

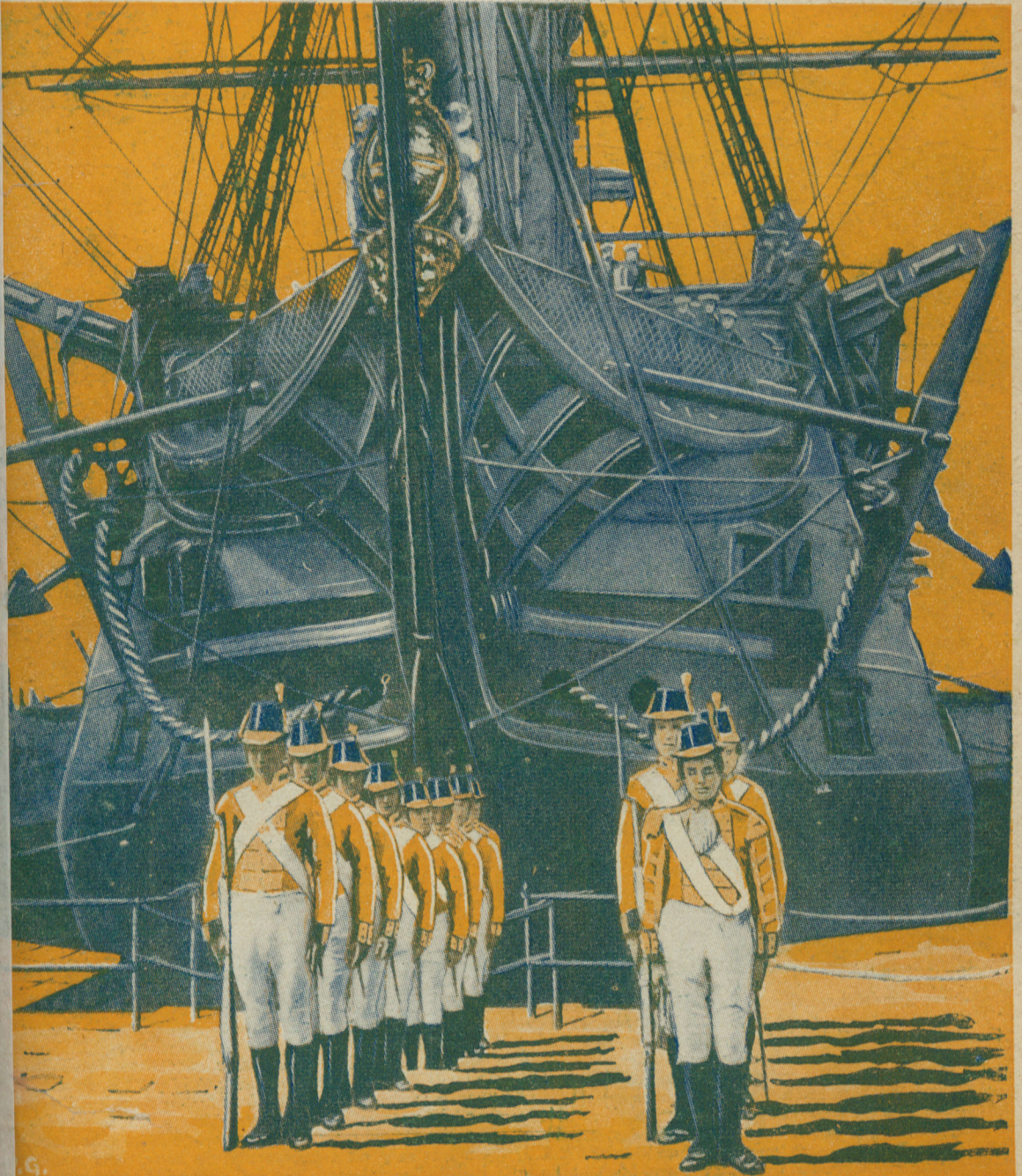
**MANY PRIZES offered THIS WEEK!**

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**In the Days of the Great Little Admiral!—See page 3.**



