

No 652

JULY. 21ST 1911

5 Cents.

SECRET SERVICE.

THE BRADYS AND THE CONSPIRATORS
OR THE CASE THAT CAME FROM MEXICO.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE



FRANK TOUSEY
PUBLISHER
• 24
UNION SQUARE.
NEW-YORK.

The fight was on as the Bradys came up through the trap, but it seemed more of a farce than real. The two Mexicans, with clubbed rifles, made feints at each other. "Stop that nonsense and surrender!" Old King Brady cried.

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 1911, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

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CHAPTER I.

THE VANISHING OF YOUNG KING BRADY.

The events upon which this story is based occurred at the beginning of the current year, when the now successful Mexican revolution was just beginning to assume serious proportions.

The beginning was a telegram received at the office of the Brady Detective Bureau, on the 18th of January.

It was sufficiently brief and ran as follows:

“BRADY DETECTIVE BUREAU,

“Union Square, New York City:

“Meet Fisher, No. — Halstead, Friday, eleven P. M.”

The signature was that of the Chief of the United States Secret Service Bureau.

Now the Bradys, although not regular Secret Service men, are under an agreement with the United States Government whereby their services can be commanded at any time.

Therefore they at once prepared to respond to this call.

The entire firm started for Chicago in time to keep this appointment.

As now constituted, the firm consists of Old King Brady, Young King Brady and Alice Montgomery, the accomplished female detective.

The prospect of co-operating with Mr. Thomas H. Fisher, the representative of the United States Secret Service in Chicago, was not altogether to the liking of the Bradys.

They had had trouble with this gentleman in the past.

There is scarcely any one with whom he is thrown into contact that Old King Brady cannot get along with.

Almost all the Secret Service commissioners in the larger cities he counts as his personal friends.

The sole exception to this rule happens to be Mr. Fisher, a nervous, exacting, unreasonable man with whom the old detective has never been able to fully harmonize.

Yet orders are orders, and Old King Brady, exacting implicit obedience from those in his employ, invariably obeys without question when working for the Secret Service Bureau.

It was a miserably unpleasant evening when the train pulled into Chicago.

It had been raining and snowing all day, and now it had settled down to snow steadily.

When the Bradys ascended the steps of the Fort Wayne station they found Canal street in such a state of sloop and slipperiness that it was next to impossible to keep one's feet.

It was then nine o'clock.

There were two hours in which to prepare for the appointment.

The old Sherman House, at which the Bradys have always been in the habit of stopping, being in a state of transformation, they went to the Palmer House, preferring the comparative quiet of the smaller hotels.

“Harry, get a cab. We won't undertake to walk,” said Old King Brady. “Alice is about used up, and, as for me, I am feeling none too robust.”

“For once I shall have to give up, I am afraid,” replied Alice. “I really don't feel able to go out to-night.”

Young King Brady looked at her in a troubled way.

He is practically engaged to Alice, and has long been her devoted admirer.

Usually Miss Montgomery takes a very active part in all work these skilled detectives have to perform.

Accordingly, Alice at once retired, while Old King Brady and Harry rested for such time as was allowed them, and then started out to keep their appointment.

They took the Lake street elevated to Halstead street, which was very close to their destination.

At five minutes to eleven they turned up at the number in question, which proved to be an old frame tenement of the sort which is now beginning to disappear from Chicago, much for the city's good.

"This seems to be the number," remarked Harry. "Rather a tough-looking joint."

"It certainly has that appearance," replied Old King Brady. "I fail to quite understand how we are going to connect with Mr. Fisher without attracting all kinds of attention."

"If you had only disguised, governor."

"What! what!" retorted Old King Brady, tartly. "Attacking my clothes again."

The cab was obtained and the start made.

"I think, Alice, that you better go directly to bed," said the old detective. "It would be foolishness for you to go out again to-night the way you feel."

Harry wisely refrained from answering this.

The allusion was to Old King Brady's peculiar dress, which he always affects when not in disguise.

We refer to the long blue coat with brass buttons, the old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and the big white felt hat with its extraordinarily broad brim.

These peculiarities of dress necessarily make the old detective a marked figure on the street.

Sometimes it works all to the good, yet there are times when it is otherwise, of course.

It remained to be seen what the effect was going to be on this occasion.

"The real question is how are we going to find Mr. Fisher?" added Old King Brady. "He may be anywhere in this big house."

"As usual, everything is beautifully indefinite," replied Harry. "However, we may as well strike right in and see what we can do. Shall we go through the house?"

Old King Brady consulted his watch.

"It lacks four minutes of eleven," he said. "Suppose we wait till the time is actually up. He may come along."

"Then let us get on the other side of the way where we may attract as little attention as possible," replied Harry, and they did so.

Precisely at eleven a small man was seen approaching from Lake street.

He was a trampish-looking fellow with a bushy, red beard, ragged, patched clothes and a sadly battered hat. It was snowing still, but not very hard.

We refer to this because we must add that the man carried a new silk umbrella of the most expensive sort.

Old King Brady chuckled as he looked at him.

"There he comes now," he said.

"Fisher?" replied Harry, incredulously.

"Yes; absurdly disguised."

"Well, I should say so. Any one can see that that beard is false."

"The beard is the least part of it. Do you pipe the umbrella?"

"It's absurd."

"What else can you expect. Fisher was ever absurd. But hush. Here he comes."

The little Secret Service man approached them.

"Ah, good-evening, gentlemen," he said, briskly. "Prompt to the second, as usual, I see."

"That's our rule," replied the old detective.

"Yes, yes. I suppose you scarcely knew me until I spoke?"

"Correct. Only your voice betrayed you," replied the old detective, dryly.

"Yes; I flatter myself I am rather cleverly disguised. I could have wished, Mr. Brady, that you had come the same way."

"Nothing was said about it in the telegram received from Washington," replied the old detective, and, as you know, Mr. Fisher, I never disguise without good reason."

"Yes, I know that is your rule. Follow me, please. I have taken a room in that house across the way for reasons which I will presently explain."

They followed him into the house and upstairs to a room on the top floor.

It was roughly furnished and heated to suffocation by a little cylinder stove.

Mr. Fisher lowered the window.

"I was in here an hour ago and built up a fire, so we needn't freeze to death," he remarked. "I seem to have rather overdone the matter. I will let in a trifle of fresh air."

They seated themselves around a table, and Mr. Fisher produced cigars.

"Now this case is very simple," he said. "It comes to me from Mexico."

Old King Brady nodded.

"Of course," continued Fisher, "you are aware that the revolutionary movement headed by Madero is assuming serious proportions down there?"

"So it seems," replied the old detective.

"It begins to look as if the man might win out. President Taft is resolved not to take either one side or the other. He feels, however, equally determined that no counter movement shall be allowed to gain headway, and particularly anything of the nature of a filibustering expedition. Such a movement is now under way right here in Chicago. Certain Secret Service men now in the city of Guadalajara have reported to the President that one of Madero's generals, Manuel Garcia by name, is trying to raise a force of a few hundred men in the United States to join him at the border. The idea is to proceed to Guadalajara, which is his native place, and where he has many partisans. There they will proclaim him president, and try to capture the city. It is to nip this project in the bud that you are here."

"Exactly," replied Old King Brady; "but who is the Chicago representative of this bunch of conspirators?"

"That we do not certainly know. What we want to do is to catch on to their plans and arrest the leader, or organizer, as, perhaps, we may better call him. According to the tip I have received, and it is really all the information I possess, a man named Jose O'Reilly is the active party. He is living at present in the next room to this."

"Odd name for a Mexican," remarked Harry.

"Not at all," replied Old King Brady. "There are many Spaniards with Irish names, especially in Cuba."

"This man is a Cuban, I understand," added Fisher.

"How does it happen that so many Cubans have Irish names, Mr. Brady?"

"It came about through the immigration of a number of prominent Irish families into Spain in the early part of the eighteenth century," replied the old detective. "The O'Reillys and the O'Bourkes were the most prominent among them. But what is the idea, Fisher? Are we to camp out here and shadow this man?"

"That's it. I engaged this room for that purpose."

"Very good. That's easy. And you have received no further tip in the matter?"

"None whatever. All I know is that O'Reilly is certainly the representative of these conspirators in Chicago. Whether he is the head of the bunch or not I don't know."

"Have you seen him?"

"Saw him go out this morning. I slept here last night. It isn't often that I do detective work myself, but in this case it seemed necessary."

"I should like to get one good look at the fellow. I wonder if he is in there now?"

"I have been listening since we came in. I haven't heard a sound."

"He may be in bed and asleep."

"I doubt it. It was after midnight when he came in last night."

"Are these people well provided with funds, do you know?"

"It is so supposed. General Garcia is enormously rich, and, in addition, his conspiracy is being financed by some of the most prominent men in Gaudalaxara."

"Well, let us get on the job," remarked the old detective, rising. "The first thing to ascertain is whether the man is in there or not. If he was out late last night he may be in bed and asleep to-night. Let me see."

He walked to the window and looked out.

"Why, this is easy," he remarked. "There's a fire-escape which runs in front of this window and that of the next room, Harry. You are the lightest footed of the three of us. See how the case stands."

Harry pushed up the lower sash and got out on the fire-escape.

Old King Brady returned to his seat.

"Aren't you going to watch and see what happens?" asked Mr. Fisher.

"Not necessary. The boy knows his business," replied the old detective.

He struck a match and took a light for his cigar.

"Have a fresh one," said Fisher.

"No; this will do very well. It isn't half smoked out," replied Old King Brady.

"As you say," he continued. "I don't hear a sound in the next room. If your man is there he must be one of the quiet sort."

"He is, decidedly," was the reply.

"What is his business supposed to be?"

"I have no idea. You will understand that I have not attempted to shadow him, but merely to pave the way for your work."

"Which has helped a lot. What sort of people are in this house?"

"They are almost all Spanish speaking, I am told. Cigar makers."

"Presumably Mexicans?"

"I don't know as to that. They are employed in a big cigar factory around the corner on Lake street."

"So? Why don't the boy come back? He ought to have been able to catch on by this time."

Old King Brady arose and went to the window.

A puzzled exclamation followed as he looked out.

"Why, where is the boy?" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter? Isn't he there?" demanded Fisher.

Now, this was just what the matter was.

Old King Brady was unable to imagine any reason why Harry should not be on the fire-escape.

But he was not.

For some unexplained reason Young King Brady had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

THE MURDERED MEXICAN.

Mr. Fisher joined Old King Brady at the window.

"Isn't he there?" he repeated.

"He is not," replied Old King Brady. "I must see what this means."

He stepped out upon the fire-escape and advanced to the other window.

It was wide open and the shade behind it was raised.

A small hand-lamp stood on a table burning dimly.

On the floor with his knees drawn up and his hands clenched lay the body of a small man.

A glance alone was needed to show that he was dead.

Harry was not in the room.

Old King Brady stepped back to the other window where Mr. Fisher was looking out.

"What now?" demanded the Secret Service man, for Old King Brady's excitement was apparent.

"Why, there is a dead man in that room."

"A dead man! Not Young King Brady?"

"No, no! He is not there. Perhaps he saw his chance to go on the trail of the murderer, and took it."

"But why not notify you?"

"There may not have been time. It sometimes goes that way. I am not worrying. Harry is amply able to take care of himself, but this matter must be investigated. Come. I am curious to know if this is your Jose O'Reilly."

Mr. Fisher came out on the fire-escape.

They entered the other room through the window.

"Why, this is a matter of murder," exclaimed the Secret Service man. "This fellow has been stabbed in the back."

"He certainly has, and within a very short time, too. But is he O'Reilly?"

"Decidedly not. Different looking person altogether."

"The man you saw! Are you sure he was O'Reilly?"

"Well, now you put it up to me, no. All I know is that I was told by the man who rents this house and lets out the rooms that Mr. O'Reilly had this particular room."

"No evidence at all. Who is this man?"

"His name is Perez. He has rooms on the first floor."

"We must have him up here. But first to size up this situation a little more thoroughly. Evidently the murderer has gone through this unfortunate fellow. You perceive that his pockets are turned inside out."

"I see. And the room has been ransacked, too. You can see that the bed has been pulled to pieces and the bureau drawers are open."

"Exactly. The motive can scarcely have been money. From the looks of the man's clothes, I should judge that he had little to spare."

"That's right. Will you search? We may find some evidence to help us out here."

"It is worth trying," replied the old detective, and he proceeded with the search, beginning with the bureau drawers.

Nothing came of this.

Old King Brady next turned his attention to the dead man.

The intention appeared to have been to remove everything which might serve to identify him, for nothing whatever was discovered in his pockets.

Old King Brady now began feeling the coat all over.

"Ha!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Something here."

"What?" demanded Mr. Fisher.

"Something sewed in the lining of this coat. I should imagine it might be a memorandum book by the feeling. There should be some way of getting it out besides ripping up the coat."

Perhaps there was, but Old King Brady could not discover it without changing the position of the corpse, which he disliked to do.

He accordingly took his knife and ripped up the lining.

He had been right in his conclusion.

What he secured was a memorandum book.

Hastily turning over the leaves, he found that a good deal had been written in it.

All was in Spanish, which the old detective cannot read.

"Read Spanish, Mr. Fisher?" he asked.

"Unfortunately not," replied the Secret Service man.

"If Harry was here he could help me out. However, this will keep."

Old King Brady put the book in his pocket and stood staring about.

"What are you looking for?" demanded Mr. Fisher.

"Secret panels. This door is locked on the inside, you will perceive."

"See any indication of such a thing?"

"None. Hardly to be expected in a house like this. Well, our work is done here, I should say. You better have this man Perez come up."

"Will you go with me?"

"If you particularly wish it. I prefer to remain on the ground till he comes."

"Perhaps it will be better. I'll go after him."

Mr. Fisher retreated then via the fire-escape, presently returning with a yellow-skinned man, very much the Mexican in appearance.

They came in off the fire-escape.

Mr. Perez was greatly concerned.

"Murder in my house! I don't like this. It will give

the house a bad name!" he exclaimed, speaking with a strong Spanish accent.

He looked at Mr. Fisher as if he thought there was a possibility of him being the murderer.

"Listen! I am a detective, Mr. Perez," said Old King Brady, displaying his shield.

"Oh!"

"I discovered this crime by mere accident while calling on this gentleman."

"Ah!"

"Do you know this man?"

"No."

"You never saw him before?"

"Never in my life."

"Whose room is this?"

"I rent it to a Mr. O'Reilly."

"An Irishman?"

"No. He is a Mexican man. O'Reilly is a Spanish name."

It did not seem worth while to argue the point with Mr. Perez.

"When did you see O'Reilly last?" the old detective asked.

"I haven't seen him for three or four days."

"What is his business?"

"I don't know."

"How long has he been living here?"

"It's three weeks now."

"You don't know him very well then?"

"I don't know him at all except to receive the rent."

"Are you a Mexican?"

"I am."

"And O'Reilly?"

"He told me he was one."

"Did he tell you from what part of Mexico he came?"

"Yes; he said that he came from Guadalajara."

"And you?"

"I come from the City of Mexico."

"Are most of your tenants Mexicans?"

"None of them except Mr. O'Reilly. They are all Cuban cigarmakers."

"You want to notify the police of this," said Old King Brady.

"If you are a detective, why don't you do that?"

"I can if you wish. I advise the other way as likely to make trouble for you."

Mr. Perez determined to take Old King Brady's advice, and hurried away for that purpose.

The old detective and Mr. Fisher then withdrew to the other room and waited for the coming of the police, incidentally hoping for Harry's return.

But Young King Brady did not turn up.

The police did in a short time.

Old King Brady went back into the room then and made his statement.

Perez was anxious for the removal of the remains.

This the police sergeant assured him could not be until the coroner had been there, and he did not think he could get him before morning.

The door was unlocked and a policeman was left in the

room to await the coming of O'Reilly, but the night passed and the man from Guadalajara failed to appear.

Old King Brady waited up in the adjoining room. Mr. Fisher went home about one o'clock.

At six next morning Old King Brady went back to the Palmer House.

Alice joined him in the parlor of their suite at seven.

"So you are back," she said. "How did you make out?"

"Well, for one thing, I have managed to lose Harry, Alice," replied the old detective, gravely.

"Not that I am worrying," he hastened to add. "I dare say the boy is all right. Still, the method of his vanishing was certainly peculiar. Incidentally, it was mixed up with a murder."

"Who, for heaven sake?"

Old King Brady proceeded to explain.

"Don't you think," said Alice, "that Harry probably saw the murderer retreating down the fire-escape and followed him?"

