THE

MYSTERY OF THE BLOODY HAND.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Universe.)

(Concluded.)

Robert,' I said, 'it has gone over a gate we must go too! Where are we?' . He answered, in a tone of the deepest hor-

Miss Dorothy! Think what you are doing, and let us turn back while we can! You've had sore affliction; but it's an awful thing to bring an innocent man to trouble!"

The innocent man is in trouble ! I said passionately. 'Is it nothing that he should die, if truth could save save him? You may go back if you like; but I shall go on. Tell me, whose place is this? Never mind, my dear young lady,' he said.

soothingly. 'Go on, and the Lord be with you! But be careful. You're sure you see it now? 'Certain,' I said. 'It is moving. Come on.'

We went forward, and I hard a click behind

What was that ?' I said.

'Hush,' he whispered; 'make no noise! It was my pistol. Go gently my dear young lady. It is a farm yard, and you may stumble.' It has stopped over a building !' I whispered.

Not the house!' be returned hoarsely.

'I am going on,' I said. 'Here we are.-What is it? Whose is it?'

He came to me and whistered solemnly-'Miss Dorothy! be brave, and make no noise! We are in farmer Parker's yard; and this is a barn.

Then the terror came over me. Let us turn back,' 1 said. 'You're right. One may bear one's own troubles, but not drag

in other people. Take me home ! But Robert would not take me home : and riet.? my courage came back, and I held the lantern whilst he unfastened the door. Then the ghastly hand passed into the barn, and we fol-

lowed it. 'It has stopped in the far corner,' I said. There seems to be wood or something. 'It's bundles of wood,' he whispered.

'I know the place. Sit down, and tell me if

I sat down, and waited long and wearily, while he moved heavy bundles of firewood, paus ing now and then to ask, ' Is it here still ?' At last he asked no more; and in a quarter of an hour he only spoke once; then it was to say-'This plank has been moved.'

After a while he came away to look after a spade. He found one, and went back again. At last a smothesed sound made me spring up | And then we fell into each other's arms, and I and rush to him; but he met me, driving me

I beg of you, dear Miss Dorothy, keep away. Have you a bandkerchief with you?

I had one, and gave it to him. His hands were covered with earth. He bad only just gone back again when I gave a cry-Robert ! It has gone !"

He came up to me, keeping one hand behind

Miss Dorothy; if ever you were good and brave, hold out now!'

I beat my hands together- It has gone ! It

has gone ! It has not gone !' he said. Master Edmund's hand is in this handkerchief. It has been buried

under a plank of the flooring.'
I gasped. 'Let me see it!' But he would not. 'No, no, my dear lady you must not-cannot. I only knew it by the

ring. Then he made me sit down again, whilst he replaced the firewood; and then, with the utmost quietness, we set out to return. I holding the lantern in one hand, and with the other changing to his arm (for the apparition that had been my guide before was gone), and be carrying the awful relic to his other hand. Once, as we were leaving the yard he whispered-

' Look!

' I see nothing,' said I.

'Hold up your lantern,' be whispered.

There is nothing but the dog-kennel, I said. 'Miss Dorothy,' he said, the dog has not barked to-night."

By the time we reached home, my mind had fully realized the importance of our discovery, and the terrible short time left us in which to profit by it, supposing, as I fully believed, that it was the first step to the vindication of George's innocence. As we turned into the gate, Robert, who had been silent for some time, broke out-

'Miss Dorothy, Mr. George Manners in as innocent as I am; and God forgive us all for Dr. Pean came back to me.

doubting him. What shall we do? 'I am going up to town,' I said, 'and you are and rest.'

has a lodging close by the prison: I have the doctor, and come quickly. Let us do something, ditch. On hearing of the finding of the body, address. At eight o'clock to-morrow the king We have very little time; and he must be and of poor George's position, he determined to look off his hat, and Pierre politely imitated himself could not undo this injustice. We have, saved.' let me see, how many hours."

CATHOLIC

'It is twenty minutes to twelve.'

Rather more than eight hours. Heaven help us. You will get something to eat, Robert, and put the horses at once into the chariot. I will be ready.'

I went up stairs and met Harriet at the door. I pushed her back into the room and took her

'Harriet! Robert has found poor Edmund's hand with the ring, buried under some wood in Thomas Parker's barn. I am going up to town with him at once, to put the matter into Dr. Penn's hands, and to save George Manners' life, if it be not too late."

She wrenched ber hands away, and flung berself at my feet. I never saw such a change came over any face. She had time in the (what must bave been) anxious interval of our absence, for some painful enough reflection, and my announcement had broken through the blindness of a selfish mind, and found its way where she seldom let anything come-to her feelings.