# Treasure of Carthage

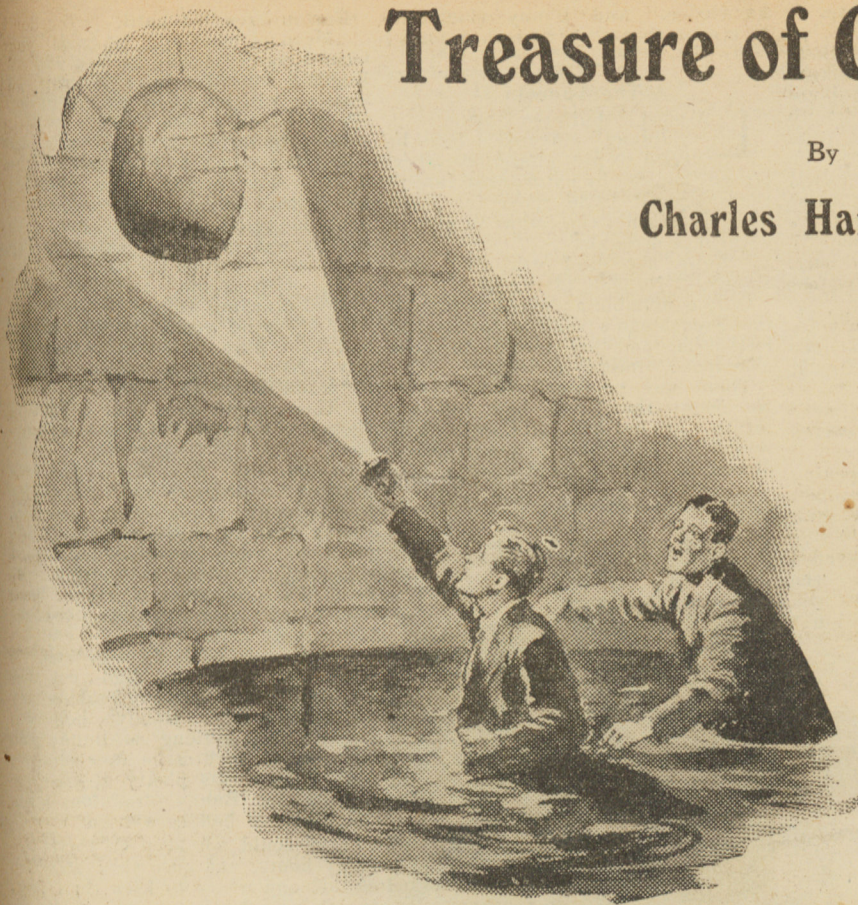
By

Charles Hamilton

*Many thrilling adventures have fallen to the lot of Bunny Hare, the "duffer of this family," since he left his home at Margate to go adventuring, but none so thrilling as those which befell him in the ruins of buried Carthage*

COMPLETE

"A tunnel!" shouted Bunny, shining his light on a cavity in the oozy wall of the cistern.



## The Rivals.

BUNNY listened to a steady, uninterrupted stream of words from his companion in darkness and misfortune. Gaston Latour was expressing himself very decidedly.

It seemed to afford Gaston some relief, for he kept it up for quite a long time. Bunny, wiser, saved his breath. He was trying to think of a way out of this awful scrape. He had to admit that he could not think of a way.

They stood waist-deep in muddy water, their feet in thick, oozy mud at the bottom of it; round them space and blackness and foul smells. Bunny, ever since he had set foot in Tunis, had been keen to explore the ruins of ancient Carthage. He was exploring them now with a vengeance!

Had they tumbled into any of the old cisterns revealed by modern excavations, and known to guides and tourists, there would have been good hope of rescue when morning dawned.

But the old Punic cistern in which they were now engulfed was quite unknown and undiscovered. It was the hidden cistern that Gaston Latour had been searching for, guided by the clue on the old sheepskin. And Gaston and Bunny were the discoverers. Nobody else knew that an old Carthaginian secret was hidden on that spot, in the midst of the tract of thorny bush.

Nobody else was likely ever to know, so far as Bunny could see. In seeking for a treasure, they had found a tomb!

Bunny stared up at the opening twelve feet over his head through which he had fallen. The cistern was roofed over, the roof hidden under earth and thick bushes, which accounted for the fact that it had never been found by the many explorers of the Carthaginian ruins. Only in one spot was there an opening, which had been thickly covered with sprawling bushes before Bunny tumbled in. Now it was clear, and the moonlight glimmered down into the pit.

He could see a patch of azure sky spangled with stars. There was no possibility of climbing out. The sides of the old cistern, lost in the surrounding darkness, were far from the opening, which seemed to be in the middle of the roof. It was impossible to get out without a rope from above, and the rope by which Latour had descended lay in the water. And there was no help!

Only the Greek, Marizelos, lurked above. Since he had tossed the rope down after them, and shouted a word of mockery, they had not seen him. Bunny wondered whether he was gone. There was no sound at all save the splashing of the dark water as they stirred and the stream of words from Gaston Latour.

"Look here!" said Bunny at last.

"Chuck it, you know! I'm getting tired of listening to you!"

"Bah! Head of pudding!" snapped Latour. This seemed to be his favourite expression for Bunny.

"That's all very well," said Bunny argumentatively. "I couldn't help falling into this blessed place, as I stepped into the hole without seeing it! But you ought to have looked round before you came down, and made sure all was safe. It's you that's the pudding-head, if you ask me!"

"Bah! How shall I know that that Marizelos man is about?" growled Latour. "Did I not leave him stunned in the olive grove miles away? How shall I know that he track us here?"

Gaston gripped his revolver, and stared up savagely at the moonlit opening.

"If he would but show his head!" he muttered. "Sapristi! Gladly I blow him out the brains!"

"If he has any, he won't let you blow them out!" said Bunny.

The Greek, if he was still there, was careful not to show his head over the opening. He was well aware that a bullet from below was ready for him.

"Ma foi!" said Gaston, calming down a little at last. "We are lost, mon ami. We are in a scratch, as you say in English."

"A scrape!" murmured Bunny.

"We find the cistern, as it is marked on the sheepskin!" muttered



## Treasure of Carthage

Gaston. "We find the place where is hidden the treasure of Carthage! Here, mon ami, is the secret place where Mago buried the gold two thousand years ago to save it from the Romans! Our feet tread on great riches. There is spondulics, as you say in English. But these spondulics—what shall they serve us in we perish in this dismal place?"

"If the jolly old treasure's here, I'd give it all for a twelve-foot ladder!" said Bunny.

The silence was broken by a voice calling from above. It was the metallic voice of the Greek. Marizelos was not gone!

"Gaston Latour! You hear me?" "I hear you, pig!" answered Gaston.

A shadow fell across the opening above. Gaston gripped his revolver hard. But the Greek did not show himself.

"Your lives are in my hand—yours and the boy's!" came the voice of Marizelos. "Will you ransom them with the sheepskin?" "Never!"

"Fool! Of what use is the sheepskin to you now?" snarled the Greek. "Listen! If I leave you here, I close up the opening. No mortal eye will ever look on you again. You will perish miserably of hunger in the darkness! Will the treasure of Carthage save you?"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bunny. "Is it that I would trust you?" sneered Latour. "With the sheepskin in your hands, will you save us from this pit? Non! I keep him, and if I perish here, at least your rasical eyes shall never see him!"

"Die, then!" answered the Greek. "I will return, and descend to take the sheepskin from your body!"

