

THE YELLOW SEVEN. THE DAUGHTER OF CHAI-HUNG.

BY EDMUND SNELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY
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This unusual series of stories deals with the exploit of "Chinese" Pennington, a detective sent by his government to British North Borneo to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits.

PENNINGTON met Brabazon standing outside the Best House of Jesselton, his hands stuck in his pockets, following with evident admiration the easy, elegant gait of a Malay girl who was making her way toward the harbor.

"Pennington, by all that's wonderful!"

The taller man extended a hand. "I've been here three solid months—and I didn't know you were on the island. How are you?"

"Fit as a fiddle! Come in and have a slug."

"Chinese" Pennington looked at his watch.

"I can give you half-an-hour, old son," he told him. "I'm due at the commissioner's at four."

He followed Brabazon up rickety stairs to the veranda that overlooked the road. He dropped into a chair and his companion perched himself on the arm of it, beaming all over his broad, handsome face.

"Still at the same game?" he inquired, pushing forward his case.

Pennington nodded.

"Still hunting down the world's worst criminals! No thanks, I roll my own."

He produced a rubber pouch and began manipulating the flimsy paper. Brabazon tapped his cigarette on his thumb.

"Three months!" he ejaculated presently. "That's a spell of time for you to stop in one locality, isn't it?"

The tall man with the Chinese eyes smiled grimly.

"It is," he admitted. "It means that I'm up against about the toughest proposition I've ever struck. How're things up your way?"

"Rotten! I'm thinking of chucking rubber—and turning my attention to oil. At present I'm at Ketatan. Know it?"

Pennington started.

"Ketatan! That's where Allison was murdered by the Yellow Seven Gang!"

Pennington was staring at a cluster of files on the ceiling.

"You've had no trouble since. No threatening communications?"

"Nothing at all. Dawson rounded up the assassins, they tell me."

"Yes," said the other without enthusiasm. "Dawson did his job and the commissioner was pleased about it. There were five of the swine, and we caught, tried and executed them with all due pomp and ceremony; but we didn't succeed in getting any information out of 'em. We're no nearer the solution of the Yellow Seven mystery than we were when we started. You say your area's quiet. I'm glad of it. But in almost every other district these gang-murders continue."

Brabazon whistled.

"You'll pardon my ignorance on the subject, I know; but what is this Yellow Seven?"

The boy came in with the drinks Brabazon had ordered, and Pennington smoked until he had disappeared.

"The Yellow Seven is a card—like

"This little baby girl"

Was benefited by the Good Her Mother Got from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my little girl was born, and the effect it had was wonderful. This will be the first child I have nursed as I had to bring my two boys up on the bottle. I was very nervous and the care of the baby is well-nigh impossible. Not only is it hard for the mother, but the child itself will indirectly suffer."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent tonic for the mother at this time. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and does not contain any harmful drugs.

It is remarkable how many cases have been reported similar to this one. Many mothers are left in a weakened and run-down condition after the birth of the child, and for such mothers the care of the baby is well-nigh impossible. Not only is it hard for the mother, but the child itself will indirectly suffer."

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an ordinary Chinese playing card," he said. "You know the things; as long as my forefinger, with rounded ends, black on one side—and a series of dots on the other—some red, some black."

"And this one—?"

"This particular card has a bright yellow face, with seven dots on it, in all—four above a faint line—and three below it. It cropped up some time back, when Lady Stormaway's diamond pendant disappeared from Hewitt's bungalow."

"I remember it," broke in Brabazon. "But the commissioner got that back in a couple of days."

"I got it back," continued Pennington. "I'll tell you all about it some day. There was another card connected with the Allison case, and a knife, bearing the same grim symbol on its handle, preceded an attempt to assassinate the commissioner of police himself. Now the whole island's seething with the cursed things and Hewitt won't hear of my leaving until I've secured the body of the ring-leader—dead or alive."

"Know who he is?"

"The most respected Chinese gentleman in Borneo," declared the other.

Brabazon dropped into a chair. "Not Chai-Hung?" he whispered.

"Why not?" demanded Pennington.

"Good Lord! He hangs out within a stone's-throw of us! I'd have staked my last dollar on Mr. Chai-Hung."

