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"The  
FORTUNE  
TUSK!"



GRAND STORY OF THRILLING ADVENTURES IN THE CONGO!

# The FORTUNE TUSK!

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

## The Tusk of N'Koro'Koro!

"O... E - WANGU!" murmured N'koro'koro, the Baganda hunter.

He sat on a stone by the doorway of his hut in the Baganda village, rocking himself to and fro.

There was a big bruise under the hunter's fuzzy hair. But it was not that injury that troubled him. It was the loss of his treasured yellow tusk that filled N'koro'koro with sorrow.

In the morning sunshine, N'koro'koro sat by his door and looked away towards the vast forest that surrounded the village, and rocked himself, and mourned.

"Ole-Wangu! Woe is me!" murmured the Baganda.

Masinda, his wife, looked from the hut. There was angry scorn in the face of the Baganda woman.

"O man," she said, in the native tongue, "do you sit and mourn like a woman? Will the thief bring back the tusk because you cry out at your door? Take your shield and your fighting-spear and follow Kintambo into the forest."

"Peace, woman!" said N'koro'koro. "It is well known, in all the country between the Popolaki river and the Great Mountain, that Kintambo is a very terrible man, and if I follow him into the forest it is not he who will be slain."

Masinda gave a scoffing laugh, and withdrew into the hut.

N'koro'koro, left alone, resumed his mourning.

But his lamentation was interrupted by the sight of a safari that emerged from the shades of the forest and wound on its way by the path to the village.

N'koro'koro rose to his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared at the newcomers.

Five white men, or, rather, boys, came into his sight—the Boy Scout patrol of Masumpwa. With them marched a gigantic Kikuyu and a white man with a hard, seared face and ragged beard, whose hands were bound behind his back.

"Kumbo!" said the hunter.

"It is the Bwana Strong and his safari, and they bring the trader Hackett a prisoner. Now, what may this mean?"

Masinda looked from the house again.

"Perhaps they bring back the tusk that was taken by Kintambo," she said, "for yesterday the Bwana came to the village while you lay senseless from the blow that Kintambo gave you, and he said that he would follow the thief in the forest. And perhaps—"

"Peace, woman!" said the hunter.

He advanced to meet the Scouts as they reached the village, and a crowd of the Baganda inhabitants gathered around.

The safari came to a halt; and Lyn Strong, patrol-leader of the Scouts, beckoned to N'koro'koro to approach.

The hunter came up hopefully. "O man," said Lyn, speaking in Swahili, "yesterday a tusk was taken



from your house by Kintambo, the thief, who struck you down with the shaft of his spear. Is it not so?"

"It is true, O Bwana!" said the hunter.

"And if your eyes should see the tusk again, would you know it, for tusks are much alike?" said Lyn.

"There is no tusk like the yellow tusk that was taken by the thief Kintambo. Bwana," answered the hunter, "for on this tusk there are strange markings,

terrible man," said the hunter, glancing at the Kikuyu, "for Kintambo was the most terrible fighting-man in all the tribes of the Baganda."

Bobo grinned complacently.

"It is true, O man!" he said. "In all the country from the great Nyansa to the Big Water there is no man so brave and terrible as I, Bobolobo."

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" murmured Pip; and the Scouts grinned.

"And it is good to hear that Kintambo is slain," went on N'koro'koro. "But the tusk—"

Lyn Strong groped in his wallet, and drew out an elephant's tusk yellow with age.

He held it out to the Baganda.

"Is that the tusk, O man!" he asked.

The hunter clutched it eagerly.

"It is the tusk," he said, "for I know it by the strange

markings. O Bwana, which tell a secret to my eyes."

"Take it!" said Lyn, and he handed the tusk to the Baganda.

There was a muttered curse from Hackett, the American trader. His deepest, wolfish eyes followed the yellow tusk as it was transferred.

"Shut up, you!" snapped Fatty Page.