There was a rustling sound from above. A mass of thorny bush fell across the opening, blotting out most of the light. The Greek was covering the opening! If Bunny had nourished some faint hope that the hidden cistern might be found by some explorer of the Punic ruins, it was gone now. Marizelos was leaving nothing to chance.

Bunny touched Gaston's arm. "If we could make terms with him—the sheepskin's no good to us here, sir—if he would save us in return for it—"

"Head of pudding! He would kill us all the more surely to keep the treasure for himself!" snapped Latour.

Bunny felt that it was only too true, and he said no more. It was impossible to trust to the good faith of the rival treasure-seeker.

Another mass of bush fell over the opening above. Every vestige of the moonlight was blotted out now. The Greek was doing his work thoroughly. Masses of the scrub were stacked over the opening, and it was soon even more thoroughly hidden than it had been when Bunny tumbled into it.

Utter blackness surrounded them now. The covering of the opening shut them off from all human

knowledge. And Bunny shuddered to realise that they were in a tomb!

### The Tunnel.

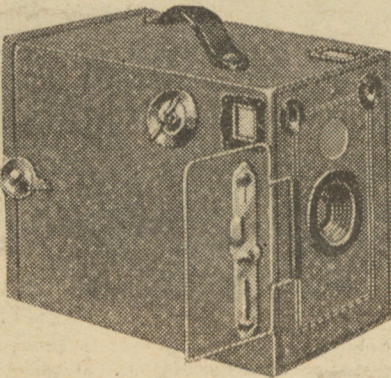
"L A mort!" muttered Gaston. Bunny shivered, but he tried to pull himself together. He was hopeful by nature, and though there seemed little room for hope now, he was not the fellow to give in without a struggle.

"We're not dead yet, sir!" said Bunny. "No good giving in!"

Only a mumble answered him. All the Frenchman's volatile spirits had left him, and he seemed to have abandoned himself to despair.

There was no sound from above. No doubt the Greek had gone—to return, as he had said, when he would have nothing to fear from a descent into the ancient cistern. He

## SNAP THIS UP!



### "ENSIGN" BOX CAMERA

2½ B. Size of film 2½ by 3½. Fitted with direct and reflex viewfinders, first-class special rapid meniscus lens, three diaphragm stops and Everset time and instantaneous shutter. Solidly constructed body in brown or black leatherette, and nickel-plated fittings.

### Another of the Prizes in our New Competition.

had left his victims in a tomb, to darkness and despair.

Bunny might be a bit of an ass in some respects, but there was nothing the matter with his courage or his nerve. He groped in the darkness and touched Latour's arm.

"Buck up!" said Bunny. "Tout est perdu!" muttered Gaston.

"Tooty be blowed!" said Bunny. "How do you know there mayn't be some way out of this? You've got an electric torch in your pocket. Get it out!"

"Head of a pudding, we are lost! We die here like rats in the dark! It is better to finish—"

"Look here, don't be a silly ass!" exclaimed Bunny. "There's some grub in the bag. We can fish it up out of the water. It will last us a day at least. While there's life there's hope. What's the good of knuckling under? Don't be a funk!"

Gaston breathed hard.

"Head of pudding," he said, "you have a large cheek, as you say in English, but you have reason! At least we will see where we are to die. We will look at the tomb."

He groped in his pocket and produced the torch and flashed on the light. The bright beam glittered round the dank cistern as Gaston held the torch above his head. The cistern was of great extent. The walls were far from them, on all sides thick with slime, and the light showed crawling things in the slime. Two thousand years ago the cistern had held pure water to supply the city. Now, after that lapse of time, it reeked with filth.

"There might be a way out," said Bunny hopefully. "Let's look, anyhow."

Gaston did not stir. He was plunged in despair, and seemed for the moment incapable of exertion. Bunny gave an impatient grunt. His practical mind did not understand this facile yielding to emotion. He took the torch from Gaston's hand and waded through the water towards the nearest wall.

Gaston remained where he was. It was plain that he had not the slightest hope of Bunny making any useful discovery. Bunny's hope was slight. But so long as Bunny had a kick left in him he was going to kick. There was plenty of time for despair, in Bunny's opinion, when every chance had been tried.

They could not keep on their feet many hours, and once they grew too chilled and weary to keep their footing it was death to sink under the foul waters. Every minute was precious.

Bunny reached the wall of the sunken cistern. It was built of large blocks of stone, but covered with ooze and slime. Slowly Bunny passed along the wall, the water swishing round him as he moved. Up and down the wall he flashed the light, hoping against hope that there might be some opening.

It had come into Bunny's mind that it was quite possible that the cistern was connected with another. For it was certain that there must have been many such cisterns in the ancient city. Some, indeed, had been discovered and excavated, but probably there were many more still undiscovered.

He had made almost a complete circuit of the cistern—an immense circumference—when suddenly he stopped and uttered a shout that woke strange echoes in the dismal depths.

"Comment! You find something?" called Latour's voice from the darkness.

"A tunnel!" shouted Bunny. Gaston came splashing through the water towards the beam of light. He joined Bunny, gasping.

Bunny stood with the light gleaming on the oozy wall. Three feet above his head was a cavity in the wall of the cistern, an orifice about two feet wide and three high.

"Bon!" Gaston gasped. "It is a chance! Perhaps there is another cistern!"

"What-ho!" said Bunny brightly. Gaston's face was animated now.



In the volatile manner of a Latin he jumped from the depths of despair to bounding hope.

"It is a way!" he said. "It is a way! It will be necessary to crawl on all the four, as you say in English."

"On all fours!" grinned Bunny.

"Yes, yes! Give the light and I lead the way!"

"Hold on!"

"Name of a name!" exclaimed Gaston impatiently. "Is it that you desire to linger in this tomb? Allons!"

"But hold on! We'd better take the bag."

"I had forgotten. Head of pudding, you think of things that I forget. We will take the valise."

