

THE YELLOW SEVEN ISLAND "N"

BY EDMUND SNELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATERFIELD

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Capt. John Hewitt, commissioner of police at Jesselton, British North Borneo, has a beautiful widow sister, Monica Viner. She loves Peter Pennington, who is detailed by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Pennington warns Hyde, a planter, and his daughter, Dora Bateson, against the bandits.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

PITY you couldn't have thought all this out before," he grumbled. Presently, as the tobacco caught, his head came glowingly round until his puzzled eyes fell upon those of his companion. "Why do you suppose they wanted to get us out of the way?"

Chinese Pennington rose wearily. "I don't know," he admitted, "but I've a queer feeling in my bones that the sooner we're back again—the better."

Hyde, glancing at his watch, was amazed to discover that it was close upon 1 o'clock. He turned to Pennington.

"There's a shorter cut, if we bear to the right. We should strike the railway in under half-an-hour."

Twenty yards from the boundary wire, a man on a pony almost rode them down. Both men stepped hastily from the track and the newcomer, pulling up abruptly, slid to the ground and confronted them. It was Bateson, hatless, his straw-colored hair standing almost on end.

"Is this you, Hyde?" he cried sharply.

"You can make yourself easy on that score," the manager assured him.

Pennington, an uncomfortable sensation passing down his spine, intervened.

He dropped a heavy hand on to Bateson's shoulder.



CHAI-HUNG POSITIVELY BEAMED.

The planter reached out for the reins of Bateson's pony.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

The assistant swallowed something in his throat.

"It's Dora. She's disappeared!"

"Disappeared?" It was Hyde who spoke. "But, man alive!" A glance from Pennington checked further utterance.

"When did she go out?" he said, rolling a cigarette, his eyes fixed on Bateson all the while.

"About ten. I was busy on the veranda with a couple of mandors, figuring out some work I wanted to get through tomorrow. I gathered that she was going to see you. She carried a small parcel in her hand and I remember expressing curiosity as to its contents. She told me it was something you had asked for."

Pennington started.

"Something had asked for?" he echoed incredulously, and then his face dropped. "What was it like?"

Bateson appeared to reflect.

"It was only a small thing," he said, "and I couldn't see it very clearly. It looked to me like a fan."

Pennington caught Hyde's arm and held it tightly.

"Don't jump at conclusions," he whispered reassuringly, seeing that the other had gone deathly white. "Have you been to Hyde's bungalow, Bateson?"

"Yes. I've only just come from there. There was a watchman on duty outside. Dora had been waiting for about an hour—and had gone out on foot. That's what I can't make out. I found her pony tethered where she had left it. The

watchman did not think it his place to question her, and he was still up when she left, and he was under the impression she was looking for something she had lost. It's a queer business altogether," he added helplessly. "The watchman told me she had both arms outstretched in front of her, and that she chose a path of her own between the trees."

"Yes," broke in Hyde impatiently. "What then?"

"I found a hurricane lamp and started off in the direction he indicated. At first her footsteps were pretty clearly marked, but after a hundred yards or so they petered out altogether. It seemed as if the earth had been freshly raked over for an appreciable distance, and then I ran across other tracks which, when followed, only brought me back to the spot from which I'd started. He shuddered involuntarily. "Pennington, what on earth does it all mean?"

"It means that your wife has been kidnapped by the Yellow Seven and that there's no sleep for any of us until we get her back. You found nothing on the path, nothing that could be of assistance?"

Bateson shook his head. He dived a hand into a side pocket and produced a crumpled mass of cane and cloth.

"Nothing" at all—except this. It was partly imbedded in the soil and I clung to it in sheer desperation."

Pennington's hand shot out and took it from him. He spread it out on the saddle of the assistant's pony that stood quietly grazing. Hyde peered over his shoulder.

"What is it?" he inquired huskily.

"I can't answer you yet. I don't know. It's nothing—or everything. Strike a light on it."

"I can tell you what's on it," jerked out Bateson suddenly. "It's a Japanese fan—the thing, I imagine, that Dora was bringing to you. There's a photograph on it—or Island N. That's all."

Pennington gave a wild cry.

"Hyde," he shouted, "muster every watchman you've got; send out an urgent S O S to your assistants. Don't trust a soul that you have not the utmost confidence in, and we're lost. There's a score of native fishermen at the water's edge. Commandeer their canoes and get across to the island as soon as you can. Then take cover. As soon as you hear me fire, come. Is that quite clear?"

