FOILED BY HIMSELF.

"Whc is this letter from, Jenkins?"

"I don't know, sir. The man who brought it is waiting in the front office for an answer. He looks like a working man dressed up in his Sunday clothes."

Mr John Barnett, solicitor, cut open the envelope carefully, as was his habit, took out the enclosure, and read:

"MORNDUN HOUSE, ELDERGATE, Friday, 6 A.M.—DEAR SIR: I am in great trouble. Mr Monkton was found dead in the library last night about nine o'clock. The cause of death was heart disease. Could you come down here today and remain till after the funeral, and advise me with regard to the funeral arrangements and other things? It is a great deal to ask, I know; but you see I have no right to interfere in these matters, as I am no relative of Mr Monkton's, and I do not know what to do. You were always his chief friend as well as legal adviser. I am afraid of his brother coming here when he hears of the death. I enclose notices which I will thank you to get inserted in the various newspapers. I send this letter by our gardener, who will bring back your reply. Yours truly,

KATHERINE ASHLEY."

Mr Barnett appeared very much affected on reading this letter. "Mr Monkton is dead, Jenkins," he said. "Found dead in his library last night. How very sudden! He was here only two days ago looking as well as ever I saw him. This letter is from Miss Ashley. She wishes me to go to Eldergate today. I have nothing particularly pressing for the next few days, have I?"

"No sir; I don't think so."

"Then I will be able to wait over at Eldergate till after the funeral, as Miss Ashley wishes. I will give you a note to the man. I don't know when I got such a shock."

The note dispatched, Mr Barnett sat down to think over matters. Mr Monkton and he had been friends of many years' duration, and having been often at Moredun House, Mr Barnett was well acquainted with Miss Ashley, who was an orphan niece of his friend's late wife. Mr Monkton had no family of his own, and Miss Ashley had lived at Moredun House for the past ten years. Her aunt, Mrs Monkton, had died a few years before. By the terms of Mr Monkton's will, which Mr Barnett himself had drawn, the latter knew that he, along with Sir Andrew Dawson, a wealthy neighbor of Mr Monkton's, was appointed an executor and a joint guardian of Miss Ashley until she could attain the age of 21. This she would not reach for nearly three years yet, and in the interval some arrangements must be come to with reference to her.

"I hope that brother of Monkton's doesn't come upon the scene, for he is a thorough scoundrel, if ever there was one," he said to himself. "He will give us some trouble if he can. However, he need not try to dispute the will, although I believe he would do it in a minute if he thought he had a ghost of a chance."

He left Euston station at eight o'clock en route for Eldergate, which was distant from the metropolis about two hours' journey by rail. Mr Monkton's carriage was in waiting at the station, and he was soon being driven up the avenue to the house.

A footman, who appeared to be the only one awake in the house, opened the door to him. But as he entered, an old lady, whom Mr Barnett recognized as a distant cousin of Mr Monkton, met him in the hall. She was a sturdy old Scotchwoman, hale and hearty, though upward of 60 years of age.

"Ye're very late. I was thinking ye mightna be here the night now, and I advised Miss Ashley to gang awa' to her bed and I would look after ye if ye came. Ye'll be ready for some supper, I'm thinking. Come this way into the dining room."

Mr Barnett followed the loquacious old lady into the room, where the supper was immediately brought in. "I am surprised to see you, Mrs Crawford," he said. "I did not know you were here. Miss Ashley did not mention you in her letter this morning."

"Because she didna ken I was coming. I m staying in London wi' my son Peter now, and I came down here this morning on a visit by chance. I found everything at sixes and sevens, and that puir lassie greeting like to break her heart; so I just stayed on till ye would come."

"You were quite right. I would have been here earlier, as I told Miss Ashley in my letter, but I was detained. But, I need not keep you out of your bed, Mrs Crawford; I can attend to myself. I know the way to my room. I have been often here before, you know."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," said Mrs Crawford. She had dismissed the servant, and had herself waited to attend to Mr Barnett's wants. He had scarcely begun to do justice to the supper, however, when she suddenly bent forward and whispered almost into his ear: "He's here."

"Who is here? Whom do you mean?" asked the solicitor, almost dropping his knife and fork in his surprise.

"Whom should I mean but Henry Monkton, of course? Came here in the middle o' the afternoon and intends waiting till after the funeral, he says. But he may spare himsel' the trouble for enything he'll get, I hope."

