon poor Billy's head.

There was one second of intense pain.

Then Billy dropped like a stone at the feet of the amiable negro.

* * * * *

Alice put in a most uncomfortable evening.

Alice had supper with Mrs. Hall in her private room.

After supper the doctor summoned Mrs. Hall on the house telephone.

When the woman returned she informed Alice that she would probably be wanted about eleven o'clock, and she advised her to lie down and get what sleep she could.

The lying down part was all right, but Alice, as she expected, found that sleep would not come.

At a quarter to eleven Mrs. Hall summoned her.

"Now one word of advice, my dear," she said to Alice. "If you want to stand well with the doctor, don't attempt to hold any conversation with him. When he is working in his laboratory, all he wants is prompt and silent obedience from his helper. The young woman who was here before you fell down because she would talk."

Alice found Dr. Featherton working at his laboratory bench, wearing a flowered dressing gown which seemed to be much in his way, owing to the absurd length of the skirts of the old-fashioned garment.

"Mrs. Carmichael, you will now attend me," he simply said.

He told her what she was to do, and Alice did it swiftly and in silence.

Having taken practical instructions as a trained nurse, she knows her business.

It is safe to say that Dr. Featherton never entertained the least suspicion that all was not right.

The work completed, the doctor rang a bell twice.

About ten minutes passed, Alice standing motionless, the doctor mixing something in a graduated glass.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

"Open, Mrs. Carmichael," said the doctor, and Alice obeyed.

The amiable negro, who had done for poor Billy, and another, entered, carrying between them a stretcher, upon which lay a man fully as emaciated as the unfortunate Carus.

He seemed quite unconscious. The colored men set down the stretcher and silently retreated.

Then for half an hour the doctor worked over this man, Alice assisting.

He administered some drug and noted heart beat, temperature, pulse, et cetera.

Alice did exactly as she was told and never uttered a word.

At last the doctor, ringing the bell again, the negroes reappeared and carried away the man, who showed little sign of life.

"Bring in that boy," was the doctor's order as they departed.

Alice got to thinking of Billy Gates, of whom as yet she had been able to learn nothing.

She assumed that she was now about to see him, and she was right in her surmise, for within a few minutes the stretcher was brought in again, and this time Billy Gates lay upon it.

His head was tied up and he seemed entirely unconscious.

Then it was exit the negroes, and Dr. Featherton got down to his work.

Alice soon discovered that this was a case of fractured skull.

The doctor performed an operation, lifting the bone, and doing it all very skillfully.

The doctor now bent over Billy, who was breathing heavily.

"Take his pulse, Mrs. Carmichael," he said, turning away.

Alice obeyed.

The doctor then got busy mixing a dose in his graduated glass.

This he administered to Billy, and for fifteen minutes or so stood by the stretcher, noting its effect.

"I could easily restore him to consciousness if I chose," he said, "but it would be at the risk of his reason. I have particular reasons for wanting him to come back to consciousness sane."

"I thought you said he was insane?" Alice ventured to remark.

Dr. Featherton bit his lip and looked annoyed!

"So he was before this accident happened," he growled, and then rang the bell for the negroes.

"Take him away," he presently ordered.

The two negroes picked up the stretcher.

The doctor stood still, holding the graduated glass in his hand.

"The fact is, Mrs. Carmichael," he began, when suddenly the outer door was thrown open, and to Alice's great joy in walked Old King Brady and Harry.

The sudden appearance of the Bradys on the scene was a complete surprise.

"Who are you!" shouted the man, pointing at the detectives, as he held up the graduated glass. "How dare you intrude here?"

The negroes looked around.

And as he spoke the doctor threw the glass at Old King Brady's head.

The old detective dodged and the glass shattered against the wall.

"You are my prisoner, Dr. Featherton!" cried Old King Brady, drawing his revolver.

At the same instant Dr. Taylor and his associates burst into the room.

"At last we have you foul, you scoundrel!" the former cried.

It was so!

Seeing that resistance was useless, Dr. Featherton surrendered at discretion.

The Bradys landed him in Tarrytown jail, and the two blacks went with him.

Then everything closed right in.

Horatio Holton was arrested early the next morning.

Billy Gates soon came back to consciousness and told his story.

The other victims found in the sanatorium were also nursed back to health.

The confession of Dybold was found in the chimney in the bungalow.

