

CHAPTER IV—Brockett falls into Yazi-moto's trap, a fight follows, Brockett coming out on top; Messenger McKane coming to rescue.

CHAPTER VIII—Brockett and Solano arrive in Jersey City; make appointment o meet McGlinity, the "Iron Man," base-hall manager.

CHAPTER XI-Kelly turns the money

CHAPTER XIII—On sleeper Clevel ound: the Baron detected in act of ing Solano's berth, jumps from tra

CHAPTER XVI-The Baron offers assist in recovering the stolen papers.

(Continued) CHAPTER XVIII.

Just what happened between the moment when the big negro brought out the money-belt and the moment when a full understanding of every-day affairs came back to Brockett and Solano, neither of those young men could fully detail. There had been a cyclone, closely followed by an earthquake, after which the roof had failen in, burying them under the timbers—at least, that was how they figured it all out when they began to sit up and take notice again. They found themselves in a dark, almost pitch-black region of obscurity and silence, with a wooden settee sustaining their weight and a stone floor echoing to the touch of their heels. They found them they had an almost prepared to the touch of their heels. They found them they had an almost pitch-black region of obscurity and silence, with a wooden settee sustaining their weight and a stone floor echoing to the touch of their heels. They found them they had an almost pitch-black region of obscurity and silence, with a wooden settee sustaining their weight and a stone floor echoing to the touch of their heels. They found them they had an almost pitch-black region of obscurity and silence, with a wooden settee sustaining their weight and a stone floor echoing to the touch of their heels. They found them they had an almost way and the wooden setter of the big nigger. I have a half-idea as to where we can little about ways and men ordered a hait, under the lee of a high board fence—the boundary of an inry, evil-looking yard.

Then we'll have a little talk about ways and then the boys walked through a valt for them elee of a high board fence—the boundary of an inry, evil-looking yard.

Then we'll have a little talk about ways and then walt of them well had helievin' soul outen some peolecomin' in heah, kee Lung from an inry, evil-looking yard.

Then we'll have a little talk about ways and then boys to be that youse are both livin'."

Then we'll have a little talk about ways and then boys of the boys walked through a yard filled with mud, bricks and wreckage of every imagin weight and a stone floor echoing to him. He's up against the dope—smokes the touch of their heels. They found hop regular—an' it won't be hard to dry bruised spots on their backs, ribs and shins demanded consolation other, but each of them felt himself strangely soiled and dirty.

"How do you find yourself, Ramon?"

what battered on the head; somewhat damaged in the ribs and knees; considerably mussed up as to clothing, and, apparently, in jail," re-turned the Cuban. "Otherwise I think I am all right and perfectly happy. Who pushed the building over on us,

anyhow? "I haven't the slightest idea." ruenegro, while you tried to seize the belt. Then things seemed to go 'round and 'round, and I began to look through a big telescope at the evening stars. Did things impress you that way?" "Pretty much so," Ramon answered.

"I distinctly remember having, one hand on that belt, and the other hand on that large black man's necktie.

Then somebody turned off the lights for an instant, turned them on again, much brighter than before, and then turned them off for keeps. I wonder

"Jail, I believe you hinted. Probably the best place for us—or for me, anyway, after scoring such a failure as this has been. I'm sorry I dragged

you into such a piece of foolishness."
"I came along entirely of my own accord," said the Cuban, "and I don't think we have made a failure of the expedition—not yet. We didn't get the belt away from that negro—true enough—but we are a great deal near-er to it than we were an hour before we saw him. There can't be many black men like that one; it's almost a certainty that the Chicago police know him and can locate him, and I think that when they find him he will be

willing to listen to reason."

—but how about making the posten to reason first, in regard to
ves and our affairs?"

I was a problem which required
ty deliberation, and the unlucky
mers had just started an anidiscussion when there was a
as of fron and a grating of bolta,
one turned an an electric light

mearby and the boys, blinking in the gleam, saw that they were the occupants of a dingy cell, perhaps eight feet long by five wide, and sumptuous ly furnished with a long wooden bench and an empty pail. The door was slowly opening, and the aperture framed the bulky figure of a sturdy Irish policeman, who chuckled good-humoredly as he gazed in upon the captives.

