

In the life of this miserable man, there was one drop of sweetness, one gleam of sunshine, one little streak of innocence. In that heart sullied and gnawed by hate, a tiny flower of love had taken root. Romain Gailloux had a son, and whatever spark of human sentiment still remained smouldering in his soul was centered in his love for his little Pierre. It was on leaving the regiment that the future anarchist, then a *quasi* honest man, had espoused the wife who gave him this child, which was only eighteen months old when Romain Gailloux underwent his first imprisonment. During that time, the mother abandoned and in despair, died of grief and want. Thanks to the devotedness of a neighbor, little Pierre was provided with a home.

Some time after, the housebreaker, having finished out his time in prison, again assumed the care of his child. By a very human contradiction, he determined that his boy should be an honest man. Unconsciously, he felt that, had he himself been better reared, he would have been happier and, without knowing precisely what, he marked out for his child an ideal of happiness far other than the gross pleasures in which he himself had revelled, but always with insatiable desire. The implacable anarchist to all outside, in his own home he was the tender and careful father.

And now followed a second term of imprisonment. Pierre, then six years old, was confided to the safe-keeping of some good peasants. But when Romain Gailloux was once more at liberty and wished to see his son, they told him bluntly that the child had disappeared. Had he fallen into the river? Was he carried away by the gypsies? No one could say! Tardy researches, carelessly conducted and soon discontinued—for no one took much interest in the scion of an anarchist—led to no result.

From that day, Roman Gailloux was mad with hate. He swore war to the death against that society which had stolen his child. In the unequal struggle he was soon worsted. Without shelter, food, or resources of any kind ragged, desperate at not being able to recover his little Pierre, he found himself one cold winter morning, driven to extremity. He was in a crucial dilemma, either to commit some crime, to perish in some out-of-the-way corner,