out, while Solano, after declaring that his friend was a base-born idiot, that the umpires were a porch-climber and

boy turned and looked into the grim, weather-beaten face of Iron Man Joe

"You're young Brockett, the college

McGinnity.

day, will you?"

astray.

Solano's eyes telegraphed a mes

once more to the shelter of the crowd.

that ball park it's a certainty that Mr.

have remembered me. I wish he had fanned me three trips on nine pitched balls."

clutched it tightly.

PO PO TC TC BA SE TC W.BA SH PO PO WP."

away.

SYNOPSIS.

(Continued)

tercepted of a suge man of rather more than middle age—a gigantic German, white of mustache and shaggy as to brows—a Bismarck come to life, and doubled in his bulky power.

The immense German came lottering down the street almost described.

ing down the street, almost deserted at this early hour, and almost collided with Solano. The Cuban respectfully tepped to permit the old gentle man's passage, and the massive German, walking painfully, uncertainly, as though troubled with rebellious feet; staggered almost into the gutter. Regaining his balance, he beamed upon the youngsters, who had advanced with ready hands to aid him, and leaned for an instant upon Brock-ett's shoulder.

"I tank you, young man, for de elp," spoke the German. "Ach, but help," spoke the German. "Ach, but it iss bad ven you grow old; und de abbroach of age tells on de bones! Son, I belief mein tie iss disarranched. Vill you atchust it?"

Brockett promptly began a process of first aid to the injured tie, when the huge German, seizing him with a hand whose grip showed no trace of feeble age, emitted a loud bellow of "Bolice! Bolice! Robbers, robbers!"

The astounded Brockett strove to brock the side of th

The astounded Brockett strove to break loose from the old man's grasp, but the German's clutch was one of steel. Strong men, athletes of renowa, had tried that deadly wrestle in old days in the Fatheriand. The Baron Zollern had been a man of might in Prussia, and round the campfires of the German army they still tell stories of his tremendous deeds. Brockett was a powerful youngster. Brockett was a powerful youngster, and an athlete in good training, but in that bearlike clutch he was like a child. Solano rushed to the assist-ance of his captured friend; the baron shoved him away with the open palm of his disengaged hand, and once more that hoarse yell of "Bolice, Bolice!"

out upon the morning air.
whistle blew in the distance, and here came the clattering sound of heavy feet coming upon the rapid run. A stalwart officer rushed up, took in the apparent situation at a glance, and laid a detaining hand on Brock-

liceman queried.
"Vy," answered Baron Zollern, "dis young man adempted to rob me. He tried to seize de diamond pin in my tie, und he snatched a bocketbook from out my coat. See, here it iss!"
The baron's hand shot lightning fast into Brockett's inside pocket, and

emerged clutching a small, thin wal-let. Baron Zollern was not only a Hercules and an able general, but something of a master in the art of legerdemain.

"Dere iss my bocketbook, officer. Und, if I was not mistaken, he has also taken from me some bapers—an

enfelope, vich gontains documents of much imbortance. Vill you hold him, und look oudt for his frent, vile I recover my bapers?"
Solano was already moving forward, with a yague notion of an attack upon the policeman, when there was another clatter of feet from the was another clatter of feet from the rear. A second policeman was com-ing up. Halting about twenty feet away, this officer took stock of the conditions and, grimning cheerfully, awaited the call of his partner.

to the policemen—who seemed a seal-ous but particularly thick-headed pair —would be worse than useless. They uld simply arrest the boys and, un would simply arrest the boys and, un-doubtedly, permit the baron to go up-on his way with whatever plunder he could find upon his captives. The baron's searching hand was again thrusting eagerly into his inside coatpocket—which, as it chaned, contained nothing but a few letters and wholly worthless objects. He would find nothing there, but his search, aided by the policeman at his side, would be a thorough one.

