

THE YELLOW SEVEN. THE PASSING OF ZARA-KHAN

BY EDMUND SNELL.

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

JAMES VARNEY'S bungalow was a landmark. It stood on the summit of a hill at the foot of which the turbid Tembakut River—sweeping from some mysterious point of origin in the Borneo hinterland—swerved abruptly and, leaving in its wake a muddy delta infested with crocodiles, continued its onward course to the sea.

Varney knew that river and had charted it as accurately as it was possible to chart anything in the lesser-known regions of a perplexing Orient. He understood the habits and customs of the Dyak villagers whose dwellings clustered along the palm-grove banks. It was possibly for these reasons that a discriminating syndicate in London—that exploited the coconut from its outer husk to the oil that lurked beneath its hard exterior—had seen fit to entrust him with their interests.



VARNEY HURRIED FORWARD.

Varney was 37. He was short, more over, and stockily built, with a rugged, kindly countenance upon which the tropical sun had set its unmistakable sign and superscription. He had a dog—a shaggy, friendly animal of unknown breed—an extensive library of faded, cloth-bound books, and a marked preference for Dutch tobacco. Varney—who despised all other forms of personal adornment—had from time to time solicited the aid of the most skilled tattooer on the island—one Zara-Khan—and, excepting for a space the size of a dinner plate on his broad chest, with a corresponding vacancy between his shoulders, his body was covered with the grim masterpieces of Zara-Khan.

Before the cyclone came, Varney had been worrying over those two blank spaces. Zara-Khan, a tall, slim, brown-skinned scoundrel, with an ingratiating smile, a gaudy turban, and a suit of white ducks—had looked in on one of his periodical visits to Varney's area. He had passed on to a neighboring rubber estate, hoping on the return journey to find his lucrative client less exercised in mind. Coming swiftly on the heels of a perfect tropic afternoon, the storm fied had spread its cloak over the entire heavens.

It seemed that nothing short of a miracle could have spared Varney's house; but, as luck would have it, the frenzy of the gale had merely lifted the sag-batch until it stood on end, allowing the ensuing deluge to pour in; had deposited Varney's dog in the river a couple of hundred yards away, and left half the crockery in the bungalow intact. The more sheltered buildings—offices, clerks' quarters, store-houses, and the like, had crumpled like a pack of cards.

Chang—the dog—had crawled back to the veranda and crouched in a corner over a chunk of raw meat pilaged from a ruined store. Varney, returned from a preliminary investigation of damage, was greeting the imminent fall of darkness through a tumbler of amber fluid wherein countless silver bubbles scurried merrily upward. A half-dazed Chinese boy—bare to the waist—endeavored from a complete packet of matches to discover one that would serve to ignite the wick of the oil-lamp. Something sputtered feebly, then leapt into

flame and the servant emitted a grunt of satisfaction.

The Chinaman shuffled beyond the rays of the lamp; the dog growled with sudden fierceness and bounded toward the entrance, where the trader intercepted it skilfully—and, as if tossed by an unseen hand over the veranda-rail, a piece of pasteboard fluttered through the crowd of humming insects that encircled the lamp and came to rest on the sodden boards almost at Varney's feet.

Varney raised his voice. "Chong-Hee! Come here! Go down and see who's prowling around outside."

He stooped and picked up the card. It was as long as his middle finger—a narrow, flexible thing with rounded corners. He turned it over curiously between his fingers—then started back in horrified amazement.

"The Yellow Seven!" A second later he was turning over a jumbled heap of moist documents, searching for the circular he had received only two days before from Capt. John Hewitt—Commissioner of Police at Jesselton—a kind of formal warning that this yellow seven was the sign employed by a powerful secret organization—and that its receipt signified a warning of death!

He hooked forward a chair and, pouring himself out a generous helping from the square bottle, examined the document and the card in turn. Presently he folded the document carefully over the pasteboard and, thrusting both into a tunic pocket, leant back in his chair.

It was fully ten minutes before Chong-Hee returned. He stood on the threshold, shivering like a man with the ague, and Varney beckoned him to approach.

"I saw nobody, great tuan, but I heard the voice of a spirit!" The trader started. "The voice of a spirit?" he echoed. "Yah, tuan. It was a powerful spirit for its words rose above the wind in the trees and the flowing of the river."

"Ah!" The trader set his back firmly against the wall and stuck both hands in his pockets. "And the spirit said:

"I have come with a message for the white man who lives on the hill and who—up to a point—is good."

