

ever, that the matter was hushed up and never got beyond the family, the Curé and myself, for M. de Guercheville, was unwilling to ruin the young man's prospects in life. The Curé never believed that Raoul was guilty—Miss de Guercheville held the same opinion—the Doctor has never referred to the matter in my hearing. To-night the young man's innocence has been revealed in a very extraordinary manner. It is very curious that the money should be found in the old Cabinet."

"Who could have put it there?" I asked.

"M. de Guercheville declares that he had not seen the Cabinet for a number of years—indeed he had forgotten its existence until you mentioned the strange fact of the music."

The Abbé made some more allusions to the subject, and then announced his intention of leaving for the city at an early hour the next morning.

"I need not tell you," he said, "that M. de Guercheville wishes to repair, as soon as possible, the wrong he has unintentionally done to Raoul. It was my intention to have returned the day after to-morrow under any circumstances, and I may as well leave in the morning, especially as it will afford me great pleasure to be the messenger of good tidings to the young man. You will remain here at least until the end of the week, for I see you are about to volunteer to return with me; but that certainly I will not permit."

Raoul's return—for I pass over the unimportant incidents of the two days after the Abbé's departure—was hailed with much delight by all. It was not difficult to see from M. de Guercheville's manner that he was anxious to make amends for the past. The Doctor seemed satisfied with the denouement—at least he did not give any signs that he was sorry or glad that Raoul was restored to favour. Undoubtedly the one who showed her delight most unequivocally was Estelle. It was easy to see that the sisterly affection she had hitherto felt for the young man was likely to grow into a deeper feeling.

But there was a mystery still connected with the missing notes. How did they become concealed in the Cabinet? Was the mysterious noise that I had heard in the corridor at all connected with the music and the concealment of the notes? I have no doubt of it whatever.

The night after Raoul's return I retired to my room at a somewhat earlier hour, as I had a severe head-ache. It was a very stormy night; the wind perfectly shrieked around the house and shook the elms till they almost bent; the rain came down in torrents at intervals. But I soon fell asleep notwithstanding the roaring of the wind and the constant tapping of the branches of the elms against the window-panes. My sleep was considerably disturbed by dreams, in which music played a principal part. I thought I was in a spacious concert room, which was brilliantly lighted, and filled by a gay concourse, and that among the performers was Estelle, who was perfectly resplendent in diamonds. Just as I imagined that I heard her voice filling the air with its harmony, I woke suddenly to hear the trees still moaning in the storm. Then as there was a lull for a few seconds, I again distinguished the music of the Cabinet. I jumped up hastily and threw on my dressing-gown, but before I could get to the door and unlock it, I was startled by the sound of a rustling in the hall—exactly the same noise I heard on the previous occasion. I