"Perfectly. What about you? How are you going to get across?"

"That's my affair. But when you come, don't look for Chinese Pennington. Search around for 'He Who Sees in the Dark,' the Chinaman with the scarred face whom I think you have already met."

He grinned broadly—and was gone.

The oil lamp flared up suddenly and Dora Bateson, crouching in a corner of the hut, saw the ponderous form of Chai-Hung creeping through the narrow aperture. His robes presently to his feet and sat heavily upon a black-wood stool that was the only piece of furniture of which the hotel boasted.

"Good evening, Mrs. Bateson," he began in a grating voice. "You are wondering no doubt why I have brought you here, and what I am going to do with you?"

"I'm not the least bit afraid of you, Mr. Chai-Hung," retorted the girl steadily. She shifted into a more comfortable position on the rotting boards and, looking upward, caught a glimpse of a starlit heaven through a spot in the roof where the steps had fallen away.

Dora Bateson was afraid of shadows, but the substance held no terrors for her. The harsh voice of the notorious bandit, the trick he had of contracting his pupils until they became like points of fire, inspired her with a certain inexplicable fear; but she was by no means afraid of Chai-Hung himself.

"How did you get me here?" she demanded presently.

Chai-Hung smiled blandly.

"It was exceedingly simple, Mrs. Bateson. If you are able to remember anything, you will admit that you started out apparently of your own accord. That is what we term—The Fan Trick."

Dora's brow wrinkled.

"The Fan Trick?" Her eyes sparkled with the light of sudden knowledge. "Then I'm on Island N?" she exclaimed. "Aren't you a trifle unwise, Mr. Chai-Hung, in selecting a hiding place so near to the mainland?"

Chai-Hung positively beamed.

"Not in the least, my dear lady. Of all my enemies, there is only one that I have any cause to fear. They call him 'He Who Sees in the Dark,' but you would recognize him more readily under his real name—Chinese Pennington."

He paused to observe the effect of his words, but the girl controlled her features admirably. "Pennington hounded me from Jesselton and drove me, as he still persists in believing, into the backwoods. He succeeded in one respect—he made it necessary for me to resort to strange expedients to obtain money. That is precisely why you are here to night, Mrs. Bateson."

He gazed at her through half-closed eyes. "I shall send a messenger to your husband for money," rasped Chai-Hung between his teeth. "If the messenger does not return, I shall send another and still another—for messengers are cheap and the lips of the Yellow Seven are sealed. I shall ask for \$10,000 for each of your beautiful fingers. But, with each further messenger I shall send a finger."

The girl had risen to her feet, her eyes blazing with fury.

"You—devil!"

The great Chai-Hung backed toward the opening, bowing as he did so.

"I do not anticipate that you will have to undergo the painful process of amputation very often, Mrs. Bateson," he continued smoothly.

Almost beside herself, she caught the black-wood stool from the floor and swung it aloft, but, before she could send it crashing into the leering face that mocked at her, she saw the form of a second Chinaman wriggle noiselessly through the aperture. The newcomer had a livid scar running the length of one cheek. He wore a blue jacket with voluminous, tattered sleeves, and, as the girl stood petrified, her eyes wide open like saucers, she could have sworn that the stranger winked at her.

