

CHOOSE YOUR OWN PRIZES! See inside

The **MODERN BOY**

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WHEELED WONDERS OF TO-DAY!—See page 3.

The PUDDING- HEAD!

BY
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HAMILTON

COMPLETE

"Some day you lose that head of pudding!" Monsieur Latour warns him. But young Bunny—the so-called Duffer of the Family—is out for gains, not losses, on the track of a whopping treasure!



Bunny felt his heart beat fast—the Greek was coming up the path, playing the part of man-hunter!

Spondulics!

"QUATRE-VINGT-DIX!" said the tired French clerk in the bureau of the Hotel les Courlis, in Tunis. Having made that—to Bunny—mysterious reply, he turned away, and resumed fanning off the flies with a palm-leaf.

Bunny Hare blinked at him. It was morning in Tunis, already hot, with a blaze of sun that baked the dusty streets, and Bunny had been glad to turn into the hotel out of the sun-glare. At the bureau he inquired for Monsieur Gaston Latour, and received the above cryptic answer.

"Catter what?" asked Bunny.

"Quatre-vingt-dix!"

The Courlis was not the best hotel in Tunis. It was hot and stuffy, with a smell of cooking all over it. Except for the porter at the entrance, with faded gold lace on his cap, and the tired clerk in the bureau, there seemed to be nobody about. But there were plenty of flies. The clerk's chief occupation seemed to be fanning off flies.

"Oh!" said Bunny, reflecting. "That's a number, I suppose."

He realised that the clerk had

given him the number of Monsieur Latour's room, and the man seemed too busy with the flies to give him any more attention. So Bunny stepped away and thought it out.

"Quatre—that's four!" he murmured, remembering his French, such as it was. "Vingt—that's twenty! Dix—that's ten! Four-twenty-ten! That's a queer way of making ninety. Here goes!"

In the Hotel Magnifique, a gold-laced magnifico would have shown Bunny the way. In the Hotel les Courlis he evidently had to find it for himself. So he negotiated the staircase. At the top he paused and looked around.

Bunny guessed it to be the cheapest part of the Hotel les Courlis. Gaston Latour apparently was not one of the wealthy patrons.

Bunny passed along the corridor, looking at the half-obliterated numbers over the doors. There was nobody in the passage. Probably the occupants of the rooms were all gone about their business, at eleven in the morning. All the rooms seemed very silent.

He stopped at a door, and peered at the indistinct number. It began

with a nine, so he was near his destination. Bunny had just made out that the second number was a "2," when the room door opened and a man stepped out so suddenly that he almost stepped into Bunny. Bunny stepped back quickly.

"Sorry!" he said. "I was just looking at the number!"

The man's glance fell on him carelessly. But the next moment it became fixed, and he started, as if he found something familiar in Bunny's chubby, cheerful face.

He was a man of medium size, with lithe, supple limbs, and dark face with clear-cut features and straight nose. His eyes were intensely black, and as they fixed on him in a stare of surprise, it seemed to Bunny that he had seen those sharp, glittering black eyes before, though the rest of the face was unknown to him.

The glitter in the black eyes, the sudden contraction of the brows, made Bunny step another pace backward.

"I was only looking at the number," he explained, wondering at the swift, fierce anger in the dark face. "I'm looking for number

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ninety, and the numbers aren't very clear!"

The man seemed about to speak, but checked himself and strode away along the corridor to the stairs.

Bunny stared after him. The man knew him, and his fierce anger could not have been caused by finding Bunny outside his door. Where had he seen those glittering, penetrating black eyes before?

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bunny. He was almost sure that those black eyes had glittered at him the night before through a disguising veil of gauze. Bunny was sure—or almost sure—that he was the man whom he had seen in the house of Aboo Marish; the man who had kept his face hidden; the man who sought to rob Gaston Latour of the sheepskin that held the clue to the treasure of ancient Carthage! Bunny whistled.

As the even numbers were all on one side in the corridor, No. 92 was next to No. 90. If this was the veiled man, he was Latour's next-door neighbour in the Hotel les Courlis.

The man paused on the landing and glanced back. As he saw Bunny staring at him he turned quickly away again and disappeared down the stairs.

"It's him!" said Bunny emphatically and ungrammatically. "That's how he's been watching the French chap—sticking in the same hotel with him, in the next room! He's the man!"

Bunny moved on to the next door. Over this he made out an indistinct "90," and he tapped.

