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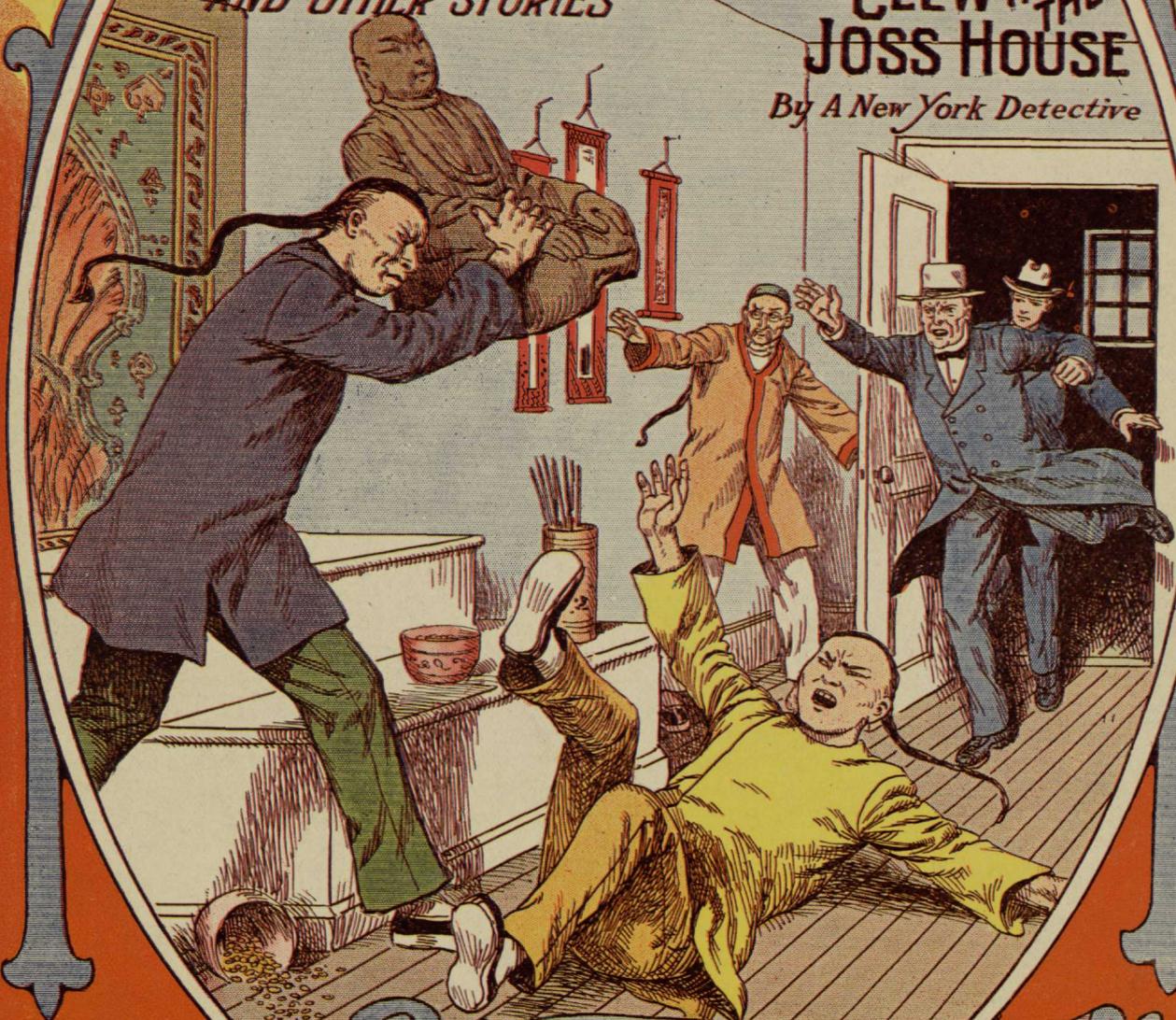
April 19th 1912

5 Cents.

SECRET SERVICE.

THE BRADYS
AND THE YELLOW GIANT OR THE
CLEW IN THE
JOSS HOUSE

By A New York Detective



The Yellow Giant had by this time worked himself up into a perfect fury. He seized the joss and was about to drop the heavy image upon the prostrate man. The old Chinaman opened the door and the Bradys rushed in.

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SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

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No. 691.

NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1912.

Price 5 Cents.

The Bradys and the Yellow Giant

OR,

THE CLEW IN THE JOSS HOUSE

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE

CHAPTER I.

A CHINESE KIDNAPING.

"Oh, Mr. Brady! Mr. Brady! Help! Help!"

If ever there was an astonished detective it was the famous Old King Brady, when, as he was crossing Fourteenth street, New York, at Union Square, a stout, overdressed, elderly woman suddenly threw her arms around him, screaming the words mentioned above.

It was a gusty, showery day in the month of April, 19—, and the hour was just after twelve o'clock.

The street was jammed with men and women working in the many ready-made clothing factories in the neighborhood out for their lunch.

Quite a crowd had collected around a handsome private carriage, which had no driver on the box.

The woman had been standing at the door of said carriage, when spying the old detective as he pushed his way through the crowd, she made this sudden appeal.

Inside the carriage were several grips and a dress suitcase, but no person.

The woman seemed wild with terror. Her excitement was intense.

She had spotted Old King Brady as he came through the crowd, for on this occasion as always when not in disguise, he wore his usual peculiar dress.

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

But Old King Brady, who disengaged himself from the woman's embrace as best he could, protested that he did not know her, but this was said in a kindly tone, for her distress was manifest, and Old King Brady is a man whose sympathies are easily aroused.

"Sure and av coorse you don't know me!" she cried. "Coitenly not. How wud yer when you were niver after spaking to me in yer life? But it's me foist husband who woiked for yer years ago, and he loved yer like a father, so

he did. And now in me trouble when I seen the hat of yer I says to meself, be gollys an' it's Ould King Brady. Hiven has sent him to me relief."

Old King Brady was by no means enlightened by this explanation, of course.

With his usual quickness he took the woman in for all she was worth.

Her general appearance and her manner of speech seemed to indicate that she might have been a cook at one time in her career.

And yet her clothing was both fashionable and expensive.

Moreover, she wore diamond jewelry of great value, a big sunburst brooch secured her collar, a la valliere—erroneously called a lovelette by many—made of a dozen big diamonds, hung from her neck, her fat fingers blazed with gems—in short, she looked like a walking jewelry store.

The wonder was that some crook in the crowd did not pick her up and carry her off bodily.

"And who was your first husband, madam?" asked Old King Brady in answer to the woman's excited speech.

"Shure and who should he be but Mike Collins, the detective!" she cried. "Mike Collins, who woiked for you back in the 80s, Heaven rest his soul! He was me first husband, an' whin he died I married agin, an' me name is now Walsh."

"Ha!" said Old King Brady. "Mike Collins' widow must certainly be helped. But who have we here?"

She had named a man who was long one of Old King Brady's most trusted assistants, and for whose memory he entertained a high regard.

Even as he said it a frightened looking man in a sort of half livery came hurrying up with a small package.

"Ow, yer villain!" screamed the woman. "An' where was yer? Where are thim children? Spake, before I break the face of yer."

"The children!" gasped the man, who was evidently the driver of the handsome equipage.

"Don't stand there mocking me wurruds like some

blamed poll-parrot. I said the children! I mane the children and that haythen Chinee! Where are they, then, I say?"

"For heaven's sake, Mrs. Walsh!" gasped the man, "I don't know. Are they gone, then?"

"Are they gone? Av coorse they are gone! Can't yer see for yerself they are gone, yer spalpeen! Ow! Ow! That I shud find thim only to lose thim. That I shud fetch thim all the way from Chiny only to have thim kidnaped in New York. Bad luck to yer, you dirty loafer, why didn't you stay and mind yer business as yer shud have done?"

It was getting to be hot work.

The crowd was momentarily increasing; many were laughing at the energy the woman displayed in her distress.

"Get into the carriage, Mrs. Walsh, and come to my office," said Old King Brady, commandingly.

Now the office of the Brady Detective Bureau was right around the corner on Union Square, and to it the old detective ordered the man to drive.

He entered the carriage himself, and closed the door.

Mrs. Walsh was weeping and wringing her hands.

"Be quiet," said Old King Brady. "Try and calm yourself if you want me to get at this matter. Your husband was a man I esteemed very highly. You may rely upon it I shall do all in my power to help you."

"I knowed it!" she cried, seizing his hand and kissing it hysterically. "Bless yer, Mr. Brady; I knowed it as soon as I seen the face of yer. Let me tell yer how it was."

"Not now. I understand that two children and a Chinaman have disappeared from this carriage; that is enough for the present. Are they boys or girls?"

"Girruls, sir. Sisters—twin sisters. Children of me dear mistress, Mrs. Moyer, the acthress, of whom mebbe ye've heard."

"The once famous Mazie Moyer?"

"Yis, sir. The same. If you wud let me tell——"

"Just a minute."

The carriage had stopped at the door of the building in which the offices of the Brady Detective Bureau are located.

The old detective got out, and bidding Mrs. Walsh remain in the carriage, he closed the door.

He had escaped the crowd at all events, and that was the first consideration.

"Now, then, what is it all about?" Old King Brady demanded of the man on the box.

"Upon my word, sir, I had nothing to do with it," protested the man.

"Cut that out. How came you to leave those two girls with the Chinaman?"

"Why, the man came with them from China. I'm just after taking them off a steamer. She—the missus—wanted to go to the bank. She ordered me to stop where I did. Then, sir, the Chink he gave me a dollar and told me to go buy the girls a box of candy. You saw me come back with it—that's all I know."

"Do you work for Mrs. Walsh?"

"Yes; I'm the coachman."

"Is she rich?"

"As mud, sir."

"Where does she live?"

The coachman gave a number on Fifth avenue.

"What!" exclaimed Old King Brady, "is she really the widow of Pat Walsh, the gold king, who all the papers are constantly talking about?"

"That's who she is, sir. They say her husband left her forty millions."

"Probably not half of it. Remain where you are till she comes out of my office."

"Shades of Mike Collins!" muttered Old King Brady as he turned to the carriage door again. "How times do change for some people, to be sure!"

He opened the carriage door and said:

"Now, Mrs. Walsh, if you will step upstairs, please, and tell your story, we will see what can be done. I am too busy to listen to it myself just now, but my lady partner, Miss Montgomery, will attend to you and explain to me later. Very likely I shall be back before you are through."

Old King Brady then escorted the woman to his office, where she was introduced to Miss Alice Montgomery, the famous female detective.

The old detective's business really was urgent or he would have attended to the woman himself.

When after about an hour he returned he was accompanied by Young King Brady, formerly his pupil, now his partner.

"And now for the case of this gold queen, Harry," he said as they started upstairs. "Don't drop dead when you see her diamonds. Never did I see such a display on mortal woman. If it had been she who was kidnaped there would be nothing surprising about it."

But Harry was not favored with a sight of Mrs. Walsh, for she had already departed.

"Just gone," said Alice as they came in.

"Indeed! I thought I saw her carriage at the door. It must have been some other. I did not look very closely at it. Well, what did she have to say?"

"Boiled down, the case seems to be this," began Alice. "Mrs. Walsh was formerly a cook. Her first husband was a detective and worked for you, it seems."

"Yes; Mike Collins. A good man he was, too."

"You'd think so to hear her talk of him. After his death she went to Denver and cooked for her second husband, Pat Walsh, a widower, who was just beginning to grow rich from gold mines he owned. She must have cooked to suit him, for he soon married her. How very rich Pat Walsh became all the world knows. He died leaving her all his wealth."

"This Walsh had a niece who went on the stage and became famous under the name of Mazie Moyer. She had just left the stage when Walsh hired Mrs. Collins as his cook, and she made her home with her uncle. Although Mrs. Walsh had but a brief acquaintance with the woman, she appears to have become much attached to her. Soon Miss Moyer married a mining engineer named Gus Yellowlee, and went out to China with him. There two daughters were born—Maud and Agnes, twins. Their birthplace was far in the interior, and there both father and mother were soon drowned in a flood caused by the bursting of a dam which Yellowlee had just built. The children were taken

charge of by a Chinese family, and the Walshes could obtain no trace of them.

"Coine," said Harry, "quite a romance. And now they have turned up?"

"Through the indefatigable energy of Mrs. Walsh," replied Alice. "She tried many schemes to find them, and spent a lot of money. At last she went to San Francisco and engaged a Chinese detective, a much Americanized proposition, I judge—George Wang, by name—and sent him out to China to search for the children. He found them and bought them for \$10,000 from the people who had adopted them. They cannot speak one word of English. Wang, for certain reasons which I can't altogether make out, took passage on the English tramp steamer Stirling Castle, and sailed direct from Shanghai to New York, reaching here this morning. Mrs. Walsh met them at the steamer, took them in her own carriage and came as far as Union Square. She wanted to draw money from the German Savings Bank. There was a blockade and the coachman could not get to the bank, so Mrs. Walsh had him stop where you found the carriage and went there on foot. When she returned, George Wang and the children were gone. I sent for the coachman——"

"And he told you that Wang sent the man for a box of candy," broke in Old King Brady. "Yes, I know that. Clear case of kidnaping. The intention is to bleed Mrs. Walsh for a big sum to get the girls. How old are they?"

"Eleven," replied Alice.

"Good looking?"

"She says they are beautiful blondes. The woman feels dreadfully. She says she hasn't a relative in the world that she knows of, and that it was her intention immediately to execute a will in favor of the children."

"Huh!" said Old King Brady. "Is that it? Perhaps somebody has got an eye on the old woman's money and don't want that will made."

"You will take the case, I suppose?" questioned Harry.

"Why not?" asked Old King Brady. "It is likely to prove profitable. Even if it were otherwise I should not like to go back on Mike Collins' widow. Yes, we will take the case."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. WALSH AND HER LAWYER.

"Harry," said Old King Brady, "go out on the square and see if you can find any one who saw the Chinaman leave with the children."

Young King Brady obeyed and soon returned with the information.

A taxicab driver whose stand was on Union Square had seen the Chinaman leave the carriage with the two girls.

They boarded a downtown Broadway car.

"The singular part of it is," said Alice, "that he should have left all the baggage behind him—even his own things, Mrs. Walsh said."

"Ha!" said the old detective, "what do you know about that? Did you examine them?"

"No," replied Alice, "but I told Mrs. Walsh to be sure

and take good care of them, as you would probably want to examine them."

"Just a moment," said Harry. "I had not finished. There came to the carriage door just before George Wang and the children got out the tallest Chinaman the taxi driver had ever seen. He says he must have been at least seven feet. He looked in, said something and then hurried away.

"A clew!" cried Old King Brady. "Such a giant ought to be readily located. This looks like fear on George Wang's part."

"It certainly does," replied Harry, "and so does the abandoning of the baggage."

"That's what's the matter," said Alice.

"I must see that baggage," declared the old detective. "You took Mrs. Walsh's address, of course, Alice; but by the way, I have it myself. Got it from the driver. Come, let's you and I go up there. There may be some Chinese to read. Harry, you get down to Chinatown and see what Quong Lee knows about this yellow giant."

Alice, be it understood, both speaks and reads Chinese. She is the daughter of a missionary, and was born and brought up in China.

Harry started immediately, but his chief having a few letters to write, delayed for about an hour, when with Alice he presented himself at the Walsh mansion, which was one of the most elegant of those on Fifth avenue opposite Central Park.

"What a change for the woman," remarked Alice while they were waiting for the bell to be answered. "And yet she carries herself very well if it wasn't for her awful brogue."

"Which she will never get rid of," declared Old King Brady. "If I know anything, that woman spoke only Irish when she was young. She is said to be very charitable, according to the papers."

"She certainly is very kind-hearted to go to so much trouble about these children. But——"

Here the door was opened by a butler, dressed moderately in black.

He took Old King Brady and Alice into a reception room and carried their cards to Mrs. Walsh, who promptly appeared.

The room was plainly and tastefully furnished.

Mrs. Walsh had shed some of her diamonds, and looked all the better for it.

"Av coorse, you haven't heard nothing of thim?" she asked.

Old King Brady told what Harry had learned.

"Is there any Chinaman in New York who knew the children were coming?" he asked.

Mrs. Walsh assured him that she had no reason to suppose so.

She knew nothing of the Chinese giant.

"Let me see George Wang's grip," said Old King Brady.

"Shure he had two," replied Mrs. Walsh. "I have put thim in one of the rooms I fixed up for the poor darlints. Ah, but you ought to have seen them, Mr. Brady. Angels to luk at, and to think of thim only being able to spake a haythen language! Shure I've spint, all towld, over twenty-five thousand to get them, and now to lose thim so."

She wiped her eyes with an expensive lace handkerchief, and led the way to a beautifully furnished suite of rooms on the next floor.

"There's everyting here dat heart could wish," she said with a wave of her hand. "Everyting I could tink of dat money could buy, and I expected to be so happy wit the darlints."

"You were going to make them your heirs, Miss Montgomery tells me," said the old detective.

"Yes, sir. I would have made a new will to-morrow."

"Oh, you have already made a will, have you?"

"Sure."

"Who inherits under it, may I ask?"

"Charles Augustus Dayton."