Brabazon emptied his glass. "Why don't you collar him?"

"I've been within an ace of doing so, more than a score of times; but he's found a way out each time."

Brabazon lit another cigarette. "I ran across him only yesterday," he drawled.

Pennington sprang to his feet. "You—met—Chai-Hung?"

"Certainly! I was up in the Tamil, looking for a pony. I was bargaining with a Bajau thief, when Chai-Hung strolled up. We chatted together for half-an-hour."

"Did he ask which way you were going?" Pennington demanded.

"I fancy he did; but I changed my mind at the last moment and dropped dropped in at the Dutch padre's. The daughter of Chai-Hung—"

"I'm more than glad you changed your route, old son," Pennington assured him. "Because, if you hadn't, you wouldn't be here now—and, for all your faults, you're one of the few men I shouldn't care to lose sight of."

Brabazon's broad face bore an expression of surprise and amusement. "What's that?" My fault?"

Pennington came across the floor and dropped a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I refer to the women, God bless 'em," he told him.

"Oh—that?"

"You were positively ogling one when I met you."

Brabazon crimsoned.

"When you came up? You don't mean that Malay girl? My dear old fellow, surely a fellow can admire a certain regularity of feature without being called to account for it!"

Pennington laughed.

"You're a terrible man, Brabazon," he said. "I remember a girl in Kuala Lumpur telling me that you were irresistible. How long are you stopping in town?"

"Going back by the morning train."

"I was only going to warn you that, if you do happen to meet the commissioner's sister, just try and restrain that abnormal flow of personal magnetism—for my sake."

"Oh-ho!" remarked the planter, raising his eyebrows. "What's her name?"

"Viney," said Pennington. "Monica Viney. She's a widow."

Brabazon winked.

"I thought you said it was Chai-Hung who kept you in Jesselton?"

"It is," Pennington assured him earnestly, "but I'm not sorry about it all the same."

"I bet you're not! When it's coming off?"

Pennington gazed dreamily over the rail.

"Possibly not at all. I haven't asked her opinion on the subject yet."

"Good heavens, man! What on earth are you waiting for?"

Pennington turned.

"I'm waiting until I've nailed Chai-Hung," he declared.

Brabazon scrambled to his feet and joined him.

"Want any help?"

"Possibly."

"The call on me for it. I'm just about fed up with the life I'm leading. A thundering good rowd about clear my head!"

"Thanks," returned Pennington warmly. "I fancy you'll be in one before long."

"Good enough!"

Brabazon rubbed his hands together in anticipation.

"In the meantime, keep your weather-eye open for Chai-Hung!"

He paused and looked to where the waters of the bay glistened in the light of a sun that was low in the western heavens. "It's a weary world, Brabazon," he continued. "I used to delight in these nocturnal wanderings, these wild up-country treks! I suppose it was because I had nobody to worry about but myself. I fancy that if I manage to get this thing through, I shall hand in my resignation. I wonder if you'll understand me. They kidnaped Hewitt and his sister came with me to look for him. A subtle change has crept over me ever since. I find myself a great deal too solicitous about my own welfare. Queer, isn't it? Cheerio!"

Brabazon went back to Ketatan by the morning train. He had not seen Pennington since their meeting at the Rest House, but he had run into a lively crowd of brother planters and Government men, and the climax of the "celebration" that followed had been something in the nature of a disaster! A dull throbbing at his temples reminded him of this.

Brabazon was a planter of experience. He knew just how much a coolie could be expected to do in a day. As he went the rounds on his Bajau pond, he encountered nothing but



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



Creator of Duffs Comics Is Ill

W. R. Allman, creator of the comic strip, "Doings of the Duffs," is confined to his home by illness. Allman has been ailing for several weeks, but has kept up his daily comic strip. Now it becomes a physical impossibility for him to carry on for the time being. He has been ordered to take absolute rest.

Under the circumstances the "Doings of the Duffs," will not appear in The Times until Allman is able to resume work.

veiled incidence, and tasks half done. It was close on sundown when he regained his bungalow. He stumbled over the steps and dropped into a cane chair. He was wondering who it was had sown the seeds of rebellion in the minds of his men.