The great fraud was exposed and the life for which the Bradys had been working was saved.

"Silent Sloan" was promptly released and resumed his name and place.

As no definite charge, except perjury, could be brought against Holton, he managed to wiggle out of it all, and had the assurance to still continue his hotel business on the money he had received from Dybold.

Dr. Featherton, finding everything against him, poisoned himself in his cell.

Mr. Carus recovered and was successful in getting back the estate his wife had stolen.

The body of Dybold was buried by the Tarrytown authorities.

The Bradys let up on Detective McAliney, thinking to use him again.

The Claverack House property passed into other hands and the bungalows were pulled down.

Silent Sloan found himself out about half a million when he came to look into his affairs.

He took Billy Gates into partnership, and two years later retired and left him the business. It is believed that he has named Billy his heir. Certainly he adopted him as a son.

As for the treatment the detectives received at his hands there was nothing to complain of, and Mr. Carus came down handsomely, too.

And well he might, for doubtless he also would have been a dead one if his case had not chimed in with that of The Bradys Working for a Life.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE NEWSBOY; or, SAVED FROM THE STATE PRISON," which will be the next number (534) of "Secret Service."

SPECIAL NOTICE:—All back numbers of this weekly, except the following are in print: 1 to 5, 6, 9, 13, 42, 46, 47, 53 to 56, 63, 81. If you cannot obtain the ones you want from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York City, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

SECRET SERVICE

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1909.

Terms to Subscribers.

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	.65 "
One Copy Six Months.....	\$1.25 "
One Copy One Year.....	2.50 "

Postage Free.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.

At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Sq., New York.

ITEMS WORTH READING.

One of the great railroads to the Pacific Coast is perfecting plans for a forest of eucalyptus trees in San Diego County, California, from which to obtain a steady supply of crossties. A ranch of eight thousand acres has been purchased for this purpose, and as a start six hundred acres will be planted. It is estimated that in eighteen years the company will be able to harvest from six to eight ties to a tree, and keep up the harvest thereafter continually. At present the system uses about three million ties annually. In eighteen years the company thinks it will be able to obtain from its forest seven million annually. The growing scarcity of timber suitable for ties, with a resultant increase in their cost, has led eleven roads to start forests. Ten roads in the East have already planted in their respective forest sites thousands of catalpa, black locust, red oak, pin oak, and chestnut. The road mentioned has selected the eucalyptus because of its rapid growth and adaptability to the climate of California, New Mexico, and Texas. Eucalyptus in Hawaii are said to last fifteen years. East of Albuquerque this road is using Georgia pine. At present certain California roads are using many thousands of redwood ties on the coast. They are also getting oaken ties from Japan.

The corps of naturalists attached to the Zoological Park at Washington have recently concluded some interesting experiments to test the vision of certain animals. It appears that the sight of reptiles is generally very good, being probably their most acute sense, but not so acute as popularly supposed, possessing a limited range, indeed, as compared with most animals. Crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances exceeding ten times their length. Fish see for only short distances. The vision of most serpents is poor, the boa-constrictor, for example, being able to see no farther than one-third of its own length. Some snakes see no farther than one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better endowed with sight, for they can distinguish objects clearly at a distance of twenty times their own length. The hearing of nearly all reptiles is even worse than their vision. Most of them are quite deaf, especially boa-constrictors. The phrase, "deaf as an adder," represents the careful observation of our forefathers.

Since you don't live in Siberia, you need not be afraid, says M. Narrion, a Russian, to get drunk through eating ordinary bread. A hardened toper would, on the other hand, think that Providence had played him a nasty trick in not allowing him first to see the light of the day in Siberia. In Far Eastern Sibe-

ria, in that region which lies between the sea and the river called Mssuri, the humidity of the climate, as well as of the soil, is remarkable. Vegetation is here distinguished for its wonderful exuberance, to such an extent that the soil never dries up. The result is, that the inhabitants, in order to prevent putrefaction of the roots, sow their corn upon a series of layers of the soil. Nevertheless, in certain districts, the humidity is so intense that there grows upon the ears of corn a kind of fungous matter made up of microfungi. As a result of this sporadic excrescence, the bread made from the corn in question gives all the results of an overdose of alcohol. In very humid climates the phenomenon is likewise known, though to nothing like the extent in Eastern Siberia, where whole districts are affected by this strange kind of "alcoholized bread."