"Entrez!" called out a voice.

"Ongtray means come in!" murmured Bunny, rather proud of his French. And he opened the door and stepped into the room. It was small and barely furnished. There was an unmade bed in a corner, and at a table, sipping his morning chocolate, sat Gaston Latour, half-dressed, and with a cigarette in his mouth. The atmosphere of the room was dense with smoke, and Bunny coughed as he entered.

Latour—his sallow face looking more sallow than ever in the morning light—gave him a nod, and exclaimed:

"I am glad to see you, mon garcon—top of the morning, as you say in English. Fumez?" He held out his cigarette-case.

Bunny shook his head.

"Thank you, sir; I don't smoke. My uncle at Margate says it's bad for a fellow of my age!"

"Comment? Ah! C'est un drole! Head of pudding, as you say in English! What? Very nearly they cut you off the head when you poke into the house of Aboo Marish. Some day you lose that head of pudding if you stay long in Africa. Yes!"

"Look here, Mr. Latour!" said Bunny. This did not seem to him a very polite greeting, after he had taken the trouble to call on Monsieur Gaston Latour.

The Frenchman smiled.

"Sit down, mon garcon! I am late this morning. Last night I stay very late with Aboo Marish!" He sipped his chocolate, and blew out a cloud of smoke from his cigarette. "I am glad to see you, boy! I do not forget that you save me the life in the house of Aboo Marish, when that man who veil his face is there—yes! But for you, I lose the sheepskin—my life along with him—yes! This day I leave Tunis for Carthage. You like to come avec moi?"

"Yes, rather, sir!" said Bunny brightly. "Just what I would like!"

"You have said nothing, hein, about what passed in the house of Aboo Marish, about the sheepskin?" asked Latour.

"Not a word," answered Bunny.

"Bon! Listen! Give me an ear, as you say in English. What for do you smile?" asked Latour.

Bunny was smiling at Monsieur Latour's English, as Monsieur Latour would probably have smiled at Bunny's French. Fortunately, the Frenchman did not wait for an answer to his question.

"Give me an ear," he went on. "Last night I placed the sheepskin before Aboo Marish. That Moor, he know the ruins of Carthage like—like one volume, as you say—"

"Like a book, sir," said Bunny.

"A book, he is a volume," said Latour. "Aboo Marish understand the sheepskin better than me, and he give me what you call a point—"

"A point?" asked Bunny, puzzled. "Oh! A tip!"

"A tip, he is a point," said Latour, who apparently considered that his English needed no further improvement. "He give me a point—many points, because he know Carthage so

much better. He is an honest man—I trust him—but I am glad he leave Tunis this day and go to Tripoli. But now he have give me those points, I shall know where to seek. Comprenez?"

"I see, sir," assented Bunny.

"Mais, not one word!" said Latour, waving his cigarette significantly. "If they hear of this in Tunis, it is all up! Too many would want to take one finger in a pie, as you say in English. This pie, he belong to me. I have given one thousand francs for the sheepskin. And if I find the treasure, it shall belong to me. The Government shall go and eat coal, as you say in English."

"Coke, sir!" murmured Bunny.

"Aboo Marish, he do not believe in the treasure," went on Latour. "These Moors do not believe anything. So much better. But I believe, and you shall help me to find him. You shall take one share of what we find. Saprissi! Now I know that I am watch, that I am follow, that I am dog by someone unknown, it is better not to go alone. Yet I do not desire to take anyone into the secret. But you I trust."

"Thank you, sir!" said Bunny.

"You shall watch, while I shall dig," said Latour. "Isn't it? That is so much the more safe for me. You have a head of pudding, but you can keep the eyes open and the mouth shut, hein? You shall have a good share—and Aboo Marish, he shall have a good share, because he is my good friend, though he believes not in the treasure. I am what you call hard down—"

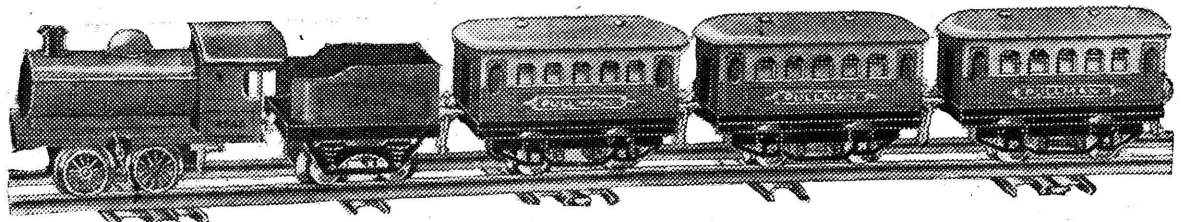
"Hard up?" murmured Bunny.