"Such is my idea. But look over this memorandum book. I found it sewed into the lining of the dead man's coat. It is written in Spanish. You are good for it, I suppose?"

"Certainly, Mr. Brady. You know I can read Spanish."

Alice can both read and speak many European languages.

The daughter of a missionary, born and brought up in China, she can also read and speak Chinese.

Thus the memorandum book was easy work for her.

She ran over the different entries in a casual way at first.

"This book belongs to a Mexican Secret Service man named Ramon Careno," she presently announced. "He is, or was, in the employ of the Diaz government. He seems to have been sent to Chicago to spy out this conspiracy, Mr. Fisher has been telling you of."

"Indeed! Then I have no doubt that the dead man is Careno himself."

"I find nothing here to make that sure."

"You could hardly expect it. Probably it will develop during the day. I see the papers have an account of the murder in which I figure; worse luck. But study the book carefully, Alice, and see if it contains anything to help us out; also anything of sufficient importance for me to give up the book to the coroner."

Old King Brady then retired to his own room.

At the breakfast, which was served in the private parlor, Alice announced that she had failed to find anything of great importance in the memorandum book.

"I think you are perfectly justified in suppressing it," she said. "As for anything which may help you out, I only find a few Chicago addresses, all of people of Spanish names."

She read off the list.

There were five of the names altogether, and one was Jose O'Reilly's.

Old King Brady made a list of them, remarking that he should have to look those people up.

And during the day he did so with three of them.

In each instance the addresses proved to be fictitious.

The fourth address was far out on the west side, and Old

King Brady did not find time to take it in. The fifth was O'Reilly's.

Meanwhile, the day passed, and still Young King Brady remained on the missing list.

The evening papers announced that the dead man had been identified by the Mexican consul as Ramon Careno, a Secret Service agent for the Diaz government.

The consul stated it as his belief that he had been murdered by friends of the Madero movement.

The papers also announced that the famous Old King Brady had taken up the case and had obtained a clue to the murderer.

This annoyed the old detective not a little, but, of course, there was nothing to be done.

At five o'clock he came into the hotel and said to Alice:

"There is one more of those addresses to be looked up. I have engaged a closed and heated automobile to take me out there. Want to go?"

"Why, yes," replied Alice. "I'll go."

"Very well, then. Let us start now."

"Which one is it?"

"Paulo Gonzales, Winchester avenue."

"I don't know that I know Winchester avenue."

"It is far out on the West Side. I was never there myself."

"Don't you think, Mr. Brady, that these names were purposely entered different from what they really are by Careno?"

"Possibly. I know that I failed to find either of the three I called on, but as against that we have O'Reilly's name put down correctly."

"That is so. Well, it's hard to tell."

The detectives now started west by automobile.

Winchester avenue proved to be quite beyond the settled limits, although the city limits extended much further.

Coming out at last upon a large, frame mansion of the old style, the chauffeur stopped and opened the window.

"This seems to be the house, Mr. Brady," he said. "You can see the number on the gate, but I judge there is no one living there."

"Go right on," ordered the old detective. "You ought not to have stopped without asking me. We are making a show of ourselves here."

They ran on till they came to a road-house, and here Old King Brady ordered a halt.

"You can wait here till we return," he said.

He and Alice then got out and started to walk back to the house.

CHAPTER III.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Harry's sudden disappearance came about somewhat in the way Old King Brady imagined, yet not altogether so.

When he stepped upon the fire-escape, Harry saw no one.

He advanced to the window and looked in, seeing the dead man on the floor.

He also saw a live man, a thin, Spanish-looking person with very black hair.

This man was in the act of approaching the window.

Instantly he saw Harry he drew a revolver.

Young King Brady would have immediately dodged into the other room, but as he drew back a hand seized him around the ankle, and a deep voice said:

"Hold, Colonel Gedney! You have either seen too much or not enough!"

The speaker was a young man of military appearance, wearing a sort of undress uniform.

He stood on the fire-escape ladder with his head projecting through the hole in the balcony on which Harry stood.

Instantly the man with the revolver came out through the window.

He was as noiseless as a cat.

He covered Harry and said in a whisper, as the other man also had spoken, "Who are you?"

"Hush, brother. This is Colonel Gedney," said the man on the ladder. "I tell him he has either seen too much or not enough."

"He has seen all there is to see."

"Then let him accompany us, that's all. If he refuses, put a ball through his head."

Harry started to explain, but the man with the revolver instantly checked him.

"Not a word!" he hissed. "I well know that there are others within hearing. If you speak you die. Go down the ladder! Obey or I fire."

It seemed quite necessary to obey.

The man below now let go his hold, and Harry descended.

He tried to make up his mind to take his chances and shout for Old King Brady, but it did seem too risky.

They descended to the balcony below.

Here there was a window open.

Harry was forced to enter through it at the point of the revolver.

There were five men in the room, all of them Spanish-speaking people.

Perhaps they were Cubans, as Mr. Perez said all his tenants but O'Reilly were, but they certainly looked more like Mexicans.

Harry was sure that two, at least, had Indian blood in their veins.

"Is the deed done, brother O'Reilly?" demanded one in Spanish.

"The deed is done," replied the man with the revolver.

"The spy lies dead in the room above."

"It is well. He has met with a justly deserved fate. Who is this young man?"

"Colonel Gedney."

Immediately all sprang up and three drew knives.

"Hold!" cried the man who caught Harry on the ladder. "Patience, brothers. It won't do to have two corpses discovered in this house. We have got the traitor, and I shall know what to do with him."

All this was said in Spanish.

Harry stood silent.

He felt that it was better for him not to pretend to understand Spanish as the case stood.

They put him to the test.

The man who had just spoken suddenly clapped his hand to his head and exclaimed:

"But hold! I have changed my mind. I will shoot him now."

He drew a revolver as he said it, and advanced towards Harry, looking him straight in the eye.

Young King Brady never even winked.

The man paused.

"Do you mean to kill him, Brother Santander," called out one.

Santander thrust the revolver into his hip pocket and turned away.

"I was merely trying him, brothers," he said. "He does not understand Spanish, that is plain."

Turning again, he addressed Harry in English.

"Do you understand Spanish?"

"No."

"It is well that you do not, Colonel Gedney."

"I am not Colonel Gedney. You are laboring under a delusion."

"Do you dare deny it?"

"I dare to speak the truth."

"Who are you then?"

"My name is Harrison."

"What were you doing on that fire-escape?"

"I came out to get the air."

"Weak! Are you the man who hired that next room?"

"I am not. I was merely calling on that man."

"Who is he?"

As Mr. Fisher had stated that he had hired the room under the name of Smith, Harry gave him that name.

He thought it wiser not to announce himself as a detective.

Fortunately his shield was hidden in a secret pocket. He did not fear a search.

Mr. Santander now produced a photograph.

"How dare you deny your identity to me?" he cried, fiercely. "Look at this."

He held up the picture.

Now, whoever Colonel Gedney might be, Harry did not wonder that he had been mistaken for him.

The picture was that of a young man in a similar uniform to that which was worn by Santander.

The fact bore a truly remarkable resemblance to Young King Brady.

"You see?" cried Santander.

"I admit that the picture resembles me, but it is not my photograph."

"Stubborn pig!" cried Santander. "But this denial will not avail you. I am now about to search you. Resist and you die."

And in Spanish he added:

"Brother O'Reilly, shoot him if he makes the least resistance."

O'Reilly again drew his revolver, and Harry was covered.

Santander then searched him, taking away knife and revolver.

Harry had a considerable sum of money about him, as it happened.

This was not disturbed.

"Now then, colonel, you will have to go with us to the lodge-room," the man said. "The secret tribunal meets to-night. Seeing that we have got you, we may as well bring you before it at once. Of course, you need expect little mercy after what you have seen to-night."

"What I have seen I can forget. As for what I have done, I tell you once again that I am not the person you take me to be."

"Rats!" snapped Santander. "Why plead the baby act? If I was in your place I'd have more dignity, to say the least."

It was useless to prolong the argument, so Harry relapsed into silence.

He considered his case serious, but by no means hopeless.

These men were evidently the Mexican conspirators.

Equally evident was it that they fully believed him to be this "Colonel Gedney," whoever the man was.

The only way seemed to be to drift with the tide and be watchful. Further argument would be useless.

The conspirators now conferred in Spanish. Harry listened with close attention, of course.

It appeared that they had come to this tenement for no other purpose than killing the man upstairs.

Harry was able to gather that he was a Mexican Secret Service detective in the employ of the Diaz government, but he failed to get the name.

Santander and O'Reilly discussed various ways of getting Harry out of the house and to the "lodge-room."

At last it was decided that the former should go to a neighboring livery stable and see what could be done about engaging a hack.

Santander went and was gone some time.

Nobody spoke to Harry during the interim.

The conspirators sat there rolling cigarettes and smoking till the air was fairly blue.

At last Santander returned, and with much satisfaction announced that he had secured a hack and a driver who, for a substantial bribe, had agreed to take their prisoner wherever they wanted him, and ask no questions.

All this was discussed in Spanish.

Santander then turned to Harry and said in English:

"Now then, colonel, we are about to start for the lodge. If you will swear to go quietly and make us no trouble, I swear to you to speak a good word for you and try my best to have your life spared. I understand what it is to have a woman interfere with a man's business, and do not altogether blame you for what you have done. Still, a broken oath in a case like this is a serious matter, and I can't say how the brothers will take it. On the other hand, if you are disposed to make us trouble about leaving this house, prepare for the worst, for shoot you I surely shall."

"It is useless to talk," replied Harry, calmly. "I am in your power. I don't want to be shot, of course, therefore you will have to do with me as you will."

O'Reilly then left the room by way of the window.

He soon returned, announcing that the coast was clear.

The other conspirators now departed one by one, going down the fire-escape.

All gone, O'Reilly went out, and Harry was ordered to follow him, Santander bringing up the rear.

They descended to the back yard and passed out into the alley, encountering no one.

At the end of the alley on Halstead street an old-fashioned hack was in waiting. Harry was ordered to enter.

Santander and O'Reilly following, the hack was driven away.

A long ride west followed.

Harry thought they were never going to reach their destination.

The two men conversed in Spanish about their private affairs, but no allusion was made to Harry nor to anything which interested him.

At last the hack stopped.

When they got out Harry saw that it had stopped snowing.

They were now far out on the prairie. Here and there scattered houses were to be seen. He was not able to identify the place.

The hack was dismissed and they started to walk.

The two conspirators kept very close to Harry.

No further warning was given, but from their threatening looks Young King Brady felt that any attempt on his part to turn on them would surely cost him his life.

In this form they advanced until they arrived at last at a large frame mansion standing well back from the street.

The house, while not ruinous by any means, still wore an air of desertion, and was entirely dark.

Santander led the way to the rear and rapped five times on the back door.

It was promptly opened by a man of very foreign appearance.

He looked more like a Mexican Indian than any one of the bunch Harry had yet seen.

"Ha! So you got him?" he exclaimed in Spanish.

"As you see," replied Santander.

"And the other?"

"There is no other. We left a corpse behind us for the detective to wonder over, that is all."

"Good! How did you get the colonel?"

"He came to us. It's a long story to tell the whole of it. Wait. Have the brothers arrived yet?"

"Many are here. There are others still to come."

"I refer to those who accompanied us."

"They have not yet arrived."

"They were to come by the cars. I suppose they will turn up shortly. We want to put the colonel where he will be secure until the lodge meets."

"Follow me," said the man, and, picking up a lantern, he led the way to a vacant room at the top of the house.

Here Young King Brady was locked up in total darkness.

There was not even a chair to sit on—just the four walls.

Of course, it was all very discouraging.

Harry now began to blame himself for the course he had taken.

Like most of us when we tumble into trouble, it seemed to him that if he had done differently he might have made his escape.

It was a useless line of thought, of course, and Harry soon abandoned it.

Pacing up and down in the darkness, smoking, he tried to calm himself as best he could.

It was not so long before he heard light footsteps ascending the stairs and in the passage outside.

It sounded like a woman.

Harry stood listening, and presently a woman's voice called through the key-hole:

"George! George Gedney! Are you there?"

Harry at once answered:

"Listen, whoever you are! A mistake has been made. I am not George Gedney. I do not know these people who have captured me. I want nothing to do with their affairs. Try to make them understand it if you can, and you will do me the greatest possible service."

There was a faint scream, and then the voice called:

"Why, of course you are not George Gedney. Don't I know his voice. Who are you, then?"

"My name is Henry Harrison."

"My! But you are in the greatest danger. They mean to kill you."

"I suppose they do. Perhaps you can help me."

"I don't know. I will if I can."

"Who is this Colonel Gedney? What has he done to these men?"

"Oh, I must not talk, I suppose, if you are a stranger. I am going away now. I will see what I can do."

Harry heard her retreat downstairs.

It was but a little while afterward when several men were heard coming up.

The door was opened and there stood three men whom Harry had never seen.

They were the same sort, evidently all Mexicans.

"Colonel Gedney, you are to follow us," one said in English.

"I will follow you, but I deny that I am Colonel Gedney," Harry replied.

The man looked at him curiously.

"I wonder if there can be a mistake?" he said. "You certainly look like the young colonel, still I can see points of difference."

"I am not Colonel Gedney. I do not know the man." "Follow us," was the reply. "It does not rest with me. It is up to the lodge to decide."

And Young King Brady followed them downstairs.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF FOR MEXICO.

We need scarcely say that the house to which Alice and Old King Brady went the night they started out to follow up the Paulo Gonzales address was the same one to which Harry was taken on the night of his capture.

That goes without saying.

It was the headquarters of these Mexican conspirators in Chicago.

The old detective's first act was to ring the bell.

He rang it several times, but received no answer.

"Seems to be nothing doing, Alice," he remarked. "I

am afraid those addresses are rather ancient. We have come a long way to be disappointed again."

"Just the same if it was me I should not leave here till I had seen the inside of this house," replied Alice. "To me it looks decidedly suspicious."

"It is my intention to force an entrance," was the reply. "If we can't rout up any one, that is."

"Suppose we try it at the back."

They went around the house.

The snow was still on the ground, though it had now frozen hard.

The detectives noted that there were many footprints visible in it.

These they knew could not be more recent than the night of Harry's disappearance, for the cold had been intense ever since.

"There have been a whole lot of people coming and going here, all right," observed Alice.

"Evidently," replied Old King Brady. "Small-footed people, too, most of them."

"Are the Mexicans noted as a small-footed race?"

"Rather so, and I think the same thing holds good with most Spanish-American people, as a rule."

Old King Brady pounded on the back door.

It was as in the front, no response.

He then produced his skeleton keys and opened the door without difficulty.

The first thing noticeable was a strong smell of garlic.

"This smells very Mexican," observed the old detective with a sniff.

"Decidedly," replied Alice, getting out her electric flashlight.

They found themselves close to the kitchen.

Here were a few earthen pots and pipkins such as Mexicans use in cooking.

There were other odds and ends of kitchen utensils, and some few pieces of furniture.

A tour of the house now began.

That it had hastily been fitted up for the occupancy of at least four persons, and one of them a woman, was soon proved.

But they could discover no one.

From certain signs it seemed probable that whoever the occupants were, they had abandoned the place for good. Certainly they had left it sufficiently dirty.

Old King Brady and Alice went all over the house.

"Nothing doing," the latter observed. "It looks to me as if these people had gone for good."

"Indeed yes. But still there is the cellar to be examined yet. But stay! Don't you notice that it is rather warmer inside here than one would expect to find it on such a cold night?"

"It isn't any too warm at that. Still, as you say, in a deserted house one would naturally expect to find it colder."

Old King Brady went to the hall register.

It was closed, but he could feel the heat coming up.

"Why, there's a fire in the furnace," he remarked. "We want to get to the cellar at once. We may find a clue to some of this mystery there."

As soon as they opened the cellar door they were struck by the warmth of the air.

Over in one corner they perceived a faint light.

It proved to come from the open draught of a furnace.

And with this discovery they made another, for there on the cellar floor, stretched upon an old blanket, with his head resting on a pillow, was a young man.

He lay on his back with closed eyes and face deathly white, his clothing was badly besmeared with blood.

Old King Brady never doubted that he was looking at another corpse.

Alice gave a scream and caught his arm.

"It is, isn't it?" she cried.

"I'm afraid so," replied Old King Brady in a hollow voice.

This was while they were still at a distance.

They paused, neither daring to advance.

For they took the form on the blanket to be Harry, and surely these two ought to be able to judge.

