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

has a lodging close by the prison: I have the address. At eight o'clock to-morrow the king himself could not undo this injustice. We have, let me see, how many hours?' 'It is twenty minutes to twelve.'

doctor, and come quickly. Let us do something. We have very little time; and he must be saved.' 'I believe I was unreasonable; I feared that I delayed them some minutes before good Dr. Penn could persuade me that I should only be a hindrance, that he would do everything that was possible, and could do so much better with no one but Robert.'

ditch. On hearing of the finding of the body, and of poor George's position, he determined to carve it out, with what almost fatal success we have seen. He dared not then sell the ring, and so buried it in his barn.

On approaching his landlord, Claude Morvan took off his hat, and Pierre politely imitated him. Royer remained seated without even touching his hat.

THE HOLLOW ROCK.

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

BY MISS L. . . .

Near the coast of Brest, towards the extremity of the promontory called the Peninsula of Keleru, may be seen a hamlet snugly nestled in a grove of birch, elm and ash trees; it is Roscanvel, and its belfry, towering above all surrounding objects, is hailed as a cheerful beacon by the weary traveller in the distance.

'I did not forget that, sir,' said our poor peasant, 'and I will pay you as soon as I can.'