

mistakened.

MR. BROCKETT.

YOU HAVE BEEN

and see if he is lingering around."

left the threshold, he noted, with sur-

had not yet accustomed themselves to the unexpected gloom, when some-

CHAPTER IV.

right to add extra discomfort to his

jerking and heaving spasmodically, carromed against him, upsetting him for the third time just as he was re-

clutched the throat of the little man with fast-returning strength, and

trangled grimly, mercilessly, till the

Japanese lay limp and motionless, all the fight choked out of him. Then a

small, solid figure climbed off the legs

of the prostrate prisoner, and scurried in the direction of the street-

lamp. A moment later the light

gleamed out in all its pristine radi-

a chance to survey the scene of bat-

range, and then drove his foot crash-

but neither Mr. Yazimoto nor his ally seemed to have as much strength as a limp rag. Aided ably by Mike Mc-

Kane—the small but active partisan in the recent struggle—the boys managed to drag the captives inside the

parlor, and placed them side by side

upon a sofa. Mrs. Brockett and Bertha, after assuring themselves that

none of the three champions had received serious injury, sat fluttering and wide-eyed near the door, while Brockett interrogated the badly dam-

aged Yazimoto.

"Seems to me, Mr. Yazimoto,"
Brockett began, "that you owe me quite an explanation. What's the meaning of all this excitement, any-

Mr. Yazimoto looked up at his jail-

er, and then at his fellow-captive—a dark little man, as plainly Oriental as Yazimoto himself, but as plainly neither a Japanese nor a Chinaman.

"I make mistake, Mr. Brocke

ants, the fight was over.

MOST HONORABLY

GENEROUS.

Brockett and Solano exchanged

glances.
"This Japanese gentleman is cer-

tainly in search of trouble," exclaimed

letter.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER II-Brockett, Chula with some twenty other young-netice baseball playing until dark. Wilkins' stenographers is seen to paper to mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER III—As outcome of Brockett's cipher, the ball player and Solano are engaged by government for mysterlous mission. Yazimoto, mysterious Jap, calls on Brockett.

"There are, of these who are com petitor against me, some, whom I do not know by name definitely, who resort to means not wholly honest. I am sorry, much, that I say this of my own countrymen, but it is truth I tell you. I have reason to believe that my correspondence, both in Japanese and in English, is as you say it, held up, read by these not so honorable co petitors. So I have come to you, Mr. Brockett."

"To me? Why, what can I do for

'That shall now be told you, Mr. Brockett. I could now make use of some new, some very difficult corre-spondence cipher. If in English, that would be very good—my firm has at home most admirable English edu-cated clerks. Friends of mine tell me that you, Mr. Brockett, have devised such cipher. A cipher of most hon-orable excellence. If this cipher were to be adaptive to the use of commerce, I would pay well. I say, in fact, Mr. Brockett, I pay modestly high moneys. Suppose that you demonstrate for me the idea of your cipher. If it shall prove satisfactory for the commercial purpose, I pay you \$5,000. And, that I show I am a man of business, and that I do not waste the valuable time, I pay you, if satisfactory or no, \$500 that you only demonstrate for me the ideas of the cipher."

The smiling Japanese had drawn forth a thick, prosperous-looking wal-let, and was fumbling with it, when Brockett slowly, but emphatically shook his head.

"Mr. Yazimoto, you have been mis-informed. I cannot imagine where you gained your information, but it is wrong, completely wrong. I have no cipher for sale, and am sorry that I

cannot oblige you.' Mr. Yazimoto sighed as he replaced the portly pocketbook.

the portly pocketbook.

"I am deeply sorry, Mr. Brockett,
that you should lose the opportunity
for enlargement of fortunes. Perhaps
you will reconsider. Maybe I call upon you another time. I will bid you

The Japanese had hardly departed when Ramon Solano put in an appearance, much to the delight of the Brockett family, with whom the Cuban was a prime favorite. Greetings exchanged, the boys plunged promptly into the subject of mutual interest. Solano firing the first gun.