By sheer force of habit, he reached for his glass and, as he did so, something passed his cheek so closely that he felt the wind of it, and stuck, quivering, in the wooden wall behind him.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Arrest Man as Fugitive Robert Tabor, 35, of 739 Lord St., was slated at city prison today on a charge of being a fugitive. According to detectives, Tabor is wanted in Hamilton, O., on charges of child neglect.

THOUSANDS ATTEND CIVIC LEAGUE FEST

Pantomime Version of Fairy Play Presented.

Approximately 12,000 people visited Spades Park Wednesday night to participate in the fifteenth annual Feast of Lanterns held by the Brookside Civic League. A Leroy Porteus, president of the league, said the event was the most successful from every standpoint ever given in the park.

A pantomime version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was presented under the direction of Mrs. C. A. James and Mrs. Thomas Snyder. Producers of the festival will be used by the civic organization in its community work.

Gets Six Months Stay on Penal Farm for Activities.

MUNCIE, Ind., July 26.—Charles Robinson, who recently confessed to hiring small boys of the city to do petty thieving for him, that he might realize a revenue from selling their loot, was sent to the State farm today for a six months' stay.

HOOSIER BRIEFS

Although no definite action was taken, Shelbyville merchants discussed with favor the prospects of the publication of a weekly business publication for the benefit of the Better Business Club.

More than three hundred automobiles in Shelby County have not been listed for taxation in the assessment of personal property this year, according to information received by the tax officials here.

After a service of thirty-three years, in which he was never absent or tardy

a day, Edgar A. Dickinson will retire as carrier for the Richmond postoffice Thursday.

Picking of the Knox County peach crop, which is usually done early in August will be delayed until about Aug. 15. There is a prospective yield in the county of about 200 cars.

In line with fire prevention efforts over the State, the city council of Lebanon have placed a ban on the use of paper and inflammable roofing.

Rotary clubs from Jeffersonville, New Albany, Mitchell, Bloomington,

Bedford, Vincennes, Washington, Princeton and Seymour will hold a group meeting at Seymour about Aug. 28.

A survey of buildings Connorsville shows a large gain over the past season, while \$200,000 is now being expended in private work.

The tomato packing season at Alexandria is expected to start about Aug. 20, according to farmers there. This is two weeks later than last year.

Rushville is seriously considering rounding the corners of several principal street intersections as an experiment to see if it will prevent accidents.

Automobiles in Tipton County are only worth \$210 each. This is according to the tax officials there, but the State board of tax commissioners say they are going up 10 per cent.

The second annual Labor day picnic of the Bartholomew County Sunday School Association will be held at the county fairground, Monday Sept. 3. A religious pageant will be given.

Civil War veterans, members of the 86th, 40th and 10th regiments, will hold a reunion at Lebanon, Sept. 19.

Preserving Time

If you are thinking about "putting up" the fresh fruits and berries that will soon go gone now, you'd better send quick for a copy of the booklet on JAMS.

Washington Bureau, Indianapolis Times, 1322 N. Y. Ave., Wash. D. C. I want a copy of the booklet on JAMS, MARMALADES AND PRESERVES, and enclose herewith four cents in postage stamps for same:

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Willie Is a Genius

—By BLOSSER



SALESMAN \$AM—By Swan



Rheumatism Is Ended Declares J. M. Hudson

"One thing is certain in my mind: Tanlac gives complete satisfaction, and can't be equaled." Is the positive statement of James M. Hudson, well-known vulcanizer, 59 S. Eleventh St., Terre Haute, Ind. "It ended stomach trouble that I suffered from for five years, and completely relieved my wife of a bad case of rheumatism that kept her miserable a long time."

"Indigestion had such a grip on me that I was simply in agony for hours after eating, so I often went without food all day. I was nervous as a witch, could get no restful sleep, and was so weak and run-down I could hardly drag myself back and forth to work."

"But the Tanlac treatment gave me such a perfect digestion I can now eat whatever I want and nothing hurts me. I sleep sound every night, and can put in a big day's work and still feel fine. My wife and I both feel that we can't say too much for Tanlac."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over thirty-seven million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Adv.