"And who is Charles Augustus Dayton?"

"Sure who should he be but Walsh's nephew? I have narry a sowl belonging to me in this mortal world, and Walsh had nobody else. It's his dead sister's son. He's the sassiest feller ever, and it went against me grain to make that will, but I had to lave the money to some one if this house was to be kept up, which was Walsh's wish."

"Did Mr. Walsh request you to make that will?"

"Indeed he didn't. He had no particular use for his nephew. He made no request at all, at all, nor even a suggestion."

"Did Dayton know that you had made this will?"

"Sure I niver towld him. How would he know?"

"Your lawyer may have told him."

"Do you think that now?"

"Who is your lawyer?"

"The same wan Walsh had. Jim Bradley, of Bradley & Brown."

"Don't know him. Did you tell him all about the girls?"

"Sure I did."

"He knew that you meant to make a will in their favor?"

"He did that."

"Does Dayton call on you frequently?"

"Not at all. I don't have nothing to do wit him. He's too high-toned and sassy for me. He makes fun of me behind me back."

"Does he live in New York?"

"He does that. Up in the Bronx. I have his address somewhere."

"What's his business?"

"He's a Wall street broker. Walsh set him up in business."

"Has he made money?"

"I don't know. He kapes a carriage and his wife's a high-falutin' piece who's a lot sassier than necessary so, for the dear knows he's sassy enough. But do you think, Mr. Brady, dat he wud be at the bottom of dis kidnaping now?"

"It's entirely possible, certainly," replied the old detective, "and we shall have to look into Mr. Augustus Dayton's affairs a bit, but now to open these grips."

This Old King Brady speedily managed by the aid of a skeleton key.

Their contents proved to be decidedly miscellaneous, but nothing was found which at all interested Old King Brady till he came upon a bunch of letters, one of which contained

a snap-shot photograph of the interior of a Chinese joss house.

It was a shabby looking place and, judging from the picture, was very small. It apparently contained only one idol, a sitting figure with a big head, which stood on a rude dais of two steps.

But what interested Old King Brady was a living man, who stood beside the idol.

Clearly he was very tall, for he towered head and shoulders above another Chinaman who stood beside him.

"Look, Alice!" exclaimed the old detective. "This is surely the Chinese giant of whom Harry spoke. But look over those letters."

The letters were all in Chinese; most of them were post-marked San Francisco, and addressed to George Wang, at Shanghai, but one was post-marked New York and addressed to him at San Francisco.

This letter was a year old.

Alice looked over the whole bunch, but the New York letter proved to be the only one of any interest.

While Alice was doing the letters, Old King Brady drew out Mrs. Walsh all he could by skilful questioning.

At last Alice, holding up the New York letter, said:

"All there is in these letters is contained in this one. It is signed Ping Pow. The name either belongs to the giant or to the other man in the picture. I can't tell which. It says I send you my photograph, taken in our new joss house, where you see Mah Ho. That means the idol, the great or powerful god, or it more properly means spirit. I judge these people have some special religion of their own, and that the new joss house is devoted to it. That idol is not the regulation kind at all."

"What's the letter about?" asked Old King Brady.

"Wants him to send money for the benefit of the Society of the Red Brothers."

"What's that?"

"I can't tell you, Mr. Brady. I never heard of it. A new one on me."

"So? Then the letter don't help us any?"

"No more than it shows that this yellow giant, who may be the boss of the Red Brothers, was known to George Wang."

"If he is the boss of the Red Brothers, and Wang is a member, it may be that he would feel himself under obligations to obey the giant's orders, and it would be interesting to know if the giant knows your lawyer, Mrs. Walsh."

"An' sure that's so," replied the woman, "but it's hard for me to believe that Jim Bradley's a crook. Walsh thought a whole lot of him, so."

"I can easily find out," replied Old King Brady, and just then came the butler with a card.

"An' by the same token here's himself now!" exclaimed Mrs. Walsh as she glanced at it.

"Say to him that you will see him presently," said the old detective.

Mrs. Walsh gave the butler orders to so report, and as soon as he had gone the old detective said:

"Now, my dear lady, you must be very cautious. Make no mention of me whatever; simply tell him what happened, but go into no details. Don't tell him off-hand,

either, but let him draw it out of you by questions. If he asks none, tell him nothing. Do you happen to know why he called?"

"No, I don't. I told him to come to-morrow and I'd make a new will. I don't know any reason why he would be after coming to-day, so."

"Can you fix it so that we can overhear your talk?"

"Sure I can. I'll receive him right here, and you can sit in the next room."

"Do so."

The old detective and Alice then retired to the next room and partially closed the door.

Mrs. Walsh rang the bell and ordered Lawyer Bradley shown up.

When he came Old King Brady managed to get a good look at him through the crack of the door.

He was a tall, slim, elderly man, with an unusually small head and pinched-up features.

The old detective at once took an instinctive dislike to him.

"Well, Mrs. Walsh, and how do you find yourself to-day, madam?" he began.

"Sure an' I'm not as well as I might be," replied Mrs. Walsh. "Was it annything partickler you wanted to see me about, Mr. Bradley?"

"About the new will, madam. You told me to call to-day and make it, you know."

"Yer all wrong. It was to-morrow I told you to call."

"Ha! Have I made a mistake then? Possibly."

"Sure."

"Well, well! It is of no consequence, Mrs. Walsh. But I see the Stirling Castle has arrived. The little ladies came all right, I trust? I shall be pleased to see them."

"You'll not have that pleasure, thin, for they didn't arrive all right."

"No? Not ill, I trust?"

"Very ill. They came all right and started for the house all right, but on the way here what does that wicked haste of a haythen Chineese detective do but kidnap them."

"What! Is it possible! My dear lady, this is very painful, for I know how your heart was set on the children. Tell me the circumstances, I beg."

Mrs. Walsh in her own quaint fashion briefly explained.

"Shameful! Scandalous!" cried the lawyer. "This must be looked into at once."

"So I t'ink," said Mrs. Walsh. "What would you advise?"

"Hiring a detective."

"I was t'inking dat same t'ing mesilf."

"I can recommend a good one."

"Sure an' I know of wan mesilf. Ould King Brady, Mike Collins, me foist husband, used to wolk for him years ago. He's de very best."

"He may have been then, Mrs. Walsh. He may have been then, of course, but at the present time he is the very worst. In short, he has become a crook and a protector of crooks. He's a man who would sell out to any one, and for a low price, too."

Old King Brady winked at Alice. He seemed to be greatly amused.

"Is dat so?" replied Mrs. Walsh with all due gravity. "Den if dat's so I won't hire him. Who is your man?"

"His name is Singleton. Shall I send him to you?"

"Sure I'll t'ink about it an' let you know."

"Ha! But you really ought to act quickly."

"I'll take me own time, so."

"And this new will? Of course, you won't think of making it until the little ladies are found."

"You advise not, Mr. Bradley?"

"By all means not."

"Very good. Den I'll take your advice. You know I always do."

Shortly after this the lawyer left.

Mrs. Walsh broke out the instant he was gone.

"Did you iver hear the like!" she cried. "Sure you're right, Mr. Brady, dat man is an ould rascal. To talk dat way agin you, whose repetaytion has been made this manny a year. I'll bet he's at the bottom of it all."

"Indeed and I am very much inclined to agree with you," replied Old King Brady. "At all events, he'll bear watching. If you take my advice you will make a new will this very day."

"This very hour, if I can!" cried Mrs. Walsh, "and narry a cint will Charles Augustus Dayton come in for, so."

"You are wise."

"But where can I find a lawyer to be trusted?"

"You have an automobile, I suppose?"

"Av coorse. I have ivery t'ing dese days. Dere was a time, dough, when it was shank's mare for mine, and I belave I was happier den dan now."

"Ha!" said the old detective, "money does not spell happiness always, Mrs. Walsh, but you are a good sensible woman and may live long to enjoy your fortune. I don't despair of finding the children, so order your car and I'll take you to my own lawyer, and you shall make a will in their favor at once."

CHAPTER III.

THE BRADYS FIND THE YELLOW GIANT.

Quong Lee is the keeper of an opium joint in a cellar on Chatham Square.

He is a great friend of Old King Brady's, the old detective having once rendered him an important service.

In the Bradys' Chinese cases old Quong has been most useful.

Naturally it was to him that Old King Brady first turned for a clew to this yellow giant.

Ner was it in vain.

"Sure I seen dlat feller lound Chinatown, Hally," said the old man, "but he never come here. Me no know whereabouts him live."

"Nor his name, Quong?"

"No, me no know him name, neder, but sure ting me can find out. Come moller an' me tellee you."

"Oh, to-morrow won't do at all, Quong. I must know to-day."

"Lessee! How can fix? Must helpee you. Comee on—me see."

It is very seldom that Quong Lee ever goes on the street, for he is old and somewhat crippled, although no user of his own vile drug.

He got his hat and started out.

"Where are we going?" inquired Harry.

"To see feller up Pell street," replied Quong. "Him allee light. Him know evelybody in Chinatown."

The "feller" in question proved to be the keeper of a bric-a-brac store.

Quong began talking earnestly with the man in his own language, but the very first answer he made seemed to stir the old dive-keeper up tremendously.

He gave a start and looked quickly at Harry just as if there might be a chance that he understood, although he knew very well that he didn't.

Then the conversation proved earnest, indeed.

It lasted about fifteen minutes, and then the old dive-keeper pulled out, motioning for Harry to follow.

"Hally," he said as soon as they got out on Pell street, "me awful solly, but me no can helpee you."

"Don't that man know the big fellow?"

"Me no lie to you, Hally. Yair, he know. So I knowee now, but me no can tell."

Harry had, in a measure, prepared himself for this, Quong Lee's manner having been so peculiar.

He now told exactly what had happened and why he wanted information about the yellow giant.

But Quong Lee only shook his head.

"Belly bad," he said. "Yair, belly bad, but me no can helpee you, Hally. Dlis time no."

"Very well," replied Harry, quietly. "I will tell Old King Brady what you say."

"Tellee him me belly solly."

"I don't know as that will do any good, but I'll tell him," replied Harry.

He parted with the old fellow at the head of his cellar steps and returned to the office.

Old King Brady and Alice did not return for two hours, and then Harry learned the further particulars in the case.

"Did Mrs. Walsh make her will?" he asked.

"Yes, she did," replied the old detective, "and it is safely in the hands of my lawyer. The money goes to the Yellowlee twins if living, and to the Pope if they are dead."

"Let us hope that the Pope don't get his legacy, then. What about the standing of this man Bradley? Did you learn anything?"

"Yes. He's decidedly tricky, but I don't find that he is actually what you might call a crook, so far as is known. His case must be investigated further. How did you make out with Quong Lee?"

"Not at all, for a wonder."

"He don't know our yellow giant, then?"

"On the contrary, he knows all about him now, but won't tell," and Harry went on to explain.

"This is certainly singular and very unlike Quong," remarked the old detective.

"You may depend upon it there is some secret society

business at the bottom of it," said Alice; "a religious motive, perhaps. Let me talk to Quong in his own language. I'll bring him to terms."

Quong Lee has an unbounded respect for Alice.

He considers her one of the most remarkable women in the world.

"We will call on him this evening," said the old detective. "I'll show him that photograph, and you shall read him Ping Pow's letter. I daresay we shall win him over. Did you ask him if he knew George Wang, Harry?"

"Yes, I did," replied Harry. "He says he never heard of him."

So when evening came the Bradys and Alice went to Chinatown.

Quong Lee was found in his little office.

"You mad with me, Blady?" he cried. "Me no can help."

"Certainly not mad, Quong," replied the old detective, "but I hope to bring you to looking at the matter differently. Here's Miss Alice come to talk to you. She will tell you all about it in Chinese, then you will understand better."

"Allee light," said Quong, "but allee samee me tink me lunderstand pretty good likee 'tis."

Alice went right at it. The case was explained, the letter read and the picture shown, but Quong Lee seemed more discouraged than ever.

He openly admitted to Alice that he was afraid to talk.

"Is it that you belong to these Red Brothers?" asked Alice in his own language.

"Oh, no," replied Quong. "I don't belong, but I know all about them, and, to tell you the truth, Miss Alice, I am afraid of them."

"Is Ping Pow the giant's name?"

"See here, Miss Alice, I swore not to tell, and I won't, but I'll say this to you. It won't be worth your while to guess any further."

"Is he boss of the Red Brothers?"

"I give you the same answer," replied the old man, much to Alice's amusement.

"Is that joss house here in Chinatown?"

"Same answer."

"On Mott street?"

"Guess again."

"On Pell street?"

"It won't be worth your while to guess again."

Alice reported to the Bradys, Quong Lee understanding perfectly well what she was saying.

"Quong, you just must tell us and that's all there is about it," said Old King Brady, decidedly.

As we said before, Old King Brady's interest with the old dive-keeper is unbounded.

This emphatic request won the day.

"Oh, well," he said to Alice in Chinese, for he always forgets his English when she is around, "tell him I'll see what I can do, but if I get killed for giving these people away it is all his fault. I'll go out now. You all wait till I come back."

Usually Quong Lee wears native dress, although he has good American clothes which he wears on occasions.

He was in native costume now and, putting on a quaint

old fur cap and a pair of big horn spectacles, he departed. "He thinks those spectacles disguise him," laughed Alice.

"He certainly is a queer old duck," remarked Harry.

"I'm sure I don't want him to run any real personal risk," said Old King Brady, "and I don't think he will. I shall say no more about the matter to him if he comes back and says he can't help us."

Quong Lee was gone nearly an hour, and when he returned he seemed pretty well satisfied with himself.

"I'll tell you a secret," he said to Alice. "I have been there. I have seen your yellow giant. I am going there again in half an hour. If you people choose to follow me I don't know that I can help it. If I should happen to open a certain door suddenly and you should be outside, I don't know that I can help your coming in. But you must not know me. If you give me away it might mean death, but if you keep still tongues they need not suspect me, and I don't care what you do with the big fellow."

All of which Alice duly reported.

"Thank you a thousand times, Quong," said Old King Brady. "You know I'll never give you away."

The old man then gave certain orders to his assistant and rose to depart.

The Bradys and Alice followed at a distance.

Quong had explained nothing, but he had said that he had no reason to believe that there would be any crowd in the joss house.

It was not exactly secret he further explained, but at the same time its existence was not generally known, as it was used exclusively by the Society of the Red Brothers.

Of the nature of this society he did not say a single word.

He shuffled up Pell street and entered the side door of one of the older tenements, and ascended to the top floor.

Here he knocked on a door which was opened and he passed inside.

Meanwhile, the Bradys and Alice held back on the stairs, Harry, who was in the lead, advancing just far enough to see what door the old dive-keeper entered at.

They then got up into the hall as quietly as possible and waited for the opening of the door.

What was happening inside?

This we are about to tell.

The old detective got it out of Quong Lee afterward.

It appeared that these people came from a remote province of western China, and spoke an altogether different language from Quong Lee, who came from Canton.

Of the nature of the Society of the Red Brothers the old dive-keeper knew nothing, nor did he ever learn anything definite about their practices, but the bric-a-brac keeper told him that it was controlled by a certain Chinaman largely interested in opium smuggling, of whom he was horribly afraid. This was why he acted as he did.

On this second visit to the bric-a-brac dealer—for that is where he went—he persuaded the man to introduce him to Ping Pow. How he did not tell. Probably it was in some way connected with the promise of purchasing opiums.

At all events he was so introduced, and he so fixed it that he was expected to call again in half an hour.

Further than this he never told, except to report what happened when he went in.

Ping Pow was there in native dress, talking in his own peculiar Chinese with a much younger man. They were the only occupants of the joss house when Quong Lee entered.

"I will see you in a minute," said the giant. "Wait."

So Quong Lee took off his fur cap and stood around taking in what little there was to see in the shabby place.

He could not understand a word of what was being said; he could not even read the scrolls which hung on the walls, for they were covered with characters which were all unknown to the Cantonese.

Meanwhile the conversation continued, and a very excited one it proved to be.

Louder and louder their voices were raised. They could be distinctly heard in the hall outside.

"They seem to be having a row in there," whispered Harry.

"Yes, and I hope to goodness Quong isn't getting into trouble on my account," breathed Old King Brady. "I don't hear his voice."

"No, I haven't heard him speak once," said Alice.

"What are they saying?" whispered Harry.

"It's too many for me," replied Alice. "They are talking in some dialect which I don't understand."

"Hoi stuff," said the old detective. "It's getting worse and worse. I greatly fear that the old chap is coming to grief."

Now, truth told, Quong was getting a bit scared himself, for the giant seemed to be fairly beside himself with rage.

The other man was cooler, but what he kept repeating—they were the same words—must have been very aggravating to Ping Pow, for at last he suddenly jumped for the fellow and knocked him down.

It seemed to Quong Lee that it was high time to open the door.

The yellow giant had by this time worked himself up into a perfect fury.

He seized the joss and was about to drop the heavy image upon the prostrated man.

At the same instant the old Chinaman opened the door and the Bradys rushed in.

CHAPTER IV.

FINDING THE CLEW IN THE JOSS HOUSE.

The entrance of the Bradys—Alice remained outside—probably alone saved the life of the prostrate Chinaman.

If the heavy idol, which was made of some hard wood, had ever struck the fellow's head it would surely have fractured his skull.

