

A PRICE ON HIS HEAD

Highbinders Are Intent Upon Assassinating Wong Chin Foo.

HE WAS SAVED TWICE BY REPORTERS

Chinese Members of the Deadly Secret Order Have Doomed the Celestial Literateur and Journalist to Death for Revealing Fan-Tan Gamblers.

SPECIAL TO THE INQUIRER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Wong Chin Foo, the Chinese-American journalist, has the unhappy distinction of having a price placed on his head by the powerful Chinese organization of "Highbinders." He claims that two attempts recently have been made upon his life by his fellow-countrymen as a result of his crusade against the "Highbinders" and fan-tan gamblers of Chinatown.

It is certain recent developments show that \$300 has been offered for his death, and an extra \$3,000 to enable the successful assassin to leave the country. He has had the enmity of the secret society for several years, it having followed him from San Francisco. Now he fears that the designs upon his life will at last be successful.

WONG CHIN FOO'S STORY.

"Thursday afternoon last," says Wong, "an American reporter, Frederick A. Wilson, and I stopped at Wac High's place, 19 Mott street. Wac High is said to be a middleman between the fan-tan players and the police. He began to upbraid me for having written a story about the opening of a new fan-tan shop. I admitted having written it, and he jumped forward, and, seizing me by the throat, began to choke me, saying 'I'll cut your head off if you write such things as that.'

"I was becoming black in the face and a desperate struggle ensued, and High was about to draw a weapon of some kind when, fortunately, the American reporter took a hand in and helped me out from the excited gang of Chinamen who had collected. But for the young man's interference I would have had a serious time with my enraged countrymen."

Journalist Foo unsuccessfully endeavored to secure a warrant for his assailant's arrest. Late Saturday as he and another reporter were again in Mott street a young man stepped out of a doorway and exclaimed: "Hello, Wong, there is a good story up here for you. Up stairs on the third floor in Lee Sing's room is a young girl, Maggie Williams. She is dying. She went to a ball last night and when she came home this morning Lee Sing stabbed her six times. She may be dead now. Go up to the room and you will see her on the bed all covered with blood."

CALLED BACK.

"I started up," says Wong, "but the reporter called me back, fearing a plot to get me into the hands of the Highbinders, of whom Lee Sing is a leader. We went to the Elizabeth street station, and an officer, after twenty minutes' absence, returned and said there had been no trouble in the house."

Not long ago Wong was set upon by a trio of highbinders, but fortunately escaped through the prompt interference of a policeman. All the Chinese friends of Wong have told him to keep away from Mott street or he would be secretly assassinated. Several years ago a price was set upon Wong's head in San Francisco because he foiled a Chinese syndicate about to bring into this country for evil purposes twenty-three young Chinese girls. Wong had the girls sent back to China and two days afterward he was murderously assaulted on Dupont street. Passing Americans rescued him and he came East.

Wong Chin Foo, besides the distinction of being the only Chinaman on the press of this city, has quite a literary reputation. His paper "Why I am a heathen," published in the *North American Review* some time ago, created much discussion and surmise as to the real identity of the author.