

threw open the door and called "Who's there," but the only answer was the shriek of the tempest. As I looked up and down the corridor, I saw nothing but darkness—the only familiar and comforting sound I heard was the tick of the old clock in the lower hall. Perplexed at the mystery, I returned to bed; but it was long before I could compose myself to sleep.

When M. de Guerecheville heard that I had been again disturbed by the mysterious noises, he was as much puzzled as I was, and immediately ordered the Cabinet to be packed away in an out-house until it could be sent to the Cabinet-maker's at Quebec for repairs. This decisive action on the part of the *Seigneur* apparently annoyed the ghostly visitant, for during the two remaining nights I was at the Château I heard nothing unusual. Nor were the noises again heard on the re-appearance of the Cabinet—the mystery ceased with the removal of that article from the lumber-room.

Of course the servants believed to the end of their lives that there was something supernatural in the circumstances. The Doctor, however, contended for a solution of the affair, which will be satisfactory probably to matter-of-fact people in this prosaic age. He said that he had noticed, for some time past, that his brother showed an unusual languor and dullness about the eyes, as if he had not his necessary amount of sleep. M. de Guerecheville himself acknowledged that he awoke frequently in the morning just as weary as when he had retired. This fact corroborates the theory of his brother—that the *Seigneur* had become a Somnambulist and was himself the author of the noises which had so perplexed us all. He probably fell asleep after he had seen Raoul pass out of the study on the night in question, and dreamed that the money was not safe, or had been taken out by the young man. Now a Somnambulist has been described as "the dreamer who acts his dreams;" and we may therefore surmise that M. de Guerecheville got up in his sleep, took the money out of the *Eseritoire*, and carried it to the Cabinet. The fact that he had not seen the Cabinet for years does not weaken the force of the theory; for it is one of the phenomena of dreams that ideas and facts, long forgotten, suddenly appear in the visions of the night.

A few weeks after the events I have attempted to narrate, as briefly and correctly as possible, M. de Guerecheville and his daughter went to Europe, whilst Raoul continued his legal studies at Quebec. The *Seigneur* certainly never walked again in his sleep—his somnambulism, according to the Doctor, was owing to his nervous system being deranged, and disappeared with a change of air and scene. Of course my readers can adopt or reject the Doctor's theory as they may think proper; my duty ends when I have laid the facts before them.

Since I left Canada I heard that Raoul has been married to Estelle, and that he is considered one of the "rising men" at the bar. The Abbé, I am sorry to say, died a year ago, and his remains are laid beneath the shadow of an old gray church in the suburbs of Quebec.