They groped back to the middle of the tank, where the valise had fallen. Gaston kicked about with his feet till he found it, stirring up horrible smells from the water.

"It is here!" he said.

"Good! How are we going to get it up?" asked Bunny. He was not willing, if he could help it, to stoop in the filthy water and grope for the bag. "Look here, if we could get hold of the rope that's tied to it—"

"You know not la savate?" Gaston laughed. "A Frenchman can use his feet as well as his hands," said Gaston. "I am verree good at la savate. I can punch my enemy on the nose with my foot. Voila!"

Standing on one leg, Gaston fished for the bag with the other. In a minute or two his foot rose to the surface, with the handle of the bag looped over the toe of his boot. The valise was fully packed and heavy, but Gaston lifted it easily to the surface with his foot.

Bunny was quick to grasp it and secure it.

The rope was knotted to the handle. Gaston drew up the rope till he recovered the end, which he tied round his waist. Then they returned to the spot beneath the tunnel in the wall.

The lower edge was beyond the reach of Gaston's hands, and there was nothing on the smooth, slippery wall to assist a climber.

"Give me a bunk up," said Bunny. "I'm lighter than you."

"Bon!"

The Frenchman bunked Bunny up, and he grasped the edge of the cavity and pulled himself in. He flashed the light of the torch round and saw the low, narrow tunnel leading away into blackness.

"There is a way?" called out the Frenchman anxiously.

"Yes. It leads somewhere."

"Give me help, then."

Bunny laid down the torch, and, resting his chest on the edge of the cavity, reached his hands down to Latour. Gaston scrambled actively up. It seemed to Bunny for the moment that his arms would be pulled out of their sockets. But the Frenchman was active and swift, and in a few seconds was sprawling beside Bunny in the tunnel.

He rose quickly to his feet and gave a howl as his head knocked on the roof of the tunnel.

who was crawling ahead. It was not Bunny that had needed bucking up. But Gaston was now as exuberantly hopeful as he had before been despondent.

Bunny hoped, but could not be sure, that the slimy tunnel was a way out to light and life and safety. But the Frenchman did not allow himself to doubt. Already, in his mind's eye, he was a free man again, and carrying off the treasure of old Carthage.

It was not easy work crawling along the tunnel. The stone was slimy and dank and slippery, and the air noisome. They coughed and



As his startled eyes fell upon Latour and Bunny, Marizelos gave a hoarse cry. . . . The man fancied that the ghosts of his victims stood before him!

"I crack me the head!" he gasped. "We shall have to crawl," said Bunny.

"Oui, oui, we go on all the four!"

Gaston pulled up the bag and, dragging it behind him by the rope tied to his waist, crawled along the tunnel, the electric torch in one hand. Bunny crawled after him.

#### Too Late!

"COURAGE, mon ami!" breathed Gaston. Bunny grinned as he received that encouragement from the Frenchman.

panted as they crawled on their way, which inclined continually upward.

The tunnel seemed to wind endlessly. Bunny could not help feeling that there was danger of suffocation as they penetrated deeper and deeper into it. But that did not deter him. It was neck or nothing now, for there was no doubt that it was the only way out of the cistern. Fouler and fouler the atmosphere grew as they advanced.

Gaston turned a disgusted face back to Bunny.

(Continued on page 18.)



## Treasure of Carthage

(Continued from page 15.)

"He smell," he said. "He is what you call in English niffy! Isn't it? But we go to be free!"

"I hope so!" grunted Bunny, mopping his perspiring brow.

Gaston stopped at last, so suddenly that Bunny jammed his head on the Frenchman's boot. Then Bunny stopped, too.

"What's up?" he gasped.

The Frenchman held up the light, flashing it on a mass of stone and rubble that closed the way onward.

"Oh crumbs!" said Bunny, in dismay. The tunnel had come to a sudden end.

"Courage!" repeated Gaston reassuringly. "This is not one wall; this is one heap of rubbish that has fallen with itself some time. We shall force a way!"

"We'll try!" declared Bunny.

Gaston flashed the light over the obstacle. Obviously it was not a wall closing the tunnel. Stones of all sizes and shapes were mixed with loose sand and mud and rubble. It looked like a crumbling mass that had fallen—such a rubbish heap as lay in scores round about the ruins of Carthage.

"We must be near the end!" Bunny declared.

"Eh? Why you think?"

"Because this rubbish can't have fallen from the roof of the tunnel! The roof is of square stones fitted together. Look! This stuff must have fallen in from the open end!"

"It is true! Perhaps quite close to us is open air and the light of the moon!" said Gaston. "Now we go to work!" He opened the valise. In it were packed a pick, trowel, and spade, in sections that fitted together. The tools were soon made ready for use, and Gaston began to wield the pick.

It was difficult work, for he had to kneel to it, the tunnel here being nowhere more than three feet high. The sweat poured down his face. There was room for only one to work at a time, and Bunny crouched behind and held the light.

The rubble was loosely heaped, and the fragments rolled fast from the blows of the pick. Bunny helped to drag the rubbish away as it was loosened. They sweated and panted and choked in the dust, working for their lives. As stones and chunks of masonry rolled loose, Bunny rolled them back along the tunnel behind him to make room.

Suddenly Gaston Latour dropped the pick with a yell that rang reverberating along the narrow confines of the tunnel.

"Sapristi! The light!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Give me the lamp!" yelled Gaston.

Bunny hurriedly passed him the electric torch. He wondered what the Frenchman had seen to startle him so.

