

The Loup-Garou

"Go and stop it right off; it must not work on Christmas."

"Why, Christmas is passed, it was yesterday."

"How is that?"

"You have been senseless for two days, that's all."

"Is it possible? . . . But what is the matter with your ear? . . . Blood!"

"That's nothing."

"How did you get that? Speak out!"

"Don't you remember I had a fall in the mill on Christmas Eve?"

"Yes."

"Well, I cut my ear on the edge of a pail."

Joachim Crête, my friends, sat up on his bed, haggard and shaken by a shiver of horror. . .

"Ah! damnable wretch!" cried he; "it was you! . . ."

And the poor fellow fell back on his pillow, never to recover his wits again.

He died ten years later in a lunatic asylum.