"But how did he come to hear of his brother's death so speedily? It will not be in the newspapers till tomorrow Miss Ashley surely did not send him notice?"

"No, she dinna. She's ower frichted for him to do the like o' that. She's keepit her room ever since he came, or else she would hae been waiting here to see ye. But ye'll see her in the morning right enough. He met Blake, the gardener, by accident, at the London station this forenoon and got the news frae him. He had a gude stock o' impudence to come here at the present time, when he kens brawly he daurna hae showed his nose had his brother been living. Dear, dear! sic a change as his death will make in this house! What's to become o' that lassie? Surely he would mind her in his will?"

"Was he supposed to have been long dead before he was found? Who was the first to discover him? Was it Miss Ashley?"

"Ay; she was the first. He had gone into the library at seven, and Miss Ashley, who had been out to her tea at Sir Andrew Dawson's, came home at nine o'clock. When she went into the room he was sitting dead at his desk."

"What had he been doing? Reading, or what?"

"He had apparently been looking over some papers and letters, for there were a lot lying about the desk. The doctor believes he hadna lang been dead when he was discovered."

"Well, well, I must see after things in the morning. It is quite awkward Henry Monkton being here. You know the reason of his last quarrel with his brother, I dare say?"

"Deed I do. I ken that Henry Monkton has been a neer-do-weel a' his days, and his brother was aye far ower gude to him. He paid his debts ower and ower again; and to think that after a' he would try to rob his brother o' his ain money behind his back. I reckon Mr Monkton caught him in the very act o' helping himsel' to his money out o' the safe."

"Yes; and after that he ordered him out of his house, which he should have done long before. But, as you say, he was far too good to him. They have never spoken since."

Next morning, when the solicitor came down stairs, he found Miss Ashley in the breakfast room. She was a slight, fair-haired girl with very bright face. She wore a dark-blue morning gown. Her eyes looked heavy and bore the traces of recent tears. She greeted Mr Barnett with out-stretched hand. "Oh, it is such a relief to have you here!" she said.

Mr Barnett ate his breakfast in comparative silence. He was debating with himself as to the advisability of imparting to Miss Ashley the terms of Mr Monkton's will at the present or of leaving it till later. She had said nothing on the subject, and judging by appearances, the thought of the will or of how she herself might be concerned in it did not seem to be troubling her. Had she shown any signs of anxiety with regard to what she should do or whereshe should go after the funeral, Mr Barnett would have felt it his duty to tell her she was amply provided for, but as it was, he thought it better she should remain in ignorance in the meantime.

After breakfast Miss Ashley went upstairs. Left alone, Mr Barnett decided that he would wait until he had seen Henry Monkton before beginning his work in the library, and went out in the garden to smoke. He was in the full enjoyment of his cigar when a step coming down the garden path caused him to turn round. The comer was Henry Monkton, who held out his hand with apparent friendliness. He was a tall, sallow-complexioned man, not bad looking, with a restless look in his black eyes. He had a moustache but no beard. Saving in his complexion and his restless locks, he had a great resemblance to his dead brother.

The solicitor took the offered hand and bade him good morning in as friendly a tone as he could muster.

"I have to apologize for not appearing at breakfast," said Mr Monkton. "I had a headache and went out to walk it off. I am going in now. I believe you came last night?"

"Yes. You were in bed, I think. I saw no one save Mrs Crawford."

"She would keep you in talk, at any rate. How her tongue does go! I never can make out half she says. Can found these poor relations, always cropping up! Have you seen Miss Ashley this morning? She was not very well yesterday."

"I saw her at breakfast. She has gone to her room now. You would be sorry to hear of your brother's death?"

"I have good reason to be sorry. A better brother man never had. I am afraid I was sorry trouble to him. I am glad, however, that our last quarrel was made up before he died. I should never have forgiven myself otherwise."

"Then you have seen him lately?" asked Mr Barnett in surprise, which he did not attempt to hide.

"I saw him in the city on Tuesday and spoke to him. He had been at your office. He was rather stern at first, but he had always a warm side to me, bad as I was."

Mr Barnett doubted Mr Monkton's statement very much, but did not telf him so. He only remarked: "It must be a great comfort to you now as things have happened."

"Yes, it is a comfort, as you say. Will you be good enough to have a look through my brother's papers, and arrange them if they need arranging. You understand such things. He would have liked you to do it, I know." He spoke as though conscious that by his own wicked conduct in the past he had forfeited all right to interfere in his brother's affairs.