"I guess you're mad, the whole crowd of you!" muttered the trader. "I tell you that tusk is worth a fortune."

"That concerns only the owner," answered Lyn.

"I tell you there's a secret marked

## A Great Treasure of Ivory

Lies hidden in the jungle—and Lyn Strong holds the key to its whereabouts!

out with a knife by the hand of one who is now with the ghosts."

"That settles it, old bean!" said Pip Parker.

Lyn nodded.

"O hunter!" he said. "We followed Kintambo in the forest, and we found that he had given the tusk to a Mzungu—the white man whom you see with us now, and whose hands are bound. And Kintambo was slain in fight with my gun-bearer, Bobolobo; and the Mzungu is a prisoner, to be taken to Masumpwa and given up to the white man's justice."

"Truly Bobolobo is a brave and

on it—and that nigger will never get the benefit of it!" snarled Hackett. "I tell you that tusk is the clue to a treasure that would make us all rich."

"Chew it!" said Lyn.

"You durned fool!" Hackett broke off suddenly as Bobo raised his spear and the broad blade glittered under his startled eyes.

"Dog!" said Bobo. "It is not fitting that such words should be spoken to the Bwana! Lord, let me slay this insolent man!"

"Keep that durned nigger off!" yelled Hackett, in alarm.

Lyn laughed.

"Put down your spear, Bobo!" he said. "And you, Hackett, hold your tongue. March, you fellows!"

The patrol marched, the trader curving under his breath as N'koro'koro took the precious tusk back into his hut. The Baganda village was left behind, and the Scouts followed a path through the forest, northward towards the Popolaki river.

## A Tale of Treasure!

NIGHT lay dark on the African forest.

In a deep glade, shadowed by mighty trees, the camp-fire of the Popolaki Scouts burned brightly.

Around the camp-fire the Scouts were gathered to supper.

With them sat Hackett, the trader, his hands released from their bonds for the present. But the eyes of Bobo was on him, and the Kikuyu's spear was ready to be attempted to escape.

Hackett ate his supper in sullen silence. The Scouts chatted cheerily as they ate, excepting Smut, the Dutchman, who seldom spoke.

Several days ago the patrol had left Masumpwe to hunt for Kintambo, the outcast robber. Kintambo had fallen in combat with the Kikuyu; but his confederate, the trader, was a prisoner. The patrol camped for the night in the forest, for another day's march yet lay before them ere the Popolaki river could be reached, where lay the town of Masumpwe.

Hackett eyed the cheery young faces round him with lowering brows.

The loss of the yellow tusk, with its strange markings, had evidently been a heavy blow to the greedy trader. That could not have been on account of its value as ivory, which was not more than a few pounds. Evidently the trader attached a strange value to the tusk, on account of the mysterious markings that were engraved on it. And the Scouts were rather curious on the subject, though it certainly had not occurred to them to keep possession of the tusk, even if it was a clue to a treasure.

"There's a chance yet!" said Hackett, breaking his long silence, and looking at Lyn Strong, half-appealingly, half-savagely. "If you know the value of that tusk—"

"It would make no difference to us," said Lyn, with a curl of the lip. "Do you think we are thieves like yourself?"

"It's worth a fortune! Do you think that nigger will be able to see it?" snarled Hackett. "He dares not go in search of the ivory!"

"The ivory!" repeated Lyn.

"Ivory enough to make a rich man of every guy here!" said Hackett.

Stacpoole yawned.

"Let's hear about it," he said. "I'm quite interested in that jolly old tusk. If you're not gaudy, Hackett, tell us where its value comes in."

The trader hesitated.

It was obvious that he did not desire to reveal the secret of the tusk, and at the same time he hoped to work on feelings of greed, to obtain the help of the Scouts in regaining possession of it.

"I guess I'll put you wise," he said at last. "Go on with me, and make your fortunes! I guess, with a party like this, I'd find the ivory—enough to load a dozen mules, too."