"Well, how do ye young divils feel after a little time to cool off?"

"Rather confused," replied Brockett, "He was simply told, in De-

happen to be here?" Have ye no memory at all?"

laughed the policeman "Almost none, officer. We can re-member things going 'round in circles and then someone shooing our senses away from us—nothing after that."

"I can believe ye," returned the of-ficer. "I was just walkin' State street, me and Flynn, me partner—I'm Hogan, an' the well-known, well-respected team is Hogan and Flynn, terrors to all evil-doers. Well, me lad, be that as it may, we were walkin' State street, not too far from Taylor, when we heard sounds indicatin' that Satan had bruit loose in a coon restaurant had bruk loose in a coon restaurant office flux four flowers in a coon restaurant. Dia-park. In we were just in time. Youse two Lon was on the floor, an half a dozen big nuban oung oung youse. Five minutes more an ye'd have both been fine subjects for the

> "Tell me," ventured Solano, "was there one great big fellow, twice the size of an ordinary man, among the crowd?

"Now ye remind me of it," said the policeman, "there surely was—big Sam Cruitt, the human elephant. Great big nigger, makes his livin' mostly by dis-tributin' ads for fake doctors and thievin' dentists. He was tryin', as near as we could judge, to keep the crowd off from youse two. Anyhow, he wasn't doin' nothin' to harm either was it does not not not not narm either was not youse, an' when we come in he backed out the rear door, nice an' quiet. Bad nigger is Sam, at times, but he didn't seem specially bad on

"Just the same," declared Brockett. "Just the same," declared Brockett,
"the trouble started because he had
stolen something of mine—or, rather,
had something of mine that another
man had stolen. A money belt, containing considerable cash and—well,

anyhow, containing all my money."

"He showed the belt in this restaurant," put in Solano, "and we, accidentally happening to be there at the time, naturally tried to take it away from him. Then, I suppose, they all

jumped on us."

"That they did, an' the only thing I'm surprised at," remarked the officer, "is that they didn't use their razors on ye. Bad lot of coons hang

razors on ye. Bad lot of coons nang 'round that place, I'm tellin' ye."

"We fully believe it," said Solano, with a grimace of pain. "But say, officer, how long have we been in here, and how long have we to stay?"

"Ye have been in only a matter of three heaves leds" replied the replice. three hours, lads," replied the policeman, "though I suppose it has seemed a week of Sundays. As to how long ye stay—well, ye haven't been booked yet. I'm not a bad judge of people when I see them, an' ye look all right

find him. Along after supper, lad we'll go out an' do the best we can.' was so dark in their new quarters that they could not see themselves or each twinkle in the big policeman's eye told that he fully understood their feel-ings. He shook hands with them re-assuringly, brought them a bundle of queried Brockett, stating to peer across a few inches of midnight gloom at his companion.

assuringly, brought the way the time, newspapers to while away the time, and then busied himself with the rought time of his report upon the day's events. The boys were buried in the printed columns, when a little packet of paper seemed to waft itself through the window by which they were sitting. The packet fell at Brockett's feet. As he caught it up Solano sprang for the window, peered eagerly

-and saw no one excepting two "I haven't the slightest idea," rue-fully responded Brockett. "All I can remember is making one grab at that negro, while you tried to seize the belt. Then things seemed to go 'round and' round, and I began to look through a sile. In the center of the package was a slip of cardboard, and written across this in the hieroglyphs Brockett had himself invented, were these

letterings:
"BA SH SH FA TC W HR 2BH HR E

POS PO POS FA FA TC HR E TO A
SH E TO BH SH PO POS WP E TO
PO TC E 2BH SH W."

"Keep original appointment. Delay
no longer," translated Brockett. "Tonight's fortunes then will decide
whether we can keep fatth as promwhether we can keep faith as promised or have to give it all up and admit ourselves utter failures!"

The day passed somewhat dragging-ly, for time flies with leaden pin-feath-ers when you are in a hurry. Brockett and Solano knew that they had little time left for action, and that if they failed to recover the messages now in possession of the big negro their jour-ney would abruptly end, an utter failure. Most of the afternoon and early evening was spent in discussing the giant black, and the chances of finding the documents still in his possession.