"There is no spondulics," said Latour. "These spondulics, as you English call money, they are verree short. But when I dig in the ruins of Carthage, mon ami, I roll in spondulics—I walk in spondulics—golden spondulics, my boy! I shall be rich—I, Gaston Latour! So rich that when I return to Paris they shall say, 'Voila Latour, millionnaire!'"

He waved the cigarette emphatically.

"But we lose the time!" he went on, jumping up. "Attend for me below, mon ami, and I come verree soon. Isn't it?"

"Certainly," said Bunny. And he left No. 90 and went downstairs, to wait in the dingy hall for the treasure-seeker to join him, turning over in his mind the possibilities of



HERE'S ANOTHER PRIZE you may care for! This **HORNBY TRAIN SET** consists of a fine loco, tender, three Pullman coaches, and set of rails. One of the rails is fitted with a braking device by means of which the train may be braked from the

track. The loco is fitted with brake mechanism. The set is richly coloured and well finished. Gauge O. **YOU** may win it in our Great New Competition starting **NEXT WEEK**. Take the first step by ordering next week's **MODERN BOY TO-DAY!**

this new treasure-hunting adventure to which he was committed.

Tracked!

THERE was a crowd in the clanging tram that started from the depot in the Avenue. Most of them were tourists, English, French, and American, some with red-covered guide-books, all perspiring in the heat of the African sun. Bunny and Gaston Latour crammed in among them, and the tram rolled away for Carthage.

Latour, who seemed to Bunny a very effusive and loquacious young man, had talked incessantly during the walk from the hotel to the tramway. He was full of his intended treasure-hunt in the ruins of the ancient Punic city, and hard up as he was at the present time, clearly believed that there was only a single step between him and Fortune.

On the way to the tram he told Bunny the history of the sheepskin. He had bought it from an Arab for a thousand francs, which Bunny admitted to be cheap, if it really gave a clue to the State treasure of Carthage buried two thousand years ago to save it from the grasp of the Romans.

Bunny, in his days at Margate, had been a great reader, and he remembered much that he had read of Carthage and the Punic wars. He wondered how a document could have survived the wear and tear of two thousand years. But Latour explained to him that the sheepskin was a copy of a copy—the original document had long perished. Nevertheless, it told where Mago, the Carthaginian treasurer, had buried the vast mass of gold when it became certain that Scipio would capture the city.

Bunny wondered why the treasure had never been unearthed since; but he admitted that the utter destruction of the city by the implacable Romans had no doubt hidden it deep from search. That, however, seemed to Bunny's simple mind to render the present search a rather dubious one.

Carthage had been totally destroyed by the Romans. A Roman city had risen on its ruins, destroyed in its turn. Vandal and Arab had contended there. All that now remained was ruins, here and there traced and excavated from their winding-sheet of dust and sand. It looked to Bunny as if Gaston Latour had set himself a task of some magnitude.

He would have liked to look at the sheepskin, but Latour did not offer to show it to him. Bunny had seen it in his hands—it looked like a square of leather, about seven inches in diameter. But what was marked on it Bunny did not see.

Bunny had a hopeful nature, and he would have been very pleased to join in unearthing a buried treasure. But he could not help feeling that the volatile Frenchman was strongly influenced by the hope of getting rich quick, and that he thought more of the treasure than of the evidence of its existence.

Still, there was the fact that the

veiled man, in the house of Aboo Marish, had taken such desperate measures to get hold of the sheepskin. That showed that there was another believer in its value.

Twice Bunny had tried to tell Latour that he fancied he had recognised the veiled man in a guest at the Hotel les Courlis. But the young Frenchman talked so incessantly that he could not get it out.

In the tram, however, Latour ceased to talk. There were too many ears to hear. Bunny looked over the crowded passengers, and he was not

"You've seen him before?" asked Bunny.

"Mais oui! He stay at the hotel," said Latour. "He is a verree pleasant fellow—I make friend with him sometimes. He is one Greek—Marizelos."

"A Greek!" said Bunny. "But he speaks English!"

