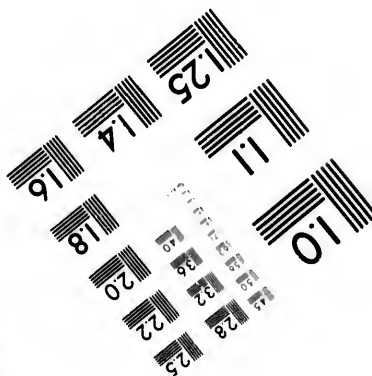
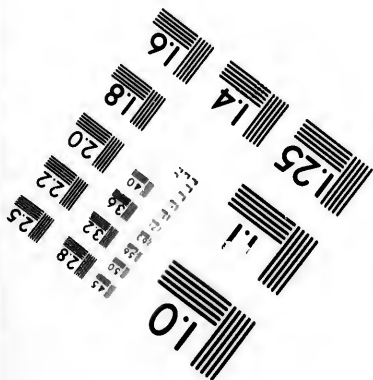
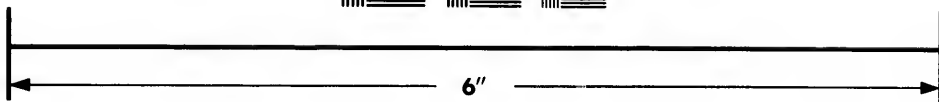
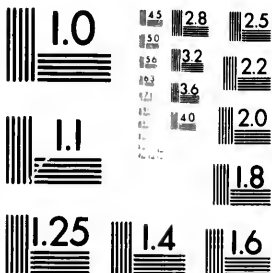


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions

Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

1980

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscuries par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

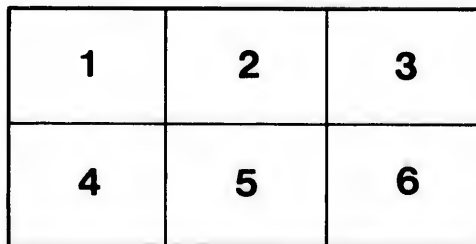
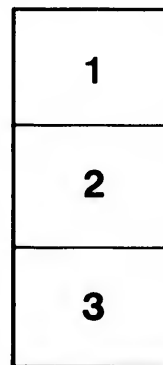
Nova Scotia Public Archives

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Nova Scotia Public Archives

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ails
du
difler
une
page

trata
o

pelure,
à

THE MYSTERY AT THE CHATEAU DES ORMEAUX.

By J. G. BOURNOR, Sydney, Cape Breton.

Ten years ago—the exact date is a matter of no importance—I was living in the pleasant and picturesque city of Quebec, and among the acquaintances that I made soon after my arrival was the Abbé Letellier. He was connected with one of the educational institutions of the city, and was considered one of the best scholars in the colony. To him I was indebted, not only for numerous facts respecting the early history of Lower Canada, but for many interesting details of the manners and customs of the French Canadians. Under his guidance Quebec and its suburbs became as familiar to me as the old town where I was born. Even now whilst I write, I can see the tin-roofed buildings creeping up the sides, or nestling at the foot of that noble promontory, which overlooks the dark waters of the river that carries to the ocean, many hundred miles below, the tribute of the great lakes of the West. Again am I bathed by the mist of the lovely fall of Montmorency, tumbling in one mighty leap from the rocks, nearly three hundred feet above, or I am “coasting” down the sides of the immense ice-cones which are formed at the foot, and afford so much amusement to the pleasure-seekers of jovial Quebec, during the months that the Frost King holds the country in his icy grasp.

But I must remember that I have not sat down to describe the social or natural characteristics of the old capital of Canada. I have a short story to tell, not connected immediately with Quebec, but with a pretty village which is situated, a short distance from the city, on the St. Lawrence. Soon after my introduction to the Abbé, I stated that it was my intention, at the earliest opportunity, to visit some of the old French villages and see the *habitant* in his own home. Thereupon the Abbé very kindly offered to give me letters of introduction to some friends of his own, at the village in question,—which is called, like so many others in Canada, after one of the Saints so numerous in the Roman Catholic Calendar—and assured me at the same time that there I would see the *habitant*, very little altered from what he was last century when he came under the dominion of Great Britain. Before I had availed myself of this offer, the Abbé called on me at my lodgings, and stated that it was his intention, two days later, to take a trip into the country, and that he would be very happy to have me as his companion. I gladly accepted the invitation, and made all the arrangements necessary to accompany him at the time agreed upon.

Early in the morning of a fine September day, when the sun was just rising above the surrounding hills and lighting up the tin roofs of the city so that they fairly shone, I was seated in the Abbé's study, a cosy apartment well lined with books in French and English. We soon took our places in the “Calèche”—a sort of gig—of which the Abbé was to act as driver, and were on the point of starting off when a gentleman crossed the street quickly and handed my companion a letter, saying something at the same time in French, the purport of which did not reach me. I recognized him immediately as a young man who

had assisted me on one occasion in copying some old historical documents which I had hunted up in the Legislative Library. He had been introduced to me by the librarian, but I had forgotten his name. He was a first-rate penman, and had not only copied but translated the papers in an admirable manner. He was very young—not more than twenty probably—and some-how or other it struck me, when I noticed his retiring, subdued manner, that he was oppressed by the sense of some recent misfortune. I had intended questioning the Librarian respecting him, but something occurred to prevent me carrying out my intention.

"I had given you up," said the Abbé. "A moment later you would have missed us." With these words the Abbé bade the stranger adieu and touched up the horse. As we passed rapidly over the rough pavement towards the gate leading to the country, my companion observed:

"That young man has friends at the place to which we are going. Indeed he was, at one time, high in the favour of the *Seigneur* M. de Guereheville; but some differences have unfortunately occurred between them."

By this time we had passed through the gate and the Abbé's attention was directed to something else. We went through the pretty village of Beauport and caught a glimpse of Montmorency sparkling in the morning sunlight. The country through which we drove was dotted by neat villas and churches with their tapering spires and quaint ornaments; but the farms appeared mostly of small size—one of the results, in fact, of the Seigniorial system which had been abolished a few years previously. In several places we saw by the wayside little crosses where, at that early hour, devout *habitants*, chiefly women, were kneeling. We met many of the natives—the men in red shirts or blouses, and the women in caps and stiff homespun dresses. The villages consisted of one-story, whitewashed, red-roofed houses, most of them clustered round the church and the Curé's residence. Now and then we would see a large, pretentious-looking building of stone or wood, surrounded by tall Lombardy poplars, maples, or noble elms, and giving the idea of comfort and wealth. These generally belonged to the *Seigneurs* who so long exercised feudal rights over the country, and are still the wealthiest men in the rural districts.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at our destination, which was a large village prettily sequestered by the side of a small stream just where it joined the St. Lawrence. The largest houses were mostly of stone, and some of them gave the evidence of age—indeed the Abbé pointed out several erected immediately after the fall of Quebec. The Chapel was a fine edifice of gray stone, with a lofty steeple surmounted by a cross, and ornamented by an old-fashioned dial and some curiously carved images in niches on each side of the entrance. Only a few persons were moving about, but we could see the farmers busy at their barns, storing grain, or taking the cattle to water. As we drove we could see the Château des Ormeaux, the residence of *Seigneur* de Guereheville—a large, square building, over-shadowed by magnificent elms which gave the place its distinctive name.

At my request the Abbé left me at the house of a *habitant*, while he

went on to the College of the Curé—a pretty little building, almost covered by grape vines and Virginia creepers, and within a stone's throw of the Church. A Frenchwoman of middle age—with a good-humoured face—received us with a courtesy and promised the Abbé to do her best to make us comfortable. Then my kind friend left me with the understanding that he would see me early the next morning.

I was soon at home in the snug, though certainly plainly furnished cottage of Jean Baptiste Marmontel, who also kept the Post Office of the settlement—a fine evidence of his integrity and respectability. His knowledge of English was very meagre—he could read it very well, however—and I found it more agreeable for both of us to fall back on my own stock of French, which had received large accessions since my arrival at Quebec. As the evening passed we were perfectly friendly with one another, and I heard all the news in the village.

As we sat chatting, a bright-eyed, rather pretty girl came in, and the old man introduced her as his youngest child.

"Oh, father," she said, soon after entering, "do you know what I've heard at the Château. Marguérite says some of the servants declare that the building is haunted—music and strange sounds have been heard, several times, in part of the house where nobody has been living for years."

"Old wives' fables, child."

"Stephanie and Marguérite both heard the music the other night—Thursday, I think."

"They're both silly girls," replied the old man, "for filling your ears with such nonsense."

The young girl, however, appeared still to have her own opinion on the subject, and followed her mother to another part of the house, to tell her more about it in all probability. The old man then became very communicative and told me many things concerning the Château and its inmates. M. de Guereheville was evidently more feared than loved by the people of the district, who still looked up to him as their "great man." His only daughter, Estelle, on the other hand, was an undoubted favourite—to use the expressive language of these simple folks, she was "*une ange*," both for her personal beauty and her amiable qualities. Another favourite was one whom the *habitant* called Raoul, and from what he said I conjectured he was the young man I had seen that morning.

"But what is the reason," I asked, "that Raoul never comes to the Château?"

"Ah, Monsieur, it is a strange story. He was, you must know, the son of a *notaire*, who long managed the estates of the *Seigneurie*; his mother died when he was only a few months old. As he grew up he was a great deal at the Château, and was much loved by Madame, who was a kind, gentle lady—she died eighteen months ago. Raoul and Estelle were playmates from an early age—just like a brother and sister; and when his father died he became an inmate of the Château, and was brought up as one of the family. He was educated by M. LeCure, who is a great scholar, and then was sent, at his own desire, to study law in the office of an *avocat* at Quebec. Now it is reported

he got into bad habits, squandered a great deal of money, and so incensed M. de Guereville that he denied him the house. Another story is that Estelle's proud father, noticing that there was an attachment growing up between the young man and his daughter, so insulted Raoul that he left the Château never to return. It is impossible to gather the truth—nobody ever talks of him at the Château. None of us believe he ever did anything wrong—he was always a kind, well-behaved lad—I don't think even the city could change his character as some declare."

I had an idea, as I listened to the old man, that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell. However, as it was already late, I returned to the pleasant room which good Dame Marmontel had prepared for me, whilst I was listening to her husband.

Next morning the Abbé called, and at about eleven we visited the Château. Whilst on the way I questioned him with respect to Raoul, in whom I began to feel somewhat interested—chiefly because there appeared to be some mystery connected with him.

"Ah, I see, my old friend Marmontel has been talking about him," replied my companion; "it is perfectly true the doors of the Château are closed against him. M. de Guereville believes he has been deeply wronged by one in whom he had placed unlimited confidence. I am not at liberty to state the circumstances, for it is M. de Guereville's wish that they should be kept secret. Raoul has spoken also to me on the subject and positively declares he is innocent of what he has been accused. It is true the young man was extravagant, but I cannot believe he is what M. de Guereville (who is very obstinate in his opinions) pronounces him to be. The Curé, who has known him from his childhood, believes that the truth will be revealed sooner or later, and that it will be in favour of his pupil. The letter you saw the young man hand me when we started was for his old tutor."

We had now reached the entrance to the Château which was fronted by a high stone wall, and passed up an avenue of fine maples, beeches and elms. A well kept lawn lay directly in front of the house, and a small conservatory at one side. Over the door we saw the date of the building—A. D. 1746—and some words which I could not decipher, but which the Abbé said was the motto of the family:

Retinens Vestigia Famæ.

We went through a large hall, with a stone floor, and oak-stained walls, into the library—a handsome, airy room. M. de Guereville received us with much courtesy and introduced me to his daughter, an exceedingly charming girl, with dark blue eyes, and very regular features. Her smile was remarkably sweet, and she wore her hair in coils twisted round her well turned head. The *Seigneur* himself was a small, wiry man, with keen eyes which were deeply set in his head; and with a chin and mouth indicating a strong will. M. de Guereville pressed me very strongly to remain at the Château.

"Sir," he said, "if you knew the gratification you would afford us by remaining, you would not continue to refuse. We lead a very quiet

life in this old house, and are always glad to see the Abbé or his friends. As I understand you take an interest in the history of this country, I shall be happy to show you some rare old works and manuscripts.

I was well satisfied with the quiet quarters I had found at Marmontel's cottage, but when I saw that the *Seigneur* would be displeased if I did not accept his hospitable offer, I allowed him to send for my luggage. I was soon at home in the Château, which possessed a capital library, including such treasures as the *Seigneur* had spoken of. M. de Guercheville himself was of an old French family, which had come into the country at the end of the seventeenth century. As his name showed, he was descended from a branch of that family, of which the celebrated Marquise, who withstood the blandishments of Henry IV, was the most distinguished member. "She it was, you perhaps remember," said the *Seigneur*, when the conversation had turned to his family, as we were looking over some portraits, "who repulsed the gay monarch with the haughty retort, 'Sire, my rank, perhaps is not high enough to permit me to be your wife, and my heart is too high to permit me to be your mistress.'"

The *Seigneur's* brother, a doctor by profession, though he rarely practised then, joined us in the course of the day. When I learned that he had a son, now at college, I wondered if he had anything to do with the disgrace into which Raoul had fallen. He seemed an off-handed, pleasant gentleman—much more a man of the world than his brother; and I soon dismissed the suspicion that had flashed across my mind that he was perhaps jealous of the favour which had been shown to Raoul.

I accompanied M. de Guercheville and his brother over his principal farm, which covered several hundred acres, although it was only a title of his possessions. One of the most interesting objects we saw was a huge stone building, once used as a wind-mill, but was now employed as a granary. The mill was always an important item in the economy of a *Seigneurie*, for under the feudal tenure, the *censitaires*, or holders of land, were bound to grind their corn at the *moulin canal*, or the lord's mill, where one-fourteenth part of it was taken for his use as toll. The *habitants* we saw on the estate were just the same class of people, in their faces and manners, one sees at the present day in some old Breton village.

The evening at the Château passed away pleasantly. Mademoiselle de Guercheville was a charming musician, and sang simple Canadian airs which are favourites among the *habitants*, many of whose fathers and grandfathers had been *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*. The doctor and the *Seigneur* narrated anecdotes illustrative of the life of the simple-minded, old-fashioned residents; and then we all parted for the night. I sat for awhile in my bed-room—a large, comfortable apartment overlooking the river—smoking a cigar and enjoying the pleasant fire of maple splinters which blazed on the hearth, with its quaint, brass andirons. The night was chilly, as is often the case in September in parts of Canada, and the room had not been occupied for some time. So I sat for an hour at least, watching the sparks flying

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 Mdlle. 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'dlle. 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'dlle., "when poor Raoul left us. Uncle,"

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 preceded 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

aright, there used to be a secret drawer somewhere in this Cabinet which is full of strange contrivances."

After fumbling about for a minute, he found a knob which he pressed. As a long deep drawer flew up, M. de Guercheville laughingly said :

"Perhaps we shall find an old will, or other document revealing some family secret. M. Curé, will you take the responsibility of first looking in?"

The Curé thus laughingly addressed, put his hand in and brought out, sure enough, a small package which he handed to the *Seigneur*, who appeared startled at the realization of his prediction. When he had looked at the package, he dropped it with the exclamation, "Mon Dieu," and then added, "It's the missing money."

The Abbé picked up the parcel, and running over several bank notes, said :

"Yes, there are exactly £250 here."

"Poor Raoul!" I heard Estelle (who was at my side) whisper gently to herself. It was quite evident to me that the discovery of the notes had something to do with the banishment of Raoul from his former home. The necessary explanations were afforded me, late in the evening, by the Abbé, who came to my room.

"A year ago," said the Abbé, "M. de Guercheville received a sum of money (£250) for the purpose of paying some workmen who were constructing a new mill on the estate. Raoul was, at the time, on a visit to the Château, and on the night previous to his departure for Quebec, he was in the study and saw M. de Guercheville place the money in the *Eseritoire* and lay the key carelessly on the mantle-piece, whilst he was giving the young man orders concerning some articles he wished sent from the city. Now the study, as you know, communicates, by folding-doors which are generally open, with the bed-room in which the *Seigneur* sleeps; and on the night in question he saw Raoul distinctly in the moonlight pass from the *Eseritoire* to the hall-door leading into the hall. He thought nothing of the circumstance at the time, but you can imagine his astonishment the next morning when he went to the *Eseritoire* and found the money gone,—the key also was lying on the table and not on the mantle-piece. Questions were put cautiously to the house-keeper, but she declared positively that neither she nor any of the servants had entered the room that morning—in fact, they never did so until M. de Guercheville had arisen. The suspicion then took firm hold of the *Seigneur's* mind that Raoul had, in a rash moment, taken the money at the time referred to. When the *Seigneur* learned, for the first time—I believe the Doctor told him—that Raoul had been very extravagant and got largely into debt at Quebec, his suspicion of the young man's guilt was very much strengthened. Raoul, indignant at the charge against him, refused to come near the Château whilst falsely accused. He did not deny that he had gone into the study late at night, when all the house-hold was asleep, but declared that he did so simply to get a pocket-book which he had laid on the *Eseritoire* when M. de Guercheville had done giving him the commissions he had executed. When he continued to deny all knowledge of the transaction, M. de Guercheville became deeply incensed and declared that he was sure of his guilt. It is just to say of him, how-

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

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 Guereheville 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 Guereheville 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 Guereheville got up in his sleep, took the money out of the *Escritoire*, 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 Guereheville 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.

