

THE YELLOW SEVEN THE BRONZE JAR

BY EDMUND SNELL,
ILLUSTRATED BY
R. M. SATTERFIELD

NEA SERVICE INC. 1923

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Monica, Viny, beautiful widow, with a broad, bright laugh, Hewitt, commissioner of police, at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Peter Pennington is hired by the government to avenge Chai-Hung, master of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Lien-Yin, former agent of Chai-Hung, comes to Captain Hewitt with the bones of his chief, which declares contains the ashes of Chai-Hung. Hewitt doubts the report of Chai-Hung's death.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

H E PLACED the jar carefully on a corner of the desk. "I'm sorry, Jack," she said weakly. "I didn't want to disturb you, but the sheer loneliness of the place is getting on my nerves. I just had to come in." She slipped into the chair he had pushed forward, and the kitten, freeing itself with an effort, began chasing a giant cockroach across the floor.

"You've got a touch of fever," suggested Hewitt sympathetically. "Better take a stiff dose of quinine—and turn in."

She smiled faintly.

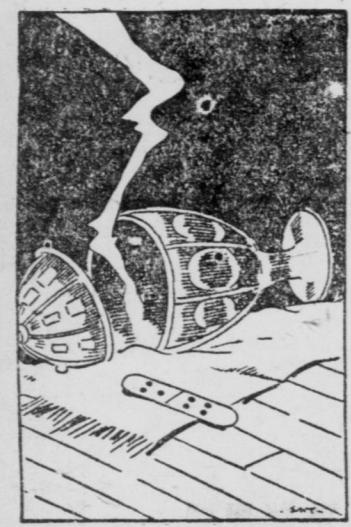
"I don't think it's fever. It's this awful uncertainty. I'm worried about—Mr. Pennington. He's been on the island too long. The natives must be getting to know him. I haven't slept for nights. I've been picturing him wandering through the jungle on this wild-goose-chase for that creature's tomb, with the followers of Chai-Hung on his track."

The commissioner perched himself on the table. "He'll come back all right," he declared, aware all the time of a certain unaccountable huskiness in his throat. "Pennington always does."

Her gaze traveled to the bronze jar. "Is that the thing?" she demanded dully.

Hewitt nodded.

She left her chair and crept forward, half-heartedly, her hands outstretched in front of her. Presently she stood before the jar, looking wistfully down at it.



THE BRONZE JAR LAY OPEN

"And to think—that everything depends on that!—everything, at least, that matters!"

The Commissioner jerked up his head and stared hard at the wall in front of him. He did not want to discover how Monica knew, but the very fact that she did know startled him.

In the silence that followed, he caught the measured tread of the sentry on duty outside, the insistent hum of nocturnal insects, the patterning of the absurd kitten across the boards. On a tray by the bookshelf there reposed a decanter and glasses. He went over to it and poured out a stiff tot.

She took it unquestionably, making a wry face as the spirit burnt her throat.

"So Pennington does matter?" he said quietly.

The warm blood mounted to her cheeks.

"Of course."

"I'm glad of that."

He was pacing the glass back on the tray when he realized that his sister had followed him across the room.

"Must we keep that wretched jar here? Can't you just look in—to make sure—and send it back to them again?"

He shook his head and laughed to dispel a certain uncomfortable inward feeling that Monica's present mood inspired.

"That's the devil of it," he told her. "I can't find out how it works."

She surveyed him for some moments, her head on one side.

"Why don't you send for a blacksmith—or somebody—and force it open?"

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache

Toothache Lumbarago

Earsache Rheumatism

Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets" of Aspirin."

Only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetacideester of Salicylic acid.—Advertisement.

The children of Bloomington are

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE MAJOR'S OLD SYMPATHY SPEECH

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



A CITY NEWSPAPER ITEM GIVES THE BOYS AT JIM WATSON'S BARBER SHOP A CHANCE FOR A NEW ARGUMENT

Your man's got him—out there. D'you want to see him?"

"I want to make certain he doesn't get away."

He fumbled with something in the drawer again and made for the veranda.

Monica looked up at Pennington, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm heart-broken about Peter," she said softly, "but I'm awfully grateful to you, and you did."

"My dear Mrs. Viny," protested Pennington, screwing up his eyes.

"For the love of heaven call her 'Monica,'" bawled the commissioner over his shoulder. He went out, slamming the door after him.

"Poisoned!" said the Commissioner hurriedly. "Poor little devil!"

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

"I do! I knew it before I came in."

I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves!"

"Poisoned?" said the Commissioner.

"It was playing with the—gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully.

"Mr. Pennington, don't you think—"

</div