As it was, the giant flung it aside and it landed on the floor with force enough to partially split it.

Quong Lee gave a yell and, pretending to be greatly frightened, ran behind the dais, upon which the idol had stood.

Realizing the necessity of quick action, the Bradys had instantly covered the giant with their revolvers.

They were not an instant too soon, for the big fellow was just about to draw his own.

"What's all this row about?" demanded the old detective, displaying his shield.

The giant said something to Quong in Cantonese, which it appears he spoke as well as he did his own dialect.

He spoke fair English for a Chinaman, too, although on that occasion he pretended that he could neither speak it nor understand.

"Him say whatee want!" cried Quong. "Him say plivate house. Go way. Mindee you blizness."

"You are all under arrest," thundered the old detective, most anxious if the thing was possible to round up the yellow giant at the Elizabeth street station.

The other man got up now.

The old detective ordered them to give up their revolvers, which they did.

Quong gave up one, too. The old dive-keeper certainly played his part well.

He told Old King Brady afterward that he was sure Ping Pow never suspected the trick he had played.

Alice was despatched for police help, and the Bradys held their prisoner covered till it came.

Meanwhile, the old detective tried to question the pair as to the cause of the row.

Both pretended not to understand him, and he obtained no satisfaction.

He tackled Quong Lee for form's sake, and told him he was an old liar when he said that the two men had been talking a kind of Chinese which he could not understand.

The prisoners went to the station peaceably enough, but it was easy to see that the yellow giant was inwardly boiling with rage.

Arrived there, the old detective took the sergeant aside and explained the exact situation.

The sergeant at his request tackled Quong first and pretended to be very severe with him.

Then Alice went for the giant and the other man, who would not even tell his name.

Both pretended that they could not understand a word she said.

"I don't know what to do with them, Mr. Brady," said Alice at length. "I am sure they must understand some of my questions. Still, they may not."

Quong Lee was taken back by a policeman, and Alice followed him.

The prisoners were not handcuffed, and for the moment attention was diverted from them.

Then all in an instant the yellow giant broke loose. The man was fully seven feet high and powerfully built in proportion.

And at that instant he started business for fair.

Turning suddenly on Old King Brady, he knocked him down.

Harry and the policeman who stood beside him jumped in, and promptly jumped out, for both went sprawling.

In the confusion the other Chink made a bolt out of the station before any one could stay him.

The yellow giant, having cleared the way, bolted, too,

narrowly missing a revolver shot sent after him by the sergeant, which had no other effect than to break a pane of glass in one of the front windows.

Of course, the police gave chase, and Harry went with them, but the two Chinamen made good their escape. Now all this happened in a minute.

It was like a whirlwind while it lasted.

Nobody was seriously hurt, but Old King Brady was somewhat bruised, and the policeman who was knocked down had his face badly cut.

The old detective was furious, but there was nothing to do but to grin and bear it.

"I'll have those two Chinks if I have to turn Chinatown inside out to get them," declared the sergeant.

It was seasy to say it, but he did not get them just the same.

Quong Lee was promptly discharged, of course, and the old fellow lost no time in getting back to his cellar.

That he went back richer than he came out of it need scarcely be said.

"Did Quong say that the giant understood you, Alice?" asked Old King Brady when they started back for Pell street.

"Of course he did," replied Alice. "He speaks good Cantonese and some English. He has lived in San Francisco for several years."

"And the other?"

"He knows nothing of him. Says he never saw the man before."

"I wonder if he can be George Wang?" questioned Harry.

"Mrs. Walsh described Wang as a very much Americanized proposition, and said he could speak English as well as she can herself," said Old King Brady.

"Better, perhaps," remarked Alice, slyly.

"Now never you mind about my Irish friends," chuckled Old King Brady. "In these days it does one good to hear the real Irish brogue."

"You dropped into it yourself when you were talking to her," laughed Alice, "and I don't believe you knew it, either."

"Wait till you hear me speak old Irish with her," said Old King Brady. "You and Harry think you have a first mortgage on foreign languages, but I'll show you. Let's go back to that dirty little joss house and see if we can turn up anything."

A policeman had been left on guard there to keep out the curious, and he opened the door in response to the old detective's knock.

"Did they get them Chinks, Mr. Brady?" he asked. "They were here looking for them."

"Got nothing," replied the old detective. "It is all my fault, too. I ought to have handcuffed them."

"Sure he's a powerful man, that one. I have seen him before on Pell street. I don't think he has been here in New York very long."

"Found anything here of any interest?" inquired the old detective.

"I haven't looked," replied the policeman. "What would there be in a joint like this?"

He gave the unfortunate joss a kick and it rolled over.

Beneath it lay a letter.

"Evidently that dropped out of the other fellow's pocket when he fell," said Old King Brady as he stooped and picked it up.

It was addressed in plain English to George Wang, Shanghai, China.

It was in a much soiled envelope. Evidently it had been carried in the pocket for a long time. Its date was six months before.

Old King Brady drew out the letter, glanced at it and, restoring it to the envelope, put the whole in his pocket.

"I will keep this, officer," he said. "You tell Sergeant ——— I'll explain when I see him."

The policeman made no comment. He had been sent there to do Old King Brady's bidding.

Further search revealed nothing, and the detectives soon left and adjourned to Quong Lee's.

"Is that letter of importance?" asked Harry as soon as they got outside.

"Indeed, I think so," replied Old King Brady. "It is from Bradley to George Wang. I haven't read it, but you can draw your own conclusions as to how important it is likely to prove."

"I should say so," said Alice. "Then it's a clew we have unearthed in the joss house, and our night's work is not going to prove altogether a failure after all."

"We will read it when we get to Quong's," replied Old King Brady.

They found the old dive-keeper chuckling all over.

"Solly you losee your man, Blady," he said. "Me no can help."

"You are glad he got away, you old rascal," replied Old King Brady, jokingly. "However, you are all right. You ought to have been an actor, Quong."

All of which put the old dive-keeper in high good humor, and he expressed the deepest interest in the clew found in the joss house when Alice told him about it.

The reading of the letter was now in order.

It was on plain paper and written in a small, crabbed hand, which was not altogether easy to decipher.

After some bother Old King Brady managed to work out the following:

"GEORGE WANG:

"Shanghai:

"DEAR SIR—Referring to our previous correspondence, would say that I consider the price you set ridiculous, and shall not correspond further in the matter. There are more ways than one, and the matter can be attended to after Mrs. W. gets the children, if she ever does.

"Still, if you choose to reconsider and accept my last offer, it stands open and will hold good until such time as Mrs. W. gets possession. If you decide to do this, communicate with me at any time, the sooner the better, or you may find yourself too late. There is no telling what may happen on the return trip.

"Yours truly,

"J. BRADLEY."

"That's business," said Old King Brady.

"Sure," added Harry. "That man means murder."

"Not necessarily murder," replied Old King Brady, "but he means to keep the Yellowlee twins away from Mrs. Walsh, that is sure. By the way, Alice, just what was said about Wang's reason for coming by an English tramp steamer? I forgot to ask Mrs. Walsh."

"She told me that she did not quite understand it herself," replied Alice, "but that she thought he considered it safer to do so."

"Safer on what account?"

"That she did no say."

"Doesn't it look a little as if Wang may have been trying to protect the children from some other person employed by Bradley?" suggested Harry.

"For his own benefit, so that he could make terms with the man when he reached here?"

"Possibly so."

Alice had been interpreting all this to Quong Lee, who cannot at all follow rapid English.

"Ah, Quong," she said, "if you only could have understood what they were saying!"

"I'll find out," declared Quong. "I'm not done yet. You wait. I'll find out, Miss Alice."

"There can now be no doubt," said Old King Brady, when Alice interpreted, "that that other Chinaman was George Wang. He is the man we want. Make Quong understand it. Tell him to do what he can to help us out. Tell him there is going to be a big reward in this case if we win out, and that he will get his share of it."

But Quong Lee caught onto the reward part without any interpreting.

The Bradys now went home satisfied that they had made a start.

"Only trouble is," observed the old detective, "that big Chink will have to keep out of Chinatown or else stay in hiding. If he had been a man of ordinary build our chances would be better."

Next day the Bradys took up the case in good earnest.

"Harry," said the old detective, "it is up to you to get all the information possible about Bradley. Alice can camp out in Chinatown and work that end. I am first going to interview the captain of the Stirling Castle, and then I shall make it my business to look into the case of Mr. Charles Augustus Dayton, who unquestionably is at the bottom of it all."

CHAPTER V.

MR. CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAYTON.

The Stirling Castle had docked at the celebrated Bush Terminal on the Brooklyn side of the bay.

Leaving his office, Old King Brady ran down there on the Brooklyn elevated and easily managed to get aboard the steamer.

Capt. McPherson proved to be a communicative Scotchman who was perfectly ready to talk.

"So the little girls got into trouble after all," he said, regretfully. "Do you know I was afraid of it, but what could I do? I couldn't talk to them. There was nobody on board who could but that Chink. Why, they didn't

even speak ordinary Chinese or I could have used my cook for an interpreter. They come from some part of China away up the Yang-tse-Kiang river and speak a dialect. Is it true that they are heirs to a big fortune?"

Old King Brady assured the captain that it was true, and went on to tell all that had occurred.

"What is your opinion of George Wang?" Old King Brady then asked.

"Now don't ask my opinion of any Chink," replied Capt. McPherson. "He is a slick card and a good talker. He had plenty of money and was liberal with it. I took them at my own table and treated them well. Certainly he made me no trouble, yet from the first I misdoubted the man, for I did not like his looks."

"It was just a feeling?"

"Yes."

"Based on nothing that the man said or did?"

"No, I can't say that it was."

"Did he treat the little girls well?"

"Yes, and they seemed to be very fond of him."

Old King Brady asked to see the Chinese cook, and he was called.

The man was a Hong Kong proposition and spoke as good English as he did Chinese.

But it was in vain that the old detective tried to get any information out of him which would lead to the discovery of George Wang.

"Can I see the state-room he occupied?" he said. "What I want is a clew. It is barely possible that he may have left something behind him."

"If so, the steward will know," replied Capt. McPherson, and he sent for him.

"Simpson," he said, "this gentleman is a detective. After all, the Yellowlee girls got into trouble. They were carried off by the Chinaman right under that woman's nose."

"I said from the first that he was not to be trusted," growled the steward, and he wanted to know just what had happened, of course."

Once more Old King Brady had to go over the story.

"If they had been my own daughters I couldn't feel any worse," declared the steward. "They were perfect beauties, Mr. Brady. But who is at the bottom of it all?"

"That we think we know, but as we are not sure we must not speak names," replied Old King Brady. "This Mrs. Walsh is a very rich woman. The little girls are her heirs, and there are others who want to be, so you can draw your own conclusions. But tell me, steward, in going over Wang's state-room, did you find anything left behind? Anything, mind you? One never can tell what may prove a clew."

"I've got his photograph for one thing," said the steward. "He gave me that before he left."

"Just what I want to see. Anything else?"

"There were some torn letters in the waste-basket, but they are all in Chinese."

"Never mind. I can have them translated if you have saved the scraps."

"I think they have not been dumped yet. Then I found this. I don't know what it is or whether it amounts to

anything at all. It had slipped down between the mattress and the partition."

The steward, as he spoke, drew from his pocket a little red-lacquered stick, to which a red ribbon was attached through a hole.

The stick was four sided and not bigger than half of an ordinary leadpencil.

On all four sides were indented Chinese characters picked out of the red lacquer in gold.

"It may prove of the highest importance," said Old King Brady. "I should say that this stick was probably worn around the neck. The ribbon appears to be long enough."

It immediately occurred to him that if George Wang was a member of the Society of the Red Brothers that the stick might be a sort of badge or certificate of membership.

But how to read what was said on it if the characters were those of the other sort of Chinese was the question.

"May I take this?" he asked.

"Sure," said the steward.

"You ought to have reported the find," said Capt. McPherson. "It should have been turned in to the purser."

"I didn't think it was worth anything," was the reply.

"I think it is so important that it would not surprise me if Wang came back to look for it," said Old King Brady, "but so long as we have got it, that's enough. Let me see the photograph, please, and if you will give it to me it may lead to the recovery of the children."

"It's yours, of course," said the steward. "I have no use for it."

He presently returned with the picture and the information that he was sorry to say the letter scraps had been thrown overboard.

Old King Brady studied the face closely, but he could not determine.

To him as to many others all Chinamen look much alike under ordinary conditions.

Here was the photograph of a good looking Chinaman in American dress.

The man he had arrested the night before was in full Chinese costume.

There certainly was a general resemblance, but it was most difficult to tell.

"Alice will be able to decide," he said to himself. "I must see her as soon as possible. Somebody ought to watch on the steamer. It is very possible that Wang came back after that stick."

He hurried back to the office on the chance of finding Alice there, and so he did.

A matter had come up which prevented her from going to Chinatown, and she was just preparing to leave.

The moment she looked at George Wang's picture she pronounced on it.

"Sure it's the same man!" she declared. "There isn't the least doubt about it."

"It makes me tired to think that we could not have held those men," Old King Brady growled.

He then told Alice about the stick, and produced it.

She studied it a long time.

"It is no use," she said, at last. "Of course, I can read several of the characters, most all of them, in fact, but

they don't make sense. This is in the other language which we heard spoken last night, but I agree with you, Mr. Brady, that it probably has something to do with the Society of the Red Brothers."

"And if so he will be likely to come back for it, Alice."

"He certainly will. You want me to go to the steamer and watch for him, I suppose?"

"I think it will be a good plan."

"I consider it worth while, certainly. I'll go in male disguise."

"It will be best, since you will probably have to shadow him to Chinatown, but be most cautious."

"You may trust me, I think," replied Alice; "I'll get ready right away."

And before Old King Brady was ready to go out again, Alice had already started on her mission, taking the red stick with her, for she was emphatic in declaring that it should be returned to the steward and given to George Wang if he came after it.

Old King Brady now went down on Broad street and called on his broker, for the old detective has a broker and takes a chance in the stock market once in a while.

"Dayton? Yes, I know him," said the broker, who, not being the board member of his firm, was found at his office. He's not a regular. He's on the Consolidated."

"What's his reputation?"

"None too good. What has he been up to, Mr. Brady?"

"It is not certain that he has been up to anything. I'll briefly explain the situation, then you can decide for yourself."

"Has a bad look," said the broker when the old detective had told his story. "Do you know James Bradley?"

"As it happens I never heard of him."

"And as it happens, I know him. I believe the man is crazy."

"On what subject?"

"Inventions. He thinks he is the greatest inventor ever. He is always taking out patents and trying to float companies."

"Is he a man of large means?"

"Not at all. Quite the reverse. He has very little practice, and devotes very little time to his law business. Dayton has tried twice to float schemes for him. He has one on hand now."

"Then they must be intimately acquainted."

"They most certainly are."

"What is this scheme?"

"Some new and wonderful power which is going to revolutionize the world and knock electricity out entirely. Only last week I was asked to take stock in it. There are quite a number who believe in it. Want to be introduced to Dayton? I can fix it for you if you do."

Old King Brady sat silent for some minutes.

"I believe I will introduce myself," he said at last. "I don't know why I should make any secret of it, either. I believe I will go to the man myself and ask him if he knows where those children are."

The broker shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, you know best," he said, "but that wouldn't be my way."

Nor could Old King Brady have told why he decided to make it his way.

He had to come to a decision, and he had so decided.

Very often Old King Brady makes such peculiar breaks, and it is only due to him to say that as a rule he does not find that in so doing he has made a mistake.

He inquired where Mr. Dayton's office was, and in the afternoon, at a time when he felt pretty sure to find him in, he went there.

Mr. Dayton returned his card by the boy, who took it in, demanding to know his business.

"To inquire into the new power company he is organizing," replied the old detective.

"Oh, in that case you can walk right in," said the boy, and Old King Brady was shown into a well furnished private office, where sat a man of most ordinary appearance.

He was about forty years old, short and florid, with a hard, gray eye.

But he received the old detective very cordially.

"Mr. Brady, I am glad to see you," he said. "I have heard so much of your work. You are wanting to know about the Anti-Phlogiston, I suppose?"

"The new power," replied Old King Brady. "Is that what you call it?"

"Yes; but the company is not organized yet; there is no stock for sale. True, several influential capitalists have been let in on the ground floor, but——"

"The ground floor will suit me. If you have any literature on the subject I shall be pleased to look it over."

"But who called your attention to it, may I ask?"

Old King Brady mentioned the name of his broker, and a pamphlet on the great Anti-Phlogiston discovery was handed him, and further talk on the matter was made.

Some of Mr. Dayton's arguments were introduced.

Lawyer Bradley was extolled to the skies as an inventor and a man.

"One of the most skilful chemists in the country, sir," Dayton declared. "He never should have been a lawyer. If ever a man missed his vocation, it is James Bradley, but he devotes most of his time to his chemical work as it is."

"And yet your uncle considered him a good enough lawyer to put him in charge of his affairs," the old detective quietly said.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Dayton, suspiciously. "To whom do you refer?"

"The late Patrick Walsh."

"Did you know him?"

"Not at all."

"Then who told you he was my uncle?"

Mr. Dayton seemed to be growing hot under the collar.