"Til give you your papers, sir,"
poke up the prisoner. "Will you let
se off if I hand them over?"
The baron smiled benevolently. "I
ear dot I yould be gombounding a

ay mit you if de gase efer game to drial. Vere iss my bapers?"

Brockett began fumbling in his

putied savagery.

The huge German, with a roar of surprise and helpless rage, toppled backward, landing on the base of his spine with a crash that fairly shook the street. Brokett, regaining his feet at once, made a half turn, and darted while the astounded policeman, naking one wild clutch in the air, managed to catch his toe against the prostrate form of the baron, and fell heavily upon him. The grunt with which the baron hailed the advent of the officer upon his stomach was a



fitting anti-climax to the thud of his

ROBBERS!"

Solano dashed after his friend, but the second policeman sprang eagerly to intercept him. Brockett, glancing back in full flight, saw the predica-ment of the Cuban, and, halting for an instant, shouted, "Slide, Ramon,

slide!" Solano went to the pavement in a compact, moving mass, and shot along the stones, feet first. The oncoming shoes caught the policeman on the legs. He rose like some light and joyous bird, shot through the air with a howl of dismay, and joined the popular assembly on the stony ground. Before any of the three fallen men could pull his senses together or even struggle to his feet, Brockett and Solano has twenty to the property of the train to reach the west-shore train our clothes dusty. If anyone is fool enough to rush out after us, we have him spotted—if he stays on the train we have a lot more chance to get away before he can land in the station." had turned the nearest corner, dedged-up an alley, and headed down a side street. As they ran they heard hoarse their wind.

"I'm sorry for the big German," remarked Brockett. "That bump will keep him in bed a week, if it doesn't cripple him for life. It's a victous trick, a devil's own bit of work, but I couldn't see any other chance. What



"SLIDE, RAMON SLIDE!"

low's head. I'd like to know? returned enough. It's a dollar to a crushed lemon that our Japanese friend was waiting round the next corner to grab the papers, and I'd risk a little some-thing that those policemen were planted ahead of time where they could come forward in a hurry.'

"You slid beautifully, laughed Brockett as they

of shins that were hospital. Honestly, a brute if it wasn't

CHAPTER VIII.

The journey north was made without special incident, and the time was
spent in figuring out as complex and
ramified a route as possible. With
railread maps and time tables, the
boys outlined a tour that would twist
and turn like a collection of S's, and
yet, even with due allowance for delayed trains and possible intervals on
foot or on horseback, would land them
at Rancho Nogal within the time
limit set by their superiors. Neither
of the youngsters was so optimistic
as to expect a smooth, uninterrupted If the youngsters was so optimistic as to expect a smooth, uninterrupted journey, and each, as he speculated upon the chance of trouble, was mentally thankful for the presence of the strong, nervy, capable youth beside by turned and looked into the grim, weather-heaten face of Iron Man Joe

hand, drew out a pencil, and began marking down a few lines of connec-tion, when the Cuban, with one quick jerk, wrested the pencil from his hand. "Harry, you need a guardian. Your mentality is just about fit for the dotty-house." marking down a few lines of connection, when the Cuban, with one quick jerk, wrested the pencil from his hand.

"Harry, you need a guardian. Your mentality is just about fit for the dotty-house."

"Why, what's agitating you?" queried Brockett, astounded and somewhat jarred. The Cuban smiled derisively.

"You're young Brockett, the college slugger, aren't you?" growled the Iron Man, in what he meant for an amiable and conciliatory tone. "Uh hub. I thought so. You see, son, I don't often forget faces, specially when don't often forget faces, specially when I don't often forget fa

risively. "You should know better, Harry, than to mark out our real route on any map or sheet of paper. We don't believe, of course, that there is anyone on this train who is on our track -and vet our best policy is to believe it up to the minute we reach Jersey City. Just for an experiment, we'll say, I have an idea."

"Why not have it toasted, with mayonnaise on the side? I'm hungry enough to eat it."