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

"We keep our automobile in the mirage," said one Topeka matron to another.

"That's where most of us keep our automobiles," was the gentle reply.

"Yes," said the modest young man, thoughtfully, "I have broken off my engagement. I have been thinking it over for a long time, and I have come to the conclusion that a girl who can love an ass like me must be wanting in both taste and intelligence."

No answer yet—and trouble threatened to produce showers.

"Come here, dear little son. Tell mamma, now. Did you thank Mr. Ringloss for the quarter?"

Then the storm broke, but between the sobs and tears came the required information: "I told him thank you, an' he said not to mention it, an' I tried not to."

"So you cling to that childish superstition about thirteen being unlucky," said one traveler.

"Yes," answered the other. "Can't get away from it."

"But see how completely it is disproved. This glorious country started with thirteen colonies."

"Very true. But I am an Englishman."

The story is told of an enthusiastic but inexpert beginner, who invited a friend who had never seen golf played, to follow him round the course. On the first tee the golfer, after many waggles, smote mightily and—missed the ball. Again he swung his club and again created only an atmospheric disturbance. After a third attempt, his friend was moved to exclaim: "Man, it's grand exercise, but what do you use the wee ball for?"

Sir Joseph Ward, premier of New Zealand, says in St. James's Budget that there are few tight places from which the Maori witch-doctor cannot extricate himself, thanks, in a measure, to his devotees' credulity.

Rua, a local power in magic, once claimed that he could walk on water, and went to the beach with a number of natives who were anxious for him to perform the feat.

"Do you truly believe that I can walk on the water?" he asked them.

"Yes! Yes!" his followers cried with one voice.

"Then there is no need for me to do it," the chief coolly replied, and he turned away, followed by the awed natives.

THE MYSTERIOUS SHOT.

By D. W. STEVENS.

"We are short, Mr. White," said Jume Springer, the partner of George White in the mercantile business.

"How much?" asked Mr. White.

"I do not know exactly," Springer replied, looking carefully over their account books, "but our losses are immense."

"It will reach thousands?"

"Yes."

"I have feared it for some time."

"How could it happen—our business has been successful?"

"Yes, we have lost nothing by speculation, and our trade has been excellent."

"Then how in the world have we lost so heavily?"

"It has been by robbery."

"Robbery?"

"Yes, sir; direct, downright stealing."

"Who has done it?"

"I know the thief, and to-night will put the officers on his track. The wretched villain shall be brought to justice."

"Who is he?"

"I will make no disclosures, Springer, until he is found and safely lodged in jail; but I know him."

"I hope you do?" groaned Springer.

"Are we ruined?"

"I fear so."

"Ordinarily a few thousands would not ruin us."

"No, but times are pinching tight, and we have many large obligations which I fear we shall be unable to meet."

The men sat for a moment in their small office regarding each other with anxiety and perplexity. George White was a man about thirty-five years of age, with a jet-black mustache and dark hair, inclined to curl. His eyes were dark gray, almost black, and he was a thorough business man.

The man who sat at the desk was perhaps three or four years his senior, a nervous, irresolute, yet a careful man.

The two were regarded as the best business firm in New York City. What qualities one lacked, the other made up.

Mr. Springer's face was deathly white, as he saw the amounts their bank accounts showed made them short.

"The best portion of the year gone, and we have done the best business of any year yet, still our books show that we have lost money all the time."

"It's a robbery, I know. Close up for the night, Mr. Springer, we will go home."

Springer closed and locked the safe, and he and his partner left the room.

Scarcely were they out upon the street, before a man who was crouched behind a large bookcase arose.

He had evidently been eavesdropping, and had overheard all that had passed between the partners in business. The man was young, not to exceed twenty-five years of age, a handsome, dashing fellow, and one who had cut quite a dash in fashionable society.

He was chief clerk for the firm of White & Springer. His face was deathly pale, and he was trembling with ill-suppressed emotion.

No criminal caught in an act of guilt could look more condemned than he did at the moment he arose from his crouching position.

"He suspected me! By all that is powerful, he knows that I robbed the till morning and night! Oh, misery! Why am I to suffer such fearful torture? I had to do it to keep up appearances in society. If I marry that heiress I can replace every dollar of it."

He stopped short and clasped his hands, as if suffering the most excruciating pain.

"But no; he will prosecute me. He will have me thrown in prison, and condemned as a thief. But I swear I will prevent him from doing that. He shall not have a chance."