"Dead!" gasped Alice, and she burst into tears.

"There, there! Brace up," said Old King Brady. "After all, it may not be so. Here we are standing like a couple of babies, afraid to learn the truth."

He advanced to the furnace and looked down upon the white, upturned face.

"Not Harry, and not dead!" he said.

"Thank heaven!" murmured Alice, hurrying forward.

The man on the blanket never stirred.

"The resemblance is marvelous, just the same," whispered Alice. "Who can he be? Oh, Mr. Brady, are you sure?"

"Of course. Harry has a brown mole under his left eye. This man has none."

"Surely! How could I be so blind?"

"Evidently he has been shot. You can see where the powder burned his coat."

"I am afraid he is dying, Mr. Brady."

"No. He is breathing none too strongly, but then he must be greatly reduced in strength. Let us stand here a minute and get warm. Perhaps he will wake up."

Old King Brady opened the furnace door. The fire was burning low.

There was a little coal in a bin, and the old detective put on a shovelful.

The noise he made in so doing aroused the sleeper, as he hoped might be the case.

With his eyes open he looked even more like Harry.

They fixed themselves upon Alice, and he murmured faintly:

"Are you a spirit? Am I dead?"

"No, indeed, you poor fellow," replied Alice, quickly.

"Oh! I thought I was. Oh, I have so longed for death. I have been here since last night."

"You have been shot?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"My name is Montgomery."

By this time Old King Brady had stepped into view.

The man gave a slight start.

"You must be Old King Brady, the detective," he muttered.

"That is who I am," replied Old King Brady.

"I knew it—knew by your picture."

"Who are you?"

"George Gedney, Mexican Secret Service man, Mr. Brady."

"Revolutionists or regular government?"

"Regular government."

"Associate of Ramon Careno?"

"Yes."

"Then let me tell you that you have fared better than he has."

"Yes, I know. He is dead."

"He is. Who shot you?"

"I got mixed up with a bunch of conspirators. They thought I was an English colonel. Some one gave me away. I was captured last night, dragged to this house and shot. My coming saved the life of another, however."

"Who? In what way?" demanded Old King Brady, quickly.

"All I know is that he was a young man named Harrison. They mistook him for me. The resemblance between us was indeed most remarkable. He tried to prevail upon them not to shoot me. They were just about to shoot him when I was brought in."

"You are surely speaking of my partner, Young King Brady, and it is a fact that you most marvelously resemble him. What did they do with him then?"

"He joined them. It was either that or death. As I understand it, he was a witness to poor Careno's murder."

"And where are they now?"

"What time is it?"

"Not quite nine o'clock."

"Then they probably have already started for Mexico."

"Taking him along with them?"

"I assume so. Such was the programme. Of course, I don't actually know."

"And to what part of Mexico do these people propose to go?"

But Old King Brady did not get an answer to that question, for the unfortunate man had reached the limit of his strength.

The eyes closed, the pale face grew paler, and he sank away into a faint.

They thought they had lost him then, but Old King Brady worked over him and brought him back to consciousness.

Meanwhile Alice went for the automobile.

With the help of the chauffeur they got Gedney into the machine, and he was taken with all speed to the hospital.

He was able to finish out his narrative on the way.

It appeared that the conspirators had left him for dead, but he so far revived as to be able to drag himself to the cellar with a blanket and pillow.

Here he managed to keep the fire going, and so kept from freezing, but toward the last he sank into a helpless condition in which Old King Brady and Alice discovered him.

That he would have died before morning if help had not come to him the doctor at the hospital assured Old King Brady.

Alice returned to the Palmer House, but the old detective, anxious to get still more information, remained all night at the hospital so as to improve any opportunity which there might be to talk with Gedney.

He joined Alice at breakfast.

"And how did you leave him?" she asked.

"In better shape than I expected," was the reply. "They say he has a fair chance to recover, although his wound is in a serious condition."

"Did you find out anything more about Harry?"

"No. He knows nothing except that these men were bound for Guadalaxara. He doesn't know which route they intended to take."

"Where does he hail from?"

"He is a Londoner. He was hired by the Mexican Government because of the reputation he had made for himself and because he is a perfect master of the Spanish language. He has been working for them two years. He joined these conspirators a month ago. It seems he made love to the sister of one of them. She grew jealous, and that led to trouble. It is his belief that Careno, who was very jealous of him, gave him away to the girl, and she to the gang. As to the details of the conspiracy, he don't seem to have found out much. His belief is, though, that the matter is serious and that the Manuel Garcia crowd mean business."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Haven't made up my mind yet. I must see Fisher, first of all, and report the situation. No doubt he will get his instructions from Washington."

"Does he consider Harry safe with these conspirators now?"

"He didn't express himself on that point, but I certainly don't. However, I'm not going to worry. Perhaps we shall hear from Harry during the day."

Old King Brady went to Mr. Fisher's office directly after breakfast.

"Well, we seem to have chased these conspirators out of Chicago, at all events," that gentleman remarked. "I will communicate with Washington over the long-distance telephone and let you know the result. Will you look in, say, in an hour?"

Old King Brady assented and left.

Returning to the Palmer House, he found Alice reading a letter.

"From Harry?" he asked.

"Yes. Came direct to the hotel manager, the enclosure being addressed to me. Shall I read it aloud?"

"I wish you would."

Alice accordingly read as follows:

"ON BOARD THE KATY FLIER.

"DEAR ALICE: I am writing under the greatest difficulty. May not see my way clear to mail this. I was captured by the conspirators, and it came near proving my finish. Mistaken for a man named Gedney, whom they shot in a house far over on the West Side. Can't give street or number. It is certainly north of Madison street, and about half a mile beyond any built-up section. Better look the matter up.

"Had to join this bunch or share Gedney's fate, and now we are off for Mexico. O'Reilly and a man named Santander seem to be the bosses. We are going to a place called Juarez, wherever that is. There people from Gaudalaxara meet us. This is all I know. Tell the governor that if he don't come after me I am afraid I am going to find it very difficult to untie from these people. Still it is not abso-

lutely necessary, of course. I shall do my best to take care of myself.

"With much love,

HARRY."

"I shall go at once," declared Old King Brady.

"Decidedly," added Alice. "What did Mr. Fisher have to say?"

Old King Brady told her, and at the end of the hour they both called at Mr. Fisher's office.

"Case off, Brady," was the announcement. "The Secret Service people are satisfied as long as the conspirators have quit the country. That must be made certain, however."

"I think it may be considered certain," was the reply. "Read this letter."

Mr. Fisher agreed with him.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"It's Mexico for mine," replied the old detective. "It is my intention to start by the first train."

CHAPTER V.

HARRY ARRIVES AT EL PASO.

"Colonel" Gedney told the truth when he stated that Harry came dangerously near death.

The manner in which he escaped is worth a word.

Harry was taken into what had been the front parlor of the old mansion.

Here about twenty men, all of whom appeared to be Mexicans, were assembled.

Santander appeared to be the leader.

He addressed the meeting, telling of the death of Careno.

He did not definitely state that O'Reilly killed him, but he left this to be implied.

He then told of Harry's capture, making a slight allusion to his claim not to be Colonel Gedney, which he declared to be all nonsense.

His brother conspirators grunted assent to this.

"That he is a detective we know," continued Santander. "He has again denied that he understands Spanish. I put him to a severe test. I believe he speaks the truth, although I know that some of you gentlemen hold to the contrary. At all events, he knows far too much of our plans for our good. That he ever was a colonel in the English army I greatly doubt. That is the way the matter stands, gentlemen. Now what is your pleasure?"

There was not one word spoken in Harry's favor.

Each man present said, "Death!"

All eyes were fixed upon Young King Brady as they said it.

It is to Harry's credit that he did not turn a hair.

"You see," remarked Santander. "It isn't possible that he understands Spanish."

And to this several assented.

Santander then turned to Young King Brady, and in English announced his fate.

"When do you propose to carry this sentence into execution?" asked Harry, calmly.

"Right now," was the reply. "Do you wish to be blind-folded?"

"No; it is not necessary. I tell you once again that I am not Colonel Gedney, and that I do not know the man."

"Waste wind," snapped Santander.

He made a sign, and two of the conspirators seized Harry and led him to the other end of the room, where they stood him face to the wall.

"Now then, say your prayers if you care to say them," said Santander. "There will be no announcement of when I shall fire. You may expect it any time now."

A moment of awful suspense followed, when the silence was suddenly broken by a loud knocking on the door.

"See who that is, Brother O'Reilly!" ordered Santander.

Then as the door was opened, loud shouts of surprise went up.

Harry ventured to look around.

There stood his very double a prisoner in the hands of two men.

They started to tell how they had captured Colonel Gedney in a certain saloon on West Lake street when Santander interrupted.

"Silence!" he cried. "Of this later. Are you Col. George Gedney?"

"To be sure I am," replied the prisoner. "You ought to know, Mr. Santander."

"Then who is that man? We were just about to shoot him for you?"

"I don't know who he is. I never saw him before. I don't see, either, that he looks in the least like me."

"What! But no man is a judge of his own looks. Others think differently. Gedney, we have disposed of Careno, and now it is your turn."

"But, gentlemen, if you will only listen," protested the man. "I can explain——"

He got no chance.

Santander, stepping up to him, instantly fired, and the unfortunate man fell dead, as Harry supposed.

A more perfectly cold-blooded act Young King Brady had never witnessed.

The conspirators paid no attention whatever to their victim after Santander and O'Reilly, having each examined him, pronounced him dead.

They pressed about Harry, though, and every one wanted to shake hands.

Santander cut them short.

"Listen, brothers!" he cried. "This man has had a narrow escape, it is true, but has he actually escaped? He has become the custodian of dangerous secrets, which, if known, will send some among us to the gallows. I for one don't see how we can afford to let him live."

"Nor I," added O'Reilly.

Several others expressed similar sentiments.

Harry, who was not supposed to understand them, remained calm.

"Let him join us or die," cried one.

To this many assented.

"If such is the general sentiment, I am willing to assume the risk so far as I am concerned," said Santander.

O'Reilly also assented.

"That is, providing he is willing to go to Mexico with us," he added.

And after some further discussion it was decided that Santander should put it up to Harry.

He accordingly took him into another room and questioned him about himself.

Of course, Harry had to concoct a story to suit the occasion.

He professed sympathy for Mexico, and admiration for the brave men who were trying to free the republic from the iron rule of the dictator, Diaz.

He declared that he was out of work and was fond of adventure. In short, that he was willing to go.

Young King Brady was then taken back to the lodge-room, and the question was put to a vote, which resulted in a decision in Harry's favor.

He was then made to swear eternal fidelity to his fellow conspirators under pain of death.

By this time it was three o'clock in the morning, and the meeting broke up.

The body of the supposed murdered colonel had been removed from the lodge-room when Harry went back there, and as he did not like to ask any questions, he gained no further information about the man.

The conspirators now broke up.

Santander was one of the first to depart, and with him went a very pretty young woman whom he introduced to Harry as his sister, Anita.

"You are to go with us," he said. "We start South tomorrow morning. All is arranged. Your expenses will be paid out of a general war fund in my possession."

And with this all discussion of the matter ceased.

Anita spoke good English, but did not seem to want to talk. In fact, she seemed to feel Gedney's death keenly, Harry thought, and he judged, moreover, that she was horribly afraid of her father.

They went to a house on Paulina street, near Fulton.

Here Harry was shown to a room and left to himself. He quickly discovered that the door had been slyly locked on him, however.

At first he thought of attempting to escape, but as he came to think more deeply of the matter, he decided that he had no right to do so.

Circumstances had put him in the way of learning the plans of the conspirators, and he considered it his duty to remain with them until he had some definite information to give to the Secret Service Bureau.

At last he fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock the next morning when he awoke.

Santander was standing by his bedside.

He looked very mild, and was certainly the last person one would have taken for the red-handed murderer that he was.

"Well, young man, how did you sleep?" he asked.

"Sound," replied Harry, sitting up.

"You want to get up now. We start in a train which leaves at three o'clock."

"How many are going?"

"There are two hundred and over of us altogether. But we don't go together. Some have already gone, others follow us. Some go from other cities."

"I don't like to ask questions," said Harry, "but I really am curious to know how you came to organize such a body in the United States."

"It is easily explained. Our chief, Manuel Garcia, is one of the biggest cigar manufacturers in Mexico. We are almost all cigarmakers, and most of us once worked in his factory. There was a big strike there two years ago, and a lot of us pulled out and came to the United States."

"And now you have got together and are determined to make your old boss president if you can."

"That's it. What is more, we expect to succeed."

"Which I hope you may. I'll get right up and dress."

Santander then left the room.

This time the door was not locked.

Harry dressed and went downstairs.

Here he found several of the conspirators assembled.

Breakfast was soon announced.

The girl Anita was not in evidence.

Harry learned from the conversation, which was mostly in Spanish, that she had gone to Milwaukee to remain until her brother sent for her to come to Mexico.

Little was said to Harry, but every one was very civil, and occasionally addressed him in English.

After breakfast, Santander went downtown with him, and they bought a few necessities for the journey.

Although Santander knew that he had money, having found it on him when the search was made, he would not allow Harry to pay for anything.

At three o'clock all those in the house assembled at the Alton station.

There were others of the party present, about forty, all told.

It now developed that a private car had been chartered.

It was very crowded, but as extra berths had been improvised, all managed to find accommodation.

The run South was tedious enough, but without event.

Harry half expected that the party might be held up by Secret Service agents, but this did not occur, and in due time they reached El Paso, Texas.

At a way station Harry found opportunity to mail the letter which Alice received.

By this time Young King Brady felt that he knew as much about the plans of the conspirators as he was likely to learn, practically as much as they knew themselves, unless, indeed, Santander and O'Reilly had information which they were not giving out.

He therefore decided to desert and wire Old King Brady that he was about to return.

This, however, did not prove so easy, as will now be shown.

On the trip Santander had little to say to Harry, although invariably civil.

When the train pulled into El Paso the conspirators immediately scattered.

Every man seemed to know just where to go.

Harry was ordered by Santander to remain with him and O'Reilly.

A norther was sweeping over Texas, and a miserably cold rain was falling.

Santander put up an umbrella, and, taking Harry's arm, said:

"Now look here, Harrison, I am booked for rather a dangerous mission to-night, and I have selected you as my bodyguard, but first let us have supper. Mr. O'Reilly goes along with us. You will have nothing to do but to stand

by us in case of trouble. Take this revolver, but even if the situation seems to be dangerous, don't think of using it unless I give the word."

"Where are we going?" asked Harry.

"Over into Mexico, but we return to-night. Our bunch don't go out of El Paso until we receive definite orders from General Garcia. Those are what I am going after to-night."

They turned into a side street and entered a cafe which had a Spanish sign over the door.

"No such thing as escaping yet," thought Harry. "However, this seems to be an opportunity to learn more of the plans of these conspirators, so I suppose I must consider that all to the good."

CHAPTER VI.

OLD KING BRADY MAKES A MYSTERY.

Old King Brady and Alice made an immediate start for Mexico, following the same route chosen by the conspirators.

They were now acting on their own account, but this was changed when they reached Texas, for when the train pulled into Texarkana a telegraph operator came into the Pullman with a despatch calling out "Brady."

Old King Brady claimed the despatch.

He was rather annoyed to have to do so, for to the few persons he had spoken he had given the name of Williams. Still, as the despatch might be from Harry, there was nothing else to do.

It proved to be from no less a person than the chief of the Secret Service Bureau.

It was a long night message in a cipher known only to the Bradys and the Secret Service people.

It read as follows:

"Stick to the case. Conspirators are still in El Paso. Arrest one Santander and O'Reilly. Both are American citizens. My agent will meet you and give such points as he has been able to gather. The password is Success. Talk to no one who cannot give it."

"They must have learned something new," remarked Alice after she had read this.

"It would appear so," replied Old King Brady. "We must be very cautious."

They had a state-room which they were careful to lock when they went to dinner in the dining car.

Returning, they received a decided jolt, for the state-room door was now unlocked.

"How is this?" exclaimed Alice. "Surely you locked this door, Mr. Brady?"

"Of course I did," replied the old detective. "All there is about it there has been an intruder here."

Yet when they entered nothing had been disturbed, apparently.

The porter was summoned.

He declared that he had not unlocked the door.

Old King Brady examined the lock and became convinced that a skeleton key had been used.

"Alice, what did you do with that despatch?" he suddenly demanded.

"Why, I put it in the pocket of my hand-bag," replied Alice.

"And left the bag behind you when we went to dinner."