"Well, the African brother just announced that lunch am now selved in de dining can ahaid." Let's go in to take up the game you don't have to take up the game you don't have to take up the game you don't have the same you don't have the same you don't have to take up the game you don't have to take up the game you don't have to take up the game you don't have the same the same you don't have the same the partonage of the game and stammered, while Solano's eyes be spoke chagrin and apprehension. in de dining can ahaid.' Let's go in and punish the provender. And now—watch, please, without appearing to do so. Notice the way I lay these maps upon the seat. Notice, also, that I take this little postage stamp, fold it, and gum it with one-haif on each page of this time-table. Anyone who opens the time-table tears the postage stamp. Now, let's go and attend to the rations."

The boys did full justice to their The boys did full justice to their

lunch, and sauntered back to their seats. Their maps and papers lay apparently undisturbed, but Solano contracted his black eyebrows signifi-cantly as he examined the time-table.

It had been opened, and the binding stamp had been torn in two. "Still after us, old man," remarked the Cuban. "No, no, don't fasten any Sherlock Holmes gaze upon the other passengers. Don't show a sign of surprise or worry. That would be play-ing right into their hand. Listen, now: when we reach Jersey City, let's make a lightning exit without waiting for the train to reach the west-shore

station."
"Wish we had hopped off at Philiadelphia," sighed Brockett. "In a city of that size we might have made a bellowings, the shrilling of whistles, and the thudding of clubs upon the pavement, but the sounds grew fainter, faded to a whisper and died away. The boys pulled up in the shadow of a flat-building, and regained.

The world was a street of the burg pretty well. We'll have to make the best of it now, though. The moment we hit the sod we'll run so fast we'll discover several new streets in Jersey City."

Solar was stillent for a few min.

Solano was silent for a few min-utes, and then his features lighted up. "Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he de-manded.

"Think I have. Got one with schedules of twenty leagues in it—this notebook. What's the idea?"

"Is' Jersey City playing at home to-"Yes-playing Newark. Some fun there. That's nity's team."

"Good stuff. Well, bow's this for a supplement to our first idea, then; go right out to the ball park, buy bleacher seats, and mix in with the crowd. It's hard, awfully hard, to locate anybody in a ball park, and the task would be twice as hard for some foreigner, who wouldn't even know how to find his way around the stands. We wanted to kill time in Jersey City till evening—where could we kill it more pleasantly or more safely?"

"Some of your ideas, dear Ramon, denote almost human intelligence. It listens good to me. But, say—we are just rolling into Jersey City now. Wait a bit—she'll slacken a little—NOW!"

The boys sprang from their chairs and boited down the aisle. An astonished negro tried to intercept them

with a cry of "Hold on boss—we ain't in de station yet!" but only received a shoulder and an elbow as reward. Solano unhesitatingly leaped, struck on a gravelly spot, went to his knees, and then shot forward on his palms. Brockett swung off a shade more carefully, landed fairly on his feet, and, after staggering a dozen yards, re-

after staggering a dozen yards, regained his balance.

"Any bones broken, Ramon?"

"Nothing but a suspender and my pet pipe. Little gravel in my knees and hands. I'll bet they think we are a pair of escaped crooks, but they can't back up the train. Hurry—let's

"Nothing but a suspender and my pet pipe. Little gravel in my knees that way when we needed it on about ten afternoons I could mention, we could have saved a flock of games."

The Cuban flushed, and then limited back at his friend.

"This was a different occasion, Harry. I felt more as if I were sliding at an unpite this time. Somehow or other I never could bear the tides of spiking an infielder, and that's way I slowed up so often when I should have hit the grit."

"This time, though," Brockett chuckled, "you slid for keeps. I shud have hit the grit."

"This time, though," Brockett chuckled, "you slid for keeps. I shud der to think what would have hap pened to that policeman if you has only had your spikes on."

Solano stopped, and Hitsel one foot. Something flashed keenly, venomous ly, from the sole and heel.