"I only hope," said Brockett, "that hasn" thrown away the available.

"I only hope," said Brockett, "that he hasn't thrown away the envelopes. He might very likely destroy them to make the chance of identifying the belt so much smaller, and to protect him in the possession of the money."

"Rather confused," replied Brockett, land "He was simply told, in De-instinctively arming to the big Irishman. "Tell us, won't you, how we was paid something to do it. He was the be here?" might remember us, all right, but would not be likely to remember anything about the message that he gave us. Quit fretting about the whole business. I firmly believe everything will work out all right, and that the lest envelopes will come back to you lost envelopes will come back to you before morning. Then we can hurry towards Mexico as fast as you may de-

Officers Hogan and Flynn-the latter Brockett. "Our black man may be in as big, as husky and as truly Irish as his partner—summoned the boys for the expedition that should spell absolute failure or a chance to retrieve lost fortunes. Both were in plain clothes, both were heavily armed, and both seemed to regard the evening's program as a rare bit of diversion. "Don't you worry, me lad," chuckled

Hogan, "we'll get your nagur before the stroke of twelve, an' we'll get the goods with him. He's no spendthrift nagur, that felly, an' he'll have pretty near al! your money still with him." "I'd be willing," said Brockett, "to let him keep the money if he'd give me back what else was in the belt."

"Let him kape nothin'," growled Flynn. "Wud ye encourage a chape nagur to unlawful doin's? Ye'd spoi! Flynn. him be lettin' him have money. We'll get him, an' the money too." Walking and chatting pleasantly,

the policemen led their companions over a side street, and into an alley that was blacker than a pail of tar. No moon was shining and the quartet



stumbled along, occasional smothered remarks of a thoroughly profane na-

nfronted them.

"You want smoke?" "Of course we do," Solano answered. The yellow man looked them over, conducted them up a hallway damp with mould, noisome with dirt and the smell of many nights of opium "cooking," and guided them into a room of considerable size. A mattress, gray with dirt, lay on the floor and on this mattress three men—two negroes and one white man—were stupidly reclining, while a peanut oil lamp burned on a bit of matting nearby, and a bamboo pipe was being passed from hand to hand. The sweet, penetrating, sickish smell of opium thickened the



quisitive, along the floor, and the wooers of the poppy-god, silent, lost in happiness, drowsed, smoked and drowsed again, contented in their horrible surroundings as monarchs in a

"Cheap, fella, hims," said the China man. "You want bunk, yes?"

Curtains of cheap, drab material masked wide stretches of the wall.

From behind these curtains came the hum of subdued conversation and the

Chinaman parted two strips of the drab cloth, and showed a bunk between the curtains and the wall. Brockett and Solano looked up and down the room. There was no sign of their quarry. The boys quietly entered the bunk which the Chinaman fell shrieking to the ground.

"Seems to be quite a collection of the collection o had assigned them, and their host quickly brought them the full para-phernalia of the column smoker's pas-

the yellow man, as the young fellows handed him a few silver coins. "You not can cook, me cook for you?"
"Not just yet," said Soleno. "Let

us rest a little-we are tired and need to stretch out awhile before we "All lite Vet get leady smoke call

me. I cook for you." And the heathen shuffled away to his eyrie near the door, where, with a mulatto woman, he alternately chatted softly and car up accounts on the age-old counting strings of the Mongolian race. "This is worth watching," whispered

one of those bunks, or he may come in at any time. We can stay here a little while before calling in our friends or going out again."