There was a cold, cruel, malignant look on the face of the clerk—whose name was Phelps—as he uttered the last words. He passed softly and quietly from the building by a rear door.

When Mr. White reached his home he found one of his old acquaintances had called to see him, and Mrs. White prevailed on him to wait until after tea, when her husband would probably be at home.

Not only was John Sands an old acquaintance of George White, but Mrs. White as well, having been on intimate terms with both before their marriage.

Sands was a large creditor of the firm of White & Springer, and it was some relief to George to find him at his house. He intimated, as soon as tea was over and a suitable opportunity offered, to mention their embarrassing condition to their friend.

"I am real glad to see you, John," said Mr. White, familiarly. "Now wait until after tea, and we can have a social chat."

Tea was over, and Mr. White, his wife and guest returned to the cozy little sitting room.

"Be seated—be seated, John; now, Mary, my dear, you need not go away," said Mr. White. "We will dispense with cigars and wine for awhile yet; perhaps for the entire evening, rather than lose your society."

A cheerful fire blazed in the grate, and the room was strongly indicative of comfort.

Mr. John Sands seated himself by the centre table, while Mr. White, with every business care gone from his face, was doing his best to make the evening pleasant for his wife and guest.

Mrs. White was on the left of Mr. Sands, and Mr. White stood on his right, talking merrily to both.

Crack!

A sharp report rang out on the air, startling all.

There was a jingle of falling glass, and footsteps hurrying away from the window through which the shot had come.

Mr. White staggered back, clasped his forehead with his left hand and clutched the air with his right, and fell backwards, his shoulder's striking against the fender.

"Oh, heavens!" shrieked the terrified Mrs. White, clasping her hands in terror and grief.

Mr. Sands sprang to his feet, upsetting his chair.

Mrs. White swooned, and John Sands rang the bell.

Servants and police soon swarmed in the room.

The broken window pane suggested from whence the mysterious shot had been fired, but although the police were put at once on the track no trace of the murderer could be found.

The next day Mr. Joseph Phelps, the chief clerk, was at his post very busy. He was somewhat nervous and very much horrified to learn of the assassination of one of his employers.

The best detectives in the city were put upon the track, but weeks passed and no clew was found to the man who fired the mysterious shot.

Kit Dennis, a new detective, and a young man, was the only one on the entire force who did not give up the pursuit of the criminal.

In the meantime, under an assumed name, he had formed the acquaintance of the chief clerk, Joe Phelps, and learned his ambitious desires to marry the heiress.

The next thing the detective had to do was to find out the heiress, and form her acquaintance.

This was no easy task to accomplish without arousing her suspicions, but it was effected by a little shrewd planning and the aid of some friends.

The detective was now on familiar terms with both, though neither dreamed of his character.

With Phelps he was the jolly, whole-souled fellow, who could drink a bottle of wine, play a good game at billiards or cards. They were confidential friends, and Phelps told him many secrets which were damaging to his credit and character.

It was midnight in a gambling saloon. Both the detective and Phelps were at the table. Wine had flowed freely, and Joe Phelps was almost too far gone to have any prudence.

"I learn you are going to get married, Joe?" said the detective.

"I am," he drawled out in a drunken tone. "Heiress to—hic—bet she's got loads o' gold—hic."

"Does she know you are only a clerk?"

"No, she thinks me rich."

"How do you manage to keep up appearances so long? You could not do it on your insufficient salary?"

"No, but I know how," and he tapped the side of his nose significantly.

"I wish you would tell me."

"Ye might give a feller away."

"No, I won't."

"'Pon honor?"

"Yes."

"Ye won't blow on me?"

"No," said the detective.

"Well, blamed ef I don't tell ye—hic—ye see I'm trustin' my life in yer hands," said Joe Phelps, leaning over the table with a kind of a drunken stare in his eyes. "Ef ye was to peach on me I'd hang sure."

"Well, go on, Joe, you are not afraid of me," said the detective with a bland, assuring, confidential smile.

"No, 'cause I know you. You're not agoin' to give me away. I kin bet my life on that."

"Well, go ahead."

"It's a secret; hold over here an' I'll tell ye how."

The detective bent his ear over to his drunken companion, who whispered:

"Take it out of the master's till."

"Oh, well, but it might be found out on you," said the detective with assumed nervousness.

