

THE YELLOW SEVEN. THE DAUGHTER OF CHAI-HUNG.

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Pennington detective, is detailed by the government to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. He suspects Chai-Hung, influential Chinese, of being their leader. Monica Vincay is the sister of Capt. John Vincay, chief of police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Pennington goes to Ketatan after receiving a letter from a rubber plant owner there. The master of Chai-Hung lures Brabazon into the garden of his father's home in Ketatan.

A GIRL came suddenly down the path—a slim, youthful figure in light blue, bordered with bands of black, and entering the shrine, fell prostrate before the altar.

The man who had scaled the wall extinguished his cigarette and crept into a clump of bushes where he lay prone. For a space of many minutes Suey-Koo, the daughter of Chai-Hung—bowed her head before the bronze vases. Presently she came slowly to her feet, at the same time drawing a narrow, black cylinder from a voluminous sleeve. The head of the watcher in the bushes jerked upward and the Chinaman's eye fell upon a naked blade, flashing even in the diffused light of the little joss-house, a knife that the harmless-looking cylinder had concealed.

A whistle came from the darkness beyond the palisade, and Suey-Koo slipped the dagger out of sight. She passed the bush so closely that a faint whiff of alluring perfume wafted to the nostrils of the intruder. One of the smaller gates swung open and an Englishman with a broad, handsome face stepped through. He took the tiny hands of the Chinese girl and bent over them, then saluted her—in the manner of the Westerners—full on the lips.

"We meet again, Mr. Brabazon," he said smoothly, "and, I can assure you, it is for the last time!"

Instinctively, but without hope, Brabazon's hand shot to his pocket. He had not thought to come armed to meet Suey-Koo.

"Your daughter was just showing me round," he replied, forcing a smile. It occurred to him a second later that it was rather an unusual hour of the night to call anywhere, and that, in any case, he had no right to be on terms of acquaintance with the daughter of a wealthy Chinaman.

"Ah!" commented the other. "She has not shown you everything, because she does not know everything that there is to show. We are somewhat different in our treatment of women, Mr. Brabazon. We keep them, in many respects, uniformed. We do not allow them the freedom that Western races do, we do not permit them to meet casual strangers. During my enforced absence, discipline has relaxed. I came back, as quickly as possible, to remedy this, I find it is beyond my powers, I see that it is too late!"

Brabazon placed his hands on his hips and jerked out his chin.

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, Mr. Chai-Hung," he said.

The girl had fallen to her knees, her head buried in his arms.

"After I leave you here—together," he continued in the same measured tones, tempered with a certain degree of harshness, "you will have a certain—limited time in which to reflect." He backed suddenly toward the open door.

He remained for a second, framed in the doorway. The door closed with a peculiar, metallic sound that suggested that it would not easily be opened again, and Brabazon, mute with astonishment, saw that there were no windows!

A faint moan from the direction of the floor caused him to stoop and lift the trembling girl to her feet. She smiled faintly up at him through her tears.

"It is the end," she whispered.

Brabazon laughed aloud.

"The end! What utter nonsense. I'll have to be a damned strong place to keep me in!"

He made as if to try the door and Suey-Koo screamed again.

"Look at the idol!" she implored him—and Brabazon looked.

The head of the effigy was lost in a faint green vapor that was pouring from its open mouth and hideous, sightless eyes, in gusty wreaths as if it were puffed out by a hidden breeze.

The girl crept up to him, encircling him with her slender arms.

"It is better to die together—so, than to live forever apart."

He pressed his lips to her forehead, then thrust her from him gently and began examining the walls, like a caged beast seeking for a faulty bar.

He came back to her presently and together, leaning against the wall by the door, waiting in silence as though the vault above them became filled with a poisonous cloud of smoke.

"There is just one chance, little Suey-Koo," he murmured after a long silence, trying to buoy her hopes with something he himself dared not believe.

She shook her head emphatically.

"There is none," she declared. "My father is all-powerful here."

"There is just one," he persisted. "There is he who sees in the dark—the Englishman who is your father's shadow."

She nestled closer to him, her fingers stroking his cheeks caressing him.

"He will not come," she said. "I don't think I want him to come. I would rather stop like this, for then I shall always have you. Out in the great world again—I should lose you forever."

He took her by both shoulders and held her away from him, forcing her to look into his eyes.

"Never on your life, Suey-Koo," he cried.

Almost at his side, the door flew open with surprising suddenness, revealing two struggling forms beyond. From a tall man in a suit of grey, black, the words rapped out like a command:

"Brabazon, get that girl out, quickly! No you don't, you yellow swine!"

This to the ponderous Oriental who strove to wrench himself free from a grip that had fastened on him like a vice. "There's a pistol in my left pocket. Can you get it? Keep them off for a couple of ticks—and I'm with you."

"I had some female troubles that just run my health down so that I lost my appetite and felt miserable all the time. I could not lift anything heavy, and a little extra work some days would put me in bed. A friend had told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I gained in every way, could eat better and felt stronger. I had nothing before that did me much good."—Mrs. J. GRACE, 2917 Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gained in Every Way

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WELL, TONEY—HOW'S BUSINESS BEEN SINCE I WAS HERE LAST WEEK?

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G'WAN—YOU WASN'T HERE LAST WEEK—I DON'T KNOW YOU

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WHAT?! DON'T YOU REMEMBER I GAVE YOU A QUARTER TIP AT THE TIME?

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I CERTAINLY DON'T RECOGNIZE YOUR FACE

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NO—I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU DO! IT'S ALL HEALED UP NOW

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