

## The Loup Garou

rubbish into the grindstones," muttered Joachim Crête.

"Let the devil wring my neck," jabbered Sauvageau, "if we don't find what's wrong this time."

And here are once more our two drunkards, lantern in hand, prowling everywhere about the mill, stumbling and tripping on everything they came across.

But all uselessly; there was nothing the matter either in the grindstones or elsewhere.

The machine was started again, but *ouichte!* half a turn of the wheel, and that was all. The whole mechanism was at a dead stand still.

"The Devil take the whole concern!" yelled out Joachim Crête; "let us go!"

A desperate oath was uttered. Hubert Sauvageau, who had probably entangled his feet in some kind of obstacle, had fallen headlong on the floor like a helpless brute.

The lantern had gone out of his hand, to be sure; so that it was pitch dark, and Joachim Crête, who had all he could do to