"No danger."

"Did no one ever find out on you?"

"No, nobody but one."

"How did you manage to keep him silent? Did you pay him part?"

"No—thunder—hic! Wouldn't dared do that. It was one o' the proprietors."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Silenced 'im—hic!"

"How?"

"Humph!"

"How did you silence him?"

"Guess I'd better not tell."

"Oh, yes, Joe, you are not afraid to tell me."

"No, but—hic—ye might git drunk some time and give me away."

"No danger of that," said the detective, jovially. "I'm going to join the Sons of Temperance."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Joe.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the detective.

"Yer a good un."

"So are you, Joe, but ye've got me in an awful fix," said the detective.

"Why, how?"

"You told me you silenced one of the men who found you out, but you haven't said how."

A drunken smile played on the face of Phelps for a moment. He was evidently unaccustomed to crime, and was an easy subject for such skill as the detective possessed.

"I done it with this," said the drunken man, drawing a silver mounted pistol from his pocket.

"You shot him?" said the detective, taking the pistol in his hand.

"Hush; someone 'll hear ye."

"Through the window?"

"Yes, but hush; give me back my pistol."

"It was George White you killed."

"See here,, you are talking mighty strange," said the man, somewhat sobered by the shrewdness of the detective.

"You fired a shot with this pistol through the window. The ball struck your employer in the head, and he fell in front of the firegrate."

"Thunder and fury, hush, man!" cried Joe, leaping to his feet. "Give that thing up to me; quick!"

"It was George White you killed," said the detective coolly, without pretending to notice the terror and passion of Phelps.

"Shut up yer jaw, and hand me that pistol."

"This is loaded, I believe," and the cool detective cocked his pistol and leveled it at the head of the man, who was rapidly becoming sober.

"Oh, quit—quit! what in thunder do ye mean?" cried Phelps, again sinking in his chair.

"You are my prisoner."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, you are."

"You must be joking."

"No; I am in dead earnest."

"Police!" cried Phelps.

"Call them if you want to. They can aid me in this arrest."

"Police—police!"

"Yell yourself hoarse, but if you move to escape, or to attack me, I will shoot you."

"What do that for?"

"I arrest you."

"What for?"

"Murder."

"Murder?"

"Yes, murder."

"The murder of who?"

"Your employer, George White."

"You are joking," said Joe, now perfectly sobered, and trying to laugh the matter off.

"No, I am not, I am in dead earnest," said the detective.

"You have admitted the murder to me, and I have been looking for you for some time."

"What authority have you to arrest me?"

The detective exhibited his star. Seeing that he was caught, Joe said:

"Oh, that was only a little nonsense I told you. It was not true."

Two policemen who had answered the call of Joe Phelps, now came forward, and the detective gave the prisoner in their charge.

He was lodged in jail that night, and put upon his trial in a week, convicted and hanged.

The day before his execution he made a full confession, which fully explained the firing of that mysterious shot.

Uncle Zebulon was on a visit to his nephew in the big city and the two had gone to a restaurant for dinner. They had given their order and were waiting for it to be filled when the younger man, who had been glancing at a paper that lay on the table, said:

"By the way, uncle, did you ever have cerebro-spinal meningitis?"

"No," replied Uncle Zebulon, after a few moments' mental struggle with the question, "and I don't want any. I'd rather have fried liver and bacon any day."

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Æolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquettes to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parouquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

Latest Issues

“WORK AND WIN”

CONTAINING THE GREAT FEARNOT STORIES

COLORED COVERS.	32 PAGES.	PRICE 5 CENTS.
532 Fred Fearnot's Snow-Shoe Boys; or, Six Days in Labrador.	537 Fred Fearnot in the Slums; or, The Mystery of a Great City.	
533 Fred Fearnot and the "Silent Five"; or, After Basket-Ball Honors.	538 Fred Fearnot's Fight With the Dons; or, Lively Times in Mexico.	
534 Fred Fearnot and the Hall-Boy; or, The Great Hotel Mystery.	539 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Hunter; or, A Trip to the Fur Country.	
535 Fred Fearnot's Hockey Team; or, Out to Win the Cup.	540 Fred Fearnot and "Broadway Bob"; or, Saving a Young Man from Ruin.	
536 Fred Fearnot's Slide for Life; or, Lost in the Great Blizzard.		

“THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76”

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

COLORED COVERS.	32 PAGES.	PRICE 5 CENTS.
426 The Liberty Boys on a Foray; or, Hot Work With the Raiders.	430 The Liberty Boys' Log Tower; or, Bombarding the Stockade Fort.	
427 The Liberty Boys and the Mohawk Chief; or, After St. Leger's Indians.	431 The Liberty Boys With the Pioneers; or, At War With the Renegades.	
428 The Liberty Boys and the Tory Girl; or, The Scheme to Destroy New York.	432 The Liberty Boys' Forlorn Hope; or, In the Time of the "Hard Winter."	
429 The Liberty Boys Surrounded; or, A Daring Dash for Freedom.		

“PLUCK AND LUCK”

CONTAINING STORIES OF ALL KINDS.

COLORED COVERS.	32 PAGES.	PRICE 5 CENTS.
559 A Lawyer at 17, and the Fee that Made His Fortune. By Richard R. Montgomery.	563 The Phantom Fireman; or, The Mystery of Mark Howland's Life. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.	
560 The Houseboat Boys; or, Stirring Adventures in the Northwest. By Allyn Draper.	564 Ben Brevier; or, The Romance of a Young Printer. By Allyn Draper.	
561 The Dark Sons of Ireland; or, Plotting Under the Shannon Water. By Allan Arnold.	565 The Signal Service Boys; or, Fighting Above the Clouds. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.	
562 Young Karl Kruger; or, The Richest Boy in the Transvaal. By Berton Bertrew.	566 The Red Privateer; or, The First to Float the Stars and Stripes. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.	

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, N. Y.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

If our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

..... “ “ WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... “ “ WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... “ “ THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

..... “ “ PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

..... “ “ SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

..... “ “ FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... “ “ Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Price 5 cents.

32 Pages.

Colored Covers.

Issued Weekly

LATEST ISSUES:

- 457 The Bradys and the Queen of the Highbinders; or, The War of the Tongs and Leongs.
- 458 The Bradys and the Floating Head; or, The Clew Found in the River.
- 459 The Bradys After Captain Death; or, Saving a Million in Rubies.
- 460 The Bradys and the Witch Woman; or, The Mystery of Mulberry Bend.
- 461 The Bradys and the Blind Peddler; or, Working in the Dark.
- 462 The Bradys Chasing the "Queer" Makers; or, The Missing Secret Service Man.
- 463 The Bradys and the Hop Crooks; or, The Hidden Man of Chinatown.
- 464 The Bradys' Double Death Trap; or, After the St. Louis Seven.
- 465 The Bradys and the Trunk Tappers; or, Solving a Railroad Mystery.
- 466 The Bradys' Church Clock Clew; or, The Man in the Steel Cage.
- 467 The Bradys and the Six Skeletons; or, The Underground House on the Hudson.
- 468 The Bradys and the Chinese Fire Fiends; or, Breaking Up a Secret Band.
- 469 The Bradys and the Stolen Bonds; or, A Tangled Case from Boston.
- 470 The Bradys and the Black Giant; or, The Secret of "Little Syria."
- 471 The Bradys and Little Chin-Chin; or, Exposing an Opium Gang.
- 472 The Bradys after the Bank Street Bunch; or, Rounding up the Dock Rats.
- 473 The Bradys and the Boston Beats; or, The Secrets of the Old Manor House.
- 474 The Bradys Chasing the Grain Thieves; or, Chicago's Mysterious Six.
- 475 The Bradys and the Mad Chinaman; or, Hot Work in Five Cities.
- 476 The Bradys and the Black Poisoner; or, Strange Work in Philadelphia.
- 477 The Bradys in London; or, Solving the Whitechapel Mystery.
- 478 The Bradys and the French Crooks; or, Detective Work in Paris.
- 479 The Bradys After the Policy King; or, The Plot Against Captain Kane.
- 480 The Bradys and the Dynamite Gang; or, Ten Hours of Deadly Peril.
- 481 The Bradys and the Fan Tan Queen; or, Lost in the Heart of Chinatown.
- 482 The Bradys in the White Light District; or, Tracking the Broadway Sharpers.
- 483 The Bradys' Lost Link; or, The Case that Was Never Finished.
- 484 The Bradys and the "Prince of Pittsburg"; or, A Mystery of the Blast Furnace.
- 485 The Bradys and the Silver Seal; or, The Strangest of All Clews.
- 486 The Bradys Tracking "Joe the Ferret"; or, The Worst Crook in the World.
- 487 The Bradys and the Chinese Secret Society; or, After the Band of Five.
- 488 The Bradys and Mr. Midnight; or, The Mystery of the House of Mirrors.
- 489 The Bradys After the 'Frisco "Dips"; or, The Sharpest Crooks in the West.
- 490 The Bradys and the Yellow Boy; or, The Mystery of a Night Hawk Cab.
- 491 The Bradys and the Queen of Pell Street; or, The Hidden Hut in Chinatown.
- 492 The Bradys' Gold Vault Clew; or, Who Killed Treasurer Black?