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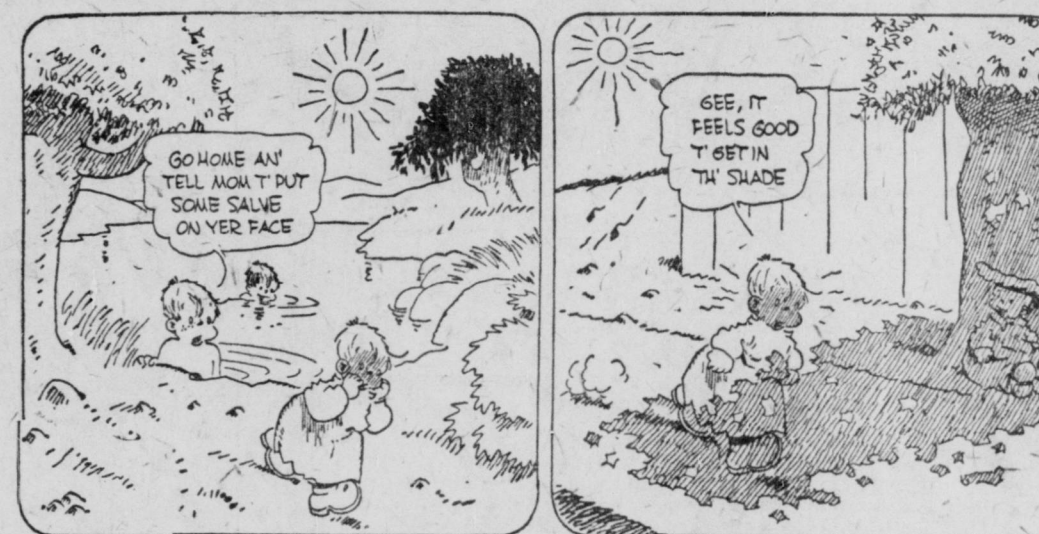
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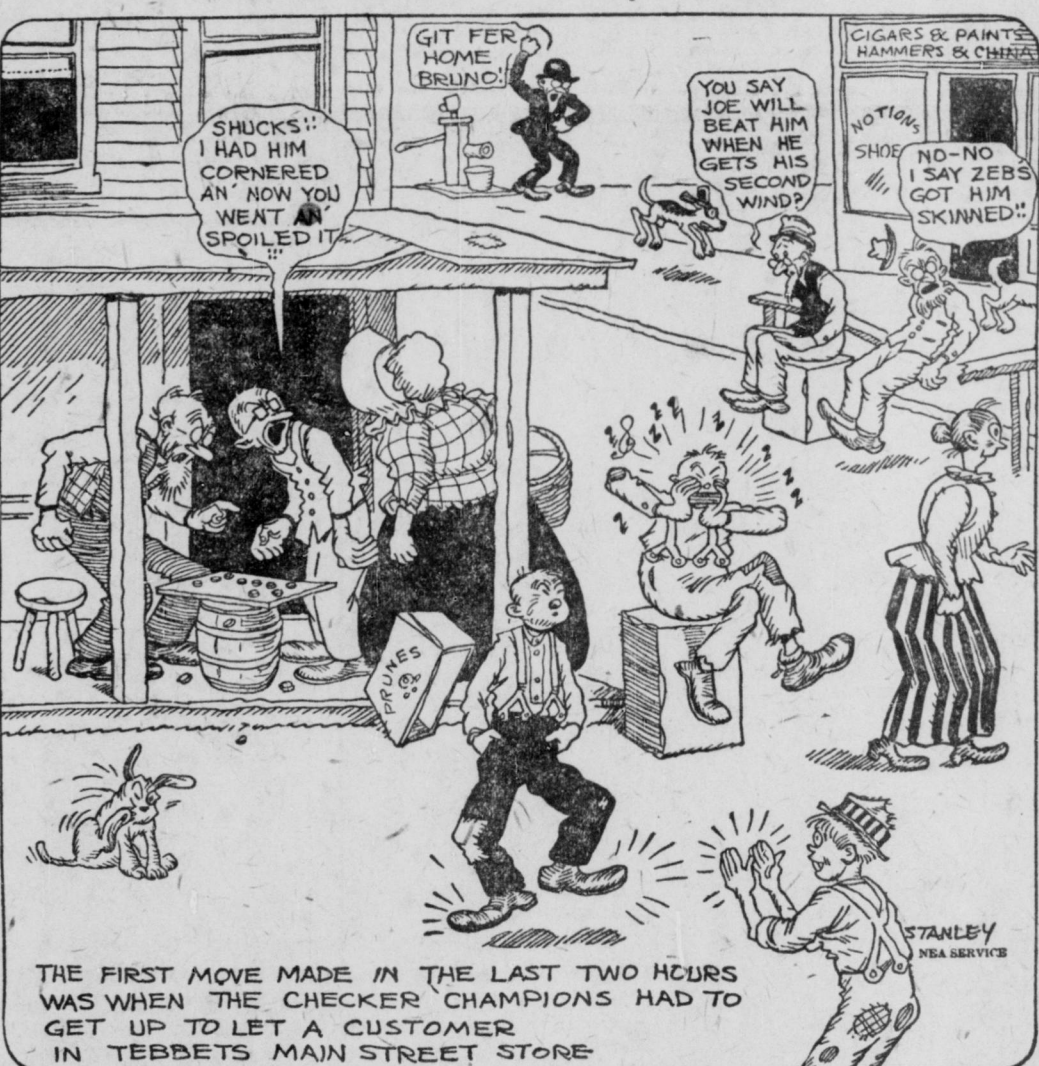
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PUTTING THE BEE ON BUSTER—FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE FIRST MOVE MADE IN THE LAST TWO HOURS WAS WHEN THE CHECKER CHAMPIONS HAD TO GET UP TO LET A CUSTOMER IN TEBBETS MAIN STREET STORE