"Well, I did, Mr. Brady. I didn't suppose I was running any risk."

"Look for the despatch."

Alice did so, and found it missing.

"There you are," declared the old detective. "We have been spotted, all right."

"But whoever got it can't read it."

"I am not so sure. All Secret Service men know that cipher. Anything else gone?"

Nothing was.

It was a clear case that some one on the train who knew that Old King Brady had received the despatch had stolen it.

The old detective now mingled with the passengers, talking, in every car.

He hoped to be able to identify some former Secret Service man who might have joined in the conspiracy, but he met with no success, and he at length returned to the state-room to announce failure.

"We can't do a thing about it," he said. "The only way is to be on our guard."

They reached El Paso at nine in the evening and proceeded to the principal hotel, registering under their own names.

They had not been half an hour there when the card of a Mr. Sherrington was handed in.

"Show the gentleman up," ordered the old detective.

Mr. Sherrington proved to be a large, heavy man, with reddish hair and a sandy mustache.

He spoke with a marked Southern accent.

He began by announcing himself pleased to meet the famous Old King Brady, and the equally famous Miss Montgomery.

Then turning abruptly on the old detective, he pronounced the word "Success."

"Ah," said Old King Brady, "you are a Secret Service man then?"

"I am. I was ordered to communicate with you upon your arrival."

"Show me your authority, please."

A Secret Service shield was then displayed.

"I have to be particular for the reason that a despatch from our chief containing this password was stolen from us on the train," explained Old King Brady, even yet rather dubious.

"That's a bad job," replied Sherrington.

He asked how it happened, and received the explanation.

"I am special agent here," he went on to say. "I have been detailed to look into these Garcia conspirators. There is still a bunch of them here, and I have bad news for you, Mr. Brady. That is, I call it bad news, but it may turn out all right. They have captured your partner."

"Ah!"

"Yes. Young King Brady. They have run him over into Mexico. I have no doubt they mean to kill him, but they had not done so last accounts. I have but just now

been told this by one of my spies. He also told me just how to get to the place where he is locked in an old church on the outskirts of the Mexican town. If you had not come it was my intention to attempt a rescue to-night."

"How did it happen?" demanded the old detective.

"I haven't been able to get details. He was caught at some meeting, that is all my man could learn. If you care to join me he shall guide us to the place."

Old King Brady did not hesitate, although he was far from placing implicit confidence in Mr. Sherrington.

He took Alice into another room and said:

"Of course, it is up to me to go. I shall be very careful. I don't feel quite sure about this man."

"And I feel anything but sure. I don't like his looks. I wish you would let me go along, Mr. Brady."

"No, no! That would be ridiculous. A woman has no place on such an expedition. You can rely upon me keeping strictly on my guard."

He returned to the room and announced to Sherrington that he was ready to accompany him.

They went out on the street, where they found a man waiting for them.

He was evidently a Mexican.

Sherrington introduced him as Juan Laredo.

"How do you know my partner is in the hands of these people?" questioned Old King Brady.

"Why, I saw him there this evening," was the reply.

"You have worked in with the bunch?"

"Certainly. I am a member of their lodge."

"Do you know Santander and O'Reilly?"

"Perfectly well."

"Why do they linger in El Paso? Why don't they move on to Guadalaxara?"

"They are waiting for orders from General Garcia."

"It's just as he says," said Sherrington. "Everything is ready to jump on these people, Mr. Brady. I'm for doing it to-night, right away after we get your partner. What do you say?"

"I am for it. The sooner we get Santander and O'Reilly into our clutches the better, for there is always the chance that they will slip through our fingers."

By this time they had reached the International Bridge, which her spans the Rio Grande river.

As yet there was no special guard placed here, the Madero movement not having assumed such serious proportions as it soon after did.

They therefore crossed the bridge unchallenged and entered the Mexican El Paso.

It was remarkable to note the difference in the size and appearance of the buildings.

El Paso, Texas, is a flourishing city; this place, on the contrary, is a typical Mexican town.

"And now how far?" demanded Old King Brady.

"About a mile beyond the town limits down the river," replied Laredo.

"You are armed, of course, Mr. Brady?" asked Sherrington.

"I decidedly am," replied the old detective, with emphasis.

He was watching his two companions closely, but he could not see that they exchanged glances at any time.

Laredo had a lot to say about the conspirators, Sherrington very little.

They kept on until they had passed beyond the settled limit, and still following, pressed forward until an old, ruinous church came into view.

It was bright moonlight, so everything could be seen distinctly.

"That's the place," said Laredo.

"Now then, who is on guard?" questioned Sherrington.

"There were three when I was there this afternoon," was the reply.

"Where is the boy?" asked Old King Brady.

"In a vault under the church."

"Which looks as if it had been split in two by an earthquake and one wall thrown down."

"That's the story. It happened a long while ago, however. We must approach cautiously until we reach that bunch of live oak trees. Then I will go forward and join the guard. They are in the basement of the church at the rear. If they are asleep, as like enough they are, I'll come back and we will sneak in and capture them. If I don't return you may know that they are awake."

"Then what?" demanded Sherrington. "Seems to me you are singularly vague about your plans, Juan."

"Not at all, boss. If I don't come back, why you and Mr. Brady must just tumble in on us and make the attack. Of course, I shall jump in on your side. There ought not to be the least trouble."

"Go on," said Sherrington. "We want this business settled as soon as possible if we are to scoop in Santander and O'Reilly to-night."

Laredo left then, walking straight toward the church.

"There goes a good man for a Greaser," remarked Sherrington. "I am going to try to get him a permanent job on the force. By the way, do you speak Spanish, Mr. Brady?"

"No," replied the old detective, "I only speak United States."

"I'm pretty good at Spanish, but when they mix it with Indian words, I'm no good at all."

He talked further, mentioning his acquaintance with several Secret Service men, some of whom Old King Brady knew.

Presently, as he lighted a cigarette, he asked:

"And do you know Billy Oliver, who used to have charge of the Houston end?"

"Yes, I know him," replied the old detective, and he knew also that the mystery of the stolen telegram was explained.

For in the Pullman had been a man whose face seemed familiar to the old detective, yet he could not place him.

He had puzzled his head in vain over the matter, and after the telegram vanished he had been particularly watchful of this man, but could detect nothing suspicious about him.

But now it was all plain.

Old King Brady remembered his man.

He was former Secret Service Commissioner at Houston, Oliver.

That the man had gone crooked Old King Brady had indirectly heard.

"He stole the telegram," he said to himself.

Just then Laredo appeared at the door of the church. He waved his hand and came forward.

"The coast seems to be clear," remarked Sherrington. "May good luck attend us. I want to see you get that boy, Mr. Brady."

"We'll get him if he's here," replied the old detective, quietly, and they advanced to meet Laredo.

"Are they asleep?" called Sherrington as he drew near.

"I can't find them," replied the Mexican. "I don't know what it means."

"Can they have taken Young King Brady somewhere else?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Did you go down into the vault?"

"Why, no. I have no key. I suppose you have skeletons."

"I have," replied Sherrington.

"And I," added the old detective. "Unless the lock is of some peculiar modern pattern, I shall be easily able to pick it."

"It's as old as the church itself," replied Laredo.

They were hurrying towards the church. When they reached it Laredo led the way around towards the rear.

"Look here, Juan, it's to be hoped that you have been giving us this thing straight," said Sherrington, drawing a revolver. "There are lively times ahead for you if you attempt any funny business."

"Haven't you learned to trust me yet?" demanded the Mexican in an aggrieved tone. "I've never went back on you yet, have I, boss?"

"Needless to ask. You would never get the chance to do it and put the question."

Old King Brady also drew his revolver.

This sudden and apparently unnecessary attack on Laredo was the first thing he had seen to arouse the least suspicion.

"I might say the same thing to both of you," he quietly remarked.

"Well, that's so, we are equally strangers to you," replied Sherrington, with a light laugh. "I see you are prepared."

"Fully. Is this the way down to the vaults beneath the church, Laredo?"

They had come to an open door. Inside a flight of steps leading down could be seen.

"That's the road," replied the Greaser. "Mr. Sherrington, I have no light."

"But I have," replied the Secret Service man, producing an electric flash lantern.

He led the way down the steps.

Old King Brady took care to go last.

His eyes had been everywhere since they drew near the church, but he had seen no sign of any one.

At the foot of the steps they came upon a narrow passage, which being followed a few feet, brought them to two iron doors.

"He's in there," said Laredo, pointing to the right-hand door.

Old King Brady pounded on the door.

"Harry, are you there?" he called.

There was no response.

"Botheration, I am afraid they have taken the boy away," said Sherrington, producing a bunch of skeleton keys.

He quickly opened the door.

Of course, Old King Brady, who was now holding the flashlight, peered into the vault.

It was the one second when he was off his guard.

It did the business for him, too, for, after all, Sherrington was a traitor.

Both he and Laredo threw themselves upon the old detective from behind, forcing him into the vault.

He fell flat, his revolver dropping from his hand.

Sherrington did not wait to pick it up.

Slamming the door, he locked it.

Meanwhile, Laredo ran to the foot of the steps and whistled.

A moment later three men came down and joined them. They were Santander, O'Reilly and another.

"Got him?" demanded the former.

"You bet," replied Sherrington.

Santander passed him a roll of bills.

"This is as it should be," he said. "As my friend Oliver truly says, there is no safety for us with Old King Brady on the trail."

"Well! What do you propose to do with him?"

"To kill him right now."

"He is armed, as I warned you I would not take the chances of trying to disarm him."

"That's all right. You have lived up to your agreement. Brady! Hello in there! Mr. Brady!"

There was no answer.

"By Jove, I believe that crack on the head which he must have got has put him out of business," remarked Sherrington.

"If you hear, let me warn you not to attempt to shoot when we open the door!" shouted Santander. "You will not be harmed. Should you foolishly shoot one of us, there will still be four left to avenge his death."

Still no answer.

Santander then unlocked the door.

To the utter surprise of Laredo and Sherrington, Old King Brady was not in the vault.

There was no one to be seen.

"Traitor!" cried Santander, suddenly covering Sherrington. "Give me back that money! You have betrayed me!"

CHAPTER VII.

ALICE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

That Old King Brady had gone to encounter trouble Alice knew within half an hour of his departure.

At that time another card was handed in.

It bore the name of Mr. Philip Mason.

Underneath the name in cipher was "U. S. Secret Service."

"Show the gentleman up," ordered Alice, feeling even then that something had gone wrong.

Mr. Mason came.

A glance at his honest face was sufficient to inspire confidence.

He bowed politely as he inquired if Old King Brady was to be seen.

Determined to be on the safe side, Alice's reply was: "There is something which will have to be said before I can hold any conversation with you, Mr. Mason."

"Exactly. But it must be said only to Old King Brady."

"I am his partner."

"Miss Montgomery?"

"Yes."

Mason showed a Secret Service shield.

"Can you duplicate that?" he asked.

"Certainly."

Alice displayed her own shield then.

"I see. It is all right. But may I not see Old King Brady himself?"

"He is not here, Mr. Mason. As for me, I can hold no conversation with you unless you give me the word."

"The word is Success."

"Just so, but I fear it should be failure."

"What do you mean?"

"That you are not the first man who has called here this evening displaying a Secret Service shield and giving that password."

"I am the only one authorized to call. The only one who knows the word."

"I am afraid it is not so. That some one else knows the word, I fear, is my fault. A man calling himself Sherrington is the party I refer to."

"Don't know any such person. You are sure he had a Secret Service shield?"

"Positively yes. Let me explain what I meant by allusion."

Alice then told of the vanishing of the despatch."

"This sounds to me like Billy Oliver's work, and if so, I fear it is serious," declared Mason then.

"And who is Billy Oliver?"

"He was formerly Secret Service Commissioner at Houston. He went crooked and was never captured. He is believed to still have his Secret Service shield. Can you describe this Sherrington?"

"He is a large man, with reddish hair and mustache."

"Not Oliver, certainly. He is a small, dark man. He has a very peculiar way of winking his eyes, which once seen is not easily forgotten."

"Just such a man was on board our Pullman car when Old King Brady received the despatch."

"Then Oliver is surely the man who stole it. He fled to Mexico after he went crooked. I heard recently that he had joined Madero's army. Really, Miss Montgomery, something ought to be done. I fear for Old King Brady's life."

"What can we do?"

"I will go over to El Paso, Mexico, and see what I can learn."

"Let me go with you, Mr. Mason."

"You? The place I am going to is scarcely fit for a lady. It is a pulqueria, or, in other words, a low saloon."

Alice abandoned the idea, feeling that unless disguised she could not go. She did not care to venture out with a stranger in disguise.

"I suppose I must give it up then," she sighed, "but tell me, Mr. Mason, do you know anything of Young King Brady?"

"I don't. Is he not with you?"

"No. He was captured by a bunch of these conspirators in Chicago. They forced him to come down here to Texas with them."

"Do you know the names of any of these men?"

"Yes, one is Santander, another is O'Reilly."

"They are the leaders of the Manuel Garcia conspiracy here in El Paso."

"Do you know where they hold out?"

"I do not. That is just what I want Old King Brady to help me learn."

"But I think I better leave you now, Miss Montgomery," Mason added. "I don't know that I can do the least good in this matter of Old King Brady, but I shall try. I have a spy in the Mexican town who has been closely watching Santander and O'Reilly. I wish to see if he has caught on to the game of this so-called Sherrington."

And suiting action to the word, Mr. Mason then left. Alice was very much troubled.

She stood it till eleven o'clock, and ventured out.

There was not a woman to be seen on the streets.

Groups of men who passed her were so tough looking that she decided to go back.

Mason returned shortly before midnight. He reported that he had been unable to find his man.

Alice waited up till one, and then retired.

Morning came at last, after wakeful hours, but it did not bring Old King Brady.

It now began to look as if something serious must have occurred.

Alice took an early breakfast and went out to see what she could do.

She crossed to Mexico and looked El Paso on that side of the Rio Grande pretty well over.

Remembering what Sherrington had said about Harry being concealed at a place beyond the town down the river, she followed on in that direction.

In this way she came in sight of the ruined church.

The picturesqueness of the ruin appealed to Alice, and she continued her walk until she came to it.

Entering the main body of the church, she stood studying the pictures of various scriptural scenes painted on the half-ruined walls.

She was thus engaged when she heard a faint voice call for help, in Spanish.

"Who spoke?" demanded Alice, for she could see no one.

"Look towards the altar," came the faint reply.

Alice did so, and now perceived a man stretched on the stone pavement, directly at the foot of the altar.

She hurried towards him, but by the time she reached the altar the man had fallen into a faint.

At first Alice thought he was dead.

He was a handsome young fellow, of the Mexican type. Bending over him, Alice saw that he had been shot in almost the same place as Col. Gedney; that is, in the upper part of the left breast, considerably above the heart.

The wound had bled freely and this must have been some time before, for the blood on the pavement was pretty well dried.

Alice now applied smelling salts, which she happened to have with her.

It did the business, and after a minute the young man revived.

"Who are you?" he gasped, faintly.

"You called me, sir," replied Alice. "I am here to help you."

She spoke in Spanish, as the wounded man had done. "Tell me what I can do to help you," she hastily added. "Tell me, also, how you came to be in this fix."

"I was shot by a man whom I believed to be my best friend," was the reply. "I have been here alone for many hours. All you can do for me is to get me into the hospital at El Paso, Texas. I am an American citizen. I have my papers to prove it. If I am taken to the hospital on the Mexican side I shall die."

"I will do my best," said Alice. "Shall I leave you and go now?"

"If you will be so good. Do you speak English?"

"I do."

"You are not a Mexican?"

"No; an American."

"Your Spanish is perfect. I'll tell you what to do. Leave me and hurry across to Texas. Go to 78 Oleander street and inquire for Mr. Simon Aguierre. Tell him that Tomaso Santander lies wounded in Santa Rosa Church and that you want to get him into the hospital."

"Santander!" thought Alice. "Can this be the Santander?"

The name was an uncommon one, being that of a city in Spain.

She thought that the chances were all in favor of the wounded man being the chief conspirator in the Manuel Garcia movement.

"I will do as you say," she replied, "but don't you think, Senor Santander, that you better tell me who shot you, in case you should die before I can bring help?"

He hesitated for a moment and then replied:

"You are right. Tell Aguierre that I was shot down in cold blood by Jose O'Reilly, but that he must not have him arrested unless I die."

"He is the man," thought Alice. "I ought to be able to make good capital out of this if his life is spared."

