

this was conveyed to him. He uttered a bellowing interrogation.

"He is not alive? You have talked with his ghost?" shrilly demanded Charley Tong Sin.

"'Twas him that sent me here," declared O'Shea. "Ye can impart it to the big ugly mug yonder that I have had visits from the ghost of the red-headed sailor that he killed and branded."

With an excited, heedless gesture, Charley Tong Sin raised the revolver. He had been long accustomed to wearing European clothes, and the flowing sleeves of his Chinese outer garment impeded his motions. A fold of the silk fabric fell over the butt of the weapon, and he tried to brush it aside with his left hand. This other sleeve was caught and held for a moment by the sharp firing-pin of the cocked hammer.

This trifling mishap, gave O'Shea a desperate opportunity. With a flash of his normal agility he leaped across the intervening space. The comprador strove frantically to free the weapon, but only entangled it the more. The episode was closed before the crimson-robed personage could play a part. O'Shea's shoulder rammed Charley Tong Sin and sent him sprawling, and the revolver was instantly wrested from his grasp.

"The doors are locked," panted O'Shea, "and before your men break in, I will send the both of ye to hell. Sit where you are, ye terrible Chung. You overplayed your game, Charley."

The comprador seemed to shrink within his