"But how know you?" asked Latour in surprise.

"I've seen him before," whispered Bunny. "I'm pretty certain he is the man at the house of Aboo Marish, who kept his face veiled."



Bunny's startled yell echoed far and wide as he went shooting down into the depths.

surprised to spot the man with the black eyes at the end of the vehicle—the man who had come out of No. 92 at the Hotel les Courlis.

The man did not glance in his direction; but Bunny surmised that he was following them. He tapped Latour on the arm. Latour glanced at him.

"Look at that johnny at the end of the tram," whispered Bunny. "The man with black eyes, dressed in grey."

Latour glanced at the man carelessly.

Latour started violently.

"You think?" he ejaculated.

"I'm almost certain."

Gaston Latour's light, careless face set hard, and his brows wrinkled. He looked, for the moment, as he had looked the night before in the house of Aboo Marish when he had shot down the Nubians. Latour seemed to Bunny a good deal of a light-hearted, reckless adventurer. He had told Bunny that he had held a post on the Tunis railway, which he had abandoned to seek for the Carthaginian treasure. And he looked as if he thought of little beyond absinthe and

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cigarettes. But there was a savage strain in him, and Bunny did not like the look that came over his face now, nor the instinctive movement of his hand towards the pocket where he carried a revolver.

"Sapristi! It is possible!" muttered Gaston. "If he follows us to Carthage, we soon find him out. We put some pepper on his tail, as you say in English."

"Salt!" murmured Bunny.

"Look not at him," whispered Latour, "but keep open the eye. We leave the tram at El Aouina, and if he leave also, we shall see—nous verrons, pardieu!"

The tram rattled on, between the Lake of Tunis and the hill of the Djebel Merkez, heading northward for Carthage. At the first stop outside the city, Gaston rose to his feet and picked up the heavy valise he had brought with him, as if intending to leave the vehicle. Bunny rose, too. And the man with the black eyes rose, as if that were his destination, too.

Latour sat down again. Bunny sat down. And the Greek, after a moment's hesitation, sat down. And the tram rattled on again by the shore of the lake. Bunny's eyes met Gaston's.

That simple trick had made the Greek show his hand. Evidently he had intended to leave the tram if the two companions left it. And as they did not leave, he did not. It was fairly certain now that Marizelos was shadowing them and did not intend to lose sight of them.

Gaston's lips shut hard together. Bunny had not the slightest doubt now that the black-eyed man was the veiled man of the night before, and Gaston evidently shared his belief. The tram rattled on. In half an hour it had reached El Aouina, which was about two-thirds of the distance from modern Tunis to ancient Carthage.

When the tram halted Gaston rose to his feet once more and picked up the valise. The Greek remained seated. But this time Gaston quitted the tram, followed by Bunny. And just before the vehicle rolled on its way again towards Marsa Plage and the ruins of Carthage the Greek alighted.

"We have seen!" muttered Latour. "Now it is certain! He follow us, mon ami! He is the man of the veil—he is the man who has tried to rob me of my sheepskin! Yes!"

With the heavy valise in his hand, Gaston Latour walked away from El Aouina, Bunny trotting by his side. Several tourists had alighted at the same place. But Latour and Bunny, following a path that led away from the lake shore, soon dropped them out of sight.

Carthage was still some miles to the north, but Bunny's eager eyes discerned here and there traces of the ruins of the suburbs of the ancient city—though whether dating from Punie, Roman, or Vandal times, Bunny could not have undertaken to say.

Latour evidently knew the ground well, and Bunny guessed that he had

already been over it many times with his invaluable sheepskin in his hand. They entered a shady olive-grove, a welcome shade from the glare of the African sun. A narrow path wound among the trees, and Latour followed it, Bunny at his heels.

The Frenchman stopped at a spot where a great mass of masonry, the remnant of some ancient building, lay half-embedded in the earth, thickly surrounded by olives.

He left the path and moved behind the masonry, signing to Bunny to follow him. They crouched down in cover and watched the path.

"Comprennez?" whispered Latour. "If he follow us, he come now! We shall see, isn't it?"

He put his finger to his lips, and Bunny nodded in silence. They waited in the drowsy heat. But they had not long to wait. In scarcely more than a minute there were soft footsteps on the path among the olives. Latour's eyes glittered.