"Anything further you want to say before I go?" she asked.

The young man replied that there was not, and Alice, after doing a few things to make him more comfortable, left the church, going back over the ground she had covered, with all speed.

She half regretted that she had not, at least, made an effort to find out something about the Bradys, but the prospect of success seemed too slight to risk the chance of saving Santander's life and so using him later.

Once across the bridge, Alice inquired her way to Oleander street, which she learned was not far away.

Ten minutes later she was pulling Mr. Aguierre's bell.

The house was a plain white cottage in a neighborhood where there seemed to be many small cigar factories.

Alice's ring was promptly answered by a man who bore little resemblance to a Mexican, in spite of his Spanish name.

"Santander shot by O'Reilly!" cried the man, in great excitement. "When? How?"

Alice, who had simply made the bare statement, proceeded to tell what little she knew.

"I can get him to the hospital," said Aguierre, seizing his hat and coming outside.

"He said he was sure you could," Alice replied.

"My brother is a doctor there. I thank you very much, miss, for the trouble you have been at. Senor Santander is one of my particular friends. Did he send any further message to me?"

"Why, yes," replied Alice. "He told me to tell you to have O'Reilly arrested in case he died, but not otherwise."

"The scoundrel ought to be arrested, anyhow. But Tomaso is right. Unless he dies it would not be well to do so, as matters stand."

Alice parted from him then, seeing that Aguierre wanted to get rid of her so as to be able to make better time.

She returned to the hotel to find Mr. Mason waiting for her.

Her first inquiry was for Old King Brady.

The clerk informed her that nothing had been seen of the old detective.

Mason had nothing to report, but he informed Alice that his assistant had taken the matter up and hoped to be able to learn something about the Bradys during the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LONE HUT UNDER THE BLUFF.

The shooting of Santander was the outgrowth of a quarrel to which Harry was a witness.

It will be remembered that we left Harry going out with O'Reilly and Santander.

After supper they crossed the International Bridge into Mexico, and their destination was the old church of Santa Rosa.

Here they descended the same steps which Old King Brady went down later.

But instead of going through the door, which led into the vault, where Old King Brady did the vanishing act, Santander knocked three times on the other door.

There was no response.

"Nobody here, I think, Jose," Santander remarked.

"Perhaps they did not expect us till later," replied O'Reilly.

"Maybe. We shall have to wait."

They went up into the open, sitting on the top step.

Here they remained for an hour, rolling cigarettes and smoking, for the rain had now ceased.

At last two men were seen approaching in the distance.

"Here comes some one now," remarked O'Reilly.

"Can you make out who it is?" Santander asked.

"No, I can't."

As the man drew near, Santander said:

"It's Peon, all right."

"Yes," said O'Reilly, "and the other is Ramos."

There was a great handshaking when the men met.

"And who is this fellow?" Peon asked, looking inquiringly at Harry.

"He speaks no Spanish," replied Santander. "I'll explain how we came to bring him along, later. He's one of us. His name is Harrison."

Peon and Ramos did not seem very enthusiastic.

"Of course, you don't propose to take him in?" the former asked.

"Why not?" demanded Santander. "He was initiated in Chicago, all right."

"That don't make any difference, I won't stand for it."

"You won't! Who are you? I am boss!"

The argument grew hot.

O'Reilly, to Harry's surprise, took sides with Peon.

Santander grew very personal in his talk.

At last O'Reilly gave him the lie.

Instantly knives were drawn.

Harry jumped between the two men.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, the bodyguard calls a halt!" he cried.

Santander cooled down and half apologized.

The apology, lame though it was, still was accepted by O'Reilly when Peon and Ramos urged it.

O'Reilly contended that Harry had not been fully initiated, but was only on probation.

At last Santander gave in.

"I suppose you will have to stay out, Harrison," he said.

"Stop right where you are. I may be in there for some time."

"Whatever you do, don't get into another quarrel with Mr. O'Reilly," said Harry.

"I guarantee to be just as good as he is, young fellow," retorted O'Reilly, and then they went down the steps.

They were indeed gone for some time.

Harry got thoroughly tired of waiting.

At last he wandered to the edge of the big bluff on which the church stood.

Here he stood looking down upon the Rio Grande, which was now at about half its usual height.

It was a big, swiftly flowing river for all that.

Here there was a live oak grove and some chaparral, or underbrush, something unusual for this part of Mexico.

After watching the river for awhile, Harry turned back and was about to retrace his steps to the church, when suddenly four men in full Mexican costume and armed with rifles, sprang out of the chaparral.

"Colonel Gedney, you are our prisoner!" one exclaimed.

"Botheration!" thought Harry. "Taken for Colonel Gedney again."

"I am not Colonel Gedney," he replied, in Spanish, which language had been spoken. "My name is Harrison, gentlemen. You are making a mistake."

"Nonsense!" cried the speaker. "How dare you deny your identity to me?"

"Why, I don't know you. I never saw you before in my life," protested Harry. "I assure you I am not Colonel Gedney."

"Young man," was the reply, "denial is quite useless. You are Colonel Gedney, the Secret Service spy of the Mexican Government. We are Madero men. We have been watching for our chance to get you for a month. You must come along with us."

And then as Harry still protested, the man turned the rifle on him and threatened to instantly shoot him unless he obeyed.

So much for looking like the other fellow!

There was nothing to be done but to submit.

Harry's hands were now tied behind him and his revolver taken away.

He was conducted along the river bank for a considerable distance and then coming to a steep path, which led down the bluff, they descended to the water's edge.

Here a good-sized launch was in waiting and Harry was forced to go aboard.

The launch was immediately started by the man in charge.

The man who had done the talking when Harry was captured sat facing him.

Rolling a cigarette, he lighted it and then looking at Harry, quizzically said:

"Do you mean to say, Gedney, that you don't know me, Pedro Barrios?"

"I never saw you before in my life," replied Harry, quietly. "I suppose you will discover your mistake all in good time. Meanwhile, you are making things uncomfortable for me."

"Where do you claim to belong?"

"In New York."

"Ever in El Paso before?"

"Yes, but not to spend any time."

"Know any one here who can identify you as the man you claim to be?"

"Was it worth while to refer to Santander and O'Reilly?" Harry asked himself.

He thought fast, and came to the conclusion that it was not.

"No, there is no one," he said. "I only arrived in El Paso this evening. I have no acquaintances in either town."

"Any letters or papers which will identify you?"

Again Harry was at fault.

He had destroyed everything which would serve to identify him as Young King Brady on the way down to Texas.

As for anything to prove himself Harrison, that, of course, he did not possess.

"I have nothing that would satisfy you," he said.

"So much the worse for you," replied Barrios. "I admit the possibility of the best of us being mistaken, but if I am to be proved wrong there must be substantial proof. If you are not Gedney, what were you doing there on the bluff at this time of night?"

"I was waiting for a man."

"Who?"

"That I don't consider your business, my friend, and I am not going to answer. My capture is an outrage."

There was no more said then.

Barrios seemed to be uneasy, however.

Harry felt that he had to deal with a man who was by no means any too sure of his ground.

This encouraged the hope that all would work out right in the end.

They ran down the river for perhaps five miles and then landed on the Mexican side.

The spot was a lonely one. Indeed, it seemed to be absolutely deserted.

Here the bluffs were straight up and down. Their height was about a hundred feet.

Harry was taken ashore and, with his captors, walked on till they came to a small hut built up against the bluff.

The place was quite dark, but when Barrios knocked at the door a light soon made its appearance in the curtained window, and presently the door was opened by an old man.

"Ha! who have we here?" he exclaimed.

"Can't you see Father Antonio?" replied Barrios, at the same time lifting his hat.

Harry saw that he had to deal with a priest, although the man was not in the usual dress of a Spanish padre.

"I am an old man, my son, and my sight is poor," replied Father Antonio. "I cannot say that I recognize the young man."

"Then not only is your sight poor, but your memory also. He is Colonel Gedney, the Diaz spy."

The padre put on a pair of spectacles.

"Is it so?" he said.

"It is not so, father," put in Harry. "Senor Barrios is making a mistake. I am not Colonel Gedney."

"You certainly do very strongly resemble him, my son," replied the old priest, looking Harry over through his spectacles. "Yet I can detect points about your features which lead me to doubt.

"However, it is not for me to decide," he added.

"No, indeed!" cried Barrios. "General Madero must do that. When is he expected, father?"

"Impossible to tell. He is liable to come at any moment. It may be days or even weeks."

"And in the meantime this man, whoever he is, must remain here," said Barrios. "I believe him to be Gedney, yet there is the doubt. General Madero must decide for himself."

And with this, Barrios and his companions got into the launch, which steamed away.

Harry stood watching its departure in disgust.

Holding him for Madero probably meant death, he thought.

As the launch retreated in the distance, Young King Brady looked around for the priest.

The old man had gone inside and closed the door. There was nobody in sight.

"Has the padre done this purposely to give me a chance to escape?" Harry asked himself.

It certainly looked as if it might be so.

After waiting a few moments and nothing occurring, Young King Brady started to walk along the beach, heading down-stream.

He looked back from time to time, but could not see that he was being followed.

"Blessings on the old priest, that's just what it is!" thought Harry. "I'll soon be out of this."

He hurried forward, watching for a chance to ascend the bluff.

None offered.

The bluff, made up of hard sand, could not have been scaled by a goat.

Still keeping on, Young King Brady soon found his way

blocked altogether, for he came to a point where the beach vanished. The bluff, projecting out into the rushing river, rose from the water's edge.

It was a terrible disappointment.

Harry had some wild idea of attempting to swim around this point, but he quickly determined that it would be madness, owing to the extreme swiftness of the current.

So there was nothing for it but to retrace his steps.

When he reached the hut the light still burned behind the curtained window, but the old padre was not to be seen.

Harry pushed right past it and walked as much as a mile in the opposite direction.

Everywhere it was the same.

The bluff at this point was simply unscalable.

At length he came upon just such a condition of affairs as he had encountered at the other end of this stretch of beach.

The beach vanished, a point projected out into the river.

There was no such thing as getting around it without a boat.

Now, the indifference of the old padre as to what Harry did was explained.

There was nothing for it but to return to the hut.

He knocked on the door, but there was no answer.

Trying it, the door yielded to his touch.

The room was dark, so Harry got out his electric flashlight.

He expected to see the padre asleep somewhere, but there was no one visible in the single scantily furnished room which the hut contained.

There was an old cook-stove here and quite a supply of provisions and dishes in two closets.

But where was the priest?

Young King Brady lighted a lamp which stood on the table and sat down to wait.

An hour passed, but the padre did not appear.

Perplexed enough to imagine what had become of him, and thoroughly tired out, Harry stretched himself upon an old lounge and soon fell asleep.

Nobody disturbed his rest.

When he awoke it was broad daylight.

Still the padre was missing.

Harry went outside.

It was a beautiful morning, as warm as a summer's day.

Harry now perceived that the hut stood at the head of a little cove which set in here.

In the cove the water was comparatively still.

It looked inviting and as it was quite warm, Harry pealed off and plunged in.

He swam out to the main stream.

Instantly he was caught by the current.

Good swimmer though he is, Young King Brady found himself quite unable to breast it.

Indeed, it was all he could do to get out of the current and into the cove again.

He swam about here until he had enough of it, and then dressing, returned to the hut.

By this time he had arrived at the conclusion that while he walked down the beach the night before the boat must have returned and carried off the priest.

Hence his surprise when upon opening the door he saw the old padre standing over the stove, in which there was

now a fire, busily frying tortillas, a sort of Mexican pancake.

"Good morning, my son!" he said, in Spanish. "Truly, heaven has sent us a beautiful morning this morning."

"It is so, father," replied Harry.

"Did you rest well after you had satisfied yourself that you could not escape?"

"Very well. But tell me, father, where were you when I returned?"

The padre chuckled as he turned a tortilla.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "where, indeed? I let you have your fling, my son, for I knew it was impossible for you to escape. But eat your breakfast first and then you shall be made acquainted with some of the secrets of this place."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. INFORMER.

Before looking into Old King Brady's disappearance we may as well go a bit further with Harry, as it will render the connection of events to follow somewhat smoother.

When the old padre had finished his cooking he rang a bell.

He then proceeded to set the table.

Harry saw that there were places for five.

"Secret door," he said to himself. "A dug-out under the bluff."

He had seen such arrangements on the Rio Grande before.

With all due respect to the old padre, it may be added that he never saw one which did not spell smuggling in some form or another.

Nobody appeared, however, up to the time the setting of the table was completed, when the padre ordered Harry to turn his back, which he did.

There was a sound as if something was being moved on rollers.

"You may turn again now, my son," said the old priest.

Harry faced about and saw that the entire back of the hut had vanished.

Behind was a decently furnished room.

The walls were hung with heavy curtains. There was a long table and many chairs. A big pipe opened from the ceiling, seemingly having to do with the ventilation of the place.

There was an ordinary door at the back where, instead of curtains, was a wooden partition.

No one was to be seen in the room.

The padre chuckled as Harry stood looking things over.

"Not quite so much mystery in my disappearance now, my son," he said. "But the breakfast is spoiling. Cold tortillas are an abomination. My boarders are lazy this morning. I must give them another call."

He rang the bell once more and then told Harry that they would eat without waiting, and to sit up at the table.

The padre piled his plate high with tortillas, fried eggs and frijoles or black beans, fried, a dish of which Harry happened to be extremely fond.

The padre helped himself next and they proceeded to eat.

They were still at it when the door at the back opened and a distinguished-looking man, of very Spanish appearance, entered and approached the table.

He started at the sight of Harry.

"What! You here!" he cried, in Spanish. "When were you captured?"

"I am here as a prisoner," replied Harry, "but I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir."

"Nonsense! Of what use to pretend before Father Antonio, Gedney?"

"I am not Colonel Gedney, for whom I have been mistaken. My name is Harrison."

"Oh, well, if you propose to keep up the farce, suit yourself and I'll eat my breakfast," said the gentleman, and he proceeded to help himself at the stove.

"This is Senor Endique Barba," said Father Antonio. "As you are probably aware, he is an officer high in the Diaz government. You see how hard we find it to believe that you are not Colonel Gedney, my son."

"Nevertheless, I am not," replied Harry, decidedly. "Look me over well, gentlemen. See if you cannot find something which will make the truth plain to you."

Senor Barba did study his face with close attention.

Meanwhile, two others came to the table.

Both were young men and both wore the Mexican military uniform.

They were not introduced. Harry never learned their names. He believed them to be spies in the Mexican Secret Service, the same as Colonel Gedney.

"Perhaps these gentlemen can decide the point," he said.

"No," replied the padre. "They do not know Colonel Gedney; they come from a part of Mexico where, I presume, he never was."

"Is this Gedney?" demanded one of the men.

"He claims not," replied the padre, "but he was captured for the colonel."

"He is not," said Senor Barba. "I have so determined. He has a mole under his left eye. Gedney has none. There is a shade of difference in the color of his eyes, also other minute points. He is not Colonel Gedney."

"Thank you, sir," replied Harry. "I only hope you may be able to make my captors share your views."

"It will be difficult. Who are you, then?"

"An American who only arrived in El Paso last night. Business called two friends with whom I had been traveling over to this side of the Rio Grande. I was waiting for them on the edge of the bluff when men whom I never saw before suddenly sprang out upon me and brought me here."

"It is very unfortunate," said Senor Barba. "Until General Madero visits this place you will have to remain here, I suppose."

After that Senor Barba did not seem to want to talk. As for the two nameless ones they resolutely refused to allow Harry to make their acquaintance.

Breakfast over, all walked on the beach, but not together.

Harry did not care to force himself upon any of these men.

He was the first to return and then Father Antonio took him through the meeting-room, as Harry called it, and showed him six small bedrooms, which lay behind it.

"This is all there is to the place," he said. "You will

take one of these rooms for your chamber. Each morning you are allowed to walk out for a short time. For the rest you are supposed to keep to the secret rooms."

And have you no one to help you guard your prisoner, father?" asked Harry.

"No one," was the reply. "I need no one."

"What if they should turn on you?"

"What good would it do them? They cannot escape from here. I should only be found dead or missing when General Madero or his men come and they would have to take the consequences. As for me, I do not fear death. I want to die."

"I should think there would be a chance of them hailing some passing steamer."

"Have you seen any near this cove?"

"No, they all seem to hug the other shore."

"They are obliged to do so, owing to the nature of the current. We are perfectly safe on that score."

And so Harry found it.

Days passed and no one came near the place; nothing occurred.

During those days, Old King Brady and Alice came to Texas.