"Extremely kind of him, I'm sure! Go on!"

"He spoke also of another white man, tuan, one whom the natives have called 'He Who Sees in the Dark,' who is evil and the spirit would seek to destroy. This is the message the spirit gave to me; tell the white lord that should he continue to live as he has lived—all will be well; but should he receive this other white man into his house or seek to help him—all will be ill."

"I see," said Varney. "In other words, your friend has a pretty good notion in his head that this white man intends coming here and hopes, if I agree to chase him back into the open, to have a prolonged opportunity of slitting his throat! Was that all?"

"All, tuan."

"Bila, Chong-Hee! You can clear out."

The dog growled again, then dashed into the night, barking. For reasons best known to himself, Varney did not attempt to stop it. He turned in order to gauge more easily what was going on outside—and Chong-Hee waited fearfully.

A quick step was audible along the path and the dog's infuriated baying had turned into a joyous greeting. A tall, slim man took the steps in a couple of strides and halted on the threshold, his solar topee set at a jaunty angle over eyes that might have belonged to a Celestial, had not the remainder of the newcomer's appearance been so obviously British.

Varney hurried forward. "Pennington! Peter Pennington! Man alive, I'm mighty glad to see you!"

Chong-Hee still remained at the entrance to the passage-way. There was recognition written clearly in his half-closed eyes.

"I saw your light—miles away," laughed Chinese Pennington, "and made for it like a shot. It missed you then?"

"By the merest stroke of luck. Beyond this, I haven't a building intact. One of my clerk's got his leg broken and a couple of coolies'll have to be buried in the morning. Chong-Hee! Take Mr. Pennington's cane and hat and make it bath and dinner for two, Tahu?"

Pennington's glance lit upon the square bottle.

"Next to your admirable self," he admitted, "there's nothing on earth I more wanted to see than that! I've had the devil's own time—and the devil's own luck."

"How's that?" demanded the other, pushing forward a chair.

"I haven't seen you for months, Varney, so I expect you're wondering what's happened to me. It's interesting me at present." He lowered his voice. "I'm trying to tackle the toughest proposition it's ever been my luck to strike. Hewitt's got me chasing round after Chai-Hung and his Yellow Seven."

"Go your work cut out! Here's luck!"

"Cheerio! This afternoon—to get it off my chest—I was on the verge of bringing off the final coup. I'd had the Commissioner down to see the fun. He got collared by the Chinks! Luckily I had wind of that almost as soon as it happened and laid my plans accordingly. After that everything went well. Dawson was rounding up the bunch. I'd Chai-Hung in the district Officer's bungalow, neatly trapped in the act of venting his hatred of myself upon my fiancée—Mrs. Viney. He had brought a nasty-looking reptile in a Chinese teapot and I knocked it into his lap, covering him at the same time with my automatic. Believe me or not, old son, but that confounded cyclone arrived just in time to spoil anything. It smashed Dawson's place to match-wood. I had my hands full saving Mrs. Viney. It was an hour and a half before the Commissioner and I could get back. Dawson joined us—and I packed them all off to Jesselton before going back to the ruins. Three of my agents and myself turned the bungalow inside out. We found what was left

WOMAN SO BLUE SHE CRIED

Because of Ill Health—Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Burlington, Ia.—"I used to dread the time for my monthly period as it came every two weeks and lasted for two weeks, and during that time I would have the blues and cry. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am so happy I can hardly express myself. I have gained several pounds and look fine. I have recommended your medicine to my friends and you may publish my letter as a testimonial. I hope your medicine will give others the relief it did me."—Mrs. RALPH GAIL, 2021 Des Moines St., Burlington, Ia.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for ailments common to women. It has been used for such troubles for nearly fifty years, and thousands of women have found relief as did Mrs. Gail, by taking this splendid medicine.

If you are suffering from irregularity, painful times, nervousness, headache, backache or melancholy, you should at once begin to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is excellent to strengthen the system and help to perform its functions with ease and regularity.

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



ROSCOE GLOVER WAS TERRIBLY EMBARRASSED TODAY, WHEN HIS ELASTIC NECK-TIE CAME OFF IN FRONT OF THE CENTRAL HOTEL

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



BERRY PIE

An Invitation With Reverse English

—By BLOSSER

SALESMAN \$AM—BY SWAN



HOOSIER BRIEFS

of Dawson's boy, but there wasn't a trace of our friend Chai-Hung—except his red umbrella and a battered metal tea-pot!"