Hung was saying, "I am going to dispatch my first messenger."

And then an arm like a steel wire encircled his neck and he fell to the floor with a thud.

It seemed an eternity before Chinese Pennington fixed one knee firmly on the bandit's throat and, groping in his rags, fired deliberately at the little patch in the roof where the sage-leaves had been torn away.

"China Tea," the next episode of this gripping series, will start in our next issue.

JUNIORS TO HEAR JUDGE

James A. Collins of Criminal Court to Talk to J. C. of C.

Judge James A. Collins of Criminal Court will address the Junior Chamber of Commerce at 8 p. m. Monday at their monthly meeting at the Chamber of Commerce. He will speak on the "Naturalization of Foreigners."

Plans for a new membership drive for members of the organization will be announced by Fred Killen, president of the junior chamber.

NEW HEAD OF EAGLES

By Times Special. NOBESVILLE, Ind., Aug. 4.—Judge E. E. Cioe of this city is the new president of the Indiana Eagles. He was recently elected at a convention at Michigan City. Judge Cioe is a member of the law firm of Gentry, Cioe & Campbell and served one term as judge of the Hamilton Circuit Court.

HOOISER BRIEFS

Petersburg taxpayers are demanding a filtration plant. On account of the rapid increase in population there the present standpipe system is no longer adequate.

Miss Marie Purvis, assistant librarian at the Tipton public library, is the author of a pageant written for the home-coming to be held in connection with the Tipton fair. The pageant deals with early Tipton history.

Dean J. H. Skinner of Purdue recently delivered a talk in which he said the outlook for the farmer was brighter now than in any year since the war.

Mrs. Martha Boys, 89, the oldest resident of Milroy, died recently. She lived in one township her entire life.

Hartford City is planning a tennis tournament to which teams from Huntington, Decatur, Muncie, Bluffton, Montpelier, Winchester and Marion are to be invited.

The Lebanon Library loaned 65,606 books during the last year. This is an increase of 5,000 volumes over last year's circulation.

The county clerk of Kosciusko County issued 724 fishing licenses to persons residing outside of that county. Nearly 500 went to persons from other States.

The fifty-fifth annual old settlers' re-

County will be sold at public auction in the courthouse yard.

A tourist camp for Greensburg is being planned by the Rotary Club of that city.

Plans are being made at Linton for a joint picnic of all business and professional men, clerks and employees and their families, to be held Aug. 18.

The largest single owner of R. L.

Articles of household goods and personal possessions being seized by delinquent tax collectors in Shelby

