

"Whar's yoh friend, Marse Warren?"

Jarvis' head was low upon his breast, as he answered quietly: "Water—and a long drop! There's a real ghost due to haunt castle now, Rusty."

"I knowed them battleship boogies was spooks!"

Warren picked up the great sword which had fallen by the trap as the man went through. He walked up the stairs.

"Oh, Marse Warren, don't!"

"What's the matter?" and he snarled it. "Do I scare you?"

"You can't scare me—I'm scared already!"

Jarvis made a fencing feint at the other figure. There was no response; again he tried. Then he rushed it, and knocked the armor over.

"I guess he's genuine—and harmless."

"Oh, Marse Warren, you'se got gall, shore. I'll jest finish dis battleship—so he won't jump no moh." He had grabbed the armor and started toward the trapdoor. "I'm goin' to sink him in de harbor!"