"Then you think he succeeded in getting clear?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

MODERN WOODMEN WILL HOLD PICNIC

Twelve Marion County camps of the Modern Woodmen of America will hold their twenty-first annual picnic Sunday at Broad Ripple Park. Approximately 6,000 members and their families are expected to attend. Special athletic events have been planned for the day. The picnic is in charge of C. A. Osborn, district manager M. W. of A., Marion Camp; Walter Leutz, Park Camp, and Joseph Heath, Capital City Camp.

Those in charge:

W. M. Sanders and Frank Faust, baseball; Charles W. Parr, horseshoe pitching; Harry Stumph, foot races; Ben J. Schlenger, Jr., clothespin pull; Walter Michael, nail driving; Henry Halbing, hog-calling contest and greased pig chase; G. H. Jenkins, craft reading; Thomas Perkins, balloon contest.

Edward Gans, Walter Biddlecomb and C. W. Pelly will have charge of the grounds.

Committees have been named to work out plans for the Fourth Annual Fall Festival and Livestock Exposition to be held at Brazil late in September.

Fifty-six stitches were needed to close the wounds of the 3-year-old daughter of Dwight Plank of Camden, when she was cut about the head and body in an automobile accident.

A movement is on foot in Muncie to establish a first-class amusement park to be ready for use next summer. Citizens there are opposed to the so-called come-and-go type of carnival.

Valparaiso University will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary at the commencement exercises Aug. 14.

A large number of blue gills, bass and perch from the hatcheries have recently been placed in the Falls Park near Pendleton.

Officers of the American Legion post at Bloomington have planned a county rally of legionnaires to be held there Aug. 17.

The Budget of 1924 for Decatur County will keep the tax levy the same as for this year. Commissioners have appropriated \$75,462 for county expenses during the coming year.

Prof. Lynn H. Harris, head of the English department for the past three

years at Franklin College has resigned to become president of the Beaver College for Women, Beaver, Pa.

A swimming meet with the juniors of Bluffton was held at Lake Marion today under the auspices of the local chapter of the Marion Red Cross. All competitors were under 15.

The Montgomery County Shippers' Association shipped fifty-nine car-

loads of stock in July this year as compared with twenty-nine during the same month of 1922.

Windfall is excited over a black-hand letter received by John S. Mitchell, local banker. The blackmailers threaten the life of his son unless they receive \$5,000.

The Tacoma Tribe of Camp Fire Girls, in camp near the Wabash River north of Walton, Ind., discovered a still while tramping through the woods near their camp.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Baker of Sheridan recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

The Story of the Sandwich

It would be an exaggeration to say that the sandwich is all the 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 of 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.....
Street and No.....
City..... State.....

GARY MILLS SEE 8-HOUR SCHEDULE

By United Press
CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Complete establishment of the eight-hour day in the Nation's steel mills, as asked by President Harding shortly before his death, will take about a year, officials of Gary and Chicago steel plants said today.

The first move to put the new schedule in effect will be made at Gary, Ind., next week, probably Monday, when a blast furnace unit will discard the 12-hour shift.

Heath workers will also be on the eight-hour schedule by mid-August.

All Fat People Should Know This

Fat people owe a debt of gratitude to the author of the now famous Marmola Prescription, and are still more indebted for the reduction of this harmless, effective obesity remedy to tablet form. Marmola Prescribing Tablets can be obtained at all drug stores the world over at the reasonable price of one dollar for a case, or you can order them direct on receipt of price from the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. This new leave no excuse for dieting, violent exercise, or disgusting greases and salves, for the reduction of the overfat body to normal.—Advertisement.

the change being made in other units at regular intervals.

About 3,000 men will be added to the Gary and Chicago mill payrolls because of the change. The total additional employees necessitated in the country as a whole is estimated at 65,000, increasing steel mill payrolls about \$45,000,000 annually.

FACE FULL OF RED PIMPLES

Itched and Burned. Scalp Covered With Dry Lumps. Cuticura Healed.

"My face was full of small, red pimples and so sore that I could hardly stand to shave. My scalp was covered with dry lumps that would scale off and leave sore eruptions. The eruptions itched and burned so badly that I scratched them, causing them to bleed. 'I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me, and after using one box of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed.' (Signed) C. L. Walker, 717 Zane St., Martins Ferry, Ohio.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment dust with Talcum.

Sample Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, 1234 Main St., Boston, Mass." Send 3¢ for Cuticura Soap and 3¢ for Cuticura Ointment.