"Your aunt, his widow, told me so yesterday," Old King Brady replied.

Dayton leaned back in the chair, his whole manner instantly changing.

"I hardly think," he drawled, "that our acquaintance has been sufficiently extended or intimate to make it proper for me to discuss family affairs with you."

"I suppose not," replied the old detective, "so let me ask you a question pointblank, Mr. Dayton. What has been done in the matter of the Yellowlee twins?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAIL WHICH LED TO THE GIANT.

Alice's make-up as a man is always perfect, but on this occasion she took especial pains with it, not wanting to make a miss.

She adopted rather a modest appearance, aiming to make herself more resemble some clerk than a person of means.

Thus attired and armed with a note from Old King Brady, she went on board the Stirling Castle.

The letter named her as William Brown, and under that name the captain received her without suspicion.

"I came about that stick the steward found," said Alice. "We have not been able to get the characters translated, but from certain things we know about George Wang, we feel pretty certain that he will be back after it. Mr. Brady sent me here to wait for him and to follow him in case he comes."

Captain McPherson assented, and told Alice to make herself at home.

But the day passed, and "Brown's" patience remained unrewarded.

But Alice had no notion of retreating.

She thought from the first that very likely the Chinaman would come under the cover of darkness.

When supper was served, Capt. McPherson invited Alice to join him, and they sat down together.

They had scarcely finished when the steward came in and announced the arrival of Harry.

Alice joined him on deck.

"Nothing doing?" he asked.

"Nothing as yet," replied Alice. "Have you had your supper?"

"Oh, yes; some time ago. As you didn't come, I thought I'd come here and relieve you. Old King Brady thought it best."

"How are matters progressing?"

"Nothing extra. I have located Bradley. He lives on Avenue B, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh street."

"On top of the rocks?"

"Yes; quite a good house. His law office is on Nassau street, in the Bennet Building, but he is very seldom there. It seems that the man is an inventor, and has a laboratory in his house. He devotes most of his time to chemical experiments. He is said to be very eccentric."

"He is one great rascal, that's what he is, in my humble judgment."

"It may be, Alice, but I must say he bears a good reputation in his own neighborhood. One man of whom I enquired said: 'Bradley is a man who pays his bills and minds his business. What more could you ask?' Another gave him an equally good send-off. Still, it is a fact that he lives a singular life. He is a widower without children. He lives alone in a big four-story dwelling with only a colored man to look after him."

"Same as you and Old King Brady do."

"Exactly, and we should feel highly insulted if that was laid up against us. But I propose to know more. In fact, I know more already. Old King Brady called on that man

Dayton, who, it seems, is engaged in promoting some of Bradley's schemes. One in particular, a new chemical power called Anti-Phlogiston. The governor asked him pointblank what had become of the Yellowlee twins. He grew furiously angry and ordered him out of the office, threatening him with arrest."

"And he went?"

"Oh, yes; there was nothing else to do."

"That was very unwise on Mr. Brady's part, it seems to me."

"So it does to me. It was one of his sudden notions. He has taken a great dislike to Dayton, and now considers it almost certain that he is at the bottom of the whole business. He also regards Mrs. Walsh as in the greatest danger of being kidnaped herself. You see he has sized Dayton up as a thorough rascal. He declares he is very glad that he went there."

"Well, I suppose he ought to know best. Harry. Indeed, if Bradley and Dayton have got their heads together to get the Walsh estate, I shouldn't wonder if the woman really was in danger. She is living quite alone in that big house with her servants she tells me. She ought to have some one with her whom she can trust."

"Surely. Old King Brady feels so strongly about it that he proposes to sleep there himself to-night."

"He must be stirred up, then. Was it something Dayton said?"

"Yes. To the effect that his aunt better look to her own business and not interfere with that of other people if she did not want to get herself into trouble. He was intending to advise her to go out of town for a while when I left him. But look, Alice! Who is that man? Surely he is a Chinaman!"

"Yes, and he isn't the cook, either, who is the only Chinaman aboard."

"George Wang!"

"That's what I'm thinking. But he is coming this way. I wish you were disguised. He may recognize you. Yes, he is the man we arrested last night, sure enough!"

The Chinaman had suddenly appeared on a distant part of the deck.

He was stylishly dressed in American clothes, and he walked briskly towards them. There was no possible chance to avoid him.

"Don't look at him, Harry," whispered Alice. "Keep your head turned the other way."

"I am afraid he is too sharp to be fooled that way," whispered Harry, but he turned his head.

The Chinaman stopped when he came abreast of them.

"Can you tell me where I shall find Mr. Simpson, the steward?" he asked.

"I think you will find him in the cabin eating his supper," replied Alice, civilly.

"He seems suddenly to have recovered his English," whispered Harry. "Do you think he recognized me?"

"I wouldn't undertake to say," answered Alice. "But how did he get aboard? He must have come by water. However, I am prepared for that. I'll go tell Capt. McPherson he is here. You see if he came by water. Be quick!"

Now, Alice and the captain had discussed this possibility

during the afternoon, and at the suggestion of the Scotchman a naphtha launch had been hired, which was now lying further up the slip with a young man in attendance.

Alice hurried to Capt. McPherson's state-room, which was on deck, and knocked.

"Come in!" shouted the captain, and she entered.

"He has come, and I think he came by water, just as you said. He suddenly appeared on deck on the port side."

"Ah, ha! And where is he now?"

"He asked for Mr. Simpson, and I directed him to the cabin."

Now, Alice had given the steward the red stick, with directions to return it to George Wang if he came and asked for it.

Alice and the captain stepped out on deck to run into Harry.

"You are right," said the latter. "He came in a naphtha launch. It is lying alongside now with a white man in it."

"What did I tell you?" cried the captain. "You better get on the job."

"In just a minute. I want to know if he is inquiring for the stick. Do you mind going into the cabin and finding out, captain?"

"Not at all," said the captain, and he hurried away.

He was back in a moment.

"Yes, he came for the stick," he said, "and Simpson has given it to him. I left them talking as though they were old friends. I asked him if the girls reached Mrs. Walsh's some safely, and he said they did."

"That would seem to knock out the theory that he carried them off to protect them," said Alice.

"Not necessarily," replied Harry. "Do you know I still have some faith in that theory. But we must hurry."

They went ashore and Alice led the way to where the launch was lying.

A sturdy looking young fellow came out of the tiny cabin as they approached.

"Am I wanted?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Alice. "The party I told you about came by water. He is aboard the Stirling Castle now. As soon as he leaves I want you to track him wherever he goes."

"Right, sir," replied the man. "Does this gentleman go with you?"

"He does."

They went aboard.

Alice went into the cabin, but Harry remained outside on the watch.

It was a full half hour before George Wang left the steamer and boarded his launch.

"Now then," said Harry, "don't get in too close, but whatever you do, don't lose sight of him. I am depending on you. By the way, what is your name?"

"Joe Mack, sir."

"Well, serve us all right, Joe, and we may use you again. Do you own the launch?"

"No, sir. She belongs to Mr. Bates. He has six and lets them out. I only work for him."

"I see. Start now."

Shadowing by water is usually pretty satisfactory business.

It is easy to keep the shadowed boat in sight without attracting attention.

Alice came outside and sat with Harry now.

"Wonder where he'll go?" she asked.

"Impossible to tell," replied Harry; "but there is one place he certainly won't go to, and that's Chinatown."

Personally, Harry expected George Wang to make a landing somewhere in the neighborhood of the old Catherine ferry, but he kept right on up the river when that point was reached.

They passed around Corlear's Hook and took the sharp turn which the East River makes at Wallabout Bay.

"Isn't there an unusually strong ebb tide running to-night, Joe?" asked Harry.

"The strongest ever I see, sir," was the reply. "What do you suppose is the cause of it?"

"The high wind which blew last night and all this morning."

"Mebbe. They seem to be making quite a pull of it. Have you any idea where they are going?"

"Not the faintest. Are you in a hurry?"

"Oh, no. Not at all, sir. The boss told me to stay out all night if necessary. It's only on your account I spoke."

When they passed the foot of Fourteenth street Harry began to think they were bound for Harlem, and had to give up a theory he had formed after the other launch passed the Catherine ferry that George Wang was probably heading for the new Chinese quarter over on the north side of Grand street, Williamsburg.

But the matter was soon settled; for when they came off East Twelfth street the other launch turned in alongside a small iron steamer which appeared to be undergoing repairs.

"At last," said Joe Mack. "What do you want me to do now, boss?"

"Run ahead at full speed or we shall lose our man," Harry ordered.

This is the real objection to shadowing by water, the danger of losing one's man at the landing.

It happened in this case.

Before they could reach the point where the launch turned in there it was coming out.

George Wang was no longer on board.

The man in charge turned up the river and ran on.

"Bother! Now we have lost him," said Alice. "We ought to have kept in closer."

"It would have done no good," replied Harry. "Had we done that he would have doubled on us by landing at some point where he had no intention of going, and as it is I don't believe he has done that. Run in alongside that steamer, Joe. We shall see what we can find."

Harry looked at his watch and saw that it was now a little after nine.

As he passed under the steamer's stern he saw that her name was the *Carib*, and that her port of registry was New Orleans.

Her deck houses had been partially demolished, the smokestack was missing, and other things indicated that she was undergoing a general overhauling.

Coming up to the bulkhead between this steamer and

another which lay alongside the next pier, Harry and Alice made their landing by aid of a standing ladder.

"Shall I wait, boss?" asked Joe.

"Yes, please," replied Alice. "We will be back presently if we don't find our man, but in case we don't come inside of half an hour, you need not wait any longer."

Alice had settled for the launch at the time she hired it, so stopping only to give Joe a liberal tip, she and Harry went ashore.

There were few people in sight, and among them George Wang certainly was not.

On the deck of the Carib stood a man wrapped in a long overcoat watching their movements. He was the only person anywhere near, and it once occurred to Alice that if he had been there for any length of time he must have seen the Chinese detective land, and she said as much to Harry.

"Why, yes," replied Harry, "I saw that fellow and was just going to suggest that we give him a call. Let's go aboard."

They walked along till they came to the pier, and then turned down.

Meanwhile, the man in the long overcoat had walked aft.

Harry and Alice followed along the pier.

Owing to the unusually low tide the Carib lay well down in the water. In fact, her bulwarks were almost on a level with the stringpiece.

They soon discovered that the man had his eye on them.

Suddenly, just as they thought to speak to him, he turned away and entered a door which opened into a part of the deck house which had not been disturbed.

"Bother!" growled Young King Brady. "Why couldn't he have waited a minute? He might have known that we wanted to speak to him."

"There he comes out again," said Alice.

The man popped out as she spoke and stood by the door.

"Friend," called Harry, "did you see a man land from a launch over on the other side a moment ago?"

"Eh?" cried the man, putting his hand against his ear. "If you want to speak to me you'll have to come aboard. I'm hard of hearing. Come right aboard! Come right aboard!"

Now, to get aboard it was only necessary to step over the bulwarks, and they did so.

Meanwhile, the man walked to the stern rail instead of waiting for them as might have been expected.

Harry and Alice followed him up.

Harry repeated his question in a loud tone.

"Yes," replied the man. "I seen him. A Chinaman."

"Exactly. Which way did he go?"

"Up Twelfth street."

"Thank you very much. You are the watchman here, I suppose?"

"Yes, I'm watching to-night. The regular watchman's away."

Harry felt in his pocket for a half dollar.

Even as he did so some one gave him a violent push from behind.

He would have gone over the stern rail if he had not grabbed it with both hands as he fell forward on his knees.

Turning his head, he saw the Chinese giant now in American clothes.

The man in the long overcoat was running forward along the deck.

And then before Harry could make a move, Ping Pow made a rush for Alice.

Before the poor girl could raise a finger in self defense he crowded her over the rail and jumped back to encounter Harry.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD KING BRADY WARNS MRS. WALSH.

Old King Brady certainly had an interesting time of it with Broker Dayton for a few minutes.

The man was furious. He acted as if he would have assaulted the old detective if he had dared.

But as Harry told Alice the substance of it all, this need not be particularly dwelt upon.

"The fellow showed the cloven foot perfectly," the old detective said to Harry. "I have no doubt whatever that he is at the bottom of the whole business, and that Bradley is his tool. I regard him as a very dangerous man, and I shall warn Mrs. Walsh against him."

True to his purpose, Old King Brady went to upper Fifth avenue that evening as soon as he had finished supper and called on Mrs. Walsh.

Her house stood on a corner and the old detective was again struck by its imposing appearance.

Like all houses on the avenue in this section, it was more or less of a fortress.

The windows were protected by heavy steel bars. The front door by an imposing piece of grill work. It was difficult to see how any one could intrude on the widow against her will, but the old detective had been deeply impressed by the threat which the broker had given utterance to in his anger.

"Who can tell what his scheme is or how long he has been concocting it," he said to himself as he pressed the electric bell.

The stately butler presently appeared behind the steel gate.

It seemed to the old detective that he gave a slight start when he saw him, and that he was not overpleased at seeing him, anyway, and this was confirmed by the fact that he did not open the gate, but, speaking behind the bars, asked if he had an appointment with Mrs. Walsh.

"Yes, I have," replied Old King Brady, feeling certain that if he had answered otherwise the man would refuse to take up his card.

As it was, he replied: "I don't know whether she will see you or not. Give me your card."

"Let me advise you, my friend, to open this gate at once," said the old detective. "You know perfectly well who I am. Open the gate or I shall make trouble for you."

Trouble was already made—the butler had made it for himself, for as it chanced, unknown to him, Mrs. Walsh

was then passing through the hall, and she suddenly stepped to the door, hearing the old detective's voice.

"Sure an' is it yerself, Boss Brady?" she cried. "What's the row? Peters, for why don't you open the gate and let Mr. Brady in?"

"Why, I asked him for his card, madam—" began the butler, when he got his dose.

"Och, you sawed-off English spalpeen!" cried the widow. "If yer talk back to me I'll slap the face of yer. Open the gate! Open the gate! Open it anny time, night or day, dat Mr. Brady calls."

"Open it yourself!" flashed the butler. "I've had enough and to spare of your low-down abuse. If you had a hundred million instead of the money you have got, 'twould never make a lady out of you."

"Phew!" thought Old King Brady. "Now he'll catch it."

He did!

Or rather Mrs. Walsh caught him!

She got him by the ear, she tweaked it, pulled it, she banged the butler's head against the door, her tongue wagging for all it was worth as she did it.

"You're discharged!" she roared. "Get out of me house to-morrer foist t'ing. Yer wages is ready for yer. Git out an' niver let me see yer ugly face again!"

And then she released him, and Peters fled back through the hall, followed by a shower of abuse.

"Softly, Mrs. Walsh, softly!" urged the old detective. "You will be heard in the street and a crowd will collect. I've something very important to tell you, and that is why I called. Open the gate and we will talk about it inside."

It was easy to say open the gate, but Mrs. Walsh found it by no means so easy to do it.

"Ah, bad luck to the ould thing," she growled as she continued to fuss with it. "It's mesilf what dunno how it woiks. If thim goils isn't found I'll sell this house foist chanst I get. Sure it's too foine for me intirely, and whin that English baste said they'd niver make a lady out of me, he spoke de trute. After all is said an' done, I'm only a common woman, but if I couldn't cook better than dat lazy Frinchman what I was fool enough to put in me kitchen, I'd go out an' drown mesilf, so I wud. He shall get the bounce along wit' dat English flunky in the mornin'."

Old King Brady could not keep back the laugh as he showed her how to open the gate.

They closed it again between them, and the door, as well.

By this time Mrs. Walsh, good, genial soul that she was, took to laughing at herself.

"I shall niver git used to it, Brady," she said. "Niver in the wide wurruld. As long as Walsh lived I cooked his males wit me own hands, for the dear man wud niver touch a nip nor a bite if it was cooked by anny one else. It's only lately I've tuk to puttin' on style for the sake of thim poor dear goils. Have yer found 'em yit, so?"

"No, I'm sorry to say I haven't, Mrs. Walsh, but matters are progressing."

"Come into the parlor. I want yer to see it. Sure I had nothin' to do wit the fixin' of it. Walsh hired an intayrior dicorator for de job and gave him carty blanchy, whatever dat mavns, but it don't mayn a chick, mind yer. He got

dat, too, an' a mighty big wan it was. If I'd had anyting to say about it de woik wud niver have been done, for it's all wasted on me, an' I niver enter the place except to see dat it's kept clane. Wait till I turn on de electric gas. Dere you are, Brady. Hain't dat swill illegant for yer? I'd be ashamed to tell yer how much it cost."

It must have cost a lot, as Old King Brady plainly saw.

Indeed, he told himself that he had never looked upon a more magnificently furnished pair of parlors.

"There yer are!" cried Mrs. Walsh. "Luk at thim pictures! Luk at thim statoos, forby they orter put more clothes on 'em to meet my taste. Luk at the grand pianny. Pearl keys, man! Real pearl, an' it's mesilf that can't play it. I begged Walsh to buy a hand organ and to hire a Ginny to come an' play to us, but sure he laughed at me and called me a fool; all the same I don't t'ink so. What good is that two t'ousand pianny to me?"

