

Here she stopped suddenly and blushed slightly, as if she had been betrayed into the mention of a name forbidden at the Château. The Doctor, evidently observing her confusion, changed the topic, and took me into the garden to show me some rare autumnal flowers which he was himself cultivating.

I did not see the *Seigneur*, the rest of that day, as he was obliged to drive away at noon to a distant part of the estate where some extensive improvements were going on. Nor had his daughter any opportunity to speak to him, for some of her female friends arrived in the course of the morning. I was left at my own desire in the library, where I found some papers, from which I wished to make extracts. In the evening, after dinner, we were all assembled in the large dressing room—and then M. de Guereville learned, for the first time, the story of the mysterious noises in the east corridor. When I came to mention the music, he looked exceedingly perplexed and then gave a quick exclamation of surprise, as if he had remembered some circumstance long forgotten.

"What instrument do you suppose it was?" he enquired.

"That I cannot tell," I replied; "the music was very low indeed, quite muffled and indistinct, as if it proceeded from a distance."

"Your story," said M. de Guereville, "recalls to my mind something I had forgotten. If you will wait a few moments we may unravel this mystery."

Thereupon he went out and returned shortly, asking us to follow him. The house-keeper and a servant preceeded us with lights to the corridor, where my bed-room was situated, and finally entered a large chamber at the end. The room was filled with old furniture which had been injured—in fact it was a lumber room. The house-keeper laid the lights on an old Cabinet which stood against the wall; it was evidently the worse for wear, most of the bronze ornaments with which it was covered being broken, and the only part that appeared perfect was one of the Louis Quatorze legs.

The *Seigneur* pressed a spring concealed under a bunch of grapes, and a large compartment flew open, and showed us a Knight on horse-back, fully equipped for the battle or tournament. Suddenly the sound of music was heard and the knight rode forward on a mimic stage, and then stood motionless, with spear at rest. Three airs were played—the first stirring and the last plaintive—and then the Knight turned and vanished behind. The mechanism was perfect, and the music effectually concealed the noise of the creaking of the secret springs.

"This old Cabinet," said M. de Guereville, "was brought from France by my grandfather, and was the work of a clever Parisian artisan. If you will look closely at it, you will see that it was to represent a tournament, but it got broken and the other Knight is missing. I had entirely forgotten the toy, until you alluded to the music, which, of course, proceeds from a little box in the interior. Years ago it was consigned by my father to the lumber room, until it could be repaired, but it was forgotten, and has ever since remained among other odds and ends."

"You must get it repaired, papa," said M'dlle de Guereville; "it is a pity to have so pretty a toy hidden away."

"Yes; I must try and think of it; but, if my memory serves me