Mr Barnett, although wondering not a little at the position Henry Monkton was taking up, wisely refrained from making any remark. He merely said: "I was just waiting to see you before I began. I will go in now," and left Mr Monkton standing alone.

Before he could begin his work among the documents the arrangements for the funera required to be seen to, and the afternoon was pretty far advanced also when he at length set himself down to work in earnest. He first of all opened the safe, took out the papers which he had wrapped in the newspaper the previous night, and placed them on the desk in the middle of the floor.

"I had better find the will in the first place," thought he "I can't understand Henry Monkton's behavior at all, so different from his usual style. One would think that he already has an idea how the will stands, or he would be acting differently. He must have come down here simply in a fit of bravado, and with the intention, perhaps, of deceiving the people around by a pretense of regret for the brother he has lost. He can't cheat me, however, with his hypocritical talk. I wonder if he knew that the will was in his brother's possession, or if he thought I had it. Here is a bundle of titles; that will may be among them I have seen Monkton take it out from one of these drawers before, I think. This is half empty. Some of these papers on the desk probably have been kept in it."

He had anticipated no difficulty in finding his late friend's will; but the looking for it promised to be more tedious business than he had expected, although he had no doubt of finding it ultimately. Hours passed and still the search went on unsuccessfully. By 10 o'clock both cabinet and desk had been thoroughly overhauled, unless there were some secret drawers which he had failed to discover. There was no other place left in the room where Mr Monkton would be likely to keep the will that he could see. Could it by any chance be in his room upstairs? If it were not discovered there the conclusion seemed inevitable—that the will was lost.

II.

"Has Mrs Crawford gone upstairs to her room yet?" It was Mr Barnett who spoke.

"No, sir."

"Would you tell her, please, I wish to see her in the library."

"Very well, sir."

The servant departed, and in a short time Mrs Crawford made her appearance. It was now Monday evening, and on the morrow the funeral of Mr Monkton would take place. As yet the missing will had not been found, although every likely and unlikely place had been searched, with the exception of the bookcases in the library which Mr Barnett was engaged in examining. He had not up to this time mentioned to anyone the fact of the will having disappeared. But for alarming Miss Ashley he would have taken her into his confidence.

"Sit down, Mrs Crawford," he said, addressing that lady. "Close the door, please; I do not want anyone to hear what I am going to say."

"Dear me; I hope there's nothing wrong," said she. "I was just thinking o' going to my bed. Miss Ashley is away upstairs, and Henry Monkton to his. What was it ye were wanting?"

"I want you to give me a hand in looking through these bookcases. I have had some of the books down already. The fact is, Mrs Crawford, I can't find Mr Monkton's will; and I have searched every place that I can think of. I know he used to keep it in this room."

There was a silence in the room for a considerable time while the search went on. Eleven o'clock struck. They were the only two awake in that large house. Mr Barnett was the first to speak.

"Did Henry Monkton tell you that his brother and he were on friendly terms before the death happened?" he inquired. "He said he met him last Tuesday in town, and that they spoke to each other, but I can't believe it."

"This is the first time I've heard o' that; but I've spoken to Henry Monkton as little as I could."

"I asked Miss Ashley if Mr Monkton had mentioned it to her, and she said he had not. He would surely have told her if it had been the case."

"It's as likely to be a lie as no. I wadna trust that Henry Monkton nae farer than I could see him. But what's this inside o' this big book? It's the will, I do believe!"

Mr Barnett dropped the book he held and crossed the room to the side of Mrs Crawford. "It is the will!" he cried joyfully. "Thank Providence! I was afraid it was lost altogether. I ought to have had you to help me sooner, I see. You have been more fortunate than I."

"Last will and testament of George Monkton, dated 5th of April," read Mr Barnett from the back of the document. "It must have got in there just as I supposed." He opened out the will and glanced hurriedly over it, and as he did so the expression of his face changed. "There is some mistake here. This is not the will I meant. This one was revoked by another, executed some months later; in August, instead of April, now that I remember, but in the same year. This should have been destroyed long ago. I thought Mr Monkton had destroyed it."

"And what's the difference between that one and the other one?" asked Mrs Crawford, not a little disappointed at hearing the will found was not the one sought for.

"The legacies to you and the servants are the same. The difference is that Miss Ashley, instead of getting the remainder, gets only one third. His brother succeeds to the other two. This will was drawn and signed prior to the quarrel between the brothers. The one I want was executed after that time."

"I would be very sick sorry to see him get onything ava, much less two-thirds. We hae fand ne will at onyrate. The other may not be far aff. We'll finish what we're at, I reckon. Is that will for nae use at a'?"

"In the event of us not finding the other it will be. It contains a provision for Miss Ashley, which is one good thing. If there was noswill she would get nothing. If the other is not forthcoming we must act on this one."

"Do you think Mr Monkton would ken o' that will inside the book."

"No; I don't think he would. That book does not seem to have been disturbed for a long time. He must have thought he had destroyed it. But yet—" The solicitor stopped short in his speech as a sudden thought struck him. "If it be true that his brother and he had become friendly again, he may have burned the last will, intending to make a new one; or he might be aware of the existence of this one, which would do perfectly well," he said. "He may have even burned the will on the evening on which he died. Was there any appearance, Mrs Crawford, of his having burned any papers?"

"I heard the housekeeper say he had been burning some papers; but, of course, they might be some auld letters or things o' no consequence."

"Quite possible. We will not assume that it is burned yet, till we see. There goes 12 o'clock. Another twenty minutes and we will have finished. What's that?"

It was a noise like the faint creaking of a door, distinctly heard through the stillness of the house, seemingly coming from one of the rooms on the floor immediately above. Mr Barnett and Mrs Crawford both strained their ears to listen. For the space of nearly a minute they heard nothing.

"Perhaps Miss Ashley or the housekeeper looking out to see if the hall gas is still lit, or if we are upstairs," Mr Barnett said. "I hope it is not that brother spying about, to see what we are after. If he had happened to be outside this door a little while ago he might have heard us talking of the will. There it is again. Someone is certainly awake upstairs."

Listening intently they now heard a slight sound, as of a footstep coming quietly down the stairs step by step. The footstep seemed to be too light to be that of Henry Monkton; it must be either Miss Ashley, or the housekeeper, Mrs Bolding.

"They're taking their braw time, whoever it is," said Mrs Crawford in a whisper. "They have got to the foot of the stairs now. They're coming in here. The Lord preserve us; it's Mr Monkton himsel'!"

The door had opened and a tall figure in white walked slowly into the room. Mrs Crawford, almost fainting with terror, cowered down on the floor and clung to the tails of the soliciter's frock coat. Both were opposite the side of the desk from the apparition, which advanced with noiseless tread into the centre of the room, and there paused, regarding them with a fixed stare. It held something in its right hand like a long blue packet. Mr Barnett, his blood freezing in his veins, stood literally paralyzed and incapable of motion. He felt his hair rise on his head. For the space of one dread minute he actually believed that the spirit of his dead friend stood before him. Then came a wild feeling of relief as he recognized the apparition. It was not the dead man in the spirit, but his brother in the flesh, whom he beheld. It was Henry Monkton in a fit of somnambulism.

There he stood, clad in nothing but his long nightshirt, his feet bare, his eyes wide open and unseeing, utterly unconscious of where he was or in whose presence. It was the first time in his life that Mr Barnett had beheld any one thus walking in his sleep. The sight was to him something ghostly and terrible—a sort of life and death. What was the sleeping man going to do? What was that which he held in his hand?

Mr Barnett stooped down and whispered his discovery of who the apparition was into the ear of the terrified Mrs Crawford, who speedily recovered from her fright, and both together watched the movements of the somnambulist, who seemed uncertain what to do next. First he laid down the blue packet he carried on the desk, which the solicitor now saw to be a long envelope, evidently containing something. From this envelope the sleeping man drew forth a document, which he opened out and seemed to glance over, after which he retolded and returned to the envelope. This he laid on the desk, left it there and walked forward to the fireplace, where he stood for a minute or two leaning against the mantlepiece, apparently wrapt in thought. Struck by a sudden thought, Mr Barnett leaned across the desk, took up the envelope, drew out the document enclosed and hastily scanned it over. A single glance was sufficient. It was the missing will.

Quick as thought he snatched up the will found by Mrs Crawford, which was lying beside him, thrust it into the envelope and slipped the newly discovered one safely into his pocket. Next he leaned over and softly placed the envelope with its new inclosure back where it had lain. It was but the work of a second or two, Mrs Crawford watching him the while with bated breath, half suspecting what the envelope had contained.

