

THE YELLOW SEVEN. CHINA TEA.

BY EDMUND SNELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY
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ONEA SERVICE INC. 1923

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Pictos at Jesselton, British North Borneo, has a widow sister, Monica Viney. Peter Pennington is detailed by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Chai-Hung captures Captain Hewitt and tells him that he means to kill him. Hewitt is held prisoner while Chai-Hung goes to call on Monica.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAI-HUNG appeared to reflect. He stepped presently aside as she walked her pony past him, his piercing eyes never leaving her face.

She stared hard at a leaf that gleamed white in a tenuous ray of tropical sunshine that had managed to piece the interwoven screen of foliage above, but a force, greater than any she had yet encountered, seemed to be tugging at her. A drowsy feeling crept over her and she awoke, as if from a dream, to find herself looking down into orbs that glowed like wells of fire. The flabby fingers of the bandit had closed round the bridle and the Bajau pony was browsing on the soft herbage that fringed the forest track.

"One is never in a hurry in Borneo," he was saying. "I should like you to come and see me sometimes." "I'm afraid that would be impossible," Monica hastened to assure him. "It must be perfectly obvious to you, Mr. Chai-Hung, that, under existing circumstances, a visit such as you suggest is entirely out of the question." Her cheeks had gone suddenly pale and two bright spots of crimson glowed beneath her eyes. "Please let go my bridle."



THE METAL CASE LAY OPEN, DISPLAYING THE WRITHING BODY OF A SNAKE.

The Oriental did not appear to have heard.

"I admire you immensely," he continued with an oily smoothness that filled the girl with utter loathing. "I do not presume to imagine you have given credence to the exaggerated fairy-tales that have been spread concerning my supposed exploits. Neither would you be prepared to condemn me without a trial. You will hardly believe me, perhaps, when I tell you that I was actually on my way to see you when I had the good fortune to meet you face to face. I was coming to leave my card."

In spite of herself, Mrs. Viney could not restrain a smile. "Mr. Chai-Hung," she protested. "You have seen fit to credit me with a certain amount of intelligence. I feel highly flattered, I assure you—until you deliberately proceed to insult it. Now, will you be good enough to let me go?"

An ugly light shone in Chai-Hung's eyes and he raised his voice to a pitch that sent a chill sensation passing down her spine. "I was going to tell you where I now live. Are you afraid to come and see me, Mrs. Viney?"

"Afraid? Of course not. Why should I be afraid?"

"Are you afraid of—that?"

He held the thing before her face—so closely that she started back, momentarily incapable of visualizing it. Suddenly she clutched at the saddle and uttered a wild piercing scream that set a colony of monkeys shrieking and screeching in chorus. She was staring as if fascinated at a long, narrow strip of pasteboard, yellow and shiny with seven black dots marked clearly on the surface.

A second later and the Chinaman had uttered a peculiar, guttural cry—and footsteps began pattering down the glade behind her. Chai-

Hung reached up as if to pull her from the saddle.

The pony that had been peacefully feeding brought up its head with a sudden jerk, causing Chai-Hung to slip sideways, losing his balance; and Monica, the shock bringing her to her senses, found herself raining blows from her riding-stock at the yellow horror at her side.

Before the ring of Chai-Hung's men could encircle her, she had pricked the pony's flanks and ridden wildly down the forest path, her aureole of soft curls blowing in the breeze.

She had a dim memory of the familiar outline of Dawson's bungalow, of a cook-boy taking the reins from her trembling fingers, and then she knew that she was lying, face-downward, in a long cane chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Centuries seemed to pass before she could muster up the courage to shout for the servant.

"Where is the Tuan Hewitt?" she inquired huskily.

"He went out before makan—and has not yet returned."

"Not back yet?" she echoed blankly.

"And the Tuan Dawson?"

"The Tuan-Hakim eats the air also."

"Bila," she said in a tone that signified dismissal.

And still the cook-boy hesitated. "Will the mem-sahib take tea?"

"Yes, I will have tea as soon as possible. I am very tired," she added, as if an excuse were necessary.

The boy had almost disappeared through the doorway when she called after him.

"Will you send one of the Tuan-Hakim's orderlies. I wish to speak to him."

"The master has taken them all. A messenger came to him, an hour ago, with an important paper. He was in a great hurry, for he did not stop to tell me when he would be back."

Dawson, servant, entering noiselessly, set the tray on the table in front of her. She glanced up wearily to see the Oriental fall to his hands on the boards, flustering himself abjectly, his teeth chattering together like a man with the ague. Following the direction of his frightened eyes, she became aware that a broad shadow had fallen across the floor. The color left her cheeks and her hand shook so that some of the amber fluid fell from the spout on the lacquer tray.