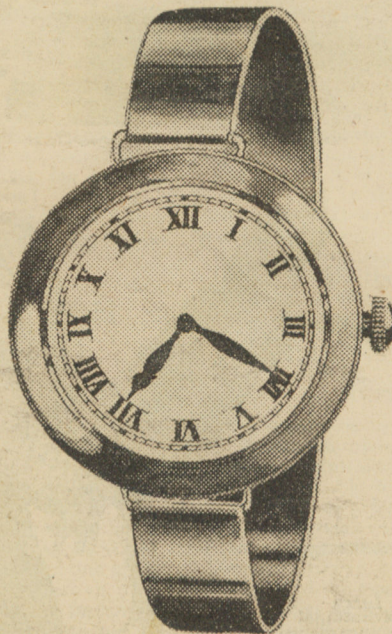
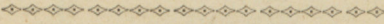
Gaston flashed the light on an object that lay among the loosened rubble. It was the iron head of a pick. The handle had long since

rotted away, though a fragment of wood still adhered to the iron. Gaston gazed at it with wild eyes. Bunny, for the moment, did not realise the full import of that strange find.

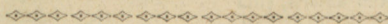
Gaston groaned. Once more he fell from the height of buoyancy to the depths of despair.

"But—what the thump—" gasped Bunny. "It's only a bit of an old pickaxe. What does it matter?"

"Head of pudding! Is that a tool of the time of Mago of Carthage?" howled Gaston. "Is that a Phœnician pick? Non! It is old—it is rusty—but it is not of the



Don't waste time if you'd like this topping **WRIST WATCH**. Start to win it by answering the first set of "Queries" on page 9



Carthaginians! Someone has been here before us!"

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunny. "That shows it's the way out!"

"But the treasure!" yelled Gaston.

"Oh, the treasure!" said Bunny. He had forgotten the treasure in his anxiety to escape from a living tomb. "What about the treasure?"

Gaston groaned again.

"I tell you. We are close to the treasure. It lies by the old cistern, for it is marked on the sheepskin. Yes! But if someone has been here, why for he come? He come for the treasure! This pick show that he dig. He leave the pick—he have finish to dig! Helas! Is it not because he has found the treasure?"

"Looks like it," said Bunny. "But blow the treasure—so long as we get out of this!"

"Head of a pudding!" Gaston, in the shock of that dismaying discovery, had forgotten the peril in

which they lay. He picked up the fragment of iron and examined it. It was eaten deep with rust, and was evidently very old—more than a hundred years, in all probability. A century, perhaps, had passed since that hidden spot had been visited. Obviously the tool had not been left by any modern explorer. The old pick had been handled there at the time when a pirate Dey reigned in Tunis. Gaston groaned dismally.

"Well, after all," said Bunny, "if that sheepskin's been through a lot of hands, a lot of people must have looked for the treasure, you know! Somebody was very likely to find it before us. Anyhow, let's get on!" he urged. "I'm suffocating in this filthy dust! For goodness' sake, get on!"

As Gaston made no movement, Bunny started in with the spade, clearing away the rubble. Gaston sat leaning against the side of the tunnel, haggard despair in his sallow face. Bunny worked industriously. He, at least, had no time to waste in vain regrets.

"But perhaps—perhaps that unknown one, he dig for the treasure, but find him not!" said Gaston at last. "Perhaps all is not lost! What you think?"

"I think we're lost if we don't get out of this fearful hole pretty quick!" gasped Bunny.

"Bah! Head of a pudding!" Clang! The spade, as Bunny wielded it, suddenly struck metal in the midst of the shifting rubble. A loud metallic clang answered the blow.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Bunny.

Gaston flashed the light forward. In the gleam of the electric ray there was a yellow glow. Gaston scrambled forward with a yell.

"Gold!"

"Oh crumbs!"

The Frenchman grabbed up the golden ingot. It weighed heavily in his hands. He almost hugged it in his glee. Then the satisfaction faded out of his face as he realised what it meant. The treasure had been hidden at that spot. It had been dug up, and that single ingot had been overlooked when it was carried away. It could mean nothing else!

"It is gone," said Gaston dejectedly, "and this is all that remains! But perhaps there is more! Make room for me! Give me some room for an elbow, as you say in English."

He plied the pick with feverish energy. The rubble rolled from his blows; the dust filled the tunnel chokingly. Bunny laboured at dragging away the rubbish back along the tunnel. Deeper and deeper the Frenchman excavated, but no further gleam of gold rewarded his sight.

"Oh crumbs!" spluttered Bunny, spitting out dust. "Oh!"

"It was here!" said Latour. He paused in his labour and pointed to a spot he had cleared, where it was evident that at some distant time a flagstone had been removed from the tunnel floor. "This was the place—



yes. Here was buried the treasure of Mago, and here it was dug by some scoundrel who have come before us.

Yes, yes! We come too late!" "A hundred years or so too late," grinned Bunny. "That Johnny, whoever he was, had a long start of us."

"It is frightful!" groaned Gaston. "After all this trouble, this danger, we have a piece of gold that is worth perhaps twenty thousand francs. And I think myself of hundred thousand francs—of million francs. I think of a great heap of spondulics!"

"Yes, but get on with it," urged Bunny.

"All the spondulics gone!" moaned Gaston. "I am ruined!"

"You'll soon be a goner, too, if you don't get a move on!" said Bunny brutally but practically. "We shall suffocate. Dig, man—dig!"

Gaston plied the pick again. There was no time to lose in repining, for the dust in the tunnel was thicker than ever, and it was difficult to breathe. But suddenly as the pick struck there was a rush of cool, sweet air.

Bunny gasped with relief. Sweeter than nectar came the fresh air. The pick had struck through the obstacle into the open at last! At that moment the sweet, cool air seemed to Bunny worth all the treasures that

had ever been piled up in the ancient city of the Phœnicians!

### The Last of the Sheepskin.

"G LORIOUS!" gasped Bunny. He stood in the open air at last.

The tunnel ended on a sloping hillside littered with fragments of ancient buildings. In ancient days the opening of the tunnel had been built over, and it was the falling structures that had choked the entrance.