"My hat!" said Fatty Page.

"That nigger, N'koro'koro, was gun-bearer, years ago, in a safari in the Upper Congo country," said Hackett slowly. "They was hunting ivory, and they found it. Stacks of it! They found the elephants' cemetery" that the natives talk about so much.

"We've all heard of that," said Lyn, with a smile. "But no man has ever seen it!"

"That safari saw it," answered Hackett surlily. "There was two white men, and a dozen native porters. They found the elephants' cemetery, where the ivory lies as thick as flies in a native hut. They loaded themselves with all they could carry, and beat it for home. But they was cut up by a tribe of cannibals, and nearly every man killed and eaten. One porter got away wounded."

He paused, crammed tobacco in his mouth, and chewed. He seemed reluctant to tell more, and for some minutes he sat silent, chewing tobacco, and ejecting streams of tobacco-juice into the spattering fire.

"Is that the lot?" yawned Stacpoole at last.

"Nope!" grunted Hackett. And, making up his mind to it, the trader resumed:

"N'koro'koro, like I said, was gun-bearer; but he had fallen sick, and was left behind in a native village, so he never saw the elephants' cemetery. He was joined, at the place where he'd been left, by the wounded man who got away. That man brought the yellow tusk with him. He had out the markings on it to guide him back to the place some other time. But he died in the native village of his wounds, and N'koro'koro kept the tusk."

He ejected tobacco-juice again.

"That nigger keeps the tusk," he went on. "He ain't the pluck to try again for the ivory. I guess it couldn't be done, either, without a strong and well-armed safari. But he sticks to the tusk. I guess when I heard the story, I made up my mind to get hold of it. I offered that nigger as much as fifty pounds in English money for the tusk, and he wouldn't part. That was why I got the Baganda, Kintambo, to knock him on the head and get it for me."

He glanced round at the interested faces of the Scouts.

"That nigger, N'koro'koro, won't part with the tusk," he said. "But what's to stop you guys taking it? Go in with me, and let us—"

"That's enough!" said Lyn.

"It's a tall story, but it may be true," remarked Pip. "I'd like to have that jolly old tusk."

"Same here," said Stacpoole.

"Yes, rather!" said Fatty Page.

"But if the man won't sell it—"

"What's the matter with getting it off him!" demanded Hackett.

Lyn laughed.

"Lots!" he answered. "If the tusk and its secret are of any value, they

don't belong to us, but to the Baganda hunter!"

"Aw, talk sense!" growled Hackett.

"That's sense enough for this patrol, old bean!" grinned Pip.

The trader muttered a curse.

"You're letting a fortune go—" he began again. He was interrupted by a sudden shout from Bobo, who leaped up and grasped his spear.

"Simba!"

"A lion!" exclaimed Lyn, and in an instant his rifle was in his hand.

From the bush, not ten yards from the camp-fire, a terrible head emerged—that of a huge, black-maned lion, whose glaring eyes were fixed on the Scouts. The brightness of the fire seemed to daunt him, and he remained half-hidden by the bush, staring, a deep growl pealing from his cavernous throat.

"Shoot!" shouted Lyn.

Five rifles roared out at once. There was a deep-toned roar from Simba, and the terrible head darted back into the bush. The Scouts fired into the bush after him, and another roar answered. Then came a wild clanging and rustling, as the wounded beast fled into the blackness of the forest.

"He's gone!" said Lyn, lowering his rifle.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Pip.

"What—"

"So has the Yank!"

Lyn spun round.

The prisoner's place was empty.

The trader had seized his opportunity, while the attention of the Scouts had been fixed on the lion. He had had only a few moments, but he had made the best of them. The Scouts looked for him, but they looked in vain. The trader had vanished into the forest, and the darkness of the night swallowed him up.

## Too Late!

LYN STRONG set his teeth.

The trader was gone. Pursuit, in the darkness of the tangled forest, was hopeless.