'Ob, Dolly, Dolly! will you ever forgive me? Why did I not tell you before? But I thought it was only a dream. And indeed, indeed I thought Mr. Manners had done it. But that man Parker. If it had not been for Mr. Manners being found there, I should have sworn that Parker bad done it. Dolly, I saw him that night. He came in and belped. And once I saw bim look at Mr. Manners with such a strange expression, and he seemed so anxious to make bim say that it was a quarrel, and that he had done it in self-defence. But you know I thought it must be Mr. Manners-and I did so love poor Edmund.

And she lay sobbing in agony on the ground. I said -

" My love, I pray that it is not too late; but we must not waste time. Help me now Har-

She sprang up at once. 'Yes, you must have food. You shall go. I shall not go with you. I am not worthy, but I will pray till you come back again.'

I said, 'There is one most important thing for you to do. Let no soul go out or come into the house till I return, or some gossip will bring it to irrelevant remark-

Parker's ears that we have gone to London. Harriet promised, and rushed on to get me food and wine. With her own hands she filled a around me, sobbed louder than I. It would have of the latter, the wife of the former. A good hot-water bottle for my feet in the chariot, sup- been wicked to offer further resistance. She and patient creature, who, during ten long years plied my purse with gold, and sewed some notes upon my stays; and (as if anxious to crowd into this one occasion all the long witheld offices of sisterly kindness) came in with her arms full of a beautiful set of sables belonging to her-cloak, cuffs, muff. &c .- and in these she dreseed me. wept upon her neck the first tears I had shed that day. As I stood on the door step, she held up the candle and looked at me.

'My dear !' she said. 'bow pretty your sweet said. face does look out of those great furs! You shall keep them always.?

Dear Harriet. Her one idea-beauty. suppose the 'ruling passion,' whatever it may be, she tucked me up, were oddly enoughis strong with all of us even in the face of death. Moreover, hers was one of those shallow minds that seem instructively to escape by any avenue from a painful subject; and by the time that I was in the chariot, she had got over the first shock, and there was an almost infectious cheer-

fulness in her farewell. 'It must be all right, Dolly,'

Then I fell back, and we started. The warm light of the open door became a speck, and then when I awoke, and only then, I believe, from nothing; and in the long dark drive, when every the mesmeric influence of being gazed at. Elefootfall of the horses seemed to consume an age, anor! there is only one such pair of eyes in all the sickening agony of suspense was almost in- the world. George Manners was kneeling by past arose before him. Again he heard Catha tolerable. Oh, my dear, never, never shall 1 my side. forget that night. The black trees and hedges whirling past us in the darkness, always the same like an enchanted drive: then the endless suburbs, and at last the streets where people lounged in corners and stopped the way, as if every secend of time were not worth a king's ransom; and redan chairs trotted lightly home from gay par- a man very ignorant about feminine belongings. ties, as if life were not one long tragedy. Once 'My darling, you seem sadly ill, but yet, Dora- entered that once cheerful dwelling, and robbed the way was stopped, once we lost it. That lice, your sweet face does look so pretty in these it of its life and its joy. Claude sighed deeply, mistake nearly killed me. At last a watchman great furs. helped us to the little by street where Dr. Penn was lodging, near which a loud sound of carpenters work and hurrying groups of people puzzled me exceedingly. After much knocking, an upper window was opened and a head put out, and my dear friend's dear voice called to us. I sprang buried with the hand, and apprehended Parker ont on to the pavement and cried-

Dr. Penn, this is Dorothy.' He came down and took us in, and then (my voice failing) Robert explained to him the nature gate; that Edmund had begun, as usual, to taunt house of Morvan. Royer lived a short dis-

I delayed them some minutes before good Dr. so buried it in his barn. Penn could persuade me that I should only be a hindrance, that he would do everything that was well, that I am happy. possible, and could do so much better with no one but Robert.

'My love,' he said, trust me. To obey is better than to sacrifice.

room, and he went to call his landlady-' a good woman,' be said; 'I have known her long.'-Then he went away, and Robert with him, to the bouse of the Home Secretary. It was three o'clock. Five hours still.

I sat staring at the sprawling paper on the walls, and at the long souff of the candle that Dr. Penn had lighted, and at a framed piece of succoring angels.

The door opened, and I looked wearily around. A motherly woman; with black eyes, fat cheeks, prosperity with which God has now blessed us. and a fat wedding ring stood curtseving at the door I said, 'I think you are Dr. Penn's landlady? He says you are very good. Pray come

Then I dropped my head on my hand again. and stared vacantly as before. Exhaustion had almost become stupor, and it was in a short dream that I watched the stout figure moving softly to and fro, lighting the fire, and bringing an air of comfort over the dreary little parlor. Then she was gone for a little bit, and I felt a little more lonely and weary; and then I heard that cheerful clatter, commonly so grateful to feminine exhaustion, and the good woman entered with a toasted glow upon her face, bearing a tray with tea and such hospitable accompaniments as she up to me with an air of determination.

