

up the spacious chimney, and then the clock in the lower hall struck one and sent me to bed. I had been asleep for some time in the old French bedstead which had probably held many generations since it was first put up, when I awoke with a start, imagining that some body was in the room. I listened for a moment or two, and soon laughed at myself for my foolish fancy. The moon-light was streaming into the apartment and playing strange freaks on some engravings hanging on the wall; but I heard nothing except the tick of my watch on the dressing-table. I was arranging myself once more comfortably under the bed-clothes, when I heard a noise, as if something was being dragged stealthily on the floor of the corridor, and a few moments afterwards the notes of an unknown air broke the stillness of the night. When I looked at my watch and saw that it was nearly three o'clock, I could not believe that any of the family would be up at that hour of the morning. I confess I was somewhat startled when I remembered the story I had heard on the previous evening, but I am not superstitious, and at once rejected the idea that there was anything supernatural in those mysterious sounds. I was on the point of putting on my dressing gown and going out into the corridor, when the music ceased and the noise began again. I unlocked the door as quickly as I could, but nothing was visible, as I looked into the corridor which appeared perfectly dark, for the moon had at that instant been obscured by some passing cloud. Shutting the door, I got again into bed, with the determination of having a full explanation in the morning from some of the family.

I met only M<sup>lle</sup>. de Guerecheville and her uncle at breakfast, as her father did not feel very well and sent his excuses for his non-appearance. I mentioned the circumstances which had taken place during the night, and as I did so I noticed that one looked at the other in surprise. After a pause of a few moments, Dr. de Guerecheville observed:

"I cannot at all explain the matter—it is certainly very curious; for the servants have, on two previous occasions, heard the very same noises. None of us, however, have paid any attention to their statements—indeed I don't think my brother has yet been told of them."

"I hope you don't think," said M<sup>lle</sup>. de Guerecheville, addressing me, "that we put you purposely in that room—it is the most comfortable in the Château, and nobody ever believed there was anything in the stories which Marguérite and another servant have been telling. I thought, when I was told of them yesterday, that the silly girls had made them up to frighten the house-keeper who is very superstitious, and no favourite with some of the servants."

"After what you have told me," continued the doctor, "I must believe that the servants did hear something. I suppose the *Seigneur* will rather plume himself on the fact that this old house is haunted. I believe it is only your old families that are properly entitled to ghosts in their houses—they are luxuries beyond the reach of common-place people."

"I remember hearing a similar story about a year ago," said M<sup>lle</sup>., "when poor Raoul left us. Uncle,"