The somnambulist, after standing in the same position at the fireplace for some seconds longer, returned to the desk, took up the will, went again to the fire-place and held the envelope and its contents above the now burned-out fire, as though about to drop them into the flames which he imagined he saw. Then he turned hurriedly and glanced towards the door, as if wishing to hide it from the gaze of some one, stood for a minute in that position and then slowly walked out of the room, closing the door behind him. Mr Barnett darted after him and followed him cautiously upstairs. He watched him until he saw him go along the corridor and enter his room in safety; after that the solicitor returned to the room below.

"Mercy on us! Did ever any mortal see the like o' that?" This exclamation burst from the lips of Mrs Crawford as Mr Barnett joined her in the library. The good woman had recovered the use of her tongue and was inclined to laugh at her recent fears. "I really thought it was the dead man himsel'," continued she. "Eh, but he was awful' like him, though! What paper was that ye took? Was it the will, and had he got it after a'?"

"Yes, it was the will. Here it is, safe and sound. He may do what he likes with the one he has got. I will take care this one does not fall into his hands again."

"But how would he come to get it, think ye?"

"That is quite easily understood, Mrs Crawford. Mr Monkton must have had it beside him the night he died, and it would be lying among the loose papers on his desk. His brother, hunting among these papers on his arrival here, had found the will, read it, and, knowing that if it were destroyed or put out of the way he himself would be heir to everything, resolved to repress it. I remember you said he seemed a little confused when you entered the room. You had probably disturbed him while perusing the will. He has had it in his possession all along. The wonder is that he has not burned it before this. Perhaps he could not make up his mind whether to destroy it or give it up I can understand now his non-interference with things. He knew the game was in his own hand."

"It maun hae preyed on his mind to a terrible extent, though. That may be what caused him to walk in his sleep."

"No doubt. He semed to be acting over again what occurred in this room when he found the will. You saw him look towards the door, as if heard someone coming, and then put his hand behind him, apparently to hide the will?"

"Aye, he just looked something like that when I saw him the first day standing by the fire. I'll not forget what I hae seen this night in a hurry. Ye're sure that's the right will now?"

"Yes; there's no doubt of it this time. It is dated August 5, 1881, exactly four months to a day later than the other."

Mr Barnett's supposition as to the manner in which Henry Monkton had got possession of the will was quite correct. He had found it on Mr Monkton's desk among the other papers, and after reading it was unable to make up his mind whether to destroy it or leave it somewhere where it might be found by Mr Barnett. Mrs Crawford had disturbed him in the library before he had had time to read it, hence he hastily folded it up and carried it with him to his room till he could peruse it at leisure.

Prior to this meeting with Mr Barnett in the garden he had, after much inward discussion, determined to destroy the will; and as he knew the solicitor to be well aware of its existence, he had invented the story of having met his late brother in London and of having become reconciled to him, in order to raise a belief in Mr Barnett's mind, when he found the will not forthcoming, that Mr Monkton might himself have destroyed it, intending to make a new one. He was made aware of his brother's visit to town on Tuesday through an acquaintance, who had met him comirg from Mr Barnett's office

About half an hour after Mr Barnett had retired to his room Henry Monkton suddenly awoke from the deep sleep into which he had fallen and sat up in bed, unaware that he had ever left it. His room was not quite in darkness, for a small flame suddenly shooting up from the fire dimly lit the surroundings. The light attracted his attention.

"I have been dreaming of that cursed will again," he muttered, thrusting his hand under his pillow to feel if the document were safe. "Fully fifty times have I resolved to destroy it, and as often something has held me back. The fire is still burning. I will be tormented no longer. This very minute it shall be consigned to the flames; then surely I shall have peace. It is an unjust will. It should never have been made. The girl, an utter stranger, to get everything and I nothing! Not while I live to prevent it."

Not allowing himself one instant for reflection, he rose and crossed the room quickly to the fireplace. The flame was still burning invitingly. By its light he read the writing on the back of the envelope, to make himself certain that it was the one containing the will, then thrust both envelope and its contents into the heart of the fire. With glittering eyes he watched the creeping flame speedily devour them. For some seconds the whole room was brilliantly illuminated. And then came darkness. The incubus was removed; the will was gone forever!