'My dear, you must be a good young lady and take some tea. We all have our troubles, but a good heart goes a long way.'

Her pitying face broke me down. How sadly without feminine sympathy I had been through all my troubles, I had never felt as I felt it now that it had come. I fairly dropped my head upon her shoulder, and sobbed out the apparently

Dear madam, I have no mother.

She understood me, and ning iog der arms brought down pillows, covered them with a red bad meekly endured anxiety, misery, poverty and shawl, and propped me up till the Lorsebair sofa became an easy couch, and with mixed tears and of her Maker without breathing one word of van. smiler, I contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls.

' And now, dear lady,' she said, ' you will have some warm water, and wash your hands and face : and smooth your bair, and go to sleep for a bit.'

'I can not sleep,' I said. But Mrs. Smith was not to be baffled.

'I shall give you something to make you,' she

And so, when the warm water had done it's work, I had to swallow a sleeping draught, and be laid easily upon the sofa. Her last words as

The tea's brought back a bit of color to your cheeks, and, I will say you do look pretty in them beautiful sables.'

A very different thought was working in my head as the sleeping draught tingled through my veins.

Will the birds sing at sunrise?

Nelly, I slept twelve hours without a dream. It was four o'clock on the afternoon of Monday

Abraham was still sacrificing his son upon the wall, but my Isaac was restored to me. I sat up and flung myself into his arms. It was long, long before either of us could sneak, and, oddly enough, one of the first things he said was Itwitching my cloak with the quaint curiosity of

My story is ended, Nelly, and my promise fulfilled. The rest you know. How the detective who left London before four o'clock that morning, found the rusty knife that had been who confessed his guilt. The wretched man said, that being out on the fatal night about some sick cattle, he had met poor Edmund by the low of our errand, and showed him the ghastly proof, him; that the opportunity of revenge was too tance from the town in an old half runed manor, strong, and he had murdered him. His first idea and was by no means a favorite with the country My love, he said, 'you must come upstairs had been flight, and being unable to drag the folks, who accused him of avarice and cruelty. ring from Edmund's hand, which was swollen, he and many were the charges brought against him going with me. We will go to Dr. Pena. He! Rest." I shrieked, 'never. Get your bat, had cut it off, and thrown the body mto the for having ill treated his workmen.

carve it out, with what almost fatal success we bim. I believe I was unreasonable; I feared that bave seen. He dared not then sell the ring, and

Need I tell you dear friend, who know it so

HRONICLE

Not, my love, that such tragedies can be forgotten; these deep wounds leave a scar. This one brought my husband's white hairs, and took away my girlhood forever. But if the first blush of careless gaie: y bas gone from life, if we are a I went upstairs into the dingy little sitting little old before our time,' it may be that this state of things has its advantages. Perhaps, baving known together such real affliction, we can not now afford to be disturbed by the petty vexations and worthless misunderstandings that form the troubles of smoother lives. Perhaps, having been all but so awfully parted, we can never afford, in this short life, to be otherwise than of one heart and one soul. Perhaps. embroidery, representing Abraham sacrificing my dear, in short, the love that kept faith Isaac, that hung upon the wall. Were there no through shame, and was cemented by fellowsuffering, can hardly do otherwise than flourish to our heart's best content in the sunshine of

THE HOLLOW ROCK.

(Translated from the French of Emile Souvester for the Catholic Mirror.)

BY MISS L . . .

Near the coast of Brest, towards the extremity of the promontory called the Pennsula of Kelern, may be seen a hamlet soughy nestling in a grove of birch, elm and ash trees; it is Roscanvel, and its belfry, towering above all surrounding objects. is bailed as a cheerful beacon by the weary could command. She set them down and came traveller in the distance. This little village contams scarcely thirty houses, in the centre of which, stands the humble Village Church sur. a grave and a cross? As if the charity funeral rounded by a small grave-yard, overshadowed by and grave were not good enough for her ! two gigantic walnut trees.

A few steps from one of these, we observe a just been planted and is still moist with tears. A man with head uncovered and bowed in

and two sweet children are praying beside him. | we shall know where to kneel and pray for her.'

Phat loose mound of earth covers the mother sickness, and yielded her pure soul into the hands complaint.

After a long and fervent prayer for the repose of her to whom he so lately bade a last, a long tarewell, Claude Morvan arose; his children followed his exemple, and a sad trio in silence took the road that led to Kelern.

The death of his faithful Catharine was a cruel blow to the heart of the roor peasant, for he had loved her as the pure, the good, and honestminded man alone can love woman; but, grief stricken as be is, his courage fails not. Away in his heart of hearts be hides his sorrow, as one conceals a frightful wound, unwilling to bear the sight of it. And thus, burying his affliction, he continues to love the dead wife and mother in the children she has left him.