It was glorious to stand in the open, breathing in great gulps of fresh air. Bunny breathed hard and deep. The night was growing old. They had been many long hours underground. Already in the east was a faint, pale hint of dawn.

"Alors! We are still alive!" said Gaston. "It is something to be still alive, mon cher! That Greek, that Marizelos, he think we are dead and buried in the cistern! But we live, though we find not the treasure."

He peered at the golden ingot in the dim light. A deep sigh left his lips. What must the treasure have been if the lucky man who had unearthed it had carelessly left behind him an ingot worth a hundred pounds at least!

"That's something, Mr. Latour,"

said Bunny encouragingly. "Better than nothing, anyhow."

"But I shall not return to Paris rich," said Gaston. "They will not point me out in the Bois de Boulogne and say: 'Voilà Latour, millionnaire!' I shall not roll in the spondulics. To think that some unknown scoundrel he is before us a hundred years, perhaps two hundred years! Blow him, as you say in English!"

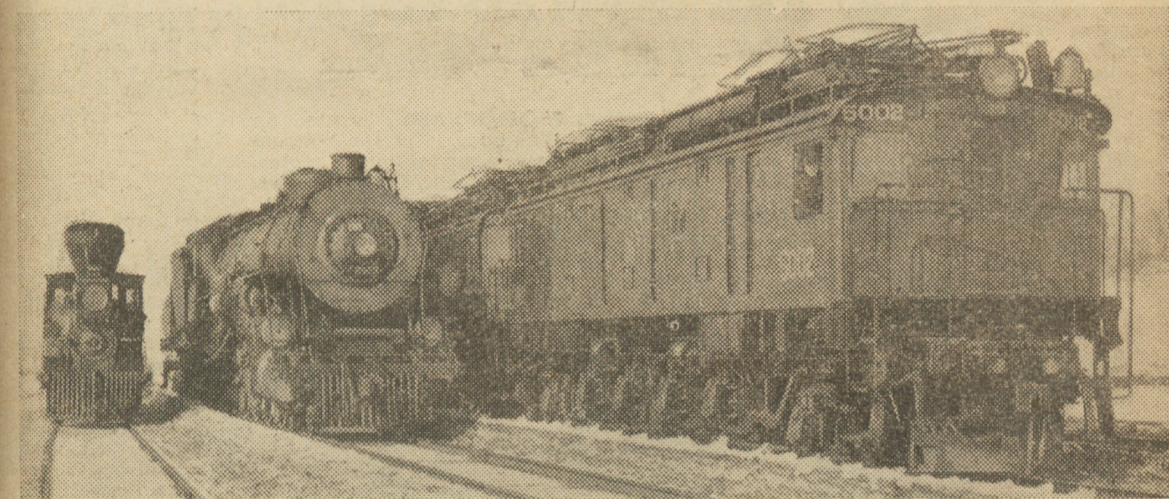
"What about getting back to Tunis?" hinted Bunny.

Gaston nodded, with a sigh. It was not easy for him to recover from his disappointment, though he certainly derived comfort from the possession of the ingot. He packed the cube of gold into the valise and locked it.

"Say nothing in Tunis," he said. "It is little enough. But there would be many fingers in this pie if he was known. Allons!"

They started down the slope of the hill, picking their way through thorny scrub, patches of wild olive, and half-buried chunks of masonry. The light of dawn, strengthening in the east, was sufficient to show them the way. Far off the waters of the Lake of Tunis caught the gleam of the rising sun, and the scarlet flamingoes woke and skimmed on the

*(Continued on the next page.)*



## Past—Present—Future

Wood-burning, oil-burning, and electric driven engines—what a contrast!

**A** MERICAN railway locomotives of the past, present, and future are shown in the unique photograph above.

The old, big-chimney (wood-burning) engine on the left in our photograph is one of the very earliest of American locos; but even that shows considerable development over some of the old pioneer engines of our own country.

Next to the old warrior stands a modern oil-burning locomotive. This still retains some semblance to the old-timer, but the next—the up-to-the-minute electric locomotive—is something altogether different.

Past, present, and future—wood, oil, and electricity—that's the sequence; but we miss the coal-burning engine which is such a feature of our British railways. In the earliest days of railways in America, wood was cheap and plentiful, as later was oil; and as coal had often to be hauled from a long way off, the oil-burning locomotive was evolved.

In no other country, perhaps, has electricity been so developed as in America. Hundreds of miles of main line railway track have now been electrified in the U.S.A., and there is one single stretch of 440 miles between Chicago and Seattle, so that over there the high-

powered electric locomotive is the engine of the future. The three engines briefly tell the story of railway locomotive development in America, and it is ever so interesting to compare them, particularly the old wood-burning engine and the oil-burner. Note the growth in size and so on in about ninety years! The locomotive has grown from a small, eight-wheeled affair to a multiple-wheeled monster.

Even with its huge chimney, you see, the old engine is only about as tall as the modern loco, with its stumpy funnel. But compare the diameter of the boilers of the two steam locos and you get some measure of the development.

And now comes the electric locomotive, which bids fair to eclipse all others. Does that mean that the steam locomotive will completely disappear? We hope not. However powerful the electric locomotive may be, it seems somehow and in some way to lack the individuality, the personality—yes, and the dignity, too, of the steam locomotive.

Gone is the familiar "form" of the locomotive—the boiler, cylinders, funnel, the fireman and his furnace—and in its place we have a sort of electric power station on wheels: a marvellous contraption of wires and taps and switches!



## Treasure of Carthage

water. Bunny was thinking chiefly of getting back to Tunis and turning into bed for a long sleep. He grunted when Gaston caught him suddenly by the arm and stopped him.

"Taisez-vous! Look!" he said.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bunny, as he followed the direction of the Frenchman's pointing finger.

Seated on a broken marble column, leaning back against a fragment of an old crumbling wall, was Marizelos, the Greek. He was fast asleep.