Bunny felt his heart beat fast. Peering from his hiding-place he saw the Greek, Marizelos, coming up the path—and the keen, intent expression on his dark face, the glitter of his black eyes, told that he was playing the part of a hunter.

He came on softly but quickly, and passed the mass of ancient masonry behind which Bunny and the Frenchman crouched.

What happened next came as a surprise to Bunny. He had supposed that Latour was only seeking to ascertain beyond doubt that the Greek was shadowing them. He was not prepared for what followed. Latour made a sudden spring, his revolver grasped in his hand by the barrel.

Sudden as he was, the Greek spun half round, watchful as a cat, and then leaped away, his black eyes blazing. But he was not swift enough to escape. The heavy metal butt of the revolver crashed on his head, and Marizelos, with a cry, fell senseless to the earth.

Ruins of Carthage.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunny. He started to his feet in surprise and horror. The Greek lay motionless in the path, stunned by the single blow. Bunny stared down at him.

"He will follow us no farther," said Latour coolly, as he slipped the revolver back into his hip-pocket. "Allons, mon garcon—do not waste time staring at that son of a thousand pigs! Let us bunk, as you say in English!"

"But—but—" stammered Bunny. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Sapristi! He is not one dead man!" he exclaimed. "In dix minutes he will sit up and take some notice, as you say. Head of a pudding, he would kill us for the sheepskin—look!"

He stooped over the insensible man and drew from his pocket a revolver and a sheathed knife. He tossed them away into the depths of the olives.

Bunny breathed hard. The Greek,

he knew, was the veiled man of the night before—the man who would have taken his life. And there was little doubt with what intentions he was following them to the ruins of Carthage. But Bunny could not reconcile his mind to this drastic method of dealing with him. Still, it was too late to raise objections now. After all, the man was only stunned, and he well deserved a headache for his rascality.

"Allons!" repeated Latour impatiently. "Head of a pudding, allons!"

He picked up his valise and strode on. And Bunny, after a last look at the insensible Greek, followed him.

The Greek, certainly, could shadow them no farther. They were free to go on their way unwatched. They proceeded in silence, Bunny still rather troubled in mind. The olive-grove where Marizelos lay senseless was left several miles behind them.

In the distance Bunny could see the blue of the Mediterranean, beyond the point of land on which ancient Carthage was built. But Latour did not intend to approach the shore, where there were villages, bathing-places, and crowds of tourists.

He was keeping to inland paths. And Bunny now could see in many directions traces of the ancient city and its suburbs. Carthage itself was buried deep under the dust of ages, though modern excavations have revealed many of its secrets. But remnants of old buildings were to be seen. Several times they passed parties of tourists and natives carrying baskets of fruit. But it was in a solitary spot that Gaston Latour halted at last, in the shade of a bunch of fig-trees.

"Is this the place?" asked Bunny eagerly.

Latour stared at him for a moment, then laughed.

"Non, mon garcon! The treasure, he is not here!"

"Then what are we stopping for?" asked Bunny, disappointed.

"Ma foi! Manger—what you call grub in English!"

"Oh!" said Bunny, brightening. "Right-ho! J'ai faim!" he added, to apprise Monsieur Latour that he could speak French.

But Monsieur Latour looked puzzled.

"Jay farm!" he said, repeating Bunny's pronunciation. "That is some English I do not know!"

"I was speaking French," said Bunny, with dignity. "Jay farm—I am hungry!"

"Ha, ha! Mon garcon, speak you the English—I shall comprehend you better! English, I speak him so well as my own language! But when you speak Francais, mon cheri, it is to laugh! It is a thing for to laugh!"

And Monsieur Latour laughed, and Bunny laughed, too. He found Gaston's English quite as entertaining as Latour could have found his French.

They sat down in the shadow of the fig-trees, and Gaston opened the valise. There were various implements packed in the bag, which Bunny guessed were to be used for excavating the treasure—when found.

There were also several bottles, and sandwiches and other things.

Bunny ate with a good appetite. When the lunch was finished Latour repacked the bag, stretched himself in the shade, and lighted a cigarette. Bunny was glad of a rest, for the long walk in the dusty heat had tired him. He lay in the shade, his head resting on his hands, and dozed. The drowsy heat and the buzz of the insects lulled him to sleep. A tap on the shoulder awakened him, and he opened his eyes to find Latour grinning down at him.

