

much in the papers of the increasing trouble and kept informed, even in his dark beer-shop, of the latest steps in his home country across the Channel. But Jouet assured his customers often that he received no private word from France—never, since the day, about a year before, when he had left France with a seeming hatred of her and her inhabitants had he even talked with a Frenchman. He forbade such customers in his shop. But although feigning a hatred to the entire French race, there was one in France whom he did not hate, whom he would never hate; for Monsieur's heart was in France, and his thoughts too, were always there, with a young maiden whom he could never win, for her love was for another. Monsieur had come to England to forget, but for him to forget was impossible. Still, the customers of "The Saloon of the Red Jugular" knew it not. They drank his beer, glad that there was as good to be had, paid his price and departed. Monsieur Jouet was known every where as a good beer dealer, but as nothing else.

On the evening of July 10, 1793, Monsieur did receive a letter from France; the customers in the shop knew it, for a messenger brought it in and Monsieur paid the due according to the rates from France. He left the shop and ascended a flight of narrow wellworn stairs to a small room above, in which he had lived during this one year in England. And sitting on a small stool there, opened the letter. By this time Monsieur Jouet's handsome face was very pale, in his dark eyes there was a strained, troubled look, and his long, slender fingers trembled as he handled the letter. Monsieur read it:

Caen, France,  
July 6, 1793.

Monsieur Jean Jouet,  
London, England.

To my friend of the past,—

It is but a few moments that I have to write this note to you. Soon I leave for Paris, where I will slay the villian Marat, he who instigated the mob here to kill my lover, Monsieur de Belzunce. I have been determined in my purpose for a month. Soon Jean Paul Marat will be dead by my hand to avenge the death of the man I loved. For to me what is life without him? I will hire rooms near his residence and watch his every movement till I have him caught. He shall not escape me. I shall find means. Then the guillotine for me. There will be no peace for me till I have slain him, nothing can hinder me now in my purpose. What care I that he be called the people's friend. Ah, Monsieur, think not of me now as the little girl you loved a year ago, when you were the brilliant student doctor here in Caen. Everything has been changed by blood and cruelty. I write to you, Monsieur, to tell you to forget your little maid in France and to be happy in that peaceful country of England—you, who always were so kind to me. To me there is nothing left now but to kