

told the intrepid rider that the magic blade had done its work. The Spirit of the Long Black Hand was vanquished.

The horse, true as the steel, never stopped in its flight. On the contrary, its speed seemed only to

feat he had performed, or overcome by the succeeding reaction, lost consciousness just as the welcome lights from the castle flashed upon him out of the darkness. He thought the whole thing a ghastly dream, when, some minutes later,



GATHERING ALL HIS STRENGTH HE STRUCK THE BLOW.

increase at the contact with the severed hand, which yet clung, a foul black thing, to the flowing mane.

After he had struck the fateful blow, Kelly, either dazed at the

he saw about him in the great dining hall a group of anxious faces as they bent in alarm and sympathy over him, watching the progress of the efforts made to restore him. His eyes closed again