* * * *

Mr Monkton's funeral was over. Dust had been consigned to dust, to await the final resurrection. The next act in the drama was the reading of the dead man's will, an event fusually anxiously looked forward to by eager prospective legatees

In the drawing room after the funeral were assembled Mrs Crawford, Miss Ashley, Henry Monkton, Sir Andrew Dawson, Mrs Crawford's son Peter, who was a clerk in the city, and Mr Barnett. Several of the principal servants were also present. Henry Monkton, in spite of his best efforts, could not wholly conceal his agitation. Miss Ashley appeared calm and composed. She was thinking more of the kind guardian she had lost than of what he had left behind him. Mr Barnett, who had the will in his pocket, now rose to speak.

"You all know, of course, it is customary for the will of a deceased person to be read immediately after the funeral," he began, fixing his eyes on Henry Monkton, who quailed under their keen glance. "But before I say more I wish to know, supposing the principal will not be at hand, if I may be allowed to read from the draft which I have here? Draft and principal are precisely alike in substance."

No one spoke for some seconds. No one, indeed, had any interest to speak save Henry Monkton. Miss Ashley was no relation to the deceased, and Mrs Crawford and her son were but distant relations.

Mr Barnett was about to resume, when Henry Monkton interrupted him. "What is the good of reading from the draft?" said he. "We must have the will itself. Where is it? Why have you not got it?"

"These inquiries, Mr Monkton, you are probably in a better position to answer than myself. Have you no idea where your brother's will is?"

The question was put so direct that Monkton lost his temper. "What do you mean?" he said in an angry tone. "How should I know anything about it? It is not likely I shall gain anything by it. You would take care of that while framing it, I'll bet."

Mr Barnett, without taking notice of this innuendo, simply said: "Then you know nothing of the will? You have not seen it?"

"No, I have not seen it; if that will satisfy you; and now, kindly proceed. I suppose the upshot of all this is that there is no will?"

"Oh, no. You are mistaken; the will is here all right enough," Mr Barnett said, producing it. "But I have to thank you for its restoration as well as for its disappearance; I only got it last night."

Henry Monkton, amazed and confounded at the production of a will which he could only conclude to be a later one than that which he had burned, had not a word to say. He was, however, at a loss to understand the last sentence uttered by Mr Barnett. "I do not understand you," he said at length. "I have no connection with the will whatever. If it was ever lost it is evidently found again. Be kind enough to leave me out of the matter altogether; I know nothing about it."

"My friends," said Mr Barnett, "look at this man. He comes down here, pretending regret for the brother he has lost, and with a lying story on his lips that his brother and he, who for a long time had not spoken to each other, had become friend sgaain a week today—three days before that brother's death. He finds his brother's will in the library, reads it, and, seeing that he himself is left almost nothing, and this innocent girl here inherits everything, resolves either to destroy or conceal it. In this policy he does not assume the mastership here; he interferes with nothing, knowing well that he can bide his time; and this for the purpose of deceiving those around him into a belief that he neither expects nor desires to gain anything by the death of his brother. He intended, no doubt, to counterfeit surprise when no will was found. This will which I hold in my hand is the one taken from the library by that man. Up till last night at 12 o'clock it was in his possession, at which time it found its way into my own."

Not one of the hearers was half so much astonished at hearing this speech as was Henry Monkton. Believing that he had burned the will which he had found he was amazed at what he heard. But he thought he saw an opening to prove the falsity of some part at least of the solicitor's statement.

"You will observe," said he, rising and gaining courage, "that this gentleman accuses me first of stealing my brother's will, then apparently restoring it again. This restoration, according to his story, would seem to have taken place last night at midnight. At that time I was in my bed and asleep; he, for aught I know, was the same. I did not see him after dinner yesterday. The whole tale is a base fabrication."

"It is true. I have a witness here—Mrs Crawford, will you kindly tell what we both saw last night. Perhaps you will convince him."

"Deed, I'll soon tell, and no be backward either," said Mrs Crawford, and she proceeded to relate in detail what she had seen; the white figure entering the library; her terror when she saw, as she thought, the apparition of her dead relative; the packet which it carried in its hand; how the figure turned out after all to be Henry Monkton himself walking in his sleep, and how Mr Barnett had succeeded in substituting the one will for the other.

The company heard the relation of the story with amazement. As for Monkton, he was simply stricken dumb. Every one in the room turned to look at him; he was pale as death. Aware that he occasionally walked in his sleep, he had no doubt of the truth of what Mrs Crawford had just narrated, or of the fact that he had been tricked by the solicitor. He did not speak. Foiled by himself, by his own unconscious act, he slunk out of the room and shortly after left the house.

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