The Cuban flushed, and then limited the park of how line from the front of the bleachers, and the warm of fanatics all around them formed a veil that would have baffed a Vidocq and an X-ray to plerce their favorite delight, and enjoyed the still to their hearts' content. Both, course, were absolutely non-parama when they entered the park—troubles of Newark and Jersey. The date of the park—troubles of Newark and Jersey. The same that the officer must have the troubles of Newark and Jersey
y were nothing to them. Before the
he was half an inning old, however,
by had become rabid "bugs," and the fashion that only lovers of the time can know. Solano became an them admirer of the Jersey City into Brockett allied himself with lewark, and each cast virulent asperson on the other's judgment, opinions

newark, to the intense delight of Harry Brockett, drew ahead and won Kelly.

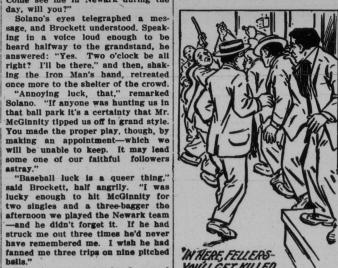
CHAPTER IX.

"That is evident at first sight," responded Brockett. "It looks as if both our friends and our enemies were hanging to our track. As far as tracing us is concerned, I'd have thought it rather harder for our friends to keep close watch over us than either the Japanese or the big German." "I can figure out," commented Solano, "just how sheer luck would help anyone to locate us in Jersey City. Anybody who knew our tastes and

proclivities would most naturally take a chance of finding us at the ball park, and the Iron Man's call of your name might just happen to reach the ears of whatever person was trying to keep

at the Iron Man and the boys. The

grating voice of Joe McGinnity car-ried a long distance, and if there was anyone within twenty yards who hadn't heard him that person must have been stone deaf from childhood. Brockett, nervous and agitated at this His arm is long, his eye is pretty nearly everywhere, and he has the best operatives of both the big detective agencies at his call. In all probability, he has men detailed to watch out for us, and see that we don't run our heads into any special danger. That would account for the Kelly warning and the use of your own cipher" loud announcement of his name, yet secretly pleased at the patronage of the great old warrior, flushed and to take up the game you don't have to start with any Class Z leagues. I'll take you on tomorrow, if you want. Come see me in Newark during the



The youngsters wandered around Jersey City for a brief period, doub-ling on their tracks several times. They glanced behind and around them ever and anon, and were unable to discover any trailers or pursuers, but a vague sense of worry and uneasi-ness, an indefinable dread, seemed to "Plenty of time yet," philosophized the Latin. "We will have all the adventures on our own hook, and withbe uppermost in their minds. Finally, when it had grown amply dark, they out any protection, that are coming

hurried to the row of ferries that fringe the shore of the North river, and slipped aboard in the swarm of and slipped aboard in the swarm of Jerseyites seeking Manhattan for their evening's pleasure.

As the boys trailed along in the crowd which flocked to the front of the board. As the boys trailed along in the crowd which flocked to the front of the boat as it approached the eastern side, Brockett imagined that he felt a hand touch lightly against his left hip, or in his pocket. He turned instantly, but could not detect the probable pickpocket in the jostling crowd. Thrushing his hand in his coat pocket he felt the outlines of an envelope, and superbold to the boat as tiny triangle of vaccant ground, with an old hotel to the south, a row of worn and shabby stone south, a row of worn and shabby stone south, a row of worn and shabby stone lights of Broadway only a short walk to the east. Taking possession of a stantly, but could not detect the probable pickpocket in the jostling crowd.

to look at that, whatever it is," said Ramon, and they walked sturdily across town till the klosks of a sub-"Fully agreeable," replied the Cuway station met their view. As they dime, but ought to tangle-foot anyone descended the stairs the clangor of an approaching train was heard. Putting us. How is this: Walk to Sixth aveon a burst of speed they scurried forward, slapped their coins upon the ticket-window, and leaped upon a car without the fraction of a second to the subway, on Forty-second, and ride spare. Once seated and their breath recovered, they bent over the strangely de-livered letter. Inside the envelope turn into Mott or Doyers street—in

"Outside the gentleman mentioned in the song, and a number of good ball-players," said Solano, "I never heard of any Kellys. There appears to be something doing, Harry."