"But come into the library," she added. "We'll set down dere an' have our talk. I wisht you'd brought Miss Montgomery wit yer, den. A swate lady, Brady. It's proud of her yer orter be. She cud have played de pianny sure, I s'pose. Sometimes I t'ink it wud have been a hull lot better if Walsh had married a real lady an' let me stopped as the cook. But he was awful good to me, Brady, an' many a time he said to me: 'Maggie,' he sez, 'I'd sooner have you for me wife,' he says, 'dan de finest lady in de land.'"

"Let's sit down and talk business," said the old detective.

"Right," replied Mrs. Walsh, and to show the real shrewdness of the woman, from that moment her manner changed and she became all attention.

"I called on Mr. Dayton this afternoon," began Old King Brady.

"Yis; and phwat did he have to say for himsilf?"

"My idea was to draw him out, so I asked him point-blank what he knew about the Yellowlee twins."

"Yis. Well?"

"He grew furiously angry; denied, of course, that he knew anything about them; but from the way he talked about you, Mrs. Walsh, I fear you are in serious danger."

And the old detective went on to detail the whole interview.

She took it very coolly, but she did not disagree with him.

"Sure it won't be de foist time he has t'reatened me," she said. "He came here after Walsh died and wanted to buy me out."

"To buy you out?"

"Yis. 'Come,' he says, 'you don't really feel at home here. I know what my uncle left; let's divide up now, and I'll sign a paper givin' up all claims on the property for-iver. Den you can go where yer plaze an' do what yer plaze, an' niver be bothered wit me again.'"

"And what did you say?"

"Sure I towld him to go to grass, an' den he t'reatened me."

"What did he say?"

"He got mad just like he done wit you. He shuk his fist under me nose an' says, 'Luk out for yourself, den. Mebbe yer won't live long to enjoy yer millions.'"

"Had he seen his uncle's will then?"

"Oh, yis. But say, Brady, a t'reatened man lives long, dey say. I'm not a-scared of him, so."

"But, Mrs. Walsh, listen. I have had a great deal of experience in such matters. There was something about the man's manner which made me feel that he had his plans all laid; a certain confidence, so to speak. I didn't like the look which came over his face at all. It occurred to me that he might kidnap you or that he might have put some one in your service who was in his pay, and might even murder you. You are a very rich woman. Such things have been done before and will be done after you and I are dead. Seriously, after what has occurred, if I was in your place I should not content myself with discharging the butler and chef. I would send away every servant in the house to-morrow and engage a new lot."

"Be gollys, Brady, you alarm me. Do you tink it's as serious as all dat?"

"I do, or I shouldn't say so."

"I'll take your advice."

"Have you many friends in New York?"

"Not a one. Me people are all dead. I lived so long in Colorado dat iverybody has forgot me. Av coorse, a lot of society people have tried to call on me and make me acquaintance, but I chased 'em all, for it's a fool I'd be if I didn't know that it's not me, but me money, dat's de attraction."

"Sensibly said. How much are you really worth, anyhow, if it is not an impertinent question?"

"I don't rightly know. It's all in Bradley's hands. Walsh towld me before he died that he was laving me betwixt fifteen and eighteen millions, according as the mines panned out and de stocks was high or low."

"And Bradley has all your papers?"

"Iverything."

"Then if you were to disappear to-night there is really no one who would go to the trouble to look you up except such as were interested in your money?"

"Narry a sowl, Brady, unless it's yer own good silf for poor Mike Collins' sake."

"My dear woman, you stand in the greatest danger, and so deeply am I impressed that way that I am going to remain on guard here to-night, and to-morrow I advise you to dismiss every servant, to close the house and put it in charge of a burglary protective company. I can recommend a good one. That done, I advise you to return instantly to Denver, where you have friends, I suppose."

"Lots of dem. I'll take your advice, Brady. You have me scared at last, an' dat's de trute."

They talked further in the same vein.

Mrs. Walsh's bedtime arriving, she proposed to show Old King Brady to his room.

"No, I shall stay right here," replied the old detective. "How many servants are there in the house?"

"Sure there's that blamed Englishman an' that villain of a Frinchman, the chef, who may be gittin' ready to pizen me for all I know. Den dere's de coachman an' de shoffer, and Eliza, de dishwasher, and t'ree upstairs girls. Dat's all at de present toime."

"Call some one and inform them that I shall remain in this room to-night."

Mrs. Walsh touched a bell.

Instead of Peters, the butler, a young man who had acted as chauffeur that morning when they visited Old King Brady's lawyer, appeared.

He had a particularly villainous face, Old King Brady thought, and he had thought the same when he rode with him in the morning.

"How is dis, Lawrence?" demanded Mrs. Walsh. "I ring for me butler, an' me shoffer comes."

"Madam, you have no butler," replied Lawrence with a bow. "Peters says he has resigned."

"Resigned, is it?" screamed Mrs. Walsh. "Sure it's mesilf what give him de bounce. Very well. You'll do. Dis gentleman stops here in de library to-night. He is not to be disturbed, no matter what he does. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madam, I understand."

"Then let iverybody else understand, too. Dat's all."

Lawrence withdrew with a polite bow.

Soon after Mrs. Walsh, after almost insisting that she be allowed to make up a bed herself for Old King Brady on the library lounge, retired.

The old detective closed the door after her and lit a cigar.

"What a pretty state of affairs," he muttered. "Who can tell what has been done with this woman's wealth? I must instruct my lawyer to call upon Bradley for an accounting at once. Of course, she will have to give him at least a limited power of attorney. I hope she won't object to that."

He looked over the books which lined the room.

They were in the most expensive bindings and covered a wide range of subjects.

"Of course, that woman has never opened one of them," thought the old detective. "What a peculiar world we live in, to be sure. How little money can do for the best of us. To Mrs. Walsh it has brought nothing but care and trouble. I daresay she would have been far happier if she had remained a cook."

He selected a book and started to read.

The subject interested him, and midnight found him still at it.

About one o'clock, with the library lights still burning full head, he lay down on the lounge to snatch a short nap.

The house had quieted down long before.

At half-past eleven Old King Brady made the rounds of the lower floor with his electric flashlight to guide him, finding everybody gone and everything fastened up for the night.

Thus when he lay down he had about reached the conclusion that his fears were groundless so far as any immediate danger was concerned.

It was not so, however. The old detective had sized the situation up only too well.

Suddenly he was awakened by hearing a light footfall.

But there had been other light footfalls preceding this which Old King Brady had not heard.

Standing before the lounge were three masked men. A fourth was just coming through the door.

Instantly four cocked revolvers were planked at Old King Brady's head.

CHAPTER VIII.

PETEY SUPPLIES A CLEW.

Harry fully expected to follow Alice over the stern rail of the Carib, for the yellow giant made a rush for him.

But though not able to get up off his knees, Harry did succeed in drawing his revolver.

The instant the big Chink saw this he turned and fled for the door through which he had emerged.

Harry fired.

Whether the shot took effect or not he could not tell, for the Chinaman ducked through the door and vanished.

Of course, the impulse was to follow him up.

Equally, of course, Harry did not yield to it.

Alice had to be thought of.

After that first cry, and the splash which followed it, no sound had been heard.

Harry bent over the rail and his heart sank as he looked, for he could see nothing of his beloved Alice.

Beloved in more senses than one, for Harry is devotedly attached to Alice, and they are practically engaged.

"This time she is surely done for," he murmured. "What ever shall I do?"

He sprang over the rail and landed on the wharf, where he had another look, but could see nothing of Alice.

The man in the long overcoat had now vanished, as well as the yellow giant.

Harry had little doubt that George Wang was on board the steamer, and he thought it very probable that the Yellowlee twins might be too, but there was no time to be given to them now. Alice must be his first consideration.

Now, Alice is a fair swimmer, and that is all.

That she could support herself for a short time in the water if she did not lose her head Harry knew, and as he ran up the wharf he was not without hope.

The launch was where he had left it, and Joe Mack was on the job.

"Quick, Joe!" gasped Harry. "We ran up against the enemy. My partner was thrown overboard. Get around under the stern of this steamer just as quick as ever you can."

Not a moment was lost.

Harry had to guard against an attack from the deck of the steamer as well as to look for Alice.

His eyes were everywhere in consequence.

He called and called, but there was no reply.

When they got around under the stern, having seen no one on deck, the pull of the ebb tide was so strong that the launch could scarcely hold its own.

Harry saw at once that Alice must have been swept down the river in any case, for he knew that she had not sufficient strength to breast it.

"Go on to the next pier," he said; "she may be there."

"She," said Joe. "He, you mean."

"Yes, yes. I am so excited that I don't know what I'm talking about."

They steamed to the next pier, where the search was renewed.

But nothing was found of Alice here or elsewhere.

Harry gave up nearly three-quarters of an hour to the search, but all in vain.

He was by this time nearly heart-broken.

There seemed but little doubt that Alice had been drowned.

There was nothing further to be done, so Young King Brady found himself where he could think of other things.

He hurried to the nearest police station, made himself known, and explained what had happened.

Help was readily given him, and with three policemen he returned to the Carib.

There was not a soul on board but a Chinaman, who was sound asleep in the galley.

He was neither George Wang nor the yellow giant.

That he was deeply under the influence of opium was manifest.

He spoke, or pretended to speak, almost no English.

He gave his name as Hing Duck, or Dock, and said he had been engaged to cook for some workmen who had been living aboard the Carib, but had been discharged the day before.

He declared that he had never heard of George Wang, and that he had no knowledge of the yellow giant.

After a most persistent search in every part of the steamer, which resulted in nothing, they took Hing Duck to the station, where Harry made a charge against him, and he was locked up.

Before he was taken to the cell he was searched, and on him was found suspended from his neck just such a red stick as George Wang had gone to so much trouble to recover.

Thus Harry knew that the man must belong to the Red Brothers, and that he certainly knew Ping Pow.

He explained all this to the sergeant at the station, who assured him that the Chinaman would certainly be held until further orders.

Free again, Harry returned to the Carib, alongside of which Joe Mack was waiting with his launch.

"Say!" exclaimed Joe, who was sitting on the deck of the steamer, "I'm glad you've come. There has been a fellow browsing around here, and I'm sure he is a river thief. He has been down the wharf twice, and his eye seems to be on the steamer. If he was hanging around here at the time your partner went overboard he may have seen something, if we could only get hold of him and make him talk."

It was only a straw to grasp at, but Harry grasped at it just the same, for he hated to leave the scene of Alice's disaster, and yet he knew that to expect anything was hoping against hope.

"We'll see if we can't trap him," he said. "I noticed a lot of fine rope down below. Let's bring it up and put it on deck where it can be plainly seen, and then hide."

It was quite a job to get the rope on deck, but they finally succeeded, and then feeling that they were probably being watched, they went below.

They at once crawled up again on their hands and knees, wriggled along the deck until they got into position behind the deck house, and waited.

It was now almost midnight, and the neighborhood had

entirely quieted down, for this is a section given up to working people who can't afford to turn night into day.

They did not have to wait long.

"There he is," whispered Joe, after about twenty minutes.

He drew back his head and gave Harry a chance to peep out.

"Why, he's only a big boy," breathed Young King Brady.

"That so? I'm a little short sighted. I couldn't see."

"That's all—just a boy. He's heading for the steamer all right, though. I guess he's a river thief."

He certainly was, though a young one.

He got aboard the Carib and pounced on the rope as a dog would pounce on a bone.

"Hold on there!" cried Harry, suddenly appearing. "That don't go!"

He had the fellow covered in an instant.

"If you run, I shoot," he said, sternly. "Stand just as you are and hold your hands together in front of you."

He was a boy of about sixteen, red-headed, freckle-faced, and large for his age.

He seemed terribly frightened, for he obeyed without uttering a word.

Joe jumped in and tied his hands.

Meanwhile, Harry had displayed his shield, thus making the boy understand that he had to deal with a detective.

They then took him into the cabin and, having placed him in a chair, Harry went for him.

"That's the time you were caught dead to rights," he said. "I s'pose you know what's coming to you if I turn you over to the police?"

"Lemme go, boss," pleaded the boy, speaking now for the first time. "Say, lemme go, will yer?"

"For what?" replied Harry. "What have you got to give me that will make it worth my while to let you go?"

"Nothin'. Dat's right, but I didn't hook nothin', so."

"Who's fault was that? You knew the regular watchman was away; you've been hanging around here all the evening. Isn't that right?"

"If youse was as poor as I be, you'd be after suthin' too," whined the boy.

"Now listen," said Harry. "Perhaps you have got something to give me which would make it worth my while to let you go."

"Me? I hain't got nothin' at all."

"Listen. Did you see me come aboard here?"

"Yair, you an' dat slim feller. I tought youse was on de lay yerselves."

"Did you see what happened to us?"

"When de big Chink went for yer? Yes, I did."

"And you saw my partner pushed overboard then?" demanded Harry, hardly able to conceal his eagerness.

"Sure," said the boy.

"Was—was he drowned?"

"Say," said the boy, catching on at last, "is dat what yer want to know?"

"It is."

"Now I understand what you mean—what I've got to give you to make you let me go."

But the young dock rat was not that kind

His face immediately assumed a shrewd expression.

"Say," he drawled, "it orter be wuth a little suthin on the side, hadn't it?"

"Perhaps. You must leave that to me to decide. Come now, if you don't answer up at once it will be too late, for I shall run you right to the station. What happened to the man who went overboard?"

"He was pulled out by Reilley de Rat after de tide carried him down under de next pier."

"Dead or alive?"

"Boss, I wanter be honest wit yer."

"You better."

"Well, I can't tell dat. I was too far away. Annyhow, a bunch of 'em got him and pulled up de river wit him. I dunno whether he was dead or alive."

"A bunch of river thieves?"

"Sure; Reilley's gang."

"Are you one of 'em?"

"Boss, I'll be honest wit yer; I have run wit 'em, but on'y when dey was short-handed. On'y a couple of times, annyway."

"Are they a very bad bunch?"

"Oh, I dunno what dey are," he said. "Dey was always good to me."

"What's your name?"

"Petey."

"Other name?"

"I dunno. De old woman what I live wit says I hain't got no name only Petey; but say, boss, I kin tell yer some-ting more, some-ting wuth while, ef youse wanter pay for it. I don't care nothin' about de Reilley bunch. Dey hain't nothin' to me one way or de oder. You kin find out all about yer partner dat way, too."

"What is it?" demanded Harry. "If it really amounts to anything I'll give you five dollars for it, Petey."

"I know where dey are going to-night. I know a crib dey are going to frisk, I mean. If you want to get 'em, why get 'em; den you kin find out about yer partner, so."

"Five dollars," said Harry.

"Make it ten," said Petey, shrewdly; "make it ten an' take me along wit yer, an' I'll show you de very place. I want to git out of New York. I want to go to Boston, where a friend of mine has moved. Make it ten, boss; dat'll take me dere and keep me till I can find me fren."

"Ten it is if you promise to stand by me, Petey," said Harry.

"Sure t'ing!" cried the boy, his eyes sparkling. "I'll stand by yer troo t'ick and t'in, an' I'll tell yer somethin' else, too."

"Untie him, Joe," ordered Harry. "Go on and tell it, Petey," he added.

"I seen de big Chink go away wit de watchman and another Chink wit him," said Petey. "Dey had two little gals wit 'em, too. An' say, an autyobile came for 'em down on de pier. Dat's while you were out on de water lookin' for your partner. All dat I seen."

"Did you, indeed? Anything more?"

"No; that's all."

"Come," thought Harry; "if you could only tell me where they have taken those same two little girls, Master Petey, I'd give you ten times ten."

CHAPTER IX.

ALICE AMONG THE RIVER RATS.

What Potey the dock rat told Young King Brady was true.

Alice was not drowned, but she had fallen into very bad hands and her danger was very great.

When she rose to the surface the tide had already pulled her under the pier.

She called, but Harry had his hands full just then, as we know. Perhaps her cry was given just at the time Harry freed.

At all events, it was not heard by Harry, nor any one else.

She did not attempt to swim, for her strength was not sufficient to permit her to swim in the direction she wanted to go.

All she could do was to keep on the surface and drift with the tide, hoping to run against something which would offer her support.

Thus she crossed the next slip and passed under the next pier.

Her strength was now failing her.

Twice she had tried to hold on to a pile, but the green sea moss which had collected on them made them too slippery, and she could not keep her grasp.

Under the second pier it was particularly dark.

Poor Alice, who was being swept along at great speed, gave herself up for lost, when suddenly a flashlight was turned full on her face.

There lay a large rowboat, in which were three men, one of whom held the electric flashlight which had been turned upon her.

"Trow him a line, Bill! Quick, or he's a goner!" cried the man with the flashlight. "De poor guy don't seem to know how to swim."

"Aw, say, you yerself could hardly swim agin dis tide, Reilley," said Bill as he threw the line.

Alice caught it and was drawn close to the boat, where Bill and the third man helped her to climb in.

"They are river rats," thought Alice. "If they discover my sex I am lost."

She made no attempt to speak for several minutes, nor did they urge her when they saw how she was panting for breath.

This gave her time to think, and her determination was taken.

If these men did not discover that she was a woman she would pretend to be a river rat herself.

She had lost her hat, but luckily the wig she wore retained its position, so her disguise remained perfect still.

This she ascertained by pressing her hand to her head, which she was able to do without particularly attracting attention.