Having followed for some distance a foot-path that wound along the side of a hill, Claude and his motherless children at length came in sight of their lowly cabin situated balt-way between Roscanvel and the citadel of Kelern. As his eyes rested upon the thatched roof now reflecting the last rays of the setting sun, poor Claude's heart sunk within him. In spite of himself the rine's voice in the distance, announcing the father's coming to the children; again the joyous shouts of young Pierre fell like most welcome music on his ear, as with childish glee, he ran hand in hand with the little Renee, to meet and embrace him as he returned from his daily toil.

Now a silence deep and mournful as that of the grave reigns all round! Alas! death has took his little ones by the hand and drew them towards bim. Henceforth, they were to be his strength and consolation.

Meanwhile, a turn in the road brought them tust in front of their cabin, and seated upon a large stone near the door, was M. Royer, evidently awaiting their arrival.

Royer formerly kept a restaurant at Brest, but had lately retired to Roscanvel, where he purchased some property which included the On approaching his landlord, Claude Morvan

Royer remained seated without even touching

'Well, your wife is dead at last,' said he, in that tone of sarcastic indifference which vulgar and hard bearted men affect towards those whom they consider their inferiors; ' do you know that it is a great misfortune for you?"

'I ought to know it, sir,' replied Claude in a sad tone; ' for I knew her worth better than any one else.

But the worst of it is, that she has been the cause of you losing a good situation with M. Lenoir. What possessed you to neglect your work for eight days?

'I had to take care of Catharine.'

'Catharine, Catharine indeed! you could have left her with the children. You knew she would not get over it anybow."

We never like to believe that the one we love must die, sir,' said Claude in a simple and affecting manner; 'as long as she could look at me and speak to me, I couldn't think she would leave me so soon.' The hardened man shook his head, saying.
You see what you have done, fool! Your

wife is dead-and dead eight days too late; for M. Lenoir could not wait for you, and got a man from Brest to attend his brick-kilns. Where will you find work now?

'I will look every place,' replied Morvan. 'And you won't find it,' added the old tavernkeeper; 'you know as well as I do that this is the dull season. There are more hands than work. And besides, you owe me three months

' I did not forget that, sir,' said our poor pea-

sant. 'and I will pay you as soon as I can.' How will you pay me? With the pig you sold to buy medicines for your wife, or with the furniture which you gave to procure her a coffin,

'Alas ! sir,' said Morvan, 'it was the last thing I could do for per; we cannot command newly made grave; the modest black cross, the our feelings at such a time. In relusing her a tomb stone of the lowly rustic church yard, has decent burial, I would think that I insulted her memory. She who lived and died for us, should at least he honored after death. The cross, auguish towards the earth, kneels spon the grass, though poor enough, will mark her grave, and

> Royer shrugged his shoulders. 'Some more of your superstitions,' he murmured; but that's nothing. The fact is you are ruined, and I suppose, not able to pay me.

'It is true, I am penniless now,'- sighed Mor-

Well then, you may look for another house,? said the cruel landlord; 'I have another tenant, and you must leave to morrow, this man has offered me two crowns more than you pay."

Although Claude was taken aback, by this abrupt dismissal, he neither made any resistance, gor showed ill-humor. Every one is master of his own,' said he,

and since you have found a better rent for your house, I'll not deprive you of it. I have a cousin living at the bay of Dinant, who I am sure, will not refuse me a home. I will go there to-morrow with my children." But see here,' said Royer, who had arisen,

when you once leave here, I may whistle for my rent; we must settle our accounts first. I thought I told you, sir, that I had nothing

now,' said Claude, somewhat embarrassed. 'I understand that well enough,' replied Royer; ' but you have two children, leave them with me to mind my cattle, and I will forgive the

debt you owe me.' At this unexpected proposition, Pierre and Renee who, until then, had listened with childish indifference, suddenly looked up.

'This would be a great advantage for you?' added be, 'you would then be rid of these little urchins, and I will make them work.

The children clung closer to the poor fa-

'I don't want to go with you!' exclaimed the little girl, looking at him fearfully. 'And I'll not go to the manor,' added the bay

equally frightened. "What? what's that you say?' screamed the angry Royer, seizing the latter by the ear. I

believe they have made you stubborn.' 'You will go when I take you, you little scoundrel.

'You must excuse me, sir,' interrupted

Claude, who drew his son towards him; 'that I

don't wish to leave my poor motherless children. What! do you refuse to give them to me?

exclaimed the excited landlord. 'I would rather keep them near me !' replied

Claude with much emotion. They have never been away from home and it would go very hard with them, to be among strangers now."

'Ah! But I'll not be put off that way, mdeed! I offer you the means of paying your