Bunny rose, yawned, stretched himself, and followed the Frenchman once more. The rest had refreshed him and he was full of energy, and the volatile Frenchman was sparkling with eagerness. Apparently they were drawing near the spot where Latour was to seek for the hidden treasure of Carthage, for he consulted the sheepskin from time to time, though he never showed it to Bunny.

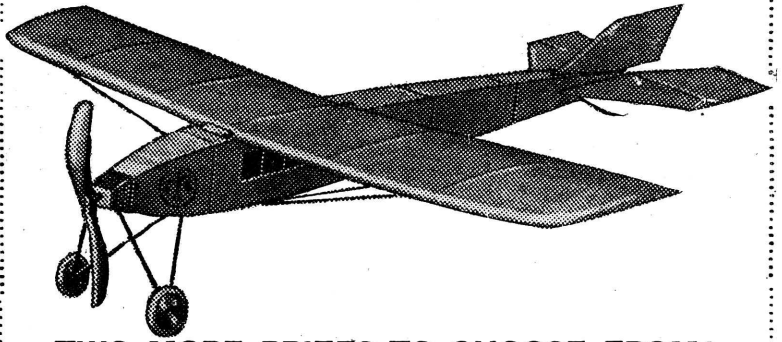
Bunny had one accidental glimpse of it, but all he saw was a number of lines and two or three words in Arabic characters. It occurred to Bunny that a document left by the Punic treasurer should have been in Phœnician characters. But as the sheepskin was the copy of a copy, no doubt the original Punic had been translated—if it was genuine. Bunny hoped it was genuine, more for Latour's sake than his own, though he was to share in the treasure if found. The Frenchman was so hopefully counting on success that disappointment would have been a crushing blow to him.

"It is sure! It is a deadly cert, as you say in English!" said Latour, stopping to wipe his perspiring brow. "Before this time I was beat, but since I have consult Aboo Marish he has told me much that is utile—useful—to me. For it is certain that this is the ancient aqueduct that is marked. And this—is not this a cistern? Certainement it is a cistern. For the Carthaginians shall keep much water in cisterns. Yes, yes!"

He stared at the sheepskin again and nodded to Bunny.

"Yes, yes! Certainly he is one cistern," he said. "But it is not known that there is one cistern on this spot. No one shall have seen him. But Aboo Marish, when he is one boy, he wander round about this place, and he tell me he almost fall into this cistern, which is hidden by bushes. How fortunate that I consult Aboo Marish! It was a striking of the luck, as you say in English, that he know where is this cistern."

He stared at the sheepskin again and slipped it into his pocket. It was easy to trace the ancient aqueduct which had run inland from the Punic city on the sea. Fragments of it were still in existence, though the greater part of the building material had been removed centuries ago for new buildings. Much of the old town of Tunis is built of what was once Roman and Punic Carthage. But Latour, eager and sanguine as he was, seemed a little at a loss now, in spite of the sheepskin and the information he had gained from the old Moor of Tunis. Many times he retraced his steps.

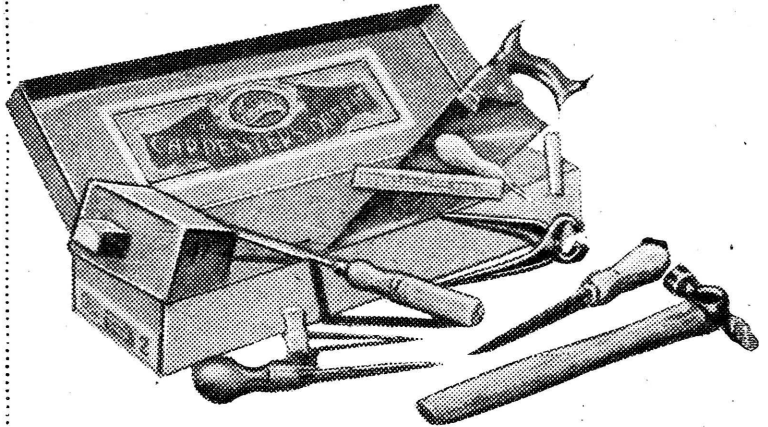


TWO MORE PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM!

Above: Model of the Junkers MONOPLANE, as used on the Trans-Continental Air Lines. The body is of the built-up type and has dummy cabin windows and dummy motor. Length, 34 inches; span, 28 inches; weight, 5 ozs. 5 drms.

(Supplied by Messrs. Appleby.)