A voice came to them from a nearby bunk—a voice that they had heard before. Both boys started agitatedly as they recognized its thick, oily tone, but they restrained their impatience by gripping each other with firm

though shaking hands. "Ah done tole yo, mah fren'," came the voice, "dat dis heah place am haunted. Haunted by a ghos' wivout any haid. Dass right. Long time ago, dere was a man done been killed right heah. Dev cut off his haid, took de haid away wiv 'em, an' lest de body. Evah since den dis heah haidless man have done haunted de spot. Now an' den he comes right in heah an' scahes de smokehs silly. Now an' den yo'll see him in de yahd. Mah !!!'

and dehe, so he did."
"Don' yo' spose, Sam," quavered a
voice from an adjacent bunk, "as how
all dis was a joke? Summun might
have been foolin' an' projickin' roun'
jest to scahe folks silly, don' yo'

think? yet. I'm not a bad judge of people when I see them, an' ye look all right to me. In fact, I haven't a doubt of the truth of your story—ye, can explain the details further to me later. I'll take ye out of this, take ye upstairs where ye can wash up, an' then we'll have a little talk about ways an' means of recoverin' your property. Come along now—it's glad ye ought to be that youse are both livin'."

Washed and brushed up the boys

remarks of a thoroughly profane nature marking places where the stal-war "coppers" stubbed a toe or barked a shin. After penetrating the alley for perhaps 200 feet, the policemen ordered a halt, under the lee of a high board fence—the boundary of a livin' soul outen some people comin' in heah, Kee Lung runs out wiv a lamp an' a smokewagon. He seen de same ting—de haidless man—stannin' right longside de doohway.

Ye can? Then go to it."

The boys walked through a yard

The air thickened again with the Solano was just extricating himself from the narrow limits of the smoking-den, when there came the sound of a sudden struggle only a few feet away. Thumping blows, hoarse cries and then beckened them inside the away. Thumping blows, hoarse cries portals, shutting and bolting the door of surprise and rage, and the cracking behind them. Cat-footed, noiseless, he are a second and a second a and hands made up a startling mixture of noises. Heads protruded from the half dozen bunks around the room; the Chinaman and the mulatto woman rising from their chairs, came hurrying toward the scene of trouble—and then the curtains of one bunk were violently burst asunder. A writhing, fighting heap fell heavily to the floor, and a huge black man, extricating himself with a great heave of knees and sen with a great neave of knees and shoulders, rose up gigantic in the smoky room. Round his knees clung a smaller man, striving frantically to drag the giant down. Big Sam, with a beastlike snarl, drove his massive fist upon the head of the clinging enemy, but did not break him from his d. The smaller man tugged mad-big Sam, caught off balance, fell like a severed tree, and before he could rise something flashed in the blue murk of the room. Big Sam, with a hoarse gurgle, straightened out upon the floor. The little man sprang up, a knife in his blood-spattered hand, and reached quickly into the clothing of his victim. As he fumbled in the negro's pockets, the Chinaman struck him with a billet of wood, and the mulatto woman caught his knife-hand. The three dusky fighters rolled and grappled, upsetting the miserable fur-niture of the room, while another hideous uproar began outside the threshold, and a scream of "The ghost! The ghost!" mingled with in-sistent beatings on the panels.

Stepping clear as best he could from the struggle on the floor, Solano tore, away the bolt. A man and woman, white-faced, shricking, stumbled into the room—and at their heels came Flynn and Hogan, large, convincing pistols ready in their hands. Flynn shot his fist against the ear of the Chinaman, while Hogan, in most un-chivalric fashion, applied the gun-butt to the head of the mulatto woman. The writhing knot upon the floor re-solved itself into its proper factors, solved itself into its proper factors, and the little man whose knife had been driven into the body of big Sam rose, gaspingly. He drew his hand across his eyes to clear his brain and get his bearings—and then his gaze.

"Seems to be quite a collection of choice ghosts around here, me lads,"



wan, an' it's meself as made a fine spook by the door. Flynn an' me was standin' in th' shadows, waitin' for youse two to give the signal, when we see these two well-dressed work. was standin' in th' shadows, waitin' for youse two to give the signal, when we see these two well-dressed people comin' to th' door. As luck wud have it, I had taken off me hat an' was rubbin' me forehead with a handker-chief, when they chanced to spy me.

Forthwith they tuk me for the ghost.

TO HR TC E L."