Chai-Hung stood on the threshold, his hands clasped in front of him, beaming amiably in spite of a certain shortness of breath. Behind him, on the wooden staircase, a hump-backed cooie, a red paper umbrella, stuck under one arm, carried between his two hands a thing that resembled a biscuit-box, shaped like a barrel, with a knob at one side and a handle at the top, the existence of which did not appear to have occurred to him.

"I trust I am not intruding, Mrs. Viney?" He dropped uninvited into a chair. "I have hastened to proffer my apologies for my conduct this afternoon. I have not been very well, and the remains of a fever from which I had been suffering went to my head."

"You see—I have brought my own tea," pursued the bandit cheerfully, taking the metal box from the dwarf—who promptly effaced himself. "It is one of our customs which must appear rather strange to you, Mrs. Viney. In ancient times which fortunately, perhaps, are past—nobody could tell who were one's friends—and who were enemies. A very favorite method of dispatching one's enemies was by poison. Hence this quaint portable tea-pot. It was invented many centuries before your vacuum flask and yet it possesses certain of its qualities. Here we have the outer sheath—a metal container simply with a hinged flap to cover the spout. If I were to show you the inside—you would find a china pot with a padding all round it of horse-hair sewn into silk."

Monica, her interest suddenly aroused, looked up at him. He was holding the thing as his servant had done—and not by the metal handle in the lid. He leant easily forward and placed it on the table before her, just clear of the tray.

"Don't imagine for one instant that I brought it here because I believed you would poison me," he observed with the innocent smile of a child.

"It caught my eye as I left, and I fancied that it might serve to amuse you." With a deft movement, he tilted up the cap. "Observe the spout!"

Monica carried away by the excitement of the afternoon, by the flood of apparently inconsequent chatter that flowed easily from the intruder's lips, forced an exclamation of delight. A voice within her kept repeating itself over and over again, warning her to be on her guard. Dawson's servant had crawled to his kitchen, and she sat alone at tea with the most dreaded desperado in Eastern waters. There was no trace, however, beneath the mask of affability he now wore, of the hideous idol that had frightened her in the forest.

As Chai-Hung had so accurately pronounced—Monica was indiscreetly curious. Her fingers itched to explore further and presently they hovered over the handle.

"May I?" she demanded sweetly.

"By all means," said the bandit, his head thrust forward. "I must explain one thing. You will find our tea a little different to that to which you are accustomed."

"I remember," broke in Mrs. Viney, gaining courage. "You told us about it once, in my brother's bungalow in Jesselton. Don't you remember? You said that we had treated the baggage shamefully, drenching it with milk and spoiling it with sugar."

She grasped the handle and lifted the lid slightly. The difficulty she had anticipated was not there. It came away quite easily.

Suddenly, as she bent down to look inside, the door at her elbow swung open and a tall figure, plunging headlong through the aperture, whirled the pot from her hands, sending it spinning right into Chai-Hung's lap.

She sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing indignation, the lid of the



THORNTREE PLAZA TAKES THE APPETITE OUT OF THEIR PURSES.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



DAVE WHITTAKER LIVERYMAN TRIED TO HITCH UP HERB HOLTON'S HORSE THAT'S BEEN OUT TO PASTURE ALL SUMMER

but the newcomer swept her unceremoniously aside and stood, his shoulders stooping, the blue barrel of an automatic flashing in the sunshine.

"Sit perfectly still, Mr. Chai-Hung," came the cool tones of Chinese Pennington. "I may interest you to know that I suddenly decided to alter my plans for your capture and rounded up your people this afternoon. There were no casualties on our side, my friend."

But the bandit was not looking at Pennington's weapon. The metal case lay open on his knees, displaying a white spout to which no pot was attached—and the writhing, sinuous body of a snake that was swiftly uncoiling itself, its head drawn back to strike!

"The Passing of Zara-Khan," the next episode of this gripping series, will start in our next issue.

M. L. Gould Honored
M. L. Gould, president of the Linton Coal Company, with offices in the Traction Terminal Bldg., has been named by John C. Brydon, president of the National Coal Association, as a member of the finance committee of that organization, according to advices from Washington. This committee is composed of seven of the leading bituminous mine operators of the country.

Farmer Killed By Fall
VERNON, Ind., Aug. 8.—As the result of a fall from a second-story porch at the home of his brother-in-law, Charles Ross, Henry Hoffman, 70,

regaled or sustained with such nutritious and dainty sandwiches as those included in the bulletin our Washington Bureau has just prepared on this subject. Fill out coupon below, and get these recipes.