"No message yet from General

"Not yet. Just had an odd caller, cough."

"The Jap we saw talking with that the property of the mass and the could recognize the dark-ness, he could recognize the the dark-ness, he could recognize the the dark-ness.

stenographer last night? I passed him as I came in. Curious thing; when I cabled to Mark and, even in the darkness, he could recognize the features of Mr. Yazimoto, distorted with fury cabled to Havana this afternoon, he was beside me at the Western Uni office, and loaned me an ink-pencil." "He did? Was there anything spe-

"Nothing at all aside from informing my father that I would take an extra month for my vacation, begin-ning now. Even if he could have read vas in Spanish, too—the be of much value to him.

"Hardly. I am beginning to do some extensive thinking about that Jap, though. Listen to the proposition he made me ten minutes ago." And Brockett rapidly outlined the tempting

'Something doing, sure," commented Solano. "I can see one thing clear-ly. He fancied that you would sell him a dpulicate of your diamond cipher—though I cannot figure out how he could get in touch with that idea so Yes I can too. The stenogquickly. rapher! By the way, Harry, I forgot to tell you—I have seen that girl chatting with this same Japanese two pr three times. You remember that when we saw them together I was trying to recall some place, some occasion, when I had noticed one or both of

"Looks as if we would have to watch out for Mr. Yazimoto. He may try some jiu jitsu tricks if he really wants to get that cipher."

Quite likely, Harry. Do you know

anything about jiu jitsu?"
"Only what I have read. I have always believed that a good American swing to the jaw would discount all the jiu jitsu in the world, and, if that wouldn't be enough, I learned a few wrestling tricks from an old grappler some months ago. Nevertheless, I will watch out for the Yazimoto man. He must mean trouble

The bell rang, and Harry, eagerly responding, welcomed a sturdy, headed cherub of fifteen—Mike Kane, a well-liked, much-trusted de partment messenger, and an especial favorite with General Cole. The boy held, in a boa-constrictor clutch, athick envelope, which he surrendered to Brockett with a grunt of satisfac-

"The old man," explained the messenger, "told me to give this to you yerself, and nobody else. You didn't tell no Japanese guy to relay the letter to youse, did you?"

"Why, no-not in a hundred years.
What do you mass. Mickey?"

Then a smile, a really pleasant, amiable smile, overspread his bruised

Most mistortunate error. I pian non-orably well, but this boy, this small disarrange plans excellently

"Surest thing you know, pal," approved Mike McKane, gleefully. "I'm the disarranging kid when I get start-

ed."
I had suppose," Mr. Yazimoto went on, "that there was excellent chance that you might step from doorway during evening. You did so, with exactitude. With the honorable assistance of my friend—we not necessitate to mention his name. I style sitate to mention his name—I strike you, not serious, not with brutalness. There was not, I honorably assure you, the desire to kill or cause most unfortunate inconvenience. I trust you will accord me the honor of frank 1en youse just now it was, Harry. I'm just comin' up yer steps, when a Japanese guy stops me. 'Ah, boy,'

"Why, with pleasure, Mr. Yazimo-to," laughed Brockett. "Go on with your story."

says he, 'have you a message for Mr. Brockett? He has asked me to receive it for him.' Mr. Yazimoto smiled amicably again. "I take, as you say in honorable dis-course, the long chance. Also I do— 'He gits it himself, an' no one else I hear your collegians speak thus— the rough stuff that I may accomcan horn in, says I, an hurried on quick. I thought he was goin ter make a jump fer me, but mebbe I was Anyhow, here's yer

required to do.' documents, from my pocket, and thought they would doubtless be in that pocket when I stepped out into

the dark." You speak of perfect knowledge, Mr. Brockett. So we make you in the unconscious condition, using no force greater than essential. But be-fore we can take what we required from your pockets, we are attacked. We are overpowered. I, myself, am expert in the jiu jutsu; but while I am occupied seeking for your pocket this boy, this young Samurai, for he most honorably great as a fighting man, spring upon me, seize me by the ankles, and throw me prostrate, so that the jiu jitsu cannot aid me." Mike McKane gurgled gleefully.