Fad. scrawed upon the drift perfect.

these directly phase twich one quick clutch he twined his fingers in Brockett's collar, unbuttoned it, and jerked it from the shirt—"furthermore, boy, the laundry initials in this here collar is H. B. A TO 3BH PO FIR R TO E W TC Reckon you're the parties, all O. K. Come with me quietly—it'il be easier for you if you do." rubbin' me forehead with a handker-chief, when they chanced to spy me.

Fin TO SH TO HE
TO 3DH SH W III
Forthwith they tak me for the ghost

Flynn, after satisfying himself that the Filipino was unharmed save from fright and a few blows on the head, tied him up with strips torn from the sheets of a bunk. Hogan, bending over big Sam, drew from his pockets a



bunch of miscellaneous trinkets, policy slips and some crumpled currency
"No sign av your belt here, lads,

he announced, disappointedly "Look in the brown wan's pockets," suggested Flynn, and Brockett, thrusting eager hands into Aguilar's apparel, gave a shout of sheer delight as his fingers closed upon the well-rehis fingers closed upon the well-remembered leather. Out came the belt and the boys, with shaking hands, companion, that the Cuban had stolen opened its compartments. "Everything present for duty, lads?"

my money," replied the joyous Brock ett. "The big fellow probably spent that celebrating. I think I under-stand now just how a man feels when he has been pardoned on the morning of his hanging."

"I'm domined glad," heartily spoke Officer Hogan, while both policemen wrung the youngsters' hands. all done well this night, an' if we were drinkin' men it's sure some blowou we'd have for the occasion. What's that, me boy? Money? Ah, put it back. Put it back. The prizes we have gobbled this night are worth more to us than all the money ye could hand us, an' we were lookin' for no graft on this particular evenin'."

CHAPTER XXI.

The missing property safe in the hands of its rightful custodians through sheer good fortune, not through skill or Sherlock Holmes sagacity—and only a limited space of time remaining for the journey to the Rio Grande, it was only natural that the young messengers should wish to hurry on their road. They did not interrogate either the wounded negro or the captiva Filipino. much as they

would have desired to do so, for neith- do for offices of Flynn: that it was not the Filipino from whom the giant African had wrested the belt in the corridor of the hotel. How big Sam had fallen in with Aguilar, how the islander probed the secret of the negro's sudden affluence and how he ske keyward den affluence, and how he also learned of the more valuable contents of the belt—these were mysteries reserved for later solution. The boys were glad enough, under present circumstances, regain their property and be ca

their way.

They were standing near the sergeant's desk in the police station on the following morning, bidding goodbys to the big officers who haid done so much to aid them, when a little bunch of "harness bulls" came in, hustling a clump of intoxicated prisoners to the cells below. Two or three of the captives could hardly keen their of the captives could hardly keep their feet; the group swayed and weaved from side to side like some huge, from side to side like some huge, broken-legged animal, and the boys were almost trampled under the uncertain feet of the drunks and their guardians. As they broke ground to get free from the crowd, Brockett thought a hand sought his pocket, and, warned by the painful memory of recent happenings, snatched quickly at it. He caught nothing, Hur-TO DRAG THE GIANT DOWN.

partner was giving such aid as he could to the bleeding negro. "This little brown party seems to take ye for wan, an' it's meself as made a fine spook by the door. Flynn an' me

Flynn looked up from the prostrate negro. "The black boy isn't so badly stuck," said he. "Give him a little care an' he'll be fit as a fiddle in a week or so. How about the little brown wan? It was the brown wan that stuck the black wan, wasn't it, boys?"

Aguilar was still unconscious. He tossed and moaned upon the floor, and results and moaned upon the floor, and results and started on the same journey. No German nobleman, big, gruff, and devoted to his kaiser; no cat-like Japanese, no slinking Filipinos, were to be seen from smoker to diner, and no of the berths were made up early, there was no possibility of a concealed antagonist crouching behind the green curtains. After supper they Aguilar was still unconscious. He the green curtains. After supper they tossed and moaned upon the floor, and

Solano fished from some inner pock-

"Good idea," assented Solano, "except in emergency cases. Suppose a large, thick revolutionist, of the bonehead variety, asks you to give a quick account of yourself, and has a rifle pointed at you while he is asking? And suppose, also, that he gives you in Spanish, a time limit of two min utes to make good? Are you going to resurrect the book, begin with the sentence, 'The dog of my uncle has bitten the left leg of the cow belonging to my father,' and go down the pages till you find the proper sentence for the exigency?" tence for the exigency?"