Washington Bureau Indianapolis Times, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin, SIXTY SANDWICHES, and enclose herewith 4 cents in postage stamps for same:

Name

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The Story of the Sandwich

It would be an exaggeration to say that the sandwich is all of value ancient Rome has left us, but it is no exaggeration to say that none of the Caesars was ever

regaled or sustained with such nutritious and dainty sandwiches as those included in the bulletin our Washington Bureau has just prepared on this subject. Fill out coupon below, and get these recipes.

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HOOSIER BRIEFS

Lebanon citizens have formed a country club and work on the clubhouse and golf links is well under way. The club will be among the most handsome and best equipped in Indiana.

A new bus line has been established connecting Lebanon, Whitestown, Zionsville, New Augusta and Indianapolis.

With the death of Mrs. Mary Anne Shoemaker, 85, residents of Union Township, Boone County, miss one of their oldest and best respected citizens. She died on a farm adjoining her birthplace, having lived in the one township her entire life.

Boys from all parts of Indiana are enjoying ten-day vacation periods at the State Y. M. C. A. camp on White River at Bedford. The camp is in charge of State Y officials.

New branch libraries in Bartholomew county have been established at Elizabethtown, Azalia and St. Louis Crossing by Lenore Bonham, county librarian.

A number of cattle have died in Owen County lately from eating a certain unknown poisonous weed, experts from Purdue who have investigated declared.

Possibilities of a 3-cent reduction in the Ft. Wayne school corporation tax levy for the coming year have been expressed by L. C. Ward, superintendent of the city schools.

A tourist camp is being constructed at Rockford on White River. A storehouse, cabins where tourists may spend the night and a swimming beach are included in the plans.

The third annual reunion of the Gascho family will be held at the Tip-top Park, Sunday, Aug. 19.

A new publication known as the Indiana Athletic Review has been

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



ELF DAKIN IS NOT SO GOOD ON THE DEFENSIVE AS HE HAS SO MUCH TO DEFEND.

WOOD IS WOOD TO FRECKLES



SALESMAN SAM—By SWAN



HI SAM—PUT THESE TWO \$10 BILLS ON THAT HORSE FOR ME—WILL YA?

YOU BETCHA

WHAT THE SAM HILL HAPPENED? I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO PICK UP A FIGHT, BUT TO PUT THOSE TWO \$10 BILLS ON NOBRANES

AT'S JUST WHAT I DID GUZZ

I GOT INTO HIS STABLE ALLRIGHT, BUT WHEN I TRIED TO PUT TH \$10 BILLS ON HIM, OH BOY!

PLOP!

started by a group of students at Indiana University. It will be issued previous to each home football contest.

The Greenville Masonic lodge has in a glass case an apron worn by the late President Harding. Probably only one other lodge in the country has such a possession. Alexandria lodge, Virginia, has an apron worn by George Washington.

Girl Scout troops are to be formed in Franklin under the auspices of the Business and Professional Women's Club and will maintain headquarters at the Baptist Church.

At last! Real relief for hay fever. The long search by scientific men for something that would counteract the effect of pollen has resulted in a new discovery. It is now possible to go through the hay fever season and hardly know that you ever had this terrible affliction.

Hay fever is caused by pollen from weeds, vegetation, etc., which irritates the mucous lining of the nose. Dia-pollin keeps this pollen infection under such control that it doesn't make your life miserable. It is easy to use and acts like magic.

Simply apply it in the nostrils, and almost instantly you realize that hay fever has met its master. The nose clears up and stops running. The fever-cools off. Breathing becomes easier. The redness and itching of the eyes and nose ceases almost entirely. A few applications a day enable you to work in comfort and sleep in peace.

Hay fever is caused by pollen from weeds, vegetation, etc., which irritates the mucous lining of the nose. Dia-pollin keeps this pollen infection under such control that it doesn't make your life miserable. It is easy to use and acts like magic.

"Gave Wonderful Relief"
"I started using Dia-pollin for hay fever last July, and obtained most wonderful relief. For the first time in many years, I slept soundly during the hay fever season."

son, and was able to work with very little of the usual nose and eye troubles. I recommended Dia-pollin to several others, and all of them received the same benefits I did."—C. H. Rogers, Mgr. Salvation Army Hotel, 26 So. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis.

"I have found complete relief through Dia-pollin all through the Rose and Hovey seasons. My suffering used to be very severe. Dia-pollin cleared my head, stopped the itching of the eyes, made my breathing easy and in fact made it possible for me to go to work and get a good night's sleep. It is the first real relief I ever found and has had no bad effects."—Wm. Walker, 736 Edgemont Ave., Indianapolis.

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY
You can try Dia-pollin without risking a penny. If it fails to please you, your money will be promptly refunded. No red tape about it. Try Dia-pollin at our risk. At your druggist, or send \$3 for package by mail prepaid, with our money-back guarantee, endorsed by a leading Indianapolis bank. The Pollen Laboratories, Inc., 824 Consolidated Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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