"That is evident at first sight," re-sponded Brockett. "It looks as it beto

in touch."
"I don't wish Joe McGinnity any harm," growled Brockett, "but I won't suicide if his club gets shut out twenty-nine straight games and winds up in eighth position. What business has he got with such a memory? Still, that's all over now. This Kelly proposition is what's worrying little Harry." ту."

"Possibly," suggested the Cuban, "the chief isn't taking such long chances as we imagined, especially when it's a case of entrusting important messages to a couple of boys. His arm is long, his eye is pretty nearly everywhere and he has the own cipher."

"That seems the only logical explanation," admitted Brockett. "It's some comfort, then, to know that we



YOU'LL GET KILLED OUT THERE

are under powerful protection, but it makes me feel rather small just the

"I believed, when we started," said Brockett, "that we could wander around New York till some time tohe stepped ashore and walked rapidly away.

"I've something with me that I didn't have when we went on the ferry," spoke Brockett in an undertone, continuing to pace along.

"What's that? An enlightened in morrow night, and make so many turn-ings that no one without a flock of bloodhounds could ever find us. I think differently now, though—I can hardly say why. For my part, I think tellect?" the Cuban bantered. Brockett drew out the envelope, noted that it was innocent of address or mark of we should lose ourselves in the mazes of this burg for a few hours only, then any kind, and returned it to his recross to Jersey and be on our way by a midnight train. How about it,

> ban. "In fact, I was just planning out a route that won't consume much nue and Twenty-third street. Take the 'L' road to Forty-second. Trot over to the Grand Central station of

a headlong plungs, stions of the guard.
"Seems to me," laughed Brockett as they gazed at the glittering panorama of New York, spread below them, "that anyone who might have been trailing anyone who might have been trailing was one small sheet of note-paper, and across the sheet was written, in Brockett's own cipher:

can't describe or even knaghe. It hope I'm wrong—a few more hours and we shall see."

They dise roughfare—the leading annex to Broadway. A foreigner wandering westward from the station halted them to ask the name of some street whereof neither lad had ever heard; a storm of automobiles seemed to burst upon them at Fifth avenue, and, to the supreme disgust of Solano, a little, chocolate-colored man, with a twisted mustache and beady black eyes, hailed him in effusive Spanish, delaying their progress for a minute or so.

"Venezuelan," Solano explained, as they hurried on. "Confirmed revolu-tionist. Used to make headquarters tionist. Used to make headquarters in Havana when the revoluting trade was stack, and called several times on my father. Wish he hadn't recognised me—he called out my name almost as loudly as your friend McGinnity called

In the great station of the subway the boys adopted the same tactics they had practiced at the "L" road they had practiced at the "L" road— permitting several trains to go by, and then bolting aboard the next one just in time to escape jamming in the gate. They were whizzed downtown rapidly enough, and crossed eastward in Canal—a thoroughfare that is full of life and bizarre transactions through the day, but dark and well-nigh empty in the night.

nigh empty in the night.
"Fine, lonesome region this, Ramon," muttered Brockett, keeping a vigilant eye to right and left as they

paced along.
"I forget which of the great New York gangs is in charge of this par-ticular section," said the Cuban whether the Five Points or the East-

mans."

"According to the magazines,"
Brockett responded, "this must be the
very heart of the territory where the
Apaches of New York hold forth. In
case of a hold-up, don't stop to argue—
shoot, and keep right on running."