At last she ventured to speak, and briefly thanked the river rats for having saved her life.

She adopted their own dialect, at which she is expert, but we shall not attempt to reproduce it in her case.

"Dat's all right, young feller," replied Reilley; "we

wasn't goin' to let yer drown, so; but how did yer come to get overboard, annyway?"

"I don't know that it is going to do me any good to tell you," replied Alice, with a wink.

"Twon't do yer anny harm, den. We're fly, an' I expect you are, too."

"Sure. I was on board the Carib. A big Chinaman knocked me overboard."

"He's de cook. He hain't so awful big, dough."

"This man was."

"I s'pose you tort so, being excited-like at being ketched."

"Perhaps there are two of them?"

"She's right," put in Bill. "I did see a thundering big Chink dere dis afternoon. Likely he's some friend of de oder. But say, dere hain't nothin' woi't takin' on dat craft."

"I got all that was coming to me then," replied Alice, with a short laugh.

"I should say you did," replied Reilley. "What's yer name?"

"Jack Dowling."

"You don't belong around here den?"

"No, boys, I don't; I belong in Boston. I got run out of there and I drifted to New York. I'm dead broke and I was just browsing around to-night to see what I could find."

"You don't look to be dead broke, den," remarked Reilley. "Dat's a pretty blame good suit of clothes you've got on. Least it was before it got wet."

"It's all I have," said Alice. "I haven't even enough money to get it pressed."

The boat was tied to the pile while this conversation was going on.

The men appeared to be waiting for some one.

The truth was they were part of a large gang of river thieves and they were waiting for orders, expecting to be sent out on a raid.

"Dat's hard lines," said Reilley; "but say, mebbe we kin help yer. We're expecting to do business to-night, and we are short-handed—see? How about you going wit us? Not much into it, but we'll be square by yer, and it will be a few bones, at all events."

Alice assented, for she did not dare to refuse.

"But my clothes," she said. "I'm soaking wet. I shall get my death if I don't change them. Only for that I should be only too glad to go with you."

"I kin fix dat," replied Reilley. "We have to wait here a bit. Den you can go home wit me. I've got plenty of clothes and we are about of a size. I'll lend you a suit of mine."

The prospect was anything but alluring, if Reilley lived in close quarters, as he probably did.

Attention was now taken off of Alice, much to her relief, for the river rats began to talk about their own affairs.

They talked so naturally and with so little reserve that Alice felt that there could be no suspicion entertained either as to her sex or her occupation.

The river rats had evidently believed her and put her down for a thief like themselves.

Soon the sound of oars was heard, and another boat loomed up in the slip.

"Hey, Rat!" called the solitary rower who occupied it in a suppressed voice.

"Hello!" responded Reilley.

"Are yez dere?"

"Av coorse. Don't you hear me spcakin'? What's de woid?"

"The copper was tuk in late dis afternoon. To-night's de night de boss says."

"Well, all right. We'll be on de job. What time?"

"Anny time after midnight," he says. "Who's wit yer?"

"Bill, Mike and a friend of mine what you don't know. Joe's his name."

"Is he all right?"

"Sure he's all right or he wouldn't be here."

"On'y ting is de boss says yer don't want dat boy Petey no more. He's too fly; not to be trusted. De boss knows for a fact dat he's sour on you, and is liable to give you away anny time."

"I know dat much meself. Fust time I run up agin Petey I propose to wring his blamed neck."

"Dat's all right, den. So-long."

"So-long, Mr. Ankers. We shall start at midnight, but de tide will be agin us bote ways. I don't tink you need look for us much before four o'clock."

The boat was pulled away.

Bill immediately cast off and began to pull out from under the pier.

Alice knew too much to ask where they were going.

In fact, little attention was now paid to her, which was just the way she wanted to have it, of course.

They crossed three slips and pulled under the corresponding piers.

At last they landed at a standing ladder which was attached to a stringpiece.

Just where they were Alice did not know, but she judged that it must be at the foot of East Seventh or Eighth streets.

Here they separated with the understanding that they were to meet at half-past eleven at the boat.

Reilley, telling Alice to follow, started up the street.

It was certainly her time to make a break, but she felt doubtful.

It was a lonely neighborhood. Factories were on both sides of the way.

A lot had been said in Alice's hearing. Reilly was a big, strapping fellow, one blow of whose fist would have laid her out.

It seemed altogether doubtful to Alice if he would allow her to escape.

But while she was thinking about it, the river rat suddenly turned in at the side door of an old tenement which had a saloon on the ground floor.

"G'wan upstairs," he ordered. "Two flights."

His mannr was not pleasing.

Alice drew back.

"Say," she said, "I don't want to put you to all this trouble. I——"

"G'wan!" said Reilley, fiercely. "You've heard a blamed sight too much and seen a blamed sight too much to

make it safe for me to trust you out of me sight just yet. You've got ter go wit us, young feller. Dat's all dere is about it. I hain't got time to luk up another man."

It was hopeless.

He didn't seem to suspect her sex, and poor Alice felt that she must be satisfied with that.

She ascended to the top floor, the river rat keeping close behind her.

When they reached it he opened the door of a dirty little hall bedroom.

"G'wan in," he said, "an' yer have to excuse me locking de door on yer. I don't know yer; I can't trust yer. In a minute I'll bring you dry clothes."

He gave her a gentle shove and Alice passed inside.

Not only was the door locked, but it was also bolted, much to Alice's disgust.

The lock she might have managed with her skeleton keys, but the bolt made it impossible.

"What next?" she asked herself as she struck a match.

There was a lamp on the bureau, and Alice lighted it.

In a few minutes Reilley opened the door.

He carried a complete outfit, clothes which in no way compared with her own; also an old cap.

"Dere!" he said. "Put 'em on. I've got a call somewhere else, or I'd stay and keep you company."

He threw the clothes down on the bed and passed out, bolting the door again.

"Thank heaven he has gone!" sighed Alice.

She hastened to bolt the door on her side, and then turned her attention to securing relief from her wet clothes.

There was to be no escape for Alice.

Reilley the Rat upon his return found her where he left her.

It was now nearly half-past eleven.

The river rat had been drinking, but not heavily.

He was in high good humor and very sociable, being full of apologies for locking Alice in.

She responded in good part, for she had resigned herself to her fate, escape then being impossible as she plainly saw.

They returned to the boat and were the first to get there.

Bill and Mike joined them shortly.

The latter brought an extra pair of oars and they spent some moments muffling them as the others were, after which the start was made.

Alice felt that she must have played her cards well, for these men scarcely heeded her at all.

They pulled on and on, keeping well in under the shadow of the piers.

Coming to Blackwell's Island, they still continued on, and Alice asked herself what game they expected to land in their crooked hunt away up here.

At last they came to that point on the East river where on the New York side there are high rocks.

On top of these rocks at this point runs an extension of Avenue B, which is not a continuous street, but occurs or not as Manhattan island is wide enough to admit it.

The backs of the fine houses were to be seen. Yards extended behind them and along the line of yards was a

high iron railing to keep people from falling over the cliff.

Under the cliff were piers and here and there a warehouse.

When Bill and Mike turned in between two piers at the end of which stood one of these warehouses, Alice thought she understood.

"There's copper stored in that warehouse," she said to herself. "That's where they are going. Probably they have it all fixed up with the watchman."

In a way she was right, but she was also wrong.

This warehouse was private property and not used for public storage at all.

And the boat was pulled on up the slip.

Alice was in for it. She was as powerless as ever to escape from the river thieves.

CHAPTER X.

BRADLEY, DAYTON & CO. CATCH A TARTAR.

Old King Brady had been caught napping in more senses than one, and yet as he saw when he came to glance at the clock he had not been asleep ten minutes.

Where then had these masked men so suddenly sprung from?

He was covered and there was no possibility of making a successful resistance.

"Well, gentlemen? Well?" he said, sitting up. "What is all this about?"

"Old man," said one of the masks, "listen here. We are taking Mrs. Walsh out of this house to-night. Seeing that you are here, it is necessary to take you with her. Go quietly and neither of you will suffer. Make us trouble and we propose to shoot you dead. Understand?"

The voice Old King Brady instantly recognized as that of Lawrence, the chauffeur.

"I hear. If Mrs. Walsh is to be taken away from here I prefer to go with her," the old detective quietly replied.

"We shall take you at your word," was the answer. "Give up your gun and your knife if you have one. We are not thieves. Your watch and your money are not to be disturbed."

Old King Brady handed over his weapons.

Lawrence was the only one who did any talking.

One of them who was dressed in a particularly slovenly manner was about of the build and general appearance of Charles Augustus Dayton.

Old King Brady felt satisfied that he was the broker clumsily disguised.

"When rich people attempt to disguise they always overdo it," he said to himself. "I'd just like to bet that this is my man"; but whether he was right in this or not, it was particularly noticeable that the man was careful not to speak.

Having disarmed Old King Brady, they led him downstairs out into the courtyard and through a gate on to the side street when he was bundled into an automobile which he recognized as Mrs. Walsh's fine touring car.

Two of the masks got in with him, one being the man he suspected was Dayton.

The car was enclosed. They sat on either side of him with cocked revolvers at his head in spite of the fact that they had tied his hands behind him before leaving the house.

They had not gagged him, however. In passing from the gate to the car the old detective thought seriously of raising a cry, but as he could see no one he abandoned the idea.

A wait of less than ten minutes followed when Mrs. Walsh arrived.

The woman was gagged as well as having her hands tied.

"They must have captured her before I lay down to sleep," thought the old detective. "How slick they worked it! The maids are in the deal, too. Probably all the servants have been in Dayton's pay. I never should have allowed the woman to remain in the house, feeling as I did."

Old King Brady blamed himself greatly, but it was too late for vain regrets now.

Mrs. Walsh put up no struggle. She was too much afraid of the revolvers for that.

They had to lift her almost bodily into the car.

The supposed Dayton took his place between them.

Lawrence and a third man got up in front and a start was made. The gag was kept in Mrs. Walsh's mouth.

"They know their business," thought Old King Brady. "If ever that woman raised her voice all the world must hear."

The reproachful looks she gave him from time to time made the situation none the easier to bear.

The run was not a long one.

Old King Brady was able to follow their course as far as Second avenue when the car stopped and the man who had been with the chauffeur crowded in behind.

He had removed his mask when they started, as had Lawrence, but the latter took good care not to turn his head.

"I'm going to blindfold you now, old man," the fellow said.

He looked like a professional thug and was evidently a man of great strength.

The blindfolding completed, he got out again, but Mrs. Walsh came in for it, too.

The car now started again and the run continued.

Many turns were made to mystify him, Old King Brady thought.

He was not able to follow them, but he knew they were still away over on the east side when the car stopped again.

He had no doubt that they were being taken to Lawyer Bradley's house or to some place controlled by the man.

There was a brief wait and then Old King Brady was helped out of the car and led across the sidewalk and through a door.

The handkerchief was now removed from his eyes.

He found himself in a well furnished basement dining-room.

The gas was lighted and the shades pulled down. James Bradley the lawyer stood by the mantelpiece with his hands behind him.

He wore a smoking-jacket and a skullcap. His face was the picture of cunning and triumph.

"Good evening, Mr. Old King Brady," he said, "or rather good morning. I trust you are feeling no ill effects from your involuntary ride."

"Don't talk to him here," said the man who was still masked.

The voice was surely Dayton's. Old King Brady was sure that he was making no mistake.

"We are dealing with a very dangerous man," the mask went on to say. "Let all talk be postponed until we have him safe."

And again he pressed the revolver against the old detective's head.

"You may take off your mask, Mr. Dayton," said the old detective. "Further attempt at disguise is useless. Your voice I am not likely to forget."

"Good!" replied the broker, and removing the mask, he flung it into a corner.

"You now realize what it means to run up against me," he sneered. "I am aware that you have slipped through the meshes of many a net which has been spread to catch you," he added, "but let me assure you that you will not slip out of this."

Old King Brady did not answer.

They were bringing Mrs. Walsh in, and having a time of it, too.

Old King Brady could hear her struggling. She also made a moaning, which was the best she could do with the gag in her mouth.

But they did not bring her into the dining-room, and the sounds quickly died away.

After a little, Lawrence, the chauffeur, returned without his mask.

"Well, gentlemen, we have got the old hen safely cooped," he said. "What next?"

Dayton frowned.

"Seems to me you are getting a little too familiar, young man," he remarked. "I advise you to have a care."

The look the chauffeur shot at him was not a pleasant one, but he replied respectfully:

"I only wait my orders, sir."

"Which are to return to the house at once and see that everything is properly cared for. I shall hold you strictly responsible. If even a pin is disturbed you shall hear from me."

"I am not to be held accountable for what Peters and the others may do," growled Lawrence. "For all I know they may have waltzed off with everything since we left."

"You will not find it so," was the reply, "and it will be a bad job for you if you do. Go!"

Lawrence left in a hurry.

"You play a bold hand, Gus," remarked the lawyer. "I should never dare talk to that fellow in any such fashion."

"I hold him in the hollow of my hand and can railroad him to Sing Sing any time and he knows it," was the cold reply.

He turned to the old detective, and said:

"Now then, follow my friend and remember I shall be close behind you ready to bore a hole in the back of your head if you make trouble."

They descended to the cellar, where a door was opened which had been cut in the rear wall.

There was nothing secret about it. Behind was a narrow, boarded-up passage with an abruptly sloping floor.

"Leads down to one of those warehouses under the rocks," thought Old King Brady, for Harry had described to him the location of Mr. Bradley's house.

And it proved so.

They came out on the top floor in a room which had been fitted up as a chemical laboratory on an extensive scale.

There was everything which could possibly be required in such an establishment.

On a long set of shelves built across one end of the room were many models of machines.

Various full-sized machines could be seen in an adjoining room through a glass partition.

A large arm-chair was now pulled forward by Bradley. It was a peculiar construction, and the old detective saw that a man could be rendered a helpless prisoner in it.

He quickly found himself in that very situation.

They forced him to sit down and then proceeded to secure him.

A steel band closed around his neck and held him fast.

His own arms were pinioned to the sides of the chair in the same fashion.

A steel band closed around his neck and held him fast.

Of course, his hands were untied before this was done.

"Now then," chuckled Bradley, drawing back. "I think we may say that we have got the famous Old King Brady fairly chained. Now, you old rascal, that you are seated in my patent electric chair which I am now preparing to introduce, I have but to press a button to send you to the great hereafter."

"Gentlemen," replied the detective calmly, "I am an old man, and so far as I am concerned it matters little, but spare that unfortunate woman if your intentions are as desperate as I judge."

"I shall spare her nothing," cried Dayton. "That woman, vulgar creature that she is, has stepped between me and what rightfully was mine. All that she has made me suffer I propose to make her suffer. Old man, we are playing for millions. She is doomed, but you have a chance to save your own life if you choose to use it."

"What chance? Give it a name."

"Not now. Later. Jim, we will have her in. Keep her covered——"

"Keep her covered yourself," broke in Bradley. "That's your place; while mine, as a lawyer, is to do the talking. By the way, Brady, you little guessed what you were doing when you persuaded that fool woman to make a new will."

Old King Brady did not answer.

He saw no use in wasting talk with these men who, whatever their past records might be, had evidently decided to turn to any desperate crime to serve their purpose, which could be nothing less than to secure immediate and full possession of Mrs. Walsh's large estate.

The plot was no new one hastily executed he assured himself

It was only that his coming suddenly into Mrs. Walsh's affairs had precipitated its execution.

The two now passed through a door and presently Mrs. Walsh's voice was raised.

"Oh, ye murtherin' vilyuns!" she screamed. "It's meself that cud tear the eyes out of yez both. Arrah, an' if I had only given more heed to Mr. Brady's warning I wud not be here now!"

She came stalking into the laboratory with her dress disordered and her hair all tumbling down.

"An' sure an' is it himsilf sitting there!" she cried. "Oh, Brady! Brady! For why didn't you put up a better watch an' save yessilf and me!"

"Ah, Mrs. Walsh, the plot was already hatched in your own house, I fear," replied the old detective. "What means had I of guessing that things had gone so far as that?"

"True for yer, darlint. True for yer; I'll not be after upbraydin' yer' whin I find yer in as bad a box as I am in mesilf and you always good to poor Mike Collins, too. Well, well, me — Ha! Take dat, you horse-faced ould humbug!"

The lawyer had just come in front of her.

She let fly with her right, took him in the jaw, knocked his glasses off and sent him tumbling against a table covered with expensive chemical apparatus.

Over it went and Bradley fell with the crashing glass.

"For heaven's sake, Gus, shoot her!" gasped the lawyer. "She'll be the death of us both yet!"

"And that's what I will if she raises her little finger again," cried Dayton, thrusting the revolver in her face. "Will or no will, I'll do her up."

Easier said than done with such an amazon as Margaret, the cook.

Quick as lightning she struck down the revolver with her left, while with her right she dealt Dayton a terrific blow between the eyes.

He sank to the floor, falling on the revolver which in some unexplainable way was instantly discharged.

"Heavens! I'm shot," gasped the broker. "Do her, Jim, or she'll be the death of us both."

"Touch me if you dare!" yelled the woman. "I'm glad yer shot, you sassy beast!"