"That rotter!" murmured Bunny, his eyes gleaming.

Gaston laughed softly.

"He sleep!" he said. "He do not go back to Tunis. He do not wish to go far from that sheepskin so valuable. If we remain in that cistern we die before morning, and he come back for the sheepskin. Sapristi! I give that sheepskin now to anybody. I chuck up, as you say in English. I chuck up one sponge. But, silence!"

Treading on tip-toe, Gaston approached the sleeping Greek. Bunny followed him as silently. In a few minutes they stood close to the unconscious man. Latour drew the revolver from his pocket.

Bunny caught his arm. For the moment he feared that the Frenchman was about to take a deadly vengeance on the man who had abandoned them to death in the buried cistern.

"Head of pudding!" muttered Gaston. He tapped the Greek lightly on the head with the barrel of the revolver, and Marizelos started into instant wakefulness.

He leaped to his feet, and as his startled eyes fell upon Latour and Bunny he gave a hoarse cry. For a second, perhaps, the startled man fancied that it was the ghosts of his victims that stood before him.

"Bonjour, monsieur!" said Gaston affably.

The Greek stared at him with starting eyes.

"Non, it is not a ghost," said Gaston, grinning. "It is not two ghosts. We are alive and to kick, as they say in English."

"No thanks to you, you rotter!"

growled Bunny, with a glare at the Greek.

Marizelos stared at them in silence, the startled look on his dark face giving place to rage and fear. He eyed apprehensively the revolver in the Frenchman's hand.

"Non, I do not blow you out the brains!" said Gaston contemptuously. "You think we die in the cistern, monsieur. But there is one way out, and we find him. Comprenez?"

The Greek's eyes scanned the clothes of the two adventurers, caked with mud and slime and dust. He could

not see the steps of someone else that you must dog. To the first that shall offer me five thousand francs I shall sell the sheepskin!"

He turned to Bunny.

"Come, mon garcon! It is a long way to Tunis!"

"Stop!"

Marizelos started forward as the Frenchman was turning away. Gaston glanced back at him.

"You lie!" muttered the Greek. "You will not sell the sheepskin! If you will sell I will be the buyer. But you will not sell."

"Mon ami, I sell that so priceless sheepskin to the first that offer me five thousand francs," answered Gaston. "I tell you I am fed-up. I have had enough of crawling underground. I shall be once more an officer on the Tunis railway. I crawl underground no more!"

"I will buy the sheepskin if you are in earnest," the Greek said eagerly. "Many have sought the treasure before and have lost heart. But I will buy the sheepskin. I will buy it gladly. If I had dreamed that you would be willing to sell I would have offered before. But you are jesting!"

His black eyes scanned Latour's face eagerly.

For answer, Gaston drew the sheepskin from his pocket.

The Greek's eyes blazed. Evidently he had seen the precious sheepskin before while spying on the treasure-seekers, though he had not been able to see what was inscribed on it. It

was clear that he knew the square of leather in Gaston's hand. He stretched out an eager hand towards it.

"You are in earnest?" he muttered, his voice husky with eagerness. "You will sell?"

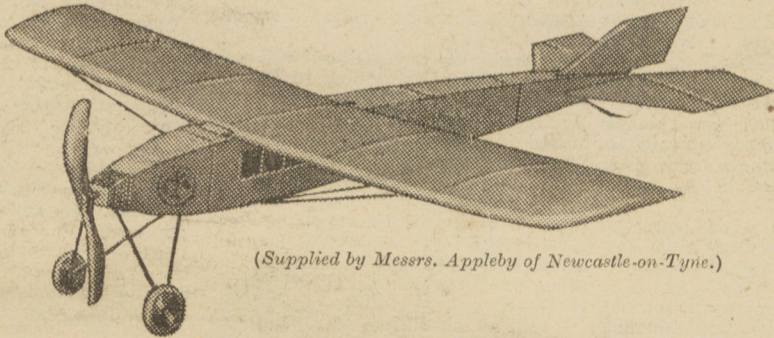
"I have said so!"

Marizelos drew a wallet from his pocket, and with fingers that trembled counted out five notes for a thousand francs each.

"There is the price!" he said huskily.

Gaston Latour took the notes and tossed the sheepskin to the Greek. Marizelos clutched it greedily.

(Continued on page 22.)

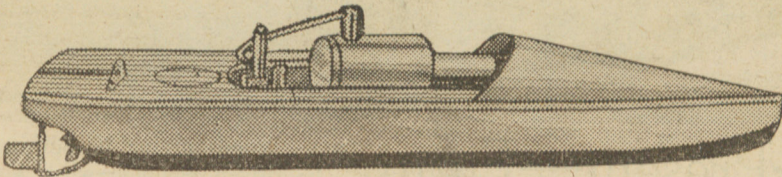


(Supplied by Messrs. Appleby of Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

## YOU ARE INVITED TO WIN ONE OF THESE!—See page 9.

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.

"Peggy" **MODEL LAUNCH**, supplied by Messrs. Hobbies. Length 26 inches, beam 4 inches. A smart and speedy launch, plank-lined deck and two-colour hull. Strong oscillating type engine of brass, with brass boiler and safety valve. Automatic lubricating device, which makes for easy running. Can be set in any direction by means of brass rudder, and will steam steadily for twenty-five minutes at one filling!



see what they had been through. The rage in his glittering black eyes intensified.

"You have nothing to say?" grinned Latour. "You do not ask me for that so precious sheepskin?"

Marizelos gritted his teeth. "I will have it yet!" he muttered. "You shall never touch the treasure of Carthage!"

Gaston shrugged his shoulders.

"That treasure!" he said. "I mock myself of it! I am what the English call fed-up! I have had enough! I gave an Arab a thousand francs for the sheepskin, and I shall sell him again in Tunis. And if you would dog the steps of the treasure-hunter,



## Treasure of Carthage

(Continued from page 20.)

