## The Loup-Garou

on his legs, growling more and more, and keeping his burning eyes fastened on the trembling man.

"Help! help! . . " howled Joachim Crête, crazy with fear, and backing himself up to the wall.

None answered his call, but at that very moment the church bell pealing for the Elevation was heard.

Then a thought of repentance passed through the brains of the wretched man.

"It is a loup-garou!" cried he; "my God, forgive me!"

And he fell on his knees.

At the same time the infernal beast darted upon him.

Fortunately the poor miller, while kneeling down, had felt something on the wall that caught him by the clothes.

It was a reaping-hook.

The man instinctively seized the weapon and hit the brute right on the head.

It was the matter of one instant. Everything disappeared in the dark. In the struggle, short as it had been, the table had been over-

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