The Eastmans and the Five Points,
however, did not seem to have even
outlying sentinels in Canal street, and

no one even paid any special atten-tion to the adventurers as they crossed over into the Bowery. That famous old street, fountain-head of song and story, and in no actual manner any different from any other street which is the main avenue of the poor and lowly, was traversed at a steady gait. The boys mingled with the swarming crowd of Hebrews and Italians, walked southward, and, when the garish lights of Chinatown burst upon them, turned into Doyers street —a short, oddly angled alley 'that forms one boundary of the Celestial

chinamen in their native costumes Chinamen in natty black clothes of civilization, drawn-faced dope fiends, heavily treading policemen, rubberneck wagons bearing pop-eyed tour-ists—all the usual throng that go to make up the evening life of China-town—passed back and forth. Slumming parties swarmed up the stairs of the chop suey restaurants, eager to taste Chinese dishes, the like of which were never seen or heard of in the Yellow Kingdom, and the spell of an excitement that is nine-tenths artifi-cial and created seemed to overhang the little crooked street. Brockett

and Solano pushed through the swarm, jostling good-naturedly or avoiding collisions wherever possible. They had traversed perhaps half the length of Doyers street when there was a cry, a shrill chorus of Oriental jargon and half a dozen struggling Chinamen, their faces convulsed with frenzy, their hands brandishing hatchets and knives, came weaving out of a little

A thrown batchet of most erratic aim clanged on the pavement at Solano's feet; a knife scarce missed Brockett's shoulder. The knot of



fighting Chinamen them. Turning for a quick retreat,

the subway, on Forty-second, and ride to the downtown district, getting off, we will say, at Canal. Walk over to the Bowery, mix in with the crowd, turn into Mott or Doyers street—in Chinatown—and travel fast to the little park at Mulberry Bend. Cut through the park, and keep on west to Broadway. Ride up Broadway to Twenty-third again, then cross over on Twenty-third to the ferries. How does that seem for a course that will bother anybody to follow?"

"Looks good to me," briefly answered Brockett, rising. "Let's start in a hurry." And glancing over the little park and the adjacent streets without seeing any sign of inquisitive followers, the boys struck out on their devious journey. They reached Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue in a few minutes, seated themselves on the bench beside the uptown tracks, and allowed two trains to pass without making a move to board either one. A third train rolled up; theyoungsters waited till the gate was shutting, and then dove through with a headlong plunge, earning the execrations of the guard.

"Beems to me," laughed Brockett as they gazed at the glittering panorama of New York, spreed below them. Turning for a quick retreat, they were confronted by another struggling crew, yelping as they came, evidently intent on battle and destruction. A hundred feet back the shouts of policemen and the rush of their heavy shoes could be heard, but be fore "coppers" could arrive there would be time for three or four subjects of the emperor to get their death blow—and for the white men caught between the fighting fines to receive half a dozen accidatal wounds.

A door opened and a shirt-sleeved man protruded head and shoulders.

"In here, fellers—you'll get killed out there in one invitation. They flung themselves there would be time for three or four subjects of the emperor to get their death blow—and for the white men caught between the fighting fines to receive half a dozen accidatal wounds.

"In here, fellers—you'll get killed out there in one invited out there in one invited out th

round and round his arms and body.
Quick hands seized him and pulled
him from his balance, and as he
strove helpless in his lashings he
heard sounds that told him his comand sounds that told him his con-mion was receiving the same treat-ent. Off their feet, man at amou-tre and heels, the boys felt them-tees being borne down what seemed

the blinding darkness of the ba were laid upon a stony floor. And their captors set them down the leard, a little distance off, a volheard, a little distance off, a that they knew well, saying, in purring tones: "That commission executed amply efficient. I much to the honorable Mr. Kelly."

The voices died away, and the cap-tives, heads muffled and bodies wrap-ped in many turns of rope, were left upon the floor. They could not move hands or feet; the bags over their heads kept them from judging even the light or darkness of their prison, and, while they could have rolled nd like a couple of barrels, the cements for such actions were de



THEY WERE LEFT LYING UPON THE FLOOR

cidedly small. ness, with hands and feet strapped, is not likely to roll into what might be a bottomless abyss at his side, or wriggle upon what is in all probabil

ity a most uncleanly floor.