We pass now to the mystery of Old King Brady's disappearance, merely pausing to add that the conspirators and their tool, Sherrington, could not have had the least idea of what had become of Harry.

When Old King Brady fell in the vault, he went on his nose.

It is a wonder that necessary organ was not broken, the force of his fall was so great.

The old detective scrambled up, angry with himself, to think that he had been caught napping after all his pains.

As the vault was entirely dark, Old King Brady got out his flashlight and then, to his added surprise, he discovered that he was not alone.

There stood a man of decided Mexican appearance, with folded arms, looking at him.

"Hurt?" he asked.

"No."

"Speak Spanish?"

"No."

"Want to escape out of this?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then follow me."

"Was it a case of going out of the frying-pan into the fire?" Old King Brady asked himself.

Still, he did not hesitate. Something had to be done.

He saw that a secret panel had been opened at the back.

This wall of the vault appeared to be one big block of limestone. It had turned on a pivot. There was a passage through.

"You can keep your flashlight going," said the man. "Mine is almost used up."

He pushed the stone back into place as Old King Brady came through.

Now a flight of stone steps was revealed.

The stranger led the way up and they passed into another vault.

Compared with Old King Brady's prison, it was very large.

The entrance was by a trap-door, which the man lifted.

Here there was a small window, but it commanded a view of nothing but a stone wall, which had been built up against it.

Ranged about the room were boxes, which Old King Brady judged might contain rifles.

There were numerous rifles leaning against the wall.

"Is this something in the line of what you are looking for, Mr. Old King Brady?" the man demanded, waving his hand around.

"I don't understand you," replied the old detective.

"Yes, you do. Listen! You see, I know you."

"Evidently. And who may you be?"

"Listen."

"My friend, I am listening."

"You are out after conspirators."

"Well?"

"Do you deny it?"

"I neither deny nor affirm it. Proceed."

"For the sake of argument we will admit it. Did you ever in your long experience know of a bunch of conspirators where there wasn't an informer among them?"

"Such has, indeed, been my experience."

"Surely. It is that of everybody. Well, I am the informer. No matter what my name is. Call me Mr. Informer. To-night I learned of your presence in El Paso, and that it was the intention of the conspirators to lure you here and kill you. I determined to embrace the opportunity to begin my work of informing. I have soured on the Manuel Garcia movement. I have no other desire than to give the gang away."

"Is this their hold-out?"

"It is one of them. It is where they have stored their rifles. They are to be used in seizing El Paso, Mexico, after the Guadalazara uprising."

"I see."

"I am ready to furnish you with a list of the names of the leaders of this movement if you are prepared to arrest them."

"They should be arrested on United States soil."

"They can be smuggled across the river."

"Will it be so easy?"

"I can arrange it so there will be no difficulty about it whatever."

"My orders cover only two men, Santander and O'Reilly."

"Can't you include the man who lured you here to-night?"

"Sherrington?"

"It is not his name. He is Richard Blake. He is a gambler and a thief."

"Yes, he can be included. He has personated a United Secret Service man."

"Arrest those three and I shall be satisfied. Now, another thing. Your partner, Young King Brady, is missing."

"Is he not with the conspirators?"

"He is not. They know nothing of him. I, however, had seen him before; you, too, although you don't remember me. He was at first supposed to be an Englishman named Gedney. Then they believed his story when he called himself Harrison. He was forced to come down here, by

Santander. I came with them. I knew all along who he was, but I held my tongue."

"And where is he now?"

He disappeared on the night of his arrival, when near this church. They think he has simply deserted them, if they have not ceased to think of him at all."

"But Sherrington told me——"

"That he was a prisoner in the vault. That was mere bluff, suggested by me when the plan was laid to capture you. They know nothing of him, but I do."

"And where is he?"

"In the hands of the followers of General Madero. They also mistook him for Gedney. What will you give if I help you to rescue him? It is an undertaking which will be both difficult and dangerous, but I think I can put it through."

"Is he locked in somewhere?"

"It amounts to that."

"Can't you be more definite?"

"No. I am now working for Madero. Until I get ready to inform on him I shall give nothing away."

"Naturally, I want to get my partner, that's what I came here for. What price do you put on this service?"

"It ought to be five hundred dollars, but I don't want to be unreasonable. I'll do it for three."

"Very well. To be paid on receipt of goods. In other words, when I have my partner safe."

"I agree to that. Follow me and I will take you to the place."

He opened another secret panel and they passed out into a narrow passage, which ended at a door opening into the basement of the old church.

From here, by another door, they passed into the open. As they were hurrying away in the darkness, voices were heard and they stopped and looked around.

A man was running, pursued by three others.

All vanished within the church by the main door.

"Santander, O'Reilly, Sherrington, as you call him, and another," observed Mr. Informer. "I wonder what is up? Is it worth while to sneak back and see?"

"No. Let us go for my partner."

"So be it. We will take care of their case later."

They moved on.

Had Old King Brady followed the suggestion of Mr. Informer, doubtless he would have been a witness to the affray which so nearly ended the life of the head conspirator.

CHAPTER X.

A PRISONER UNDERGROUND.

The road Mr. Informer led Old King Brady was along the edge of the bluff, and their way was down the Rio Grande.

The man did not seem disposed to give away anything more of the doings of the conspirators than he had already done.

Perhaps he did not know anything definite concerning their plans.

He made little of the whole movement, however, saying that Manuel Garcia was a rich crank and, as he put it, Santander and O'Reilly were "playing him for a sucker."

"And what do you think of the Madero movement?" demanded Old King Brady.

"It will succeed," was the reply. "If he lives, Madero will soon be President of Mexico. Old man Diaz is a dead one."

As for Old King Brady, he neither knew nor cared.

He was far off his beat, business demanded his attention in New York. He was only too anxious to finish up here and get home.

Their way was a long one.

Old King Brady began to wonder if they would ever reach their destination.

"Just a little further," Mr. Informer kept saying, when asked about it.

When he finally came to a halt the old detective estimated that they had walked fully five miles.

They had now reached what appeared to be a deserted town.

There was a ruined church, which was in far worse shape than that of Santa Rosa.

Around it stood, or rather lay, the remains of some twenty houses.

"What place is this?" inquired Old King Brady.

"You ask me too much," was the reply. "I suppose it once had a name, but I don't know it. I am not so very familiar about here. This way, please."

He led the old detective to the edge of the bluff and pointed down.

It was a moonlight night, as we have said, and Old King Brady could see a small hut standing close in against the bluff, which descended almost perpendicularly here.

"I believe Young King Brady to be held a prisoner in a secret dug-out behind that hut," said the man.

"By whose orders?"

"Madero's, indirectly. Gedney he regards as his deadly enemy. He—Madero, I mean—is expected there any time. He may even have been there to-day for all I know. He will surely order your partner shot if he is unable to convince him that he is not Gedney."

"Then he may even now be dead?"

"That is certainly so. I can guarantee nothing."

"How can we get down there?"

"There is only one way that is generally known—by water."

"But you know another?"

"I think I do. Listen! Beneath that old ruined town lies another which is far older, so I have been informed by one who certainly ought to know and in whom I firmly believed."

"A buried town."

"Not exactly a buried town, but a buried pueblo, one of the big community houses of the old Aztecs; you know what I mean."

"I have heard of such things. It is well known that such ruins exist along the line of the Rio Grande. Some of them have been partially unearthed and explored."

"That's lower down the river."

"Yes. It is to one of those you refer?"

"It is, but I was never down in it, nor do I know the entrance, but I am told that it is in that old church and that one can pass through this ruin to the hut. Smugglers have used the place for years, so my informant tells me."

"Good! Then we must see if we can find the entrance, that's all. Are there prisoners down there besides my partner?"

"I understand so."

"And the guard?"

"There is only an old padre. You see, they can't get away, not knowing the road I am telling you of. There is no possible way of climbing the bluff. The steamers on the river cannot land there on account of the current and dangerous shoals."

"You have said enough, my friend," said the old detective. "Let us get right to work."

They returned to the ruins and entered the church.

"Suppose some of Madero's people catch us at it," said Mr. Informer, "then you know what to expect, Mr. Brady."

"Thoughts of danger never hold me back, my friend," replied Old King Brady, quietly. "We will go straight ahead."

He looked the ground over.

The main body of the church was choked with rubbish. Part of the walls had fallen and so had the entire roof.

"It is certainly not at this end," declared the old detective. "Let us push on to the other. Do you know if the old priest knew this secret?"

"I am sure I can't tell."

"If it was known before the church was built, then under the altar which I see is still standing would be a likely place to look. They would be very apt to build it directly over the opening."

They pushed on to the altar, which was of stone and very crudely constructed.

"Why, this thing is comparatively new," declared Old King Brady. "It certainly don't date back to the days when the church was in use."

"It don't look so," was the reply. "You must remember that I was never here before."

Old King Brady tried to move the altar, but it resisted his efforts.

"Take hold here," he said. "Let us see what we can do."

Together they succeeded better.

The stone turned on a pivot set into the floor of the chancel and an opening was revealed.

It was square and quite big enough for a man to pass through.

A flight of stone steps extended down from it.

"Well! Upon my word, you have hit it first shot!" Mr. Informer cried.

"Don't be too sure. This may surely lead to some secret vault," said Old King Brady.

"Don't you believe it. It is the way into the buried pueblo and was built by smugglers. How long is your flashlight good for?"

"Oh, indefinitely; besides, I have an extra battery."

"Then lead the way and we will soon settle the question."

Old King Brady descended.

The steps led down into a small chamber, which had an opening connecting with another.

Old King Brady saw that the stones with which the walls were constructed had evidently been squared and laid after the style of the pueblos of Colorado and New Mexico, many of which he had seen.

"Here's your pueblo," he said.

They passed into the next chamber and from that into another, and another still.

This one had no exit on the side, but there was an open trap-door in the floor and a comparatively new ladder led down to the floor below.

They descended the ladder and passed through three other rooms.

This forward movement was taking them towards the river.

Here they found another ladder which took them down another story.

There was little to be seen in these rooms.

Old King Brady and Mr. Informer passed on, descending five ladders and each time advancing three rooms.

Old King Brady saw that the entire structure must be of enormous proportions which, indeed, is true of many pueblos still standing, while in the Far West ruins of others have been discovered which are larger by far than any of those which are still inhabited.

This last ladder brought them to the end, apparently.

Here three heavy iron doors blocked the way.

They were quite modern in construction and had evidently been put there by the smugglers.

The middle one appeared to be either locked or bolted on the inside, but the other two were secured by a spring latch of peculiar construction.

It was different from anything Old King Brady had ever seen.

He managed to fasten back the one on the left-hand door, however, and then he swung it open.

Behind was what appeared to be the entrance to a passage some ten feet wide.

"The middle door is probably the one we want," remarked Old King Brady. "All the same, we will explore this first."

They passed in.

Instantly the door swung shut.

Had they trodden on some secret spring?

Old King Brady, curious to know, started to push the door open, but it refused to budge.

"What's this?" cried Mr. Informer. "Are we locked in, then?"

"It certainly looks so. The latch which I thought I had fastened back must have sprung forward when the door slammed."

"And a bad job, too. Can't you open it?"

"No, I can't," replied the old detective, who was still trying.

"Let's push ahead, then, and see where this passage leads to."

It led them nowhere. They brought up against a stone wall.

Mr. Informer was terribly scared.

"Why, we are locked in!" he gasped. "Prisoners underground."

"It has that appearance," replied the old detective, quietly. "We may as well take it easy, though. Let us return and give our attention to that door."

This they did, but it was all of no use.

"We shall never get out! We shall surely perish here!"

Mr. Informer groaned.

And as the hours passed it began to look like it.

They had walked into a trap.

Old King Brady kept on working over the problem until it really seemed of no use to waste any further time, and then seating himself in a corner he leaned his head against the wall and went to sleep.

But it was only to wake up again and find himself as badly off as ever.

The night passed, the following day dragged its weary length and still there was no relief.

Mr. Informer was getting fairly wild now.

Old King Brady began to think that the man would really go insane.

Not a sound was heard save such as they made themselves.

These buried pueblos are great mysteries.

Whether they were originally built underground, or whether the sand had drifted in upon them, who can tell?

As for Old King Brady, he was not bothering his head over the problem.

All he wanted was to devise some means of escape.

But the day dragged on and none was discovered.

Old King Brady still remained a prisoner underground.

CHAPTER XI.

SEÑOR SANTANDER CONCOCTS A SCHEME.

"How is he now, sister?"

It was Alice who put the question to the Sister of Charity in the hospital at El Paso.

The question referred to Señor Santander, of course.

Alice and Aguierre had succeeded in their efforts.

They went in a covered wagon to the Church of Santa Rosa, and conveyed the wounded man over the international bridge into Texas.

They were challenged by the guard at the Mexican end, but a few words from Aguierre settled the matter.

Although her knowledge of Spanish is perfect, Alice was unable to understand what was said.

It was now afternoon and Alice had called at the hospital to ascertain the result of her work.

"He is still alive and the doctors think he stands a fair chance of recovery," the sister replied.

"He is very grateful to you," she added. "I think he would like to see you. Do you wish to go upstairs?"

"I called on purpose to see him," said Alice. "If you think it will do him no harm, sister."

"I will consult the doctor," said the sister, and she presently returned and told Alice to follow her.

Santander lay on a cot at the remote end of the long ward.

Alice seated herself by his bedside and kindly inquired how he felt.

"As well as I can expect to feel under the circumstances,"

was the reply. "I owe my life to you, miss. May I ask your name?"

Alice gave her own name, for she felt that it was altogether unlikely that the man had ever heard of her.

"You speak good Spanish," he said, "yet you appear to be an American."

"I am."

"Whatever brought you to that church?"

"My presence there was quite an accident. I was walking around; the church attracted me and I went inside."

"You saved my life, all right, by doing so, then," said Santander. "They have extracted the bullet and the doctor says I am going to pull out of it, but I surely should have died if I had remained there."

And again he expressed his deep gratitude to Alice.

She determined to take advantage of his state of mind and to make inquiry about Harry.

But Santander saved her the necessity of so doing.

"Miss Montgomery," he suddenly said, "do you want to complete the obligation? Do you want to do something more for me?"

"I certainly want to do anything I can for you," replied Alice.

"Then listen, for what I have to say is of the deepest importance. I am, or rather have been, associated with a band of conspirators. We were preparing to start a revolution in Mexico. We are not followers of General Madero. Our intention was to convey a force of several hundred men, who are now in El Paso, Texas, over into Mexico and to proceed to the city of Guadalazara, where we were to join a man named Manuel Garcia and assist him in an uprising, with the intention of capturing the city and proclaiming him president of Mexico. I am one of the leaders of the movement. The man who shot me, Jose O'Reilly, is another. We quarreled and this is the result. I want you to inform the authorities here in El Paso of what I have told you. I have soured on this whole business. I want O'Reilly arrested. He is stopping at No. 86 Houston street, where there are several others of the band. I am prepared to give the names of all of them to any official who will come here. Will you help me in this?"

"I certainly will, with the greatest pleasure," replied Alice, and now she added: "Let me tell you something. I am a detective. My presence here in El Paso is connected with the very movement of which you speak."

"What!" exclaimed Santander. "Then you can be but one person, the woman who came to Texas with Old King Brady."

"I am the woman," replied Alice, quietly. "Can you tell me where Old King Brady is?"

"This is strange—very strange," murmured the sufferer. "Certainly, you are the very person to help me get my revenge."

"I will help you if you will help me," said Alice. "We are under orders from the United States Secret Service Bureau to arrest you and O'Reilly. As far as you are concerned, I have no doubt Old King Brady can so arrange it that you will be allowed to go free if you turn informer."

"I now have no other desire," said Santander, quickly. "You ask where Old King Brady is," he added. "One of our band, an American named Oliver, spotted him on the train—you were with him."

"Yes, and he stole a telegram from the Secret Service Bureau."

"Yes. That is so. He saw his chance and took it. You ask me where Old King Brady is. I cannot tell you. We planned to capture the old man. We lured him to that church and locked him in an underground vault. When we went to look for him a little later he had vanished. That is all I know."

Alice was bitterly disappointed.

She questioned Santander closely and became convinced that what he said was true.

Then she went a step further and asked about Harry. Santander seemed much surprised to learn who he really was.

He told Alice of the way in which he had vanished.

"So, you see, I know nothing whatever of him," he went on to say, "and I cannot help you a bit, but I feel sure that in the case of Old King Brady, O'Reilly was at the bottom of his disappearance. I believe that man means to give our band away. That is why he sought the quarrel with me and why I am now ready to turn the tables on him. You better see the authorities, Miss Montgomery. It is the only way."