She bent down, turned him over with no gentle hand, and seizing the revolver, covered the lawyer who had just managed to get on his feet with hands all bleeding from the broken glass.

"Git out of dis!" she cried. "Git out, or I'll bore a hole through yer. It's mesilf who was reckoned the first shot in Murderers' Run the time I cooked for poor Walsh at his camp! Arrah! There yer go! There's wan for yer! By-by, ould Bradley! Come around ag'in when you can't stop so long!"

For Bradley went through the glass door with his loose smoking-jacket flying, a shot, purposely aimed high, crashing through the glass door above his head.

"Hurroo!" yelled Mrs. Walsh. "I win out, so. Now, Brady, to get yer out of dat chair if de t'ing is possible. Ah, be gollys! Look at the yaller giant! Take wan, yer haythen Chinees!"

Again the revolver banged, and Ping Pow, who had suddenly appeared in the doorway, beat a hasty retreat.

Meanwhile Dayton, who was bleeding freely, appeared to have lapsed into unconsciousness.

Margaret, the cook, stood monarch of all she surveyed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE YALLER GIANT GETS ON THE JOB

At the police station where Harry went with the boy, Petey, he found his reception all that he could wish.

The captain of the precinct had come in since his previous visit and the sergeant had just finished telling him of Young King Brady's previous visit and what had occurred on the Carib.

This official was not personally known to Harry, but he had in former days, while a roundsman, been well acquainted with Old King Brady, and he readily offered to assist in any way he could.

"There's a big gang of those river rats," he said, "and I have long been of the opinion that their main hangout was in my precinct, although I have never been able to locate it."

"Perhaps this boy can tell where it is," said Harry, and he proceeded to question Petey along those lines.

But Petey declared that he did not know.

He only knew Reilly the Rat, Mike, and a few others. He was sure Reilly was not the boss.

He made vague allusions to a Mr. Ankers who gave orders to these men.

He was sure that Ankers was not boss, either, for he always spoke as if he was bringing orders from someone else.

Thus far Petey and no further. It was a fact that the boy had told all he knew.

Convinced of that, Harry remarked that the only thing they could do was to follow the river thieves up and take Petey along with them as a pilot.

The boy's description of the warehouse under the rocks which the river thieves had "piped off," as he expressed it, the last night he went out with them, was exceedingly vague and it might be any one of a number which stand under the rocks which skirt that section of the river front.

But Petey was quite sure of one thing. He should know said warehouse if he saw it again, and he was quite willing to go along and point it out.

"I think, Brady," said the captain, "that I better turn you over to the river police. I'll do a little telephoning and see if I can locate one of the police boats."

He did so, and the result pleased him.

"The boy is telling the truth," he said. "A suspicious boat has been seen hanging around a warehouse up there, which is closed up at the present time. It belongs to a lawyer named Bradley, who is also an inventor. He uses the upper floor as a laboratory and workshop. Only last night those of the C. F. Byrne—that's one of the police boats, you know—were watching up there. Another is on the job to-night. The Byrne believes that one shortly after midnight. She leaves the foot of East 23d street at 12. Can't start sooner for certain reasons. If you want to go, along with the boy, Capt. Mundy will be very pleased to have you. He says he is sure it is this same warehouse the boy means."

"And I'm sure he's right," said Harry. "We'll go."

"What a place to hide the Yellowlee twins in," he said to himself. "Perhaps that is where the giant has taken them. Looks to me as if I might be able to close up the case to-night."

But he sighed as he said it, for he thought of Alice.

What certainty was there that she would accompany the river rats on their raid.

On the whole, Harry considered it highly improbable.

Perhaps already fresh trouble had overtaken her.

Still he comforted himself with the thought of Alice's great shrewdness.

"She ought to be good for them," he told himself, "and I am going to try to believe that she will. For me the only thing to do is to go ahead."

So Harry went aboard the C. F. Byrne with Petey.

But they did not start at midnight.

Certain orders were needed before the start could be made, the nature of which were not explained to Harry.

It was almost two o'clock before these orders were received. Then at last the C. F. Byrne got underway.

Meanwhile Alice had gone up the river with Reilly the Rat.

The tide was against them and their progress was slow.

It was a quarter to one when they finally approached their destination.

Mike was doing the rowing, Reilly was on the lookout. There was talk about a police boat, but he could see nothing of it.

As we have already said, the river thieves turned in at the slip when they came to it, and but a few strokes of the muffled oars had been taken when an unpleasant discovery was made.

There lay the police boat right ahead of them further up the slip.

"Quick, Reilly! Quick! De bulls an' dere boat!" gasped Mike, as he caught sight of it.

The mere mention of the enemy was enough to send Reilly flying in under the pier.

"Are youse sure?" he asked.

"Dead sure," replied Mike.

"Is it de Bryne?"

"No, it's de Eagle."

"Dey must have caught on to our coives."

"Petey, mebbe," said Reilly.

"Jest let me get one crack at dat kid, dat's all I want," growled the Rat, and he lay back on his oars.

But it was not Petey yet, as we know.

The fact was the river thieves had been spotted by a watchman on an adjoining pier and the police notified.

But somehow things seemed destined to go askew all along the line that night.

The Bryne was to have relieved the Eagle shortly after midnight.

She failed to come, as we know.

The captain of the Eagle had orders to proceed elsewhere. He had not seen Reilly's boat. He grew very impatient, but he stuck it out until two o'clock and then steamed away.

Meanwhile Reilly & Co., not daring to show themselves, had no alternative but to wait under the pier.

And while they waited they talked.

Alice's presence was almost ignored.

Listening and piecing one thing together with another, she became convinced that the "old man," the "inventor," the "lawyer," under which names the owner of the warehouse and the desired copper was repeatedly alluded to, could be none other than James Bradley, for she had not forgotten what Harry had told her, of course.

And as it occurred to Harry, so now it also occurred to Alice that if Bradley and Dayton had been at the bottom of the disappearance of the Yellowlee twins, and did not intend to kill them, that this out-of-the-way warehouse would be an ideal place in which to keep them concealed.

So it seemed to Alice that her coming here might turn out all to the good if she was patient and kept her eyes open.

At last the Eagle departed and the boat ventured out into the slip, and Reilly, pulling to its end, came in under the warehouse, which stood partly on the rocks and partly on the pier.

Here it seemed there was a trap-door, which it was the intention of the River Rats to force.

They had brought a short ladder along with them, and this was now placed up against one of the big beams, between which the trap-door was, and while Mike held the boat steady Alice and Bill steadied the ladder and Reilly, with a burglar's jimmy, climbed up and began his work.

It was no trick at all for this skilled crook to force the trap, and he soon had it open.

He crawled through and for some minutes remained listening.

"Seems to be all clear," he whispered at last. "Come on up, one of youse."

"Say," replied Mike, "I've got all I can do to hold de boat and dis new guy. Looks to be such a light weight he'd do better above wit you to help him handle de copper dan he will down here. Don't you t'ink you better take him?"

"Mebbe yer right," assented Reilly. "Come on, Jack."

It pleased Alice greatly to think she had been thus chosen.

So she climbed the ladder and joined the Rat.

Reilly had an electric flash-light and he now produced it.

The place was just one big enclosure except that over in one corner in the rear there was a small room partitioned off.

A flight of stairs at the side led up to the story above.

Practically the room was empty, but in the middle of the floor lay several great rolls of copper not so wide but what they could easily be stowed away in the river rats' boat.

Reilly went for them at once.

They carried three of the rolls of copper to the trap-door and lowered them down.

They had just returned for a fourth when they were startled by seeing a light at the top of the stairs and hearing footsteps overhead.

Now in order to reach the trap-door, which was at one side, it was necessary to pass directly by the foot of the stairs.

Evidently some one was coming down. Reilly instantly

put out his light and dodged behind a big wooden pillar, whispering to Alice to take the next one, which she did.

An elderly man in a smoking-jacket carrying a lighted lantern descended.

Then behind him came the yellow giant accompanied by two little girls whom he assisted to descend, for each had their hands tied behind them.

"The Yellowlee twins!" thought Alice. "What now?"

They reached the floor below and then Bradley—it was the lawyer, of course—turned on Ping Pow, and said: "Well, are you ready to do them up?"

It must have been a surprise to the lawyer when the yellow giant suddenly drew a revolver and covered him.

"No, boss!" he cried, in good English. "I am not ready to drown these children for any such money as I have received so far, but I am ready to shoot you if you don't give me more right now."

"I—I have only got about five hundred dollars," faltered Bradley.

"Give me that and I'll do the job," returned the giant.

Even as he said it, he caught sight of Reilly the Rat, who incautiously put his head out from behind the pillar, curious to see what was going on.

Quick as a flash Ping Pow jumped to where he could cover him.

"Don't shoot, you blamed Chink!" yelled Reilly.

But he did shoot and the river rat fell with a groan.

Alice had been seen, too. She knew it.

She darted into the open, rushed upon Bradley, seized the lantern and tore it from his grasp and then dashed up the stairs, blowing the light out as she went.

It troubled her to have to leave the twins behind.

But the whole transaction was only a matter of seconds.

Confident that the yellow giant would kill her, Alice made her escape as best she could.

There was a door at the head of the stairs and she slammed it shut and turned the key, which she found in the lock.

She was now in absolute darkness, but out of that darkness spoke a voice—and such a voice!

"Och, ye murtherin' yaller giant haythen! Ye wud drown me gerruls, wud yer. Arrah, an' ef I cud only get wan good crack at yer I'd knock ther daylights out of yer, big as ye are!"

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

That Mrs. Walsh was by no means through her troubles when she sent the yellow giant flying at the point of the revolver may be guessed from her remarks noted at the end of the last chapter.

But for the moment she had won out.

She hastened to close the door and then she turned on Old King Brady, who felt like a fool sitting there in the patent electric chair all powerless to lend a helping hand.

"Bad cess to them," she cried. "Particularly to that yaller haythen Chinee; but say, Brady, if he's here then they ought to be here, too, don't you t'ink?"

"Meaning the Yellowlee twins, of course. Yes, I do think so if they still live," the old detective replied.

"Arrah, an' I wisht dey had some other name. De very name of yaller makes wan t'ink of Chinks, an' dat makes me sick. Sure it's bad enough to be born in China among a lot of pig-tail murtherin' haythens without being called by a name like dat. If I iver get 'em it's deir poor mother's name dey'll be after taking if I have anything to say."

"Mrs. Walsh, try and set me free," said the old detective. "I am suffering terribly."

"My dear man, how can I? Look at de pegs an' buttons, an' all de fixings on de back of dis chair. You heard what dat baste of a Bradley said? Suppose I push de wrong wan or pull de wrong wan, sure it's dead you'll be before I can get me finger off it. What do I know about electric chairs?"

Just then Dayton began to stir and in a moment he opened his eyes.

"Still here!" he gasped. "I thought I was gone. But I can't live. Send for a priest. I'm a dying man."

"Praste nothin'. Ye desurve to die without being shrived!" snapped Mrs. Walsh, "but whin yer see Walsh in hiven, or wheriver he is or wheriver yer goin', don't say I shot yer. 'Twas yer own sinful wickedness which brought it on yoursilf."

"It is true. I own it," faltered Dayton. "Aunt, forgive me. I brought you here to try to force you to terms because I was satisfied that you had made a new will to-day. The twins are here safe as yet, but we intended to have them drowned to-night by Ping Pow, who has been paid to do the work George Wang refused to finish, although he had been most liberally treated. He became too much attached to the little girls during the voyage to be willing to kill them. There, that is my confession. Save the girls if you can and I shall die with one less crime on my mind."

It is a wonder that Mrs. Walsh waited until he had finished, but she did.

"Here!" she screamed then. "In dis place, you say?"

"Yes, aunt. On the floor below."

"Aunt me eye!" she cried, and out through the door she went flying.

"They'll kill her," groaned Dayton.

"I doubt it," said Old King Brady, dryly. "She appears to be quite equal to this bunch. Where are you hit?"

"I don't know exactly, but it's in the back somewhere. It's my death at all events."

"I am not so sure. If you had been going to die I think you would have passed out before this. Can you tell me if there is any electric current attached to this chair?"

"I have no idea."

"Nor how I can get free?"

"I cannot tell you. I doubt if any one can help you but Jim Bradley. Listen! They are fighting. They have attacked her. They may kill her."

Down stairs Mrs. Walsh was yelling for all she was worth and they could hear sounds of a struggle.

Presently these sounds were succeeded by the noise of a heavy fall and all was still.

"They've got her," said Dayton. He tried to rise, but sank back groaning with pain.

They had indeed captured Mrs. Walsh.

Probably they heard her coming. The foolish woman had descended into the darkness.

At a distance she saw a light shining through an open door and she made for it, but before she reached the door the yellow giant sprang upon her. The revolver was wrenched from her grasp.

The revolver fell to the floor and Mrs. Walsh struggled with the yellow giant, yelling all the while.

Two little girls with frightened faces appeared at the open door.

Bradley made a move for the revolver, but before he could reach it the Chinaman had thrown Mrs. Walsh and he caught it.

"Get rope! Tie her!" he panted. "She's the worst ever. I believe she is the strongest woman in the world."

He held her covered while the lawyer brought rope and Mrs. Walsh was secured.

Then both Bradley and the giant retreated to the room where they remained some time. Mrs. Walsh, exhausted by her efforts, lay still for a wonder.

Even when they finally passed her, the giant leading the twins whose hands were now tied behind them, she did not speak.

Such were the happenings which immediately preceded the appearance of Bradley and the yellow giant on the floor below.

Alice had an electric flash-light and she now flashed it on Mrs. Walsh.

Not that she needed her eyes to tell her who the speaker was.

"Why, Mrs. Walsh!" she breathed. "Whatever brought you here in this fix?"

"Who are yer?" cried the woman. "I don't know you from a side of sole leather, but help me if yer can."

It took Alice but a moment to sever the woman's bonds, and as she did so she explained who she was.

"Luk at dat now!" cried Mrs. Walsh. "If you hain't the slickest iver! Anny wan wud take yer for a man. Sure they have Ould King Brady upstairs in the electric chair an' he may be dead for aught I know. But phere's de little gurruls? Spake! Have they killed 'em? But say, here comes dat murtherin' heathen, yaller baste again. Bad cess to him! Dis time I'll trow him down for fair!"

Some one was trying to force the door at the head of the stairs.

Mrs. Walsh jumped on one side of it. Alice stepped to the other and drew her revolver.

Scarcely had they taken their places than the door came in with a crash, literally torn off the hinges by the great strength the yellow giant was able to exert.

He rushed in, Bradley pressing behind him.

Instantly Mrs. Walsh pounced upon him and this time she got him by the pig-tail, which was hanging down.

"Ah, ha! Yer murtherin' yaller dog!" she yelled.

Yank! Yank! Yank!

"Arrah, ye foul haythen bird!"

Yank! Yank! Yank!

"Arrah, ye Chinese baste, it's the hull scalp I'll be pullin' off of yer!"

Yank! Yank! Yank!

The yells of the giant echoed through the big enclosure. Alice had him covered. He dared not move.

And then in the same breath Mrs. Walsh with a dextrous twist of her foot tripped him up. He fell on his face and she sat on him. Seizing his head in both hands, she pounded the floor with it for fair.

Meanwhile Bradley fled down-stairs.

Below loud shouts were heard and the hurrying of many feet on the stairs.

Alice thought the river rats were upon them and the sense of relief was enormous when up rushed Harry with policemen behind him.

"Oh, Harry! Just in time!" she cried. "Get that woman away from him or there will be a dead giant here."

"The twins! The twins!" screamed Mrs. Walsh, springing up.

"Are safe," replied Harry, "and Bradley is under arrest."

"Ah! So? Then the case is closed!" cried Mrs. Walsh. "As for the yaller giant, I believe he's dead!"

He wasn't though. Only stunned. He lived to go to Sing Sing and there Bradley followed him after many appeals and reappeals.

It took a year to land the lawyer behind the bars, and the wheels of justice moved just as slowly in the case of Charles Augustus Dayton, who had indeed been shot very low down on the back, so low that his wound was of no consequence at all.

He quickly recovered, but he never went to Sing Sing, for he was run down by a taxicab and killed while his case was still in the courts.

Reilly the Rat also recovered and with his fellow rats, all of whom were arrested by the river police, went behind prison bars. What became of Petey after that night Harry never learned.

If Bradley had not done it Old King Brady would have had to be sawed out of the electric chair. The old detective could never stand any allusion to the matter.

Mrs. Walsh found her house in order when she returned with the twins, but the servants, tipped off by some one, had vanished as had George Wang when the Bradys started to look for him.

The good woman promptly sold out in New York and took the twins to Denver, where she now resides and is highly respected for her liberal charities.

For the Bradys the case proved profitable, for Mrs. Walsh sent a check for a large sum before she left New York.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS ON A GREAT CASE; or, THE BIG BONANZA MINE MYSTERY."

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JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS



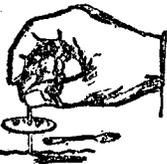
Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

EGGS OF PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.