Brockett chortled, to the intense annovance of an elderly lady across the aisle, and seized the book. He im-mersed himself in its pages till ten o'clock, when it was time for the first watch to begin—a duty which had fallen to Brockett by the flipping of a penny. Closing the book, he leaned back against the plush, resolved to keep his eyes open and give Solano a an indefinite space of time upon him and was already sound asleep.

"Everything present for duty, lads?"
uestioned Officer Hogan.
"Everything except about \$200 of the processing of the processing of the second of the processing of the process the half-fenced, half-cultivated fields—fired in the air to frighten the quarry of Arkansas; Solano was nodding in into surrender. However this might

hissing of slackened steam and a jar-ring stop announced arrival in the town of Little Rock. Gazing from the windows the boys were finding consid-erable amusement in the signs which told of racial segregation—such plac-ards, for example, as those upon a restaurant, "White Side," "Colored Side," and other marks of sharp dis-tinction, when half a dozen long, lean, clay-colored Arkansans came tramp-

The conductor preceded the group of Little Rock citizens, led them straight to the double seat where Brockett and Solano were reposing,

and halted abruptly.

"You two boys," said the leader of the Arkansans, impressively, "had better speak right out and tell me the ter speak right out and tell me the terms of truth. now. and nothing else.



names are Harry Brockett and Ramon



er authorities in Chicago to arrest and hold you two boys on complaint of some German feller—Baron Zollera, that's the name. Charge, stealing val-uable papers. Will you come over to the lockup nice and quiet, boys, or must we carry you?"

CHAPTER XXII.

"Yes, young fellers," the sheriff con-Solano fished from some inner pocket at iny Anglo-Spanish text-book, and urged its importance upon his companion. "You may need to know a few words of the language before very long," he insisted, "and now is as good a time to begin learning as any."

"Why not let me carry the book?" responded Brockett. "Then, if a Mexican starts any conversation, I can simply dig up the book and read him the proper answer."

"Yes, young fellers," the sheriff continued, "you stand accused of gettin' thined, be down by the next train to identify you, and, in the meanwhile, I'd jest better take charge of any papers or letters you two may be carryin'. Of curse, I ain't sayin' he's right and you're wrong. That's to be shown at the hearin' before the proper authorities. Anyway, I'll see if you are totin' ties. Anyway. I'll see if you are totin anything like what he claims taken from him."

The sheriff thrust an inquistive hand into the front of Brockett's shirt, and at the same identical moment that section of the car seemed filled with Brockett, as the sheriff bent forward. drove his knee savagely upward, and the sheriff, with a yowl of anguish and surprise, fell back, doubling up and going to the floor. His falling body completely blocked the aisle so far as his deputies were concerned, and there was really no reason why Solano should reach across the intervening space to smite one of the worthy Ar kansans upon the nose. He did, how-ever, and the deputy, falling upon his chief, made the progress of the con-stabulary doubly difficult. Before they could get the tangle cleared, both boys were out of the car, and were dash downward to the Little Rock station They were two good city blocks away and not losing any ground when the frartic sheriff and his men tumbled from the car, and a few minutes later they vanished into a jungly network

of Arkansas; Solano was houding to his seat, and Brockett was trying to absorb some more of the Anglo-Spansall, stocky boy, intensely Irish of general feature, stumbled against the state of the state gallant sheriff at this juncture, and for the second time in two minutes the valorous official sought the sod. Rising, he aimed a well-meant kick at the youngster, who was perhaps ten-feet away as the boot whizzed and then, realizing that the mishap was purely accidental, paid no further at-

tention to the newest disturber.
"Git after 'em!" he bellowed. "Hurry along there! What are ye all, anyhow? Hookworm cases? Git a move on!" And the deputies plunged pant-ingly in the mad pursuit of two active young men who had a start of at least a thousand feet and every incentive

(To he continued)

When you lose your temper, never find your tongue.