"What's the trouble, Lyn?" asked Pip, staring at the patrol leader's troubled face. "The fellow's a rogue; but it's not very important to round him up. He will get what he deserves some other time."

"I was not thinking of that," said Lyn. "But—"

"But what?" asked Fatty.

"I was thinking of N'koro'koro! That villain is determined to get hold of the yellow tusk, and now he has escaped, I can't help thinking that he may make for the Baganda village."

"He's unarmed," said Stacpoole, shaking his head.

"I know. But—"

Lyn's brows contracted.

The Scouts looked at one another. They had had a hard day's march, and they wanted rest. But they were ready to trek back if the patrol leader gave the order.

"If he makes for the Baganda village, we might catch him there," said Pip. "But—"

"Not likely," said Stacpoole. "What could an unarmed man do?"

"He is a desperate rascal!" said Lyn, "and he would not stop short of anything to get hold of the tusk." He paused, irresolute. "Look here, you fellows! It's not worth a night march for the whole patrol; but I'll go back

with Bobo. Turn in. And we'll rejoice you're here to-morrow."

"We're ready to march, if you give the word!" said Fatty Page, though he cast a longing glance at his blanket.

"Ja, ja!" said Samt.

Lyn shook his head.

"It's not necessary I'll trek back with Bobo. You're ready, Bobo?"

"O Bwana, this Kikuyu always ready to follow his lord!" answered Bobo.

"Come, then!"

And, leaving the rest of the patrol in camp, Lyn and the Kikuyu struck into the forest, and were soon lost to sight.

Many a long mile had the Popolaki patrol marched that day, by forest and jungle, and the Baganda village was a great distance behind them.

The return march meant that Lyn and the Kikuyu would be on foot all night, for they could scarcely hope to reach the village before morning.

Mile after mile of shadowy wood and jungle glided by them. Of the escaped trader they saw and heard nothing.

If he had headed for the Baganda village, he was ahead of them on the same path; and he could not, Lyn thought, be very far ahead. But there was no sign of him to be picked up by Bobo's keen eyes and ears.

The night was growing old, and drawing towards dawn, when they reached at last the neighbourhood of the village.

Here the forest was less thick and tangled, and the glitter of the stars filtered through the foliage. They were approaching the clearing where the village lay. Lyn became conscious of a sound in the silence of the night—a faint sound afar, that grew louder and shriller.

It was a sound of wailing, and it came from the direction of the village. He touched Bobo on the arm.

"What is that sound, Bobo!" he asked.

"Lord, it is the wailing of a woman!" answered the Kikuyu.

Lyn had no doubt of it.

"Push on!" he said.

And they hurried their steps.

In the clearing, when they emerged from the dark forest, the light of the stars fell brightly, and all things were clear to their eyes.

The Baganda village, which at that hour should have been plunged in slumber, was stirring, and there was a sound of many voices. Above the buzz of voices rose the wailing of Masinda, the wife of N'koro'koro.

Lyn hurried into the village, the Kikuyu following him. They had no doubt now that the trader had been there. He had lost no time after escaping from the Scouts' camp. He had, indeed, no time to lose, for this was his last chance of obtaining possession of the yellow tusk before he was hunted out of Uganda.

Masinda was not to be seen. The wailing came from within the house of N'koro'koro. And Lyn knew the death-chant of the Baganda. The head-man of the village greeted him as he hurried up.

"What has happened, O N'goko?" exclaimed Lyn, speaking in the native tongue.

"O Bwana, N'koro'koro, the hunter, is slain!" answered the head-man.

"Slain!" repeated Lyn. "By whom, O N'goko?"

His teeth came hard together. There was no doubt now that the trader had been there.

"By the Mzungu who this morning marched with the Bwana with bonds upon his limbs," answered the head-man.

"But how?"