A wonderful and startling novelty! "Pharaoh's Serpents" are produced from a small egg, no larger than a pea. Place one of them on a plate, touch fire to it with a common match, and instantly a large serpent, a yard or more in length, slowly uncoils itself from the burning egg. Each serpent assumes a different position. One will appear to be gliding over the ground, with head erect, as though spying danger; another will coil itself up, as if preparing for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another will stretch out lazily, apparently enjoying its usual roundday nap. Immediately after the egg stops burning, the serpent hardens, and may afterward be kept as an amusing curiosity. They are put up in wooden boxes, twelve eggs in a box.

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The Bottle Imp.—The peculiarity of this little bottle is that it cannot be made to lie down, and yet by simply passing the hand over it, the performer causes it to do so. This trick affords great amusement, and is of convenient size to carry about.

FUNNY KISSING GAME.

These cards, from No. 1 to No. 16, run in rotation, but must be mixed and dealt, a white one for a boy and red for a girl. They are then read alternately, and the questions and answers make funny combinations. The right lady is rewarded with a kiss. A very funny game.

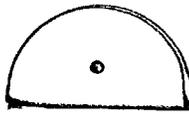
AGE CARDS.

With these cards one can tell the age of any person, know how much money he has in his pocket, and do many other wonderful stunts. No previous knowledge necessary. The cards do the trick for you. The best magic cards out.

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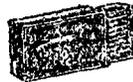


With this trick box you can make money change, from a penny into a dime or vice versa. Also make dimes appear and disappear at your command.

YOUR NAME BY MAGIC.

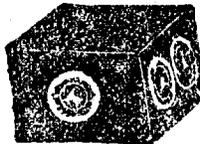
The Most Puzzling Novelty Out. It consists of 5 cards, with which you can tell anybody's name without knowing what the name is before you commence.

TRICK MATCHES.



Consist of a Swedish safety box, filled with matches, which will not light. Just the thing to cure the match borrowing habit.

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GLASS PEN.—Patent glass pen, with nice dip, writes like any ordinary pen; each put up in wooden box.

BORING FOR A PIRATE'S TREASURE.

By Col. Ralph Fenton.

In the year 1854, Hiram Marble, of Lynn, Mass., under the guidance of spirits, he said, began to excavate in a granite hill, about three miles from here. This elevation, which looks over the surrounding country, the Lynn harbor, and the sea beyond, is well known as Dungeon Rock. It is a wild, secluded spot, strewn with immense bowlders, covered with a growth of scraggy oak and towering pine, and carpeted with a thick bed of moss—a primeval forest on the very outskirts of a large city, and as unbroken, with the exception of one or two carriage roads which had been cut through it, as in the infancy of the Third Plantation, when the little settlement of Saugus, later "Lin," was all that represented the flourishing Shoe City.

Mr. Marble bought Dungeon Rock and about fourteen acres around it for a small sum from the city. He then built a rude hut among the shattered rock and rank undergrowth, part way down the hill, and began to drill into the solid mass of granite, of which the elevation is composed, in search of a cave wherein tradition said was buried a large amount of treasure by pirate robbers in the days of Captain Kidd. In 1854, Mr. Marble's son, a youth of 19, joined him in the work. Ten years later, in 1864, the father died, and the son scraped together enough earth on the hillside to cover the body, and then continued the work alone, until, four years ago, he joined the spirit of his father, which, he always asserted, had urged him on in his work.

These two men have left behind them, as the result of twenty-nine years' hard labor for the son and thirteen for the father, simply a hole in a peculiarly close and hard granite rock, and which is 175 feet in depth and about 8 in diameter. This tunnel was drilled by the two men entirely by hand, and the pieces of rock, as they were chipped off, were carried out in baskets and deposited at the entrance. Here to-day a great heap of broken stone, containing many hundreds of tons, remains as a monument of the strange life-work of Mr. Marble and his sons.

From the mouth of one of the oldest inhabitants in this part of the country the writer was told the traditions which first drew the attention of Mr. Marble to this romantic locality.

In the year 1658, according to the most trusted accounts, there was a severe earthquake shock in New England, and it is on this fact that the traditional history of Dungeon Rock rests. In a journal kept by Obadiah Turner, one of the first settlers of "Lin," and which is still preserved, he says:

"1658, December the 14. This year there has been great and terrible earthquake; such a one as was never before known hereabouts. The houses shook and the dishes did fall from the shelves. Some being out did feel the ground rock. The sea roared with a dismal roaring as if a mighty storm was coming on. And some being near the shore said that the tide was turned before the time. Some chimneys were shook down, but not much mischief done of which I have heard. But the most mightie work done by the earthquake hereabouts was the splitting of a great rock

in the woods. It hath by some been called Dungeon Rocke, because there appeared to be beneath the same a dungeon cave. And it hath been said that Thomas Veal, a crooked, grizzley, and ill-looking shoemaker, did live in the cave and do his shoemaking there. On the splitting of the rock by the earthquake as some think the old man was shut up alive in the cave; and no great loss to the world as they will have it; he not being well thought of. Some say he was once a pirate robber and did bury treasure."

Some years previous to this disturbance by nature the few settlers of Saugus saw, one evening, a ship sail into the harbor and up the Saugus River a short distance. A boat was then lowered and, just before dark, four men rowed up to the shore and disappeared in the woods. The next morning the vessel was gone and the settlers were left to conjecture, as best they could, her mission. In about a year, however, the stranger again sailed up the harbor and cast anchor in the river, as she had done before. But this time the movements of her crew were closely watched. After dark a heavy chest was landed from the ship and carried into the woods, but one of the settlers venturing too near to the party which had landed was seen, and the strangers immediately attacked him, so that he and his companions had to run for their lives. The strange crew was not molested again that night. The next morning boat and crew were gone.

It was now declared that the visitor was a pirate, and search was made for the location of the supposed treasure. It was not found, but in a deep ravine not far from the river a place shut in by high cliffs and steep rocks, and closely shrouded by a growth of thick underbrush, tall pines and hemlocks, four men were discovered to have taken up their abode. They had built a rough hut of branches and logs, and had dug a shallow well, the appearances of which are still visible. A British cruiser appeared off the coast about this time, and the officers were informed of what had occurred. A party was immediately organized, the ravine surrounded, and three of the men captured and taken to England, where they were probably executed as pirates. The fourth, named Thomas Veal, escaped. This man afterward took up his abode in the cave under Dungeon Rock and commenced to make shoes when he found he was not further molested. He exchanged his shoes and at times pieces of Spanish money with the settlers for provisions.

Both of the men who dug into the rock were spiritualists, and the elder Mr. Marble professed to be guided by the spirit of Thomas Veal, who told him that he had buried a large treasure in the cave. When he died, the son claimed to be guided and urged on by the spirit of his father. Both men are now dead, and the long-sought-for treasure, if it is there, still lies buried with the bones of the pirate robber in the rocky bowels of the granite hill. The father, in 1851, was worth a comfortable amount of property, but he and his sons spent it all in the twenty-nine years that they worked under directions from another world, as they always claimed, and they even left the property itself mortgaged for more than it was worth. Those who best knew Mr. Marble and his son say that they were both unusually smart and intelligent men, except in this one particular, and what possessed them in this is beyond human understanding.

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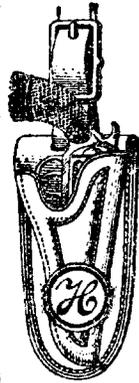


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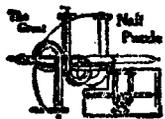
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Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickelled brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

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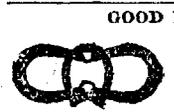
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THE MAGIC NAIL.

A common nail is given for examination, and then instantly shown pierced through the finger; and yet, when taken out, the finger is found to be perfectly uninjured, and the nail is again given to be examined. Nicely finished. Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid.

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It consists of three horse-shoes fastened together. Only a very clever person can take off the closed horsehoe from the two linked horsehoes. But it can be done in a moment when the secret is known. Price, by mail, 10c. each.

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ROUGH RIDER DISC PISTOLS.

Made of nicely colored wood 5 1/2 inches long. The power is furnished by rubber bands. Ten discs of cardboard with each pistol. Price, 6c. each, postpaid.

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IMITATION GIANT DIAMONDS.

Diamond rings or studs of half-inch and one inch in diameter are heard of in stories only. We have them imitated by prodigious sparkling stones which will deceive the glance of any spectator. Price by mail, postpaid, small size, 25c. each; large size, 35c. each.

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Two keys interlocked in such a manner it seems impossible to separate them, but when learned it is easily done.

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THE JUMPING FROG.

This little novelty creates a world of laughter. Its chief attractiveness is that it takes a few seconds before leaping high in the air, so that when set, very innocently along side of an unsuspecting person, he is suddenly startled by the wonderful activity of this frog. Price, 15c. each by mail postpaid.

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ALUMINUM DRINKING CUPS.

These handsome little cups are very handy in size, do not leak, and are Satin finished. The compressed, can be carried in the vest pocket. They hold a good quantity of liquid, and are very strong, light, yet durable. Price, 14c. each, postpaid.

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COMICAL FUNNY FACES.

This genuine laugh producer is made of nicely colored cardboard. A sharp, bent hook is at the back to attach it to the lapel of your coat. Hide one hand under the lapel and twitch the small, black thread. It will cause a red tongue to dart in and out of the mouth in the most comical manner imaginable at the word of command. It is very mystifying, and never fails to produce a hearty laugh.

Price, 6c. each by mail.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE MAGIC CIGAR CASE.



A beautiful and perfect cigar case, made of imitation alligator and sealskin leather; worth a quarter as a cigar case alone. It can be shown full of cigars and instantly handed to a person, who, upon opening it, finds only an empty case. The box has a secret spring and a double case, and can be operated only by one in the secret. Full printed instructions sent with each case. Every smoker should have one. Price, 20c.; 2 for 35c. by mail, postpaid; one dozen by express, \$1.50.

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NORWEGIAN MOUSE.

A very large gray mouse, measuring 3 inches from tip of nose to end of tail. The body of mouse is hollow. Place your first finger in his body, and then by moving your finger up and down, the mouse appears to be running up your sleeve. Enter a room where there are ladies, with the mouse running up your sleeve, and you will see a rapid scattering of the fair sex. Many practical jokes can be perpetrated with this small rodent.

Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. mailed, postpaid.
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A NEW SQUIRT BADGE.

Great fun for the million! Wear it in your buttonhole and then press the bulb and watch the other fellow run.

Price, 14c.

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THE ELK HEAD PUZZLE.

Just out, and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and rejoin them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of silvered metal.

Price, 12c.; 3 for 30c., sent by mail, postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn, N. Y.



MARBLE VASE.

A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enameled turned wood vase.

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A handsome metal, highly magnetized toy. A horseshoe and a spiral wire furnished with each top. When spun next to the wires, they make the most surprising movements. You can make wires of different shapes and get the most peculiar effects. Price, 6c., postpaid.

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They are small glass vials, and contain a liquid chemical that produces a horrible odor. When dropped in a room, they will make every person present rush out, holding their noses. In a few minutes the smell will disappear. Perfectly harmless. No danger of any evil effect. The only risk is that your friends may make you smell one of the bombs yourself, if they catch you. Price, 10c. a box, or 3 for 25c.

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THE CROWN STYLO.

Made of aluminum, satin finish, guaranteed not to leak. This stylographic ink pen is made on a new plan. It cannot corrode and will outlast and outclass any similar writer, and is easily kept in order. Each one packed with a filler, and a clip to hold it in your vest pocket.

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The sensation of the day. Pronounced by all, the most baffling and scientific novelty out. Thousands have worked at it for hours without mastering it, still it can be done in two seconds by giving the links the proper twist, but unless you know how, the harder you twist them the tighter they grow. Price, 6c.; 3 for 15c.; one dozen, 50c., by mail, postpaid.

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The greatest sensation, just from Paris. A most wonderful effect of a smashing, breaking, falling pane or glass. It will electrify everybody. When you come home, slam the door shut and at the same time throw the house will at once seem to have been shattered. Price, by mail, postpaid, 35c., a set of six plates.

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THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS.

A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These liliputian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

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THE PEG JUMPER.

A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer ceases, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown.

Price, by mail, 15c.
J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.



DEAD SHOT SQUIRT PISTOL.

If you shoot a man with this "gun" he will be too mad to accept the ancient excuse—"I didn't know it was loaded." It loads easily with a full charge of water, and taking aim, press the rubber bulb at the butt of the pistol when a small stream of water is squirted into his face. The best thing to do then is to pocket your gun and run. There are "loads of fun" in this wicked little joker, which looks like a real revolver, trigger, cock, chambers, barrel and all. Price only 7c.; 4 for 25c.; one dozen 60c. by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn, N. Y.



THE HIDEOUS SPIDER.

Fun for everybody with one of these handsome brutes. His body is 3 inches long, beautifully enamelled green, with white ridges, yellow speckles, bulging eyes, and a big red mouth. He is armed with six legs and two upright feelers, made of flexible spiral springs. A dark, invisible thread attached to his body lets you shake him in the air before your friends' eyes, when the legs wiggle in a most natural, lifelike manner. Guaranteed to make any lady howl and to scare the bravest hero on earth out of his boots.

Price by mail, 10c. each.
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MINIATURE COMPASS CHARM.

A beautiful charm, to be worn on the watch chain. It consists of a true and perfect compass, to which is attached, by a pivot, a powerful magnifying glass. When not in use the magnifying glass fits closely inside the compass and is not seen. The compass is protected by a glass crystal, and is handsomely silver-nickel plated and burnished, presenting a very attractive appearance. Here you have a reliable compass, a powerful magnifying glass, and a handsome charm, all in one. It is a Parisian novelty, entirely new. Price, 25c. by mail, postpaid.

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"Secret Service"

NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1912.

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ITEMS WORTH READING

In some Chinese theatres the stage manager has an economical custom of employing dummy figures cut out of cardboard and the like to swell the ranks of the chorus without at the same time swelling the salary list.

Professor Boni, who has been investigating the ruins of the Domus Flavia on the Palatine, Rome, has discovered almost intact the pavement of the dining hall of the Emperor Domitian. It is about 100 feet square, of oriental granite and is bordered with Numidian marble. The pavement was the richest in any of the imperial palaces of the first century.

Thirty years ago the telephone list of New York was printed on a small card and contained the names of 252 subscribers. The new city directory has 630 pages, and instead of the small card is a book about a foot square and weighing two and a half pounds. The city edition alone, piled one book on another, would make a tower more than six miles high.

They are now making artificial marble with much success in Sicily. The manufactory is in the shadow of Mount Etna and there common blocks of sandstone are put in a tank containing volcanic asphalt and coal tar and boiled for thirty-six hours. The stones are then taken out and polished, and it is said that it takes an expert to tell them from black marble.

The Japanese language has no equivalent for our word "hell," but has the word "jigoku" instead. Jigoku consists of, first, eight immense hot hells, ranging one beneath the other in tiers. Each of these hells has sixteen additional hells outside its gates, like so many antechambers, so that there are in all 136 hot hells. Second, there are eight large cold hells, each with its sixteen ante-hells, making the same number of cold that there are of hot hells. Besides these 272 hot and cold hells for offenders of the common sort, the wily Japs have twenty mammoth "hells of utter darkness," into which will be consigned the spirits of children who take the name of Dal Butsa, or Great Buddha, in vain.

The expression "spiking guns" is a survival from the day when all that was necessary to put a gun out of action (provided, of course, that you had access to it) was a large nail or spike and a hammer. You simply drove the nail into the touch-hole at the breech. If the nail was long enough to turn round at the end of the bottom of the bore so much the better. It is just as simple, perhaps simpler, to put a modern gun out of action. All you want is a hammer. The breech block of the modern gun is held closed by screw threads. After the breech block is shut on the shell a turn of two or three inches engages the threads. By knocking a bar on these threads you prevent them engaging. Any attempt to fire the gun without the breech block being perfectly closed would, of course, be of material assistance to the enemy.

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS

Briggs—I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital, and have just got an acknowledgment from the authorities. Lofty—Were they pleased? Briggs—They wrote every little helped.

Mother (suspiciously)—If you haven't been in swimming, how did your hair get so wet? Little Dick—That's perspiration—runnin' away from bad boys wot wanted me to disobey you an' go in swimmin'!

Cholly (handling his friend's revolver gingerly)—I suppose now if this should go off while I'm holding it like this it would blow my brains out? His Friend—No, it wouldn't do that; but it would bore a hole clean through your head.

The Urchin (entering office)—Say, mister, don't you want a boy? The Man—What for? The Urchin—To pay \$4 a week to. The Man—For doing what? The Urchin—Why, for hanging 'round here all the week waiting for the \$4, sir.

"Of course," said the surgeon who had operated for appendicitis, "there will be a scar." "That's all right," replied the patient. "Leave any kind of a mark you like that will prevent some strange doctor from coming along and operating again."

Guest (to waiter)—I can't eat this soup. Waiter takes it away and brings another kind of soup. Guest—I can't eat this soup. Waiter, furious, calls proprietor. Proprietor (to guest)—Why can't you eat this soup? Guest (quietly)—Because I have no spoon.

Jinks—Minks's wife is a mighty clever little woman. If there were more women like her there would be fewer divorces. She knows how to keep the domestic machinery running smoothly. Did you hear what she gave her husband for a Christmas present? Binks—No, what was it? Jinks—A big leather-covered box containing 150,000 collar buttons.

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