They could breathe through the bagging, though particles of lint and dust ging, though particles of lint and dust came into mouth and nose, and no attempt had been made to gag them. Judging from the long time it had tak-en their captors to lug them down-into the depths of their prison, they were far below the surface of the street, and equally far from any chance to bring rescue by using their voices. No attempt had been made to search them—the crafty Mr. Yazi-moto evidently figured that he had an amplitude of time. Beyond a doubt he would soon return to rob and presumably to interrogate them, but at the present moment no sound could be heard except the heavy breathing of the prisoners.

A half-muffled, half-sputtering noise reached Brockett's corn and reached the second of the prisoners.

reached Brockett's ears, and even in the darkness of his own trouble he felt almost inclined to laughter as he realized that Solano was trying desperately to talk against painful handicaps. Brockett strained his ears, and managed to catch the Cuban's acce as Solano tried bravely to express

"We are—pair of blamed fools— utchook, achoo!" came through the

"Worse than that. Boneheads for fair," Brockett responded.
"Bag-heads you mean—atchak, atchoo!" gurgled Solano. "Easy marks. Softer than pillows."

"Up against it—katchi, katchoo—" neezed Brockett, a tiny cloud of dust etting in his nostrils. "Don't you. getting in his nostrils. "Don't hear feet? Our friends—coming be The trample of several pairs of feet, in fact, became distinct and rou hands raised the prisoners. They felt themselves trundled across the floor and then felt the ropes around their legs relaxing. Someone pushed down into chairs, and someone the bags from their faces. The boy blinked in the flaring light of kerosene lamps, and then stared around their

they were seated beside of kitchen table, on the other side of which Mr. Yazimoto, with an simost benovelent smile, was fingering a few benovelent smile, was fingering a few envelopes and bits of paper. At Mr. Yazimoto's right sat a broad-shoul-dered young man, with a swarthy face and a mass of curly black hair. To the left of the Japanese was a similar young man, equally swarthy, also adorned with a mass of curly black bets, but somewhat more slender and adorned with a mass of curry black hair, but somewhat more slender and graceful in his supple figure. Another youth, of unmistakably Jewish origin, was looking after two lamps which had been placed upon shelves at the sides of the room. Both of the men with Mr. Yazimoto were unmistakably traitsus, and apparently brothers.

Italians, and apparently brothers.

The room itself had apparently the room itself and apparently been roughly dug as a sort of subcellar, or a retreat to which the clans of the Chinatown district could retreat in time of trouble. It was at 
least twenty feet square and perhaps 
ten feet high, with rough cement 
realls a dist floor no furnishings exten feet high, with rough cement walls, a dirt floor, no furnishings ex-cept the table and a few chairs, and with no sign of an entrance or an exit anywhere around its sides. As a pris-on, it was ideal—far below the level of the street, unknown, unmapped and

Mr. Yazimoto gave his captives a few minutes in which to get their bearings and become accustomed to their surroundings. Then, smiling, sweetly into Brockett's eyes, he spoke in his soft, pleasing voice, with its curious idioms and use of English words.

"I must assure honorable Mr. Brock-

ett," said the Japanese, "how I regret with much solicitude that I accomplish transactica so unpleasing to him and to his amicable friend. Not him and to his amicable friend. Not for anything, not even for wealthi-ness, should this have to be uncomfortably so, except for the facts he is honorably acquainted in—with—of. Yes, yes, it is 'of' I should make usage. I saw, with much particular attention, that no injury was done to honorable Mr. Brockett or to honorable Mr. So-

lano. "No special damage done, as yet," Brockett answered. "But why down in this little dungeon? all this trouble between you and me,
Mr. Taskmoun''
(To be continued)