

row street. They quickly hurried off the assassin, while the adopted father bore away the child in his arms.

Next day, in his prison-cell, Romain Gailloux was seized with a frightful convulsion. He lay howling on the floor in fearful contortions, tearing himself with his nails, digging them into his breast, and foaming at the mouth. One would have thought him stricken with demoniacal madness.

Then exhausted, his soul annihilated, as it were, he suddenly lapsed into an obstinate hideous silence. He was now like a wild beast. The silence in which he shut himself up was a prelude of the scaffold. Nothing was able to change his attitude. One would have said that he heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, understood nothing. Only two of the court officials were able to extract a few monosyllables from him.

One day, however, the immovable features of the prisoner quivered. Romain Gailloux had been informed that his son still lived. The knife had sunk deep into the flesh, but without encountering a vital organ. The terrible emotion he had experienced, the quantity of blood he had lost did, indeed, endanger Pierre's life, but the wound itself was healing. At this unexpected news, the criminal paled, his eyes shone, his whole countenance for one moment quivered under the rush of tears restrained, and from his throat burst the hoarse sound of stifled sobs. In spite of all his efforts, a tear slowly trickled down his hollow cheek.

Before the jury, his counsel, setting forth the extraordinary horror of the crime, the crisis of insensate rage that had followed the murder, and the obstinate silence of the accused, pleaded insanity. But the jury was little disposed to show mercy. Romain Gailloux was condemned to death. He listened to the sentence with unalterable coolness refusing either to appeal to the higher courts or to implore pardon.

The day of execution was fast approaching, and the criminal was still inflexible in his indifference. But now appears at the door of the cell, the prison Chaplain. He makes a sign to the jailer, and he withdraws. The priest is alone with the murderer. Romain Gailloux raises his head.