"The Mzungu came to the door of N'koro'koro—in the light of the stars, it is but a short time since," said the head-man. "He called the hunter to his door, and N'koro'koro came, awakened from sleep. And some others, who were also awakened, heard their talk. The Mzungu demanded the yellow tusk, even the same tusk that was stolen by Kiastambo, and which the Bwana brought back to N'koro'koro. And the hunter took his spear to drive him away, and others took their spears to help. But the Mzungu, who is a very terrible man, tore the spear from the hand of N'koro'koro and slew him with it!"

Lyn gritted his teeth.

"Then he seized the tusk, which N'koro'koro carried in his girdle, and fled," continued the head-man; "and

"It is good, O Bwana," said the head-man.

Lyn turned to the Kikuyu.

"Bobo, your eyes must find the spoor of the man who has fled," he said.

"My eyes shall find it, Bwana," said the Kikuyu.

From the east came a faint touch of rosy light in the sky. Day was at hand.

In the dawning light, Lyn and the Kikuyu plunged into the forest.

### Tracked Down!

NOON had come, and the heat in the forest was breathless.

The thick boughs and foliage intercepted the blaze of the sun, and in the aisles of the forest it was dusky; but the shade did not shut off the heat.

Lyn's face was streaming with perspiration, and heat and fatigue were heavy upon him. But he was not thinking of rest. Even the fugitive, with blood on his hands and death behind him, was likely to rest in the fierce heat of noon. But no thought of rest was in the Scout's mind.

Bobotobo, his keen eyes on the ground, was leading the way by a dusky bush-path, many miles from the Baganda village. Traces of the fugitive, that would have escaped most eyes, had not escaped those of the Kikuyu.

Bobo came to a stop at last.

He stood scanning the ground, the trees, the bushes, round him, with keen, scrutinizing eyes. Lyn halted and watched him.

He knew that Hackett would anticipate pursuit—that he would leave as little trace as possible. But he had great faith in the powers of the Kikuyu.

But Bobo seemed at a loss now.

Lyn leaned on a tree, glad of a brief respite from the toil of the trail. So far, the pursuit had led them westward, which Lyn had expected, for he had had no doubt that Hackett would be seeking to escape out of Uganda into the wild Congo country.

"Kumbe!" exclaimed Bobo suddenly.

And he signed to his master.

"He has passed this way!" exclaimed Lyn, hurrying to the Kikuyu.

"No, am, Bwana!" said Bobo. "Yes, lord! It is here that he has left the path, and gone into the forest where there is no path. For he must be very weary, lord, and he has sought a safe place where he may close his eyes till the heat of noon be past."

"But where?" said Lyn.

Bobo grinned, and pointed to a thorny bush with his spear. Lyn uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

On one of the sharp thorns was a fragment of cotton. It had been torn from the cotton shirt of the trader as he passed.

"Good!" exclaimed Lyn. "Push on, Bobo."

The Kikuyu led the way into the thick, tangled forest from the bush-path. Progress was slow now.

Here and there a broken twig, a trodden creeper, told that a man had passed that way not long before. But the traces were few and faint, and the fugitive had doubled and dodged among the giant trees, the thorny bushes, the hanging vines, to baffle a tracker who might follow.

Many times Bobo failed to find a trace of the winding way, and had to try back, losing precious minutes; but always he picked up sign again, and the pursuers kept on.

## THE RIO KID, BOY OUTLAW, COMES BACK TO THE "POPULAR."



FIRST STORY DEALING  
WITH THIS DARE-  
DEVIL OUTLAW  
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Tell all your pals, and look  
out yourself for this Great  
Western Hero!

when the light comes the young men will follow him with spear and shield, and slay him in the forest even as he had slain the hunter. At dawn of day there will be many Baganda following the shedder of blood."

Lyn drew a deep breath.

His suspicion had been well-founded. The escaped trader had headed direct for the house of N'koro'koro, and he had obtained the tusk at the cost of the hunter's life. Lyn had come too late to save the hunter, though he had been hard on the heels of the desperate adventurer.