Below: Hobbies No. 2 CARPENTRY OUTFIT. British-made tools, including 16-in. handsaw, Warrington pattern hammer, screwdriver, 1/2-in. chisel, strong mallet, bradawl, gimlet, pincers, file, 2-ft. boxwood folding rule, and a carpenter's pencil.



THE COMPETITION STARTS NEXT WEEK!

Meanwhile the sun was sinking lower and lower in the west, and shadows were lengthening.

Bunny began to wonder whether they were booked for a night out. Not that he minded. In fact, it seemed rather an attractive adventure to Bunny to camp for the night in the ruins of the city of Hannibal.

The sun dipped at last, and darkness rolled over the plain and the waters of the Mediterranean.

"Sapristi!" grunted Latour. "Let us rest. We must wait for the moon."

Bunny sat down on a broken fallen column which had once adorned a Roman amphitheatre. Latour sat by his side and lighted a cigarette. He smoked in moody silence. His failure to discover so far the ancient cistern that he sought seemed to have dashed his volatile spirits.

So far as Bunny could gather from his disjointed remarks, he believed it was in that cistern that Mago had hidden the State treasure when Scipio came with his legions. It was no doubt a likely hiding-place—if the

cistern could be found. But it seemed to Bunny that it would not be easy to find after it had remained hidden from all human eyes since the year 146 B.C.

The darkness that followed night-fall was deep and intense. Plain and hills and sea were wrapped in blackness. Through the gloom the end of Latour's cigarette glowed red. Suddenly he jerked the cigarette from his mouth and squeezed the end out between his fingers.

In the dense darkness there was a sound of a footstep. Bunny's heart throbbed. His thoughts went at once to the Greek who had been left lying senseless in the olive-grove, far away.

There was a clink as a loose stone moved under a foot, and the footsteps passed on. The darkness wrapped them like a cloak, and they could neither see nor be seen. The footsteps died away in the night.

"He's gone!" breathed Bunny. "The Greek—"

"Non!" Gaston shook his head. "He would never find us! Some Arab

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thief—there are many thieves here. They will cut you the gorge for ten piastres. But he is gone!"

He took another cigarette from his case, but on second thoughts replaced it, guessing that it was the glow of the cigarette he had been smoking that had guided the unknown wanderer of the night to the spot. They waited in silence till the moon rose over the ruins of Carthage. Then Latour rose to his feet.

"Allons!" he said briskly. And in the bright, clear light of the moon, hanging like a burnished silver bowl over what had once been Carthage, the quest was resumed.

The Cistern.

"OH!" roared Bunny. It seemed to the hapless Bunny that the solid earth had failed him, and he gave himself up for lost.

The hour was late. For several hours, under the bright moon, Latour had pursued his search, with Bunny at his heels. He had entered upon a tract of thick, thorny bushes. And Bunny, as he followed him, received several scratches from the thorns. Bunny's legs were aching by this time, and he fervently hoped that Gaston would either discover the Punic treasure or give up the search till morning. And then suddenly the disaster came.

In that extensive thorny thicket, Gaston told Bunny, was the opening of the ancient cistern into which Abou Marish had nearly fallen when a boy. Gaston was certain of it—and a few minutes later Bunny was equally certain; for as he forced his way through the bushes the earth gave under his feet and he shot downwards.

Bunny's startled yell echoed far and wide. Evidently he had trodden over some opening hidden by the sprawling bushes, and before he could think of making a movement to save himself he was shooting down into the depths of the earth.

In that fearful moment it seemed to poor Bunny that he died a thousand deaths. Suddenly he splashed into muddy, foul-smelling water. But his feet touched bottom as he scrambled wildly, and he stood, gasping and spluttering, with the water up to his waist. The depth was little more than a couple of feet. The ancient cistern had been replenished by tricklings of rain from above in the rainy season.

"Oh crumbs!" spluttered Bunny. He stared round wildly. Black darkness encircled him, and noisome smells. Overhead was darkness, save in one spot, where Latour was frantically dragging the bushes away from the opening into which Bunny had tumbled. Through that opening came moonlight, glimmering on Bunny's pallid face, twelve feet below.

The opening was darkened by Latour's bent head silhouetted against the moonlit sky.

"Allez! You are not kill?" panted Latour.

"No fear!" gasped Bunny. "Groogh! I've fallen in water!"

There's water here, two or three feet deep!"