"Allons, mon garçon!" said Latour.

"But—I say!" stammered Bunny.

But Gaston drew Bunny away. They followed the track down the hill. Bunny, at a little distance, looked back. The Greek was standing with the sheepskin in his hands, scanning it in the light of the rising sun, his black eyes scintillating, his dark face irradiated with greedy triumph.

"Oh crumbs!" said Bunny.

Latour merely grinned. They pursued their way, and the Greek was left gloating over the treasure clue. When Bunny glanced back again he was lost to sight.

Gaston Latour hummed a song as he walked airily, and they struck into the road to Tunis.

"But—but, I say," said Bunny at last, "that jolly old sheepskin is no use to him, Mr. Latour, when we know that the treasure's already been lifted."

"But Marizelos—he does not know that," answered Latour.

"No, but we do. And——"

"Head of a pudding! Do you dream that I should sell him the sheepskin if there was still a treasure? But since there is no treasure, is he not welcome to the sheepskin? He is very welcome, and to me also five thousand francs is welcome. He would kill us in the cistern, parbleu! And now I do him in the eye, as you say in English. I go to make one fool of him." And Gaston chuckled.

"Oh crumbs!" said Bunny. His tender conscience was a little troubled by the transaction, rascal as the Greek was. But Gaston whistled and

hummed cheerily as they walked back to Tunis.

A few days later Gaston Latour had disposed of the ingot. Bunny was given a thousand francs as his share. Gaston returned to the post he had given up on the Tunis railway when he became a treasure-seeker. Of Marizelos Bunny saw no more. No doubt the eager Greek was hunting and searching in the ruins of Carthage, with the invaluable sheepskin as a guide, for the buried treasure of Mago. And Bunny wished him joy of the search!

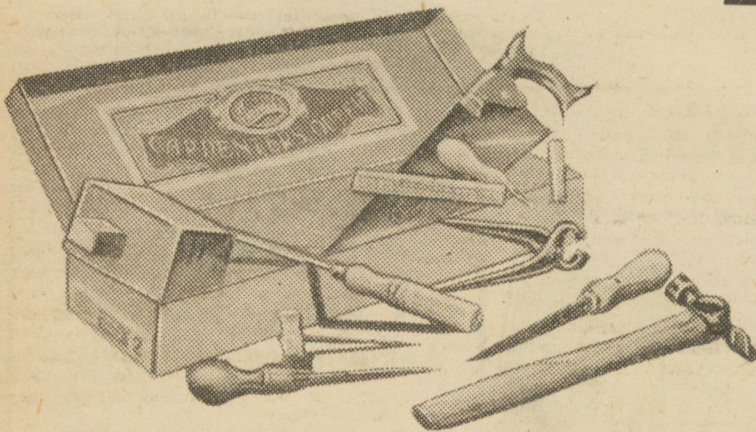
THE END.

(There's a great yarn by Alfred Edgar in next Monday's MODERN BOY—complete, and not one of a series. It's called "The Leaping Miracle" and the theme is a most unusual one! You MUST read it!)

## WAITING FOR YOU

## TO WIN!

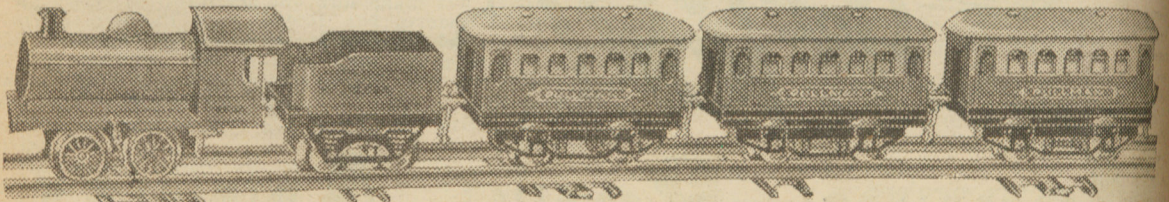
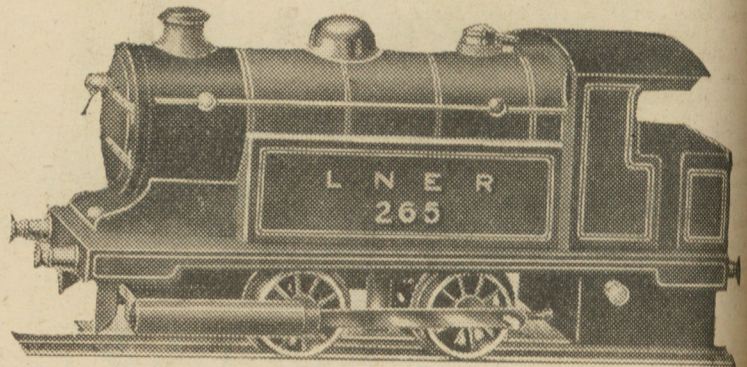
SEE PAGE 9



"Hobbies" No. 2 CARPENTRY OUTFIT. British-made tools, including 16-in. hand-saw, Warrington pattern hammer, screwdriver,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. chisel, strong mallet, bradawl, gimlet, pincers, file, 2-ft. box-wood folding rule, and a carpenter's pencil.

### "BOWMAN" MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.

0-4-0 Tank Type, Model 265, COMPLETE WITH RAILS. Length of engine, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Weight 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Boiler of seamless drawn brass, with safety valve. Solid drawn brass cylinders,  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch by  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stroke. Heavy gauge steel plate frames. Wheels of turned cast steel with steel axles. Filling funnel, oil, and full instructions. RUNS FOR 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  MILES!



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 device by means

of which the train may be braked from the track. The loco is fitted with brake mechanism, and the set is richly coloured and well finished. Gauge O. YOU may win it in our Great New Competition!