"O N'goko," said Lyn, "this Mzungu shall be hunted like the wild beasts of the forest, and he shall be tied with cords, and given up to the white man's justice, and he shall be hanged on a tree for the deed he has done in this place."



Stepping back into a corner, Locke waited, a heavy wrench in his hand. Presently the door was pushed open cautiously, and two men entered the building.

For an instant their dark forms were silhouetted against the dull glare of the sky. One intruder was big and burly, the other very short and slight.

The pair closed the door behind them. Then an electric torch flashed out, its thin beam exploring the centre of the floor.

Locke, waiting in the shadow, remained in darkness.

After an instant the two burglars advanced towards the fake machine Locke and Drake had constructed. The detective immediately slipped from his hiding-place, and, going to the door, cut off their retreat.

"Now, then, what are you doing here?" he demanded, suddenly switching on the electric light.

The two men swung round quickly. Locke found himself face to face with Gant and a small Japanese, whose owl-like eyes were shrouded in a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Ah!"

The Jap whipped out a revolver, a spurt of flame flashed from the barrel, and the electric bulb splintered in a thousand fragments, throwing the place into darkness.

Then the torch flashed in Locke's face, and another bullet whistled through his hair, crashing into the wall behind.

The gun made little sound, for it was fitted with a silencer. But the red flash betrayed its position.

"Swosh!"

The heavy wrench swung down on the spot where the gun had been. A loud oath followed; something hard went tinkling to the concrete floor.

With a sudden spring, Locke landed on his opponent, who he knew was the Jap, while the other man clawed and fumbled in the darkness, trying to find the detective.

The Jap had lost both revolver and torch, and it was not until the slow-witted Gant struck a match that the wheelwright found out which of the two was his confederate.

Then he swung himself upon Locke from behind, compelling the sleuth to let go. But Locke jerked himself free, swung round, and sent Gant reeling backwards with a terrific uppercut.

The detective grabbed the Japanese again, and at that moment, with a shout, Jack Drake, who, feeling uneasy, had returned to the works, burst in at the door.

"Quick, Jack, grab him!" gasped Ferrers Locke.

But the Jap, with the agility of a monkey, slipped out of his jacket. Then he and Gant made a combined rush for the door, bowed Drake over like a ninepin, and vanished over the wall before Ferrers Locke could make a further effort to stop them.

"Well, we've got something, anyway, Jack," said the detective. "Let's get out of this and examine the Jap's jacket."

He called the night-watchman and set a guard over the shed, and in ten minutes they were in the small house where they lodged in their guise as workmen.

There Manning awaited them.

"I've news for you, Mr. Locke," Manning announced. "An electric printing outfit was sold a few days ago to a Dr. Kamura, a Japanese, and was delivered to an address given by the

customer. I know the street, and it's a slum—just the sort of place you would expect a bunch of crooks to tie up in."

"Good!" said the detective. "This Kamura will be a spy of the Japanese Government, of course. And Hals and also Gant have been bribed to help him steal Chilvers' secret. We'll raid the place as soon as I can get the men together. But I am very much afraid we shall find the birds flown—"

The detective was a true prophet. When the address was raided by the police, no one was found on the premises. The electric printing outfit was there, with evidence that it had been used for the purpose of photographing blue prints, but that was all. Late at night, or, rather, in the small hours of the morning, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake hooted themselves to an hotel to sleep, quite tired out.

There Lord Witham, who had received a message, visited them the next morning, accompanied by Chilvers. Only Jack Drake was in when they arrived, the detective having gone out immediately after breakfast.

"Well, the gang are on the run, it seems," the peer said. "But I'm afraid they've got away with the invention, after all."

"Have they?" a quiet voice called.

Ferrers Locke stood in the doorway, two bundles under his arm. Breaking the string, he undid the paper wrappings, exposing the contents to view. There was a pile of drawings done on tracing-paper; a similar stack of blue prints, and in tissue paper three bright crystals—the pellets.