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



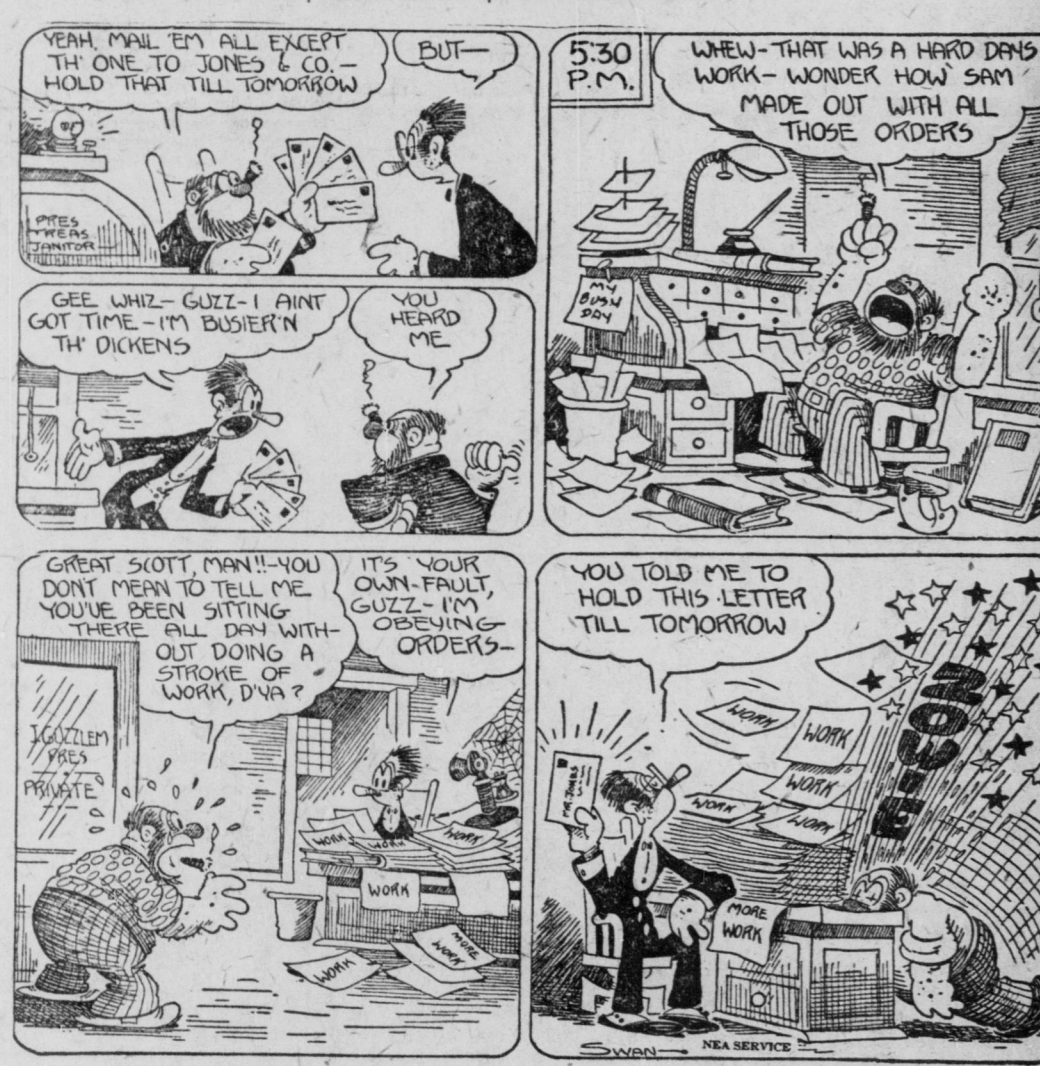
A COLOR SCHEME

As Tag Sees It

—By BLOSSER



SALESMAN \$AM—BY SWAN



MANY TOYS MAKE FOR JOYFUL DAYS

Fairview Settlement Kiddies Grateful for Gifts.

The joy with which kiddies at the Fairview Settlement summer mission camp for sick children play with toys and other gifts sent to them and with which they listen to story-tellers, shows their gratitude.

This additional list of donations to the camp was given out today:

Mrs. Edward Franklin White, magazines and scissors; Miss Scott and Mrs. Anders, city librarians, books and services as story tellers; City Judge Delbert O. Wilmet, badges; Miss Whitman, stories; Mrs. Beach, stories; Irvington Methodist Church, \$2.25, sent "with love," and Sunday school services; Mrs. Alfred Henry, 4949 N. Illinois St., clothing and shoes.

Mrs. David Kahn, 3034 N. Pennsylvania St., jam and jelly; Miss Grace DeVore, 510 N. Liberty St., stories; Mrs. Barnaby, toys; Indiana News Company, books and toys.

ITCHY TETTER ON HANDS

And Arms. In Small, Red Pimples. Cuticura Heals.

"I was troubled with tetter which broke out on the palm of my left hand in small, red pimples. The skin was red and sore and itched and burned badly. By scratching it I caused it to spread. My hands and arms were disfigured, and when I put my hands in water they smarted and burned."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more, and after using four cakes of Soap and one large box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Elma J. Fyle, 629 Millville Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are ideal for daily toilet uses. Samples Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Sales," Dept. H, Malden 45, Mass. Sold everywhere. Keep Box, Ointment & Soap, Talcum.

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