

place sneeze interrupted this most wonderful of all conversations.

Jarvis looked about. The sneeze was in the room.

"Rusty, are you outside?"

"Yassir. But don't keep me here long, 'kase I'ze freezing to death."

"Did you sneeze?"

"No, sir; but I calc'late I'll have to befoh long."

"Don't move, your Highness—I've found the Ghost at last!"

He walked toward the suspicious picture, and pointed the revolver at it.

"There is somebody in that picture. Come out or I'll shoot. Quick now!"

There was no response.

He sent a bullet, carefully aimed at the upper lefthand corner, where he planned that it would do no harm.

There was a response.

"Don't shoot!"

And the canvas opened neatly, to permit the