"I don't agree with you," replied Alice. "That is a matter which Old King Brady can better attend to than myself. If I can only get him he will know how to act."

"Then listen. To-night, at nine o'clock, the conspirators meet in an underground room in that old church. If you could be there and listen to their talk you might learn what has become of Old King Brady."

"How could that possibly be arranged?"

"I think I can arrange it if you can make up a disguise which will make you look like a Mexican."

"That I can easily do."

"Then you will pose as a rich woman, who is in sympathy with this movement and intend to contribute money to it."

"How could that be arranged?"

"I am not going to explain. Leave me now. Go to Aguierre and tell him I want to see him. He will come to you later and inform you whether the plan is feasible or not. Do you follow me?"

"Yes. I shall do as you say."

"Do it. Only send Old King Brady to me and I will do the rest."

And such was the unexpected outcome of Alice's visit to Santander's beside.

Leaving the hospital, she hurried to Aguierre's house and delivered her message.

She then returned to the hotel, the address of which she had given to Santander.

About four o'clock Aguierre's name was sent up to Alice's room, and upon her request the man followed the announcement.

He looked at her, curiously, as he entered.

"Miss Montgomery," he said, in Spanish, "Senor Santander has explained the situation to me. I am prepared to help. Indeed, I have already begun. To-night at nine o'clock one Senora Ortega is expected to attend a meeting

of the Garcia conspirators at the Church of Santa Rosa, across the river. Is she prepared to go?"

"She is," replied Alice, promptly. "What is she to do?"

"Nothing. I will call for her in a cab. She will accompany me."

Aguierre at once left.

Alice went to supper at six o'clock.

She had seated herself at the table and was just looking over the bill-of-fare when suddenly a man pulled out the chair and sat down beside her.

To her surprise and joy it was Harry!

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

The monotony of Harry's existence had begun to tell severely upon him.

It seemed as if he could endure the confinement of his peculiar prison no longer when the day of which we have just been writing dawned.

He went out on the shore and had his bath, something to which Father Antonio never objected.

He took his time about it, too, and while he was still at it, Senor Barba appeared on the shore and, to Harry's surprise, for the man had scarcely spoken to him since the first day, he began to undress.

"I think I will try some of that," he called.

"You will find it all right," replied Harry. "Only I advise you not to go out too far."

He proved, indeed, to be a good swimmer, and he was very affable to Harry, both while they were in the water together and while they were dressing.

They had just finished dressing when Barba, suddenly turning to Harry, said:

"I know you."

"Know me! Why, of course," replied Harry, wondering what was coming now.

"Yes. You are Young King Brady, the detective. You were pointed out to me, with your chief, Old King Brady, in New York over a year ago. Am I not right?"

"You are."

"I have been trying to place you ever since you were brought in here. It came to me last night, while I lay awake who you were. How does it happen that you are here?"

"It is just as I told Father Antonio. I was mistaken for this Colonel Gedney and it is not the first time, either."

And then, as there seemed to be no good reason why he should not do so, he went on to tell Barba all about it.

"This Garcia conspiracy is all news to me," said Barba, after he had finished. "The Mexican Government ought to be informed of it at once. If I could only get out of this. But now, look here, Mr. Brady, I am going to tell you something. Perhaps you, as a detective, can bring about the escape of us both. First, are you aware that Father Antonio has gone away?"

"But how could he get away? Did the boat come?"

"I don't think so. I have a strong idea that there is a secret way out of this place. Perhaps you, as a detective, can find it. If you will, I strongly advise you to make the attempt. Your resemblance to Gedney is very strong. Madero is expected here any moment. His coming means

certain death to me. If he believes you are Gedney you cannot escape, for the man has betrayed him in the most shameful fashion."

"You can be very sure I'll do my best to find this secret way if it is to be found," declared Harry, "but what is your idea about it? Where ought we to look?"

"There can be but one explanation," replied Barba. "In this section several buried pueblos have been discovered. Do you follow me? Do you know what I mean?"

"Surely. I have heard all about the buried pueblos."

"Then it is my belief that there is one behind our dug-out rooms. If we could get into it we ought to be able to make our way out."

"And our two fellow-prisoners? Shall we take them into our confidence?"

"We shall have to, of course; although I had just as soon have nothing to do with them."

They returned to the hut.

Father Antonio had certainly taken his departure. This was quickly proved.

The two unknown ones were informed by Senor Barba of his suspicions.

Both seemed incredulous and declared that they had never heard of such a thing as a buried pueblo.

They were perfectly willing to join in any plan which might lead to their escape, however.

Right away after breakfast Harry went to work to try to discover a secret door.

Sufficient to say that he failed to find it, although examining every inch of wall space in the dug-out behind the hut with the greatest care.

The day dragged on. Father Antonio had not returned.

The two silent ones having retired to their rooms in the afternoon, the senor asked Harry if he could play pinochle, mentioning that he had the necessary cards.

Harry was only too glad of the diversion, and they played for a long time on the table in the hut.

They were still at it when Harry dropped a short lead-pencil with which he was keeping tally.

Looking down, he failed to see it. There was a strip of carpet under the table, and thinking that it might have rolled under that, Young King Brady moved the table and lifted the carpet.

He found his pencil, and he also made a discovery, for here, under the carpet, was a small trap-door.

Harry hastened to raise it, and discovered a ladder leading down into a cellar. He hastily descended and further discoveries followed.

A passage led off from the cellar. There was a lantern hanging on a nail.

Senor Barba summoned the two silent ones and a *tsart* was at once made.

The passage led them to the foot of a ladder, and having ascended this, sure enough, they found themselves in a stone chamber. It was the buried pueblo.

They wandered from room to room, ascending many ladders.

The place was a perfect labyrinth, but on the walls were arrows painted in white, here and there, which gave them their direction.

Still the way was long, and Harry was beginning to

wonder if they were ever going to get out, when they came to an iron door of recent construction.

It was unfastened, and they passed out to find themselves looking at two similar doors.

They had come through the middle one of the three.

"Why, this is singular," remarked Harry. "These doors seem quite new."

"It means smugglers, of course," replied Senor Barba, and as he spoke there came a loud pounding on the left-hand door.

"For heaven sake, help us, friends!" a voice cried. "We have been locked in here for hours!"

Harry hastened to open the door.

Words failed to express his surprise at the sight of Old King Brady.

Explanations were postponed, however.

They hurriedly made their way out of the buried pueblo and the Bradys, parting with the Mexicans at El Paso, Mexico, crossed the bridge to Texas.

And that was the way Harry was able to sit down beside Alice at the supper-table.

Old King Brady had remained in the room to wash up.

He quickly joined them and notes were compared all around.

"We two appear to have done nothing but blunder," remarked the old detective. "It remained for you, Alice, to give the finishing touches to this business. Go with this Aguierre, by all means. We will descend upon the conspirators, but I fear we shall have to inform the Mexican authorities. O'Reilly is the only man we want. I doubt if they let us take him out of Mexico."

"Suppose I see Senor Barba. He gave me his address, you know, and invited me to call on him," said Harry.

"A good idea," replied the old detective. "Go ahead."

Harry went and was able to get back before Aguierre called for Alice, reporting success.

Nothing was said to Aguierre of their plan.

Alice went away with him in a cab, disguised as a Mexican woman.

There was an understanding between her and the Bradys that a signal should be given, warning her of their approach. It was to be a single knock on the trap-door.

The cab was dismissed when they came in sight of the Church of Santa Rosa, and Alice and Aguierre went on to their destination on foot.

The entrance to the secret room was made from above, where a sentinel was posted.

He had evidently been warned of Alice's coming.

When Aguierre introduced her as Senora Ortega the man bowed with great respect and they were admitted to the room where the arms were stowed.

Here several men were gathered.

Alice was introduced to Senor O'Reilly.

Aguierre proved a poor actor, however.

Santander was his particular friend, and he was feeling very bitter toward O'Reilly.

Aguierre then asked if Santander was expected, as he wished him to be present at the arrangement with Senora Ortega to donate money to the cause.

This started up O'Reilly.

He began abusing Santander, calling him a traitor and

declared that he had deserted and gone over to the Diaz government.

Instantly Aguierre, calling him a liar, sprang up and seizing one of the rifles turned upon him with it, club-fashion.

But O'Reilly was too quick for him.

He grabbed a rifle, too, and also clubbed it.

There they stood, glaring at each other and calling each other liars and traitors.

Suddenly Aguierre blurted out that Santander was in the hospital and that he knew that O'Reilly had shot him.

"And for that I am going to kill you!" he cried, aiming a blow with the clubbed rifle at O'Reilly, who dodged it.

And it was at this instant that Alice heard the signal on the trap-door, near which she had taken her station.

She immediately raised it.

The fight was on as the Bradys came up through the trap, but it seemed more of a farce than real.

The two Mexicans, with clubbed rifles, made feints at each other, but both seemed reluctant or afraid to strike.

"Stop that nonsense and surrender!" Old King Brady cried.

So taken up had they been with watching each other that O'Reilly and Aguierre had paid no attention to the intruders, although they must have seen them.

But they paid full attention when the Bradys were followed up by the El Paso police, a dozen strong.

All hands were arrested, but Aguierre was released at the bridge.

By Senor Barba's influence, O'Reilly was taken over to Texas and jailed.

The other conspirators found a Mexican prison.

Santander gave away the whole business to Old King Brady, according to promise, and the filibusters were all gathered in.

The Bradys left them in the hands of the United States authorities and returned to New York.

Santander recovered, they afterwards heard. He was not arrested.

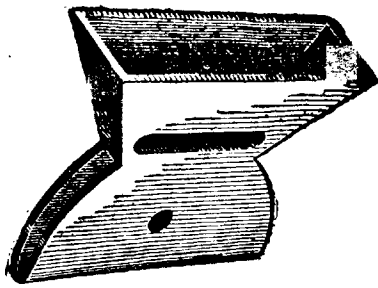
O'Reilly got five years for the assault upon him.

The remaining conspirators were turned over to the Mexican authorities.

What became of them the Bradys never learned, but their arrest put a finish to the proposed uprising at Guadalupe.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS AFTER THE SECOND-STORY MEN; OR, TRACKING A BOX OF TREASURE."

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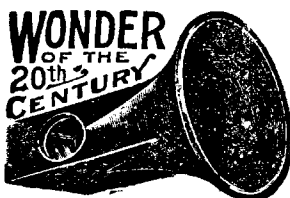


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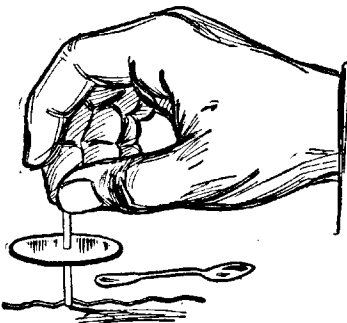
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ITEMS WORTH READING

There is now under construction at Barrow, England, for the Japanese government, a large armored cruiser of the dreadnaught type, which, it is reported, will be the largest and most powerful vessel of her kind. Her reputed displacement is 28,000 tons. The whole of the work on this vessel, including armor and armament, will be done by the contracting firm.

Emperor William of Germany is enthusiastic over an invention of Herr Fram to prevent ships from rolling in rough seas. The apparatus consists of U-shaped tanks extending through the hold of the vessel from port to starboard. These admit water, which rises and falls as the ship rolls, the effect being to overcome the rythmical movement of the vessel. Tested on two steamers plying between German ports, in rough weather, it is said that the tanks so steadied things that comparatively few passengers felt any seasickness.

When forced to travel all night the Siberian natives always make a practice of stopping just before sunrise and allowing their dogs to get a sleep. They argue that if a dog goes to sleep while it is yet dark, and wakes up in an hour and finds the sun shining, he will suppose that he has had a full night's rest, and will travel all day without thinking of being tired. One hour's stop, however, at any other time, will be of no use whatever.

One little town down on the "ankle" of Cape Cod, Mass., is teaching all the boys and girls how to be farmers. It maintains a model farm for the benefit of the public school, but it is not restricted to boys and girls. Men from all parts of the county go to the school for new ideas. Two years ago the town received a legacy of 160 acres of land, a greenhouse and \$25,000 on condition that it be used for agricultural education. Small fruits are grown on the farm, and a model poultry raising plant has been installed. The pupils are taught the best methods of planting, pruning, spraying and caring for fruits, the growing of vegetables, the building of poultry houses, operation of incubators and the raising of chickens. One enthusiast says: "It's just another cog in the wheel that has been put in operation to stop the exodus of the country boy to the city, by making the country less burdensome and more successful."

Ferrets are trained to catch rabbits. They are either sent into the burrows muzzled like dogs to drive the rabbits out into nets spread over the entrance, or are sent in unmuzzled

with a string fastened to them to pull them out when they have caught one. In their natural condition they have the habits of polecats and weazels, sucking the blood of small quadrupeds and birds, and devouring eggs. In captivity they are fed on bread and milk and raw meat. It is generally believed that the ferrets kill by sucking the blood of their victims, aiming at the jugular vein, but experiments have shown that they often inflict but a single wound, which is instantly fatal; the wound being in the side of the neck, under or behind the ear, and may or may not pierce the great vessels of the neck. According to the best authority at command, the truth seems to be that when ferrets are of small size and strength, they seize wherever they can, producing death by loss of blood. They have a natural enmity to rabbits as well as to rats and mice, and soon rid a house of the latter pests. Ferrets are far from docile or gentle, and are said never to show any affection for those who feed and take care of them.

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS

"How is your brother getting along?" "Why, haven't you heard? He died last week." "Is that so? I hadn't heard about it. Did he die a natural death?" "No, he had a doctor."

"I have just finished writing a modern novel." "Does the heroine marry the hero?" "Yes, indeed! A different one in each chapter."

"Why the limp?" "Asked Papa Plunks for his daughter. Wrote out the request in my best style and handed it to him." "Well?" "He read it over." "And then?" "And then he handed it back with a footnote."

"What will the little brown sparrow do with the straw? Do you suppose he is going to clean out his pipe?" "No, Hortense; he will stuff it into a rainspout, and the man who owns the house will attend to the pipe cleaning later in the season."

President Caroline Hazard at a reception at Wellesley College said apropos of the girl graduate: "May none of our graduates have said of them, absent-mindedly, such a thing as was once said of a Western girl. This girl in taking leave of her dean murmured: 'Good-by, professor. I am indebted to you for all I know.' 'Oh,' said the professor, 'pray don't mention such a trifle.'"

A promising youth recently surprised his father by asking: "Father, do you like mother?" "Why, yes, of course." "And she likes you?" "Of course she does." "Did she ever say so?" "Many a time, my son." "Did she marry you because she loved you?" "Certainly she did." The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and after a long pause, asked: "Well, was she as nearsighted then as she is now?"

McClusky was the manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow, and he was intensely disliked. One morning he announced that he had received a handsome offer from an English firm, and he had decided to give up his Glasgow job. His fellow employees collected a purse of sovereigns and presented it to him as a thank offering. "Weel, weel," said McClusky, as he took the purse, "this beats a'. I niver thocht ye liket me sae weel. But noo that I see ye're a' sae sorry tae lose me, I think I'll nae gang awa, but jist stop whaur I am."

THE BEST POLICY

By Alexander Armstrong

Curious cases in my profession? Oh, yes, plenty. I often smile to myself when I find the novelists taking up old family incidents, and working them up into stories; and then I think of what plots I could have furnished if they had not been family secrets of a private and thoroughly confidential character.

Wills, now for instance. What a favorite stock subject they form with writers both for books and plays, and I don't wonder at it, for if there is anything that excites people's curiosity, it is the question of how some rich man's money is to be distributed. I've seen some curious scenes in families over the reading of a will; the delight of some, who have expected a mourning-ring for their share, when they have found something very substantial instead; the rage of others to find that the money upon which they have been reckoning for years—the dead man's shoes, in fact, for which they have been hankering—fitted on to other feet.

I remember one case that, changing the names, it will be no particular breach of confidence to mention, and I tell it the more frankly because it is a little against myself, for I must own that I did not act quite upon what is called the square. In fact, I played a part—a negative kind of part—for I did nothing else but hold my tongue. If I had spoken, it would have been fifty thousand pounds or so out of a truly honest man's pocket and into a rogue's; so, somehow, I let my feelings get the better of my professional conscience, and I said not a word.