With a cry of joy, Chilvers caught up the plans. Except for the one detail which Locke had already recovered, the whole of the drawings were intact.

"I found a key and a safe deposit voucher in Kamura's jacket," Locke explained, "so I went to the vaults this morning and helped myself to these."

"Well, I think that ends the case, Mr. Locke," Lord Witham said, when he had congratulated the great detective on his achievement. "I shall take no further steps against these crooks, for a trial would mean publicity—and that's a thing we don't want till this turbine has been fully tried out."

Locke nodded.

"But there is still one thing that's puzzling me," Chilvers remarked. "How the deuce did they get wind of the invention in the first place?"

Locke stroked his chin thoughtfully, then drew a photograph from his breast pocket.

"Do you know that man?" he asked.

Chilvers inspected the portrait and nodded.

"I shared a room with him at a week-end house party a few weeks ago," he explained. "There were a lot of us, and some had to dig in together. Fellow called Vernon, if I remember rightly. But what about him?"

"Well, he happens to be Gilbert Hals," Locke replied. "And as I know that you talk in your sleep, Mr. Chilvers—for you kept muttering away while you dozed on the train up from London—I think we may safely assume that you talked about your turbine on the occasion you mentioned."

"It's a bad habit—especially for those who have secrets to guard," the detective added dryly. "If I were you I should give it up!"

## "THE FORTUNE TUSK!"

(Continued from page 20.)

and Masinda saw it as she looked from the doorway.

"O Masinda," said Lyn. "The Mzungu who slew N'koro'koro has been slain by the spear of a Kikuyu, and, behold, I have brought back to you the tusk that was taken from the hunter."

And he held out the yellow tusk.

"O Bwana!" said Masinda. "These are good words! For my heart is heavy for N'koro'koro, though it is true that very often he beat me with the whip of rhinoceros-hide. Also did I urge him many times to sell the tusk, but he was an obstinate man, and would not hear with his ears."

"Now the tusk is yours, Masinda, and you may sell it to whom you will!" said Lyn.

"O Bwana, to whom shall I sell the tusk, for the traders are thieves, and they will say that it is yellow, and of little worth," said Masinda. "Also will they say that it is of small value because of the markings upon it, which seemed to be of so much worth to N'koro'koro, who was a very obstinate man."

"It is true," said Lyn.

He had hoped to comfort the widow of N'koro'koro by the return of the stolen tusk.

"But the Bwana, being a Mzungu of Ugeruzum, is one of great honour," continued Masinda. "And perhaps he will buy the tusk, and give a just price."

Lyn smiled.

"O Masinda," he said, "the value of this tusk in the trader's market is a hundred silver rupees."

"Let the Bwana give me one hundred silver rupees, and I shall be content," said Masinda, "for well I know that a Mahindi trader would not give me half so much."

"It is true," said Lyn. "But—"

He paused. "Masinda, if you desire that I should buy this tusk, I will give you, not one hundred, but two hundred rupees for it."

"O Bwana, these words are sweeter to my ears than the singing of the birds in the spring-time!" said Masinda.

And Lyn paid over the two hundred rupees and left the Baganda village with the yellow tusk in his wallet.

Lyn and the Kikuyu rejoined the patrol at the camp, and the next day they were home at Masumpwe.

The yellow tusk, with its strange markings, for which two lives had been lost, was Lyn's.

Many times Lyn handled it, and traced the strange markings that were engraved on the ivory, and wondered what they meant, and whether he would, some day in the future, read their secret, and whether, in truth they had a secret to tell. And often, as he looked at the tusk, his thoughts dwelt on a treasure-hunt in the wild land of the Congo.

THE END.

(The Rio Kid, Boy Outlaw, returns to the POPULAR next week in a roaring NEW SERIES of Texas tales. The first one is entitled: "A ROUGH HOUSE IN PLUG BATT")

THE POPULAR—No. 500.