

## The Loup-Garou

calm and quiet, its rumbling noise was heard afar, and the good people hurried away, making the sign of the Cross on their breast.

Although the church was nearly two miles distant from the mill Joachim Crête could hear clearly the sound of the bell. At the last toll he felt a kind of remorse:

"'Tis twelve," said he; "if we raised the paddle-door. . ."

"Pshaw! are you such a poltroon?" said Sauvageau. "Here! let us have a horn, and then I'll make you capot."

"Ah! well, as to that, you are not fit for it, my young man. . . Help yourself, and here's your luck!"

"Here's yours, monsieur Joachim."

They had barely replaced their tumblers on the table, when the last sound of the bell passed over the mill like a whisper in the wind.

It was as rapid as thought. . . Crac! . . the mill was stopped dead, just as if a thunderbolt had broken the machinery. A deep silence followed, through which one could have heard the creeping of a mouse.