I was old John Hendricks' solicitor, and looked after his property, for I had known him when he was a struggling man and I was a young lawyer with none too much practice. Then I lost sight of him for twenty years, at the end of which time I was still plodding along respectably, just holding my own and nothing more, when, going into one of the city taverns for my regular daily chop, which I ate at the same table for so many years, that I had become one of the institutions of the place, I found myself opposite to a yellow-looking, thin, gray-haired man, who kept on looking up from his plate to stare at me very rudely, I thought.

"Why it is!" he exclaimed. "Dick, old boy, don't you know me?"

"That's Jack Hendricks' voice," I exclaimed, nearly upsetting my plate; and the next moment we were sitting there, hand clasped in hand, and with the tears in our eyes looking very foolish and weak, I dare say, to the other occupants of the room. but that did not trouble us, for we had too much to say to each other.

John Hendricks told me that he had been in the north of India, close to Nepaul, for over twenty years. He had gone out as a factor to an indigo-grower, and had become a grower himself.

"And now," he said, "I have come back to look after my dead sister's sons, and—to die."

"Well, old fellow," I said, "the first part's right enough, but as to dying, I think it's as well to leave that alone. It will be all settled for you. The only thing with respect to that, speaking as a professional man, is to make your will if you have anything to leave, and then make the most of your span."

"Have you made yours, Dick?" he said, sharply.

"I? No," I said, laughing. "I've nothing to leave, Jack;" and then we went into mutual confidences, and after I had told him of my own hard-working life, he gave me to under-

stand that he had made a very large fortune in indigo, and spent very little on himself.

"Mine's been too hard-working a life, Dick," he said, "for me to be much of a spender, but it will be a fine thing for Jenny's two boys if—if I like them," he added, sharply. And then, with a quiet, subdued look: "Poor Jenny! I should like to have seen her again."

It was all done in a quiet, unostentatious way, but from the day of John Hendricks' return the world began to smile on me. I had a great deal of professional business to do for him, and as he had most extensive connections among indigo planters, I found them coming to me right and left by his recommendation, so that very soon, in place of finding it hard work to keep one clerk, I had very hard work for four, and a big balance at my bank.

Before long I met the two nephews at their uncle's quiet little house at Chelsea, and as we sat at dinner I could not help thinking how kindly fortune was behaving to the young men, to place them in the way of such expectations; and before I left it was plain enough to me which was the uncle's favorite.

This was Philip, a frank-faced young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, very gentlemanly in his ways, and decidedly good-looking while he was full of anecdote, and, without seeming to be toadying, full of attention to the old man, to whose dogmatic speeches he listened with the greatest deference.

Samuel was the very opposite of his brother, being a short, thick-set, plain fellow, with only one good feature—or ought that to be two—in his face, and that his eyes, which were for a man, beautiful, and, best of all, in their steady, honest look, which never seemed to blanch or have anything to fear.

Time went on, and at John Hendricks' wish, I took Philip as articled clerk.

"Let him be a lawyer," said my old friend, "not a barrister, but a lawyer, a family solicitor, who knows the value of property and how to manage it for—in confidence, Dick, do you hear?"

I nodded.

"You may charge for it if you like—I mean to make that boy my heir, but don't tell him."

"I don't tell what my clients say to me," I said.

"No, you dry old wooden box," he said, chuckling; "I never met with such a snuffy, reticent old humbug as you've grown."

"Well, if I had not you would not have made me your solicitor," I said, grimly.

"Perhaps not, Dick; perhaps not, old fellow; but we should have been friends all the same; but don't give Phil the slightest hint of what I mean to do for him. Let him work, and get to be a clever, shrewd man of business. I hate an empty dandy. Heaven bless him! he's like poor Jenny.

"And how about Sam?" I said, in my gruff, repellent way.

"Let him stop where he is, and sell tea and tea-dust, and make his money out of chests," he said, in a hard, harsh manner that I did not like.

"But you'll leave him as much as you leave his brother?" I said.

"That I won't, Dick. He's my sister's boy, but I don't like him. He's his father over again, the father who behaved badly to poor Jenny, and broke her heart. He was a gambler and thought only of himself. Poor girl, she made a mistake, but let that rest."

Now, I too had studied characters a little, and I knew enough of John Hendricks to see that I should be doing no good by fighting on Samuel's behalf, but I made it my busi-

ness a few days later to ask him to call upon me; and during the interview the opinion I had already formed was strengthened.

"No, Mr. Brown," he said, warmly, "I can't do it. I don't say but what if my uncle left me some money I should be glad of it, for—for I am thinking of getting married, sir; but my uncle does not like me. He has taken a prejudice against me because he says I am exactly like my dead father, and I can't help that, of course."

"But you might try to humor him a little, and let him see that you don't deserve his—I am sure—wrong opinion."

"Thank you for that, Mr. Brown," he exclaimed, and his eyes looked soft and subdued; "but I could not do it, sir. I never would toady to any one for the sake of the money that might come, and if I were to go there trying to please my uncle, he would only despise me for it. My poor mother taught me, Mr. Brown, and I have never forgotten her teachings."

I found before long that John Hendricks was thoroughly in earnest, for he sent for me one day to take instructions to make his will; but I could not help laying down my pen when I found he intended to leave the whole of his property, save some trifling legacies to servants and others, to his young nephew, Philip Hemsley.

I argued and fought, and the result was that he let me put down two thousand dollars for Sam; but the great property of a hundred and odd thousand pounds, well invested, was left to Phil.

Everything was done as he wished, and the will placed at the banker's; and though, during the next five years, I tried hard to get the old man to make a fresh one, he grew more obstinate than ever, shutting his eyes blindly to the character of his nephews, and all I could do was to let matters take their course.

It was a bad course for Philip Hemsley, who was, in a quiet, secretive way, a regular scamp—his father over again. He was very clever and shrewd as a lawyer, and got on well when he stuck to it, and this pleased the old man, to whom he was devotedly attentive; while poor Sam seemed to become more and more estranged, though a better and truer-hearted fellow never married a pure, sweet little woman like an angel, who poured out tea for a grim old fellow.

As I have said, Phil became a shrewd fellow in the law, and passed his examination pretty well, so that he knew what he was about in legal matters; and one day proved the truth of his uncle's prophecy by saying to me suddenly:

"My uncle is far from well, Mr. Brown. Have you got his will?"

"No," I said, so shortly that he turned upon his heel and went away.

About a month later I was with my old friend, and felt shocked at the change, for it was evident that he was not much longer for this world.

He had sent for me, and I was in hopes that he meant to alter his will, and I was right.

"What a while you have been coming," he said, querulously. "I wanted you so badly, Dick."

"I came on directly, old fellow," I said, kindly. "Here, let me put you a little more easy."

"Thank ye, Dick," he said, "but it's all over. That boy has killed me. Did he ask you if you had my will?"

"Yes, about a month since, and I said 'No.'"

"I knew it, Dick, I knew it," he said pitifully; "and ever since he has been worrying me to let him make my will. Dick, old friend, I've made a big mistake. There—there, don't jump upon me. I—I confess it all. I thought he was

his mother's boy, he was so like her; but—but he has his father's spirit and his ways to the very bone."

"I am glad you have awakened to the truth," I said.

"You should have advised me better," he said, querulously. "Should I, Jack?"

"No, no, you did, Dick. I've only just found out what an old fool I am, my dear boy. We have quarreled terribly, that boy and I, for I have found him out, in spite of his smooth tongue. He's a scamp, a villain—a gambler, and in debt terribly. He has half killed me, Dick, and—and—"

I tore at the bell as the poor old fellow seemed about to have a fit, for the terrible emotion he had suffered at what might have been the rooting up of his most cherished belief in his sister's child, had proved, in his weak state, to be more than he could bear.

The doctor was sent for, and at the end of an hour John Hendricks was so far recovered that he whispered my name, and I, sitting down beside him, heard him in a whisper say:

"Draw up my will quickly. A just one."

"I don't think he will ever recover sufficiently to sign," said the doctor. "He has left it until too late, Mr. Brown."

The doctor was right, for my poor old friend never recovered his senses, but quietly breathed his last a few hours later.

The funeral followed in due form, and I was there, both as old friend and solicitor, to meet the very small party who went to the grave.

Sam was there, of course, making no indecorous show of sorrow, while his brother sobbed aloud over the grave; but he had a good deal recovered when he assembled afterward in the dining-room of my old friend's house, his few friends wondering whether he had remembered them in his will, about which subject I heard a whisper going round that none had been left.

I suppose it was from a feeling of importance, perhaps more from an unwillingness to wound poor Sam Hemsley and his young wife, by letting them hear the unjust will, that I did not hurry myself to produce it, though I don't think they anticipated much. But all at once, to my astonishment, Philip rose, coughed to clear his husky voice, and said, quietly:

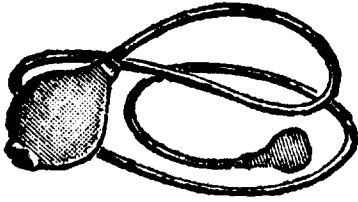
"I presume you all know how much I have of late been in my uncle's confidence, so you will not be surprised that, as I was by his wish a solicitor, he should have intrusted to me the making of his will."

I am a man of the world, but for the moment I was knocked off my balance. Then I was about to exclaim, as I saw him bring forth the document. "Why, you scoundrel, you have forged a will."

I saw it all now. He had asked me if I had his uncle's will, and I had said no. He must have searched the old man's papers and found none, and feeling safe Philip had forged a will in his own favor, and artfully, too—making one about which there could be no dispute; for he provided legacies to friends, and the residue, which proved to be over a hundred thousand pounds, in equal moieties to his nephews, Samuel and Philip Hemsley.

What would you have done—given the scoundrel into custody as a forger, made a terrible upset, and caused no end of trouble about the property? Perhaps you would? I did not, for I went home, after satisfying myself that the false will was in due form, and destroyed the real one.

Yes, I know what you will say—that it was a felonious act, and that I ought to have been struck off the rolls. Perhaps I ought to have been, but I pondered on the fact that, instead of the whole hundred thousand pounds going to a villain who would stoop to forge, half of it went to a truly deserving man.



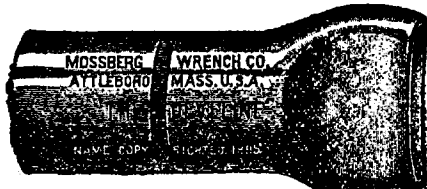
MYSTERIOUS PLATE LIFTER.—Made of fine rubber, top with bulb on one end and infator at other. Place it under a table cover, under plate or glass, and bulb is pressed underneath, object rises mysteriously 40 ins. long. Price, 25c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



JUMPING CARD.—A pretty little trick, easy to perform. Effect: A selected card returned to the deck jumps high into the air at the performer's command. Pack is held in one hand. Price of apparatus, with enough cards to perform the trick, 10c.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.



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MICROSCOPE.—By use of this wonderful little microscope you can magnify a drop of stagnant water until you see thousands of crawling insects; is also useful for inspecting grain, pork, linen and numerous other articles. This little instrument does equally as good work as the best microscopes and is invaluable to the household. Is made of best finished brass; size when closed one inch by two and a half inches. Price, 30c.

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HAPPY HOOLIGAN JOKER.

With this Joker in the lappel of your coat, you can make a dead shot every time. Complete, with ruler ball and tubing.

Price, 15 cents, by mail, postpaid.

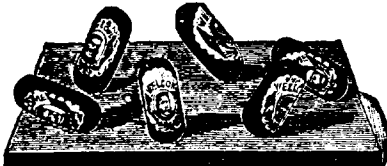
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CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.—The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times.

Price by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

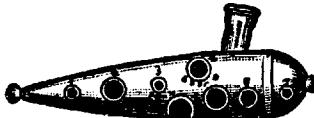
ROUGH AND READY TUMBLERS.



These lively acrobats are handsomely decorated with the U. S. flag and with gold and silver stars and hearts. Upon placing them upon any flat surface they at once begin in a most wonderful performance, climbing and tumbling over each other and chasing each other in every direction, as if the evil spirit was after them, causing roars of laughter from the spectators. They actually appear imbued with life. What causes them to cut up such antics is a secret that may not be known even to the owner of the merry subjects. If you want some genuine fun send for a set of our tumblers.

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A handsome metal instrument made in Germany, which peculiar but sweet music can be produced. Its odd shape, which resembles a torpedo boat, will attract much attention. We send instructions with each instrument, by the aid of which any one can in a short time play any tune and produce very sweet music on this odd looking instrument.

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do not fail to procure one. We send the Fire Eater with all the materials, in a handsome box, the cover of which is highly ornamented with illustrations in various colors. Price of all complete only 15 cents, or 4 boxes for 50 cents, mailed postpaid; one dozen by express \$1.20.

N. B.—Full printed instructions for performing the trick accompany each box, which also contains sufficient material for giving several exhibitions. FRANK ROBINSON, 311 W. 44th St., N. Y.

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The best practical joke of the season. This beautiful button-hole bouquet is made of artificial flowers and leaves which so closely resemble natural flowers that not one person in a thousand would detect the difference. After placing the bouquet in your button-hole you call the attention of a friend to its beauty and fragrance. He will very naturally step forward and smell of it, when, to his utter astonishment, a fine stream of water will be thrown into his face. Where the water comes from is a mystery, as you can have your hands at your side or behind you, and not touch the bouquet in any manner. You can give one dozen or more persons a shower bath without removing the bouquet from your button-hole, and after the water is exhausted it can be immediately refilled without removing it from your coat. Cologne can be used in place of water when desired. We have many funny things in our stock, but nothing that excels this.



Price, complete in a beautiful box, with full printed instructions, 25 cents, or three for 60 cents; by mail postpaid.

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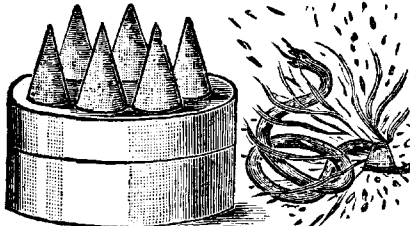


TRICK PUZZLE PURSE.—The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the centre of purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still

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Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see



something similar to a 4th of July exhibition of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes, but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous, and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely.

Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10 cents, 3 boxes for 25 cents. 1 dozen boxes 75 cents, sent by mail post paid.

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figure is mounted on a separate block, any boy can set up a regular parade or circus by printing the figures in different positions. With each set of figures we send a bottle of colored ink, an ink pad and full instructions. Children can stamp these pictures on their toys, picture books, writing paper and envelopes, and they are without doubt the most amusing and entertaining novelty gotten up in years. Price of the complete set of Rubber Stamps, with ink and ink pad, only 10 cents, 3 sets for 25 cents, one dozen 90 cents, by mail post-paid.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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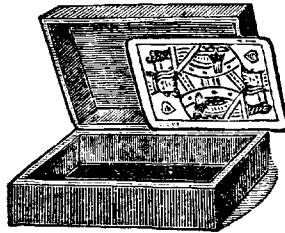
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These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-bankerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two ring-marks under the mouthpiece.

FRANK ROBINSON, 311 W. 44th St., N. Y.

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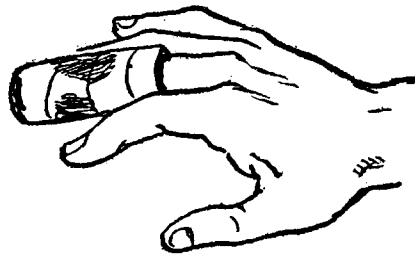
One of the best and cheapest tricks for giving parlor or stage exhibitions. The trick is performed



as follows: You request any two persons in your audience to each select a card from an ordinary pack of cards, you then produce a small handsome box made to imitate pebbled leather, which anyone may examine as closely as they will. You now ask one of the two who have selected cards to place his or her card inside the box, which being done, the lid is shut, and the box placed on the table. You then state that you will cause the cards to disappear and upon opening the box the card has vanished and the box found empty. The other card is now placed in the box; the lid is again closed and when the box is opened the first card appears as strangely as it went. Other tricks can be performed in various ways. You may cause several cards to disappear after they are placed in the box, and then you can cause them all to appear at once. You may tear a card up, place it in the box, and on lifting the cover it will be found whole and entire. In fact, nearly every trick of appearance and disappearance can be done with the Magic Card Box.

Full printed instructions by which anyone can perform the different tricks sent with each box. Price 20 cents, by mail postpaid.

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- 456 Young Wild West and the Ropers; or, A Finish Fight on the Range.
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- 301 Clear Grit; or, The Office Boy Who Made Good.
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