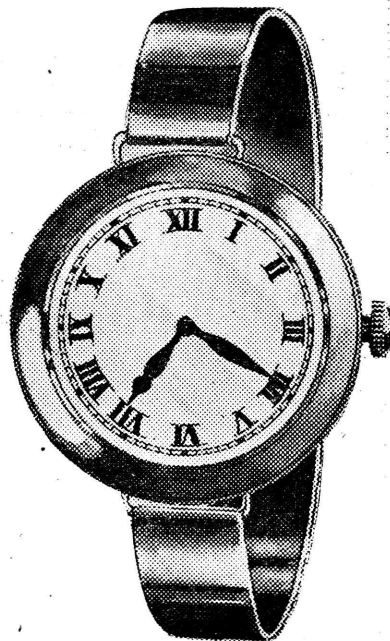
"Bon!"

It did not seem very "bon" to Bunny, drenched and dripping at the bottom of the Punic cistern!

"Bon!" repeated Latour, and Bunny heard him chuckle with glee. "We have found it! This is the cistern! This is where Abou Marish nearly fall when he is one boy. This is what he tell me. We have found it, and you, mon garcon, you tread upon the treasure of Carthage!"

"I think I'm treading on mud," answered Bunny. "It feels frightfully sticky and oozy round my feet. This water is filthy! Groogh! I say, how am I going to get out?"

"It is good luck for you, mon garcon, that the water is there, or perhaps you break you the neck!" said



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Latour. "Head of pudding, why did you not use your eyes?"

"Look here—"

"But we have found it," said Gaston, and he chuckled again gleefully. "The sheepskin he tell the truth. This is the cistern, and it is here that Mago bury the treasure of Carthage. Bon, bon!"

"How am I going to get out?" bawled Bunny. In mud and water and darkness and foul smells the treasure had lost its appeal for him.

"Patience! It is not necessary to get out. I shall join you there. I have a rope. When I fix him I come down. I will lower the valise on the rope. You call out when he is near the water, and then I fix the rope and slide down him."

"I say, it's jolly wet—"

"Allons, head of pudding!" snapped Latour.

The valise, fastened to the end of a rope, came swinging down into the pit.

"Stop!" called out Bunny when it had nearly reached the surface of the water.

Gaston secured the rope, and a few moments later he came scrambling down into the ancient cistern. Heedless of the water which washed round his legs, he landed beside Bunny.

"How are you going to see in the dark?" asked Bunny.

"Head of pudding, I have electric torch in my pocket."

Gaston fumbled in his pocket. There was a sudden splash as the suspended valise plunged into the water, and the rope came slithering down from above and fell across Bunny's head.

Bunny gave a yelp.

"Oh crumbs! The rope's fallen in! You never fastened it! Oh, look!" yelled Bunny, pointing up to the moonlit orifice high above.

The rope had not fallen. It had been untied and thrown down. Gaston's startled eyes followed Bunny's finger. In the moonlit opening above a head blocked the light and a dark face with glittering black eyes grinned down at the prisoners in the cistern.

"It is Marizelos, the Greek!" gasped Latour.

"The veiled man!" murmured Bunny.

There came a low-pitched, cackling laugh from the darkness above. The sound dispelled all doubt as to the identity of the man who had unlocked the rope.

Bunny shuddered. In all his many strange adventures he had never before been in such a tight corner as this.

The Greek above was not armed—that Bunny knew, for had not Latour taken away his revolver and dagger when the man lay insensible in the olive grove?

But the fate that confronted the two prisoners in the pit was worse than any death from a revolver shot. Marizelos' devilish scheme became clear to Bunny in a sudden flash of inspiration.

They would be left in that cistern of stagnant water to perish of starvation and exposure. Nobody was likely to find them in that desolate spot before the end came. When their bodies were found—if ever—it would be thought that the rope had fallen into the pit through being insecurely tied.

The metallic voice that Bunny remembered well came ringing down.

"You did not strike hard enough, Gaston Latour! Look for the treasure, you dog, in your tomb!"

Latour tore the revolver from his pocket and fired upwards. But the head was instantly withdrawn, and a laugh followed the shot.

Treasure or no treasure, Bunny had a shuddering certainty that the Greek spoke the truth and that what they had found was a tomb in the depths of the ancient, hidden cistern!

(Bunny's last great adventure—for the time being—appears in next week's MODERN BOY. Order your copy to-day!)