- 493 The Bradys and the Factory Fiends; or, The Clew Found in the Dark.
- 494 The Bradys on a Death Ship; or, The Secret of the "Seven Sisters."
- 495 The Bradys and Little Ah Chin; or, The Secret Dens of Chinatown.
- 496 The Bradys Chasing a Convict; or, Betrayed by a Photograph.
- 497 The Bradys and the Forged Check; or, The Shadow on the Shades.
- 498 The Bradys After the Tattooed Man; or, Running Down a Crimson Clew.
- 499 The Bradys Under Suspicion; or, Detective Work for a Poor Girl.
- 500 The Bradys and the Chinese Idol; or, The Clew Found in Pell Street.
- 501 The Bradys and the Torn Shoe; or, Convicted by a Footprint.
- 502 The Bradys and the Death Cry; or, The Mystery of Red Cliff.
- 503 The Bradys and "Old Never Seen"; or, The Man With the Green Glasses.
- 504 The Bradys' Frozen Clew; or, Solving a Cold Storage Mystery.
- 505 The Bradys and the Chinese Drug Dealer; or, The Four Mysterious Skulls.
- 506 The Bradys After Mysterious Mr. B.; or, Traced by a Torn Letter.
- 507 The Bradys and the Magic Ring; or, The Case of the Hindoo Conjurer.
- 508 The Bradys and the Severed Hand; or, The Clew Found in the Sewer.
- 509 The Bradys After 'Silent Smith'; or, Trailing a Dumb Crook.
- 510 The Bradys and the Broken Bank Lock; or, Bold Business in Brooklyn.
- 511 The Bradys after the Chinese Tong Fiends; or, The Secret Cellar on Mott Street.
- 512 The Bradys and the Fatal Footprint; or, The Trail Which Led to Death.
- 513 The Bradys and the Black Shadow; or, Lost in Dismal Swamp.
- 514 The Bradys' \$20,000 Case; or, The Detectives' Fight for a Life.
- 515 The Bradys and the Veiled Picture; or, Sentenced for Life to Silence.
- 516 The Bradys and No. 775; or, The Messenger Boy Who Was Robbed.
- 517 The Bradys and the Five Jars; or, Dead for Twelve Hours.
- 518 The Bradys and the Hidden Room; or, Tracing a Mysterious Clew.
- 519 The Bradys in the Secret Tunnels; or, Masks and Mystery in the Ghetto.
- 520 The Bradys and 3-4-6-9; or, Trapping the Bank Burglars' League.
- 521 The Bradys and the Boy Detective; or, Tracked by a Braided Arm.
- 522 The Bradys after the Midnight Men; or, The Error that Cost a Life.
- 523 The Bradys and the Yellow Prince; or, The Drug Fiends of Chinatown.
- 524 The Bradys and the Broken Pool Ball; or, The Strange Case of a Dead Man.
- 525 The Bradys' Chase for a Penny; or, Convicted by a Coin.
- 526 The Bradys and the "White Terror"; or, Lost in a Secret Maze.
- 527 The Bradys and the Fatal Despatch; or, The Mystery of Five Words.
- 528 The Bradys Tracking a Stolen Ruby; or, After a Gang of Thieves.
- 529 The Bradys and the Boy Shadower; or, A Very Hard Case to Solve.
- 530 The Bradys' Cunning Plot; or, Trapping the River Pirates.
- 531 The Bradys and Quong Lee; or, The Dogfaced Man of Chinatown.
- 532 The Bradys and the Broken Handcuff; or, The Hunchback of the Old Red House.
- 533 The Bradys Working for a Life; or, Exposing a Great Fraud.
- 534 The Bradys and the Newsboy; or, Saved from the State Prison.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....