That's one trick youse overlooked, Mr. Yazzy," he chuckled. "You get a guy round the ankles, an' give him one jerk—why, say, a baby could throw Jack Johnson! One kid in New York did sling Jack Johnson that way, "Simple enough," remarked Brocka little newsboy—aw, say, 'scuse me, Harry. I'm hornin' in on yer game." Mr. Yazimoto eyed the stocky mes-

senger, not at all resentfully. "It was honorably so, as the boy explain. I shall remember that attack-some time I may make estimable use of it. I am thrown down with this assault of the boy, Mr. Brockett—

then you return to sensibleness, and I am with great speediness defeated." "How about your friend, Mr. Yazi-Brockett opened the door, and stepped out into the darkness. As he put in Solano. "He didn't have any jiu jitsu ready for prise, that the city lamp which was supposed to burn directly in front of I followed Mickey through the door; your partner tried to stop me, and one good kick brought him down the building was unlighted. His eyes in a heap. Couldn't you have picked

thing seemed to snap and waitr the wide of his head, his feet were atruck from under him, and he sank upon his associate, who had not opened his mouth since entering the house, and was simply nursing his

bruises.

"My friend," said the Japanese, "is not what you would say of expertness in personal encounter. With the bolo, possibly, he should do admirably well,

When Brockett's senses returned, but he has not of sufficient skill for

his head was humming and buzzing, while strange, confused noises seemed to struggle with one another for the "He's no Jap, all right," commented dazed and throbbing brain. He pulled himself to his knees, and was imme-Mike McKane, studying the silent pris-"No. Not of Nippon," exclaimed Mr.

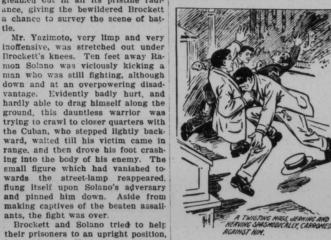
diately tumbled down again by the fall of some heavy body across his back. A vigorously kicking foot, at-Yazimoto. "He is of long long dura-tion my friend, however, and for many reasons he is in accompaniment with tached to a scuirming leg, caught him me this evening. in the side, and helped to drive the dizziness away. A twisting mass,

"Filipino, I should judge," re marked Solano. "Let me talk to him." The Cuban spoke briefly but emphatically in Spanish, and the prisoner returned a short and equally emphatic answer. Solano looked somewhat crest-fallen as he translated.

"H says," interpreted the Cuban young ter, "that he has no informa-tion to give me; that Mr. Yazimoto can do all the talking necessary, and that I am a renegade and a dog to be mixed up with Yankee pigs."

There was a general laugh, in which Mr. Yazimoto joined as heartily as anyone. Then the Japanese looked up at Brockett with a quizzical air.

"The explanations are honorably ished, Mr. Brockett. You have now the fullest comprehension of the com-



edings. It is now to ask what shall you, being victorious, do with us, being honorably defeated?"
"I suppose," responded Brockett, "that we ought to have you run in. Still, that might cause unpleasant complications. I don't care to have the morning papers—and everyone who reads them—fully posted as to the reasons for your attack upon me, Yazimoto. On careful considera-

tempted to let you go. Don't you think that would be best, Ramon?" The Cuban gave unqualified assent. "They didn't get what they were after, Harry, and they did get a trimming that they won't forget in a hur-ry. Let them be on their way, and in

tion of the whole affair, I am strongly

"Good-night, Mr. Yazimoto, Come

again."

The Filipino limped sullenly away. but Mr. Yazimoto turned, with a smile that illuminated his scarred face for "I can use that bat." answered badly he had been battered in the fight, went painfully beside him. The Filipino was evidently sore of mind as but Mr. Yazimoto turned, with a smile that illuminated his scarred face for "I can use that bat." answered tered objurgations in Spanish. Ta-

an instant.
"Good-night, Mr. Brocket! You have been most honorably generous. It | bet made.' may be so, sometime, I have excellent

opportunity to repay. Good-night."

departed, Brockett and Solano pro-ceeded to investigate the thick en-velope which Mike McKane had lowed and brought them. The messenger sat by
—a wise little owl and a loyal one—
while Mrs. Brockett and Bertha fluttered to and fro, still more or less excited by the events of the evening.

first brought to light, and then a let-ter, penned in the firm hand of Chief Wilkins. Another sheet was next opened, revealing the handwriting of General Cole, which was not unfamiliar to young Brockett. Both boys miliar to young Brockett. Both boys amount to rather more money than Brockett had ever handled, even in his family's more affluent days. There

them. "No chance for any treachery there," remarked Solano, as Chief Wilplish the honorable purpose. You understand, I have nothing of doubt, my ble. "If your stenographer counted wish. I must accomplish what I am on getting a copy of this particular

document, she loses. "I understand you perfectly, Mr. azimoto. You wanted to get certain and then whistled in surprise. Excepting a few unimportant sentences at the beginning and the close of the letters, both were in his own cipher. and even the addresses upon two smaller envelopes folded between the sheets were in the same hieroglyphic script. Harry rapidly read through Chief Winkins' letter, and found it to be as follows:

"TO TC A TC W W TC BB A TC WE HRE 2BH WP TC Fin BB HR PO PO 2BH TC AB WP Pos L R HR W R Fin HR TO TC Fin L Pos W TC Fin TO SH Pos L R Pos E AB SH TO W Pos T SH PO SH BH BB HR TO 3BH HR E Boston BH Pos WP L TO TC W Pos E R 3BH TC E TC 2BH Pos PO BB 3BH SH W SH WP TC Fin BB HR PO PO SB HR E BH 2BH TC A SH SO SH L TO SH W Pos PO 2BH HR T SH 3BH HR A PO SH TO TO SH W PB R HR FA 3BH SH W

ett as he finished the letter. "Tomor-row morning, you will go by as circuitous a route as can be traveled within eight days to Rancho Nogal, where you will find Gomez Esteral. Give him letter and cipher key. Bring reply.'

"Easily understood," commented Solano. "We can doubtless find Rancho Nogal on the maps, and we are to go there by as roundabout a road as possible—within a limited space of time. Reasons for the circuitous journey are easily seen. Our tropical friends, the little brown men, might be trailing us.

What does the general say?' "His letter is short and to the oint," answered Brockett, spreading out the screed, worded in this fash-

Pos TO SH PO FA Pos L TC 2BH HR T SH PO SH TO TO SH W PB BA SH WP TO TC R TC PO TC E SH PO PO SH BB 3BH L Brooklyn R Pos T pos PO W WP."

"'At El Paso, give letter and key to Colonel Lewis, Sixth cavalry.' Simple enough, but do we see the colonel our way there, or coming back?"
"Probably left to our own judgment

and convenience," answered Solano. Now, then, let's locate Rancho No

gal. "I think I have found the place Harry," spoke up Bertha 'While you were reading the last message, I glanced along the map of the Mexican border—good thing we have an atlas—and located Rancho Nogal. It seems to be a small station, per haps ten miles south of Presidio de Norte. in Chihuahua.'

"Some names, them," remarked Mike McKane. "Howinell will I ever

get the hang uv 'em?"

"You, Mickey," laughed Solano. "For

"Forgit nothin'." replied the mes nger boy. "I gotto learn 'em just the same as youse two.' w do you figure that out queried the amused Brockett

The stubby messenger grinned back "Because I'm goin' along wit' youse two. See? I got in on this thing st far, an' it looks better'n all the Old Sleuth an' Nick Carter stuff that was how, I'll bring them over in the

I'll follow anyhow, an' reskoo youse "Well, then, let's return to discussin two ginks when the enemy has got our route. Question before the house ouse by a toehold."

Mr. McKane's declaration, natural eight days, and yet to cover as large If the second with hilarious laugh ter. "Not a chance, Mickey, not a chance, Mickey, not chance," cried Brockett. "You couldn" as we can." chance," cried Brockett. "You couldn' get away without losing your job, for one thing; for another, you'd go broke before you had traveled two hundres miles, and, finally, if you ever did manage to get as far as Mexico, they'd shoot you for a monkey."

shower any time, " shawer any time," and Solano.

ever pulled. You gotta take me in, for imorning.'
I'm goin'. If youse don't count me in "Sound"

manage to get as iar as short shoot you for a monkey."

"I'll take me chances, any time," resume your journey."

"The idea is excelled the messenger. "As for the little was a short monkey part of it, look out youse two "We could give even your esteemed ain't put on exhibition in a cage. And chief the slip in New York, I believe. as fer me, never worry. I'm a-goin'. Then go north into Canada, west to I can see, plain enough, youse two chicago, and keep turning on our don't want me along. That's all right tracks—with due regard to the passain't kickin'. Maybe the chie: age of time—and so regulate our trav-ouldn't stand for no three in a bunch els as to arrive on the Mexican border I ain't kickin'. where he only counts on two, so I got one day inside the time limit. Doesn't where he only counts on two, so I gol nothin' tuh say. But youse two guys just watch. Just keep your lamps open when youse is down among the greasers, an' see if Mickey the Marvelous Messenger ain't campin' on your trail! I gotta be goin' now Good-night, Mrs. Brockett. Good-night Miss Bert. I'll see youse two heroes a little later."

"Great kid that," laughed Brockett acquiesced. "We will make New York the real starting place of our adventures, then. How early can you get up tomorrow?"

"I will rout you out of bed at six," asserted the Cuban. "Better set the alarm so that I won't frighten you all to death when I begin to ring."

And, with a few cheery bits of non-sense as parting sallies. Solano start-

as the sound of Mike's footsteps died away. "I only wish we could take him along. He might be useful."
Ramon Solano smiled, and his black eyes danced with humor.

And, with a rew cheery bits of homes as parting sallies, Solano started home, leaving Brockett to a final study of the cipher-penned instructions.

"Harry, I have a bat that you have wanted for the last two seasons—a bat made of Cuban hardwood, and one Mr. Yazimoto, carefully dusting his hurry."

that can't be broken. You have a clothes till hardly a trace of the reball that the great Delehanty gave you the door, and dismissed them with a the week before he died. I'll risk that the darkness, while his companion, bat against that ball that Mickey turns up somewhere along the road, and makes good on all he said. Let we the said the said that the said tha

Brockert, "and that seems an easy galog, and curiously mingled malects way to get it. All right—consider the of the far east. Mr. Yazimoto, how-

bet made."

whet made."

yhe particular parameter the solution of the server, was philosophical. The little parames bore a swollen lip and one of his eyes was almost closed, but he genine almost cheerfully as the exercations of his friend came sputtering to his ears.

"Patience, my dear Senor Aguilar,"

"Patience, my dear Senor Aguilar,"

"Treasurer"

Discussion of the route to be followed and of the outfits needful for the trip occupied the youngsters till late into the night. It was promptly the Mrs. Brockett and Bertha flutered to and fro, still more or less exited by the events of the evening.

A packet of yellow-backed bills was larst brought to light, and then a letter thank the product of the produc the earlier stages of the trip. The packet of yellow-backed bills, of course, was counted up, and found to



ett attempted to make an equitable on, only to be negatived by the

Cuban.

"Keep it all," said Solano. "I will take as much with me. Remember, this is my vacation, my summer holi-

day. Your government cannot pay my expenses. No, no. I won't take it."

"Have your own way," Brockett answered. "I know I cannot make you accept anything when you are so anxwered. "I know I cannot make you accept anything when you are so anxwered."

"The judgment of the honorable Herr," purred Mr. Yazimoto, "is equalled by nothing except the unworthiness of his regretful associates. He gives most admirable judgings—whave, as he so intellectually speaks, the second way."

TWO HEROES A

LITTLE LATER

25-caliber, steel-jacketed ball-small,

of course, but with plenty of pen-

"Sounds great to me." said Brockett.

"The idea is excellent," said Solano.

CHAPTER VI.

accept anything when you are so anxious to spend your own money. Don't you think we should, at least, arm ourselves before starting? We can get horses and heavy weapons in Texas or New Mexico, but how about a small revolver, or something of the sort, to carry when we leave here? We may not have seen the last of Mr. Yazimoto and his Filipino friend." "Exactly." assented Solano. "I think I have just what we need. I happen to own two curious little french plistols. They are four-shot guns, perfectly flat—half an inch at the thickest part. Instead of having a revolving cylinder, they have a four-barrel device, one above another, and it automatically rises as each shot is fired, bringing a fresh cartridge in line with the muzzle. They throw a little with the muzzle. They throw a little of manifesd reasons! Haf I nod broberly disblayed de bicture? Ha ha ha—I beg off you, bardon de laughings." erly disblayed de bicture? Ha ha ha-

I beg off you, bardon de laughings!"

Mr. Yazimoto's amiability remained unruffled, although Senor Aguilar "The Herr Baron," smiled Mr. Yazimoto, "might have even been honorably present, it is with such correctness of description that he speaks. It was not the admirable fortune of Herr Baron, however, to have participation in the notable combat, and of consequence there was not the fascination of seeing one honorable elephant roll upon the much-annoying pavement. It

is of deep regret, most truthfully."

The huge German laughed again, the same beef-shaking quake of the interior departments.

de few vot haf de real abbreciation of gomedy. Our Vilibino frent—ach, humor iss defichient in his gombosichun. Ah, vell—vorget it. Led us to bitzness he attentif. I chudge dot you hat agomblished nodings mit de young man? Haf you any babers, documents, goot news of any kind for de day's

"Exhibit One," said Mr. Yazimoto drawing a few folds of paper from an inside pocket, "is a carbon-copy of most curious sentences, written by the honorable youth at his employment-place, and for me secured by the most excellent Miss Lawson. After examination of exceeding briefness I am force to think this only joke, and not importance in the least of measure."

The German glanced over the first "exhibit" and confirmed his colleague's verdict with an emphatic nod.

"De poy iss vise as veil as forci-le," he commented. "Vot else?" "A copy of an insignificant message sent to Cuba by the friend of the young Mr. Brockett. It is of no ap parent value, excepting to show that this other young man, one Solano



goes with the honorably youthful

"Dis Solano-he iss-

"Of the Cuban nation, Herr Baron. He is of richness, remarkably much."
"Und id vas dis Solano dot bersonally attend to de shastizings of our

oxbression dot come ubon de face of chuned. Ha ha! Haf I read Cherlock

remarked Mr. Yazimoto, in the gen-tlest of tones, "is of the greatest of

the Orientals passed inside.

few chairs and a mission table, strewn with maps and plans. Beside the ta-

a gigantic morris chair, sat a moun-

the stocky Asiatics as they paused be-

fore him. Bushy gray eyebrows, a thick white mustache, and a bald head

those who serve the War-lord have to

The big German surveyed the bat-

tered Asiatics grimly and half quiz-zically. "My vrendts," he chuckled, "chudging by der ocular efidence, you

There was a faint tapping upon the door; the negro attendant stepped silently to his post, and Miss Lawson— the stenographer of the secret service office—was admitted. honorable necessity. In the life of the man who follows the admirable pur-suit of trade, patience must be of a

"Goot efening, Mees Lawson," the German greeted her. "Ve are re-choiced dot ve now again beholt you. Haf you goot news for us?"
"Was the carbon copy that I gave

mingling commensurate with great judgment. Should not the man who makes transactions in the honorable affairs of nations be restrain doubly his emotions and his notable adjec-Mr. Yazimoto of any value? No? That young Brockett is shrewder than I thought. Here is a bit of information, though, that may be worth your time: young Brockett goes away from Washington tomorrow, on some sort of secret mission, and one of considreply seemed to indicate that he was almost wholly lacking in the desirable quality so strongly advocated by his erable importance, I should judge. He colleague. He gave free rein to his takes with him certain messages in a new cipher—a cipher that the chief thinks will be absolutely incapable of sentiments as they paced along, and only intermitted his remarks when they turned into a side street and stepped quickly into the basement areaway of a substantial brownstone house. Mr. Yazimoto knocked lightly translation by anyone unprovided with a key."
"Und dot key, my dear Mees Law-

son?

twice; the door opened without noise or the preliminary rattle of bolts, and "That, Baron Zollern, is something that will be hard to obtain.

"Undoubtedly, Mees Lawson. But de remunerachun—dot vill be vorth de drouble."

"I sincerely hope so, Baron. I wouldn't care to take long chances otherwise." A black man ushered them into a small room, sparsely furnished with a

ble, his huge frame resting at ease in otherwise.' "Have you obtained knowledge of real accuracy, Miss Lawson," spoke up Mr. Yazimoto, "of the time when tain of a man—a portly German, so vast in every measurement that his seated figure seemed to tower above the so trustworthy Mr. Brockett goes

away, or of the route over which he is with orders to make the journeying?' of enormous brain capacity made up the impressive total—a mammoth of a man and a deep thinker, such as "No, Mr. Yazimoto, excepting that he will go early tomorrow morning, that he will have Mr. Ramon Solano

as his traveling companion, and that

he will have secret documents in the new cipher in his possession."

"De knowledge iss amply shuffichent," said Baron Zollern. "It iss imberatife und essenchul dot ve bossess oursellufs of de cipher und de messages derein. De fate of nachuns —ein, zwei, drei—ach, Gott, mohr as



dot-de fate of half de vorld may be by dose messages involved. Tomorrow, ve must vatch and follow dis young man und his frent-und by de efening after, ve must haf de cipher

"How do you expect-by means—how can you trap him?"
queried Miss Lawson, wonderingly,
The huge German grinned amiably, but the quizzical good humor was fad-ing from his face. "Dot shall be of small difficulty,

my dear Mees Lawson. Ve vill get him, und ve cannot be barticular as to de vay. It may be radder sefere for him und his frent. Senor Solano, but

And the Filipino, Aguilar, still nursing his bruises smiled venomously as the baron spoke. Mr. Yazimoto hesitated, seemed about to speak, and then subsided as Miss Lawson opened a lit-

tle silver mesh-bag.
"I almost forgot something, baron. This little scrap of paper, I think, must contain a bit of the cipher, though it is probably too small to be

of actual value. I found it near Chief Wilkins' desk." Baron Zollern took the bit of pape: and stared at it with wrinkled brows, while Aguilar and Yazimoto bent over

"A SH L L Pos 2BH SH TC E DB Pos WP W SH L Fin PO TO L Pos E HB HR TC Fin L PO WP Pos BB Pos HR TO SH BH.

The great German scowled till his thick white eyebrows almost joined together. "I haf seen many ciphers Und many addempts at ciphers. Aber dis ist de master of dem all. My frents, it matters nod how do ting is in de bossession of dis young man, und de messaches he carries, irresbec tife of de vays und means!

Solano must have conspired with the sun, for he appeared at Brockett's home the next morning before the day had fairly dawned. The Caday had fairly dawned. however—Harry had been stirring ic ban was unable to surprise his friend, an hour, and was fully equipped for the journey when Ramon's ring was heard. Farewells were culcilly said, Mrs. Brockett and Bertha brace.7 struggling to keep back the tears that insisted on coming to the surface, and insisted on coming to the surface, and the youngsters were soon upon their way—messengers of peace or war, guardians of a nation's secret docu-ments, and keepers of a cipher that was destined to bewilder the ablest

interpreters of Germany and of Japan.
Brockett had figured on catching the earliest morning train to New York, and the boys further agreed that, instead of riding clear through to the new terminals in the metropolis, they would drop off in Jersey City, spend an hour in circling round that busy burg, and then take one of the ferries to Manhattan, thus baffling any enemies who might be tipped to await them at the great railroad station. They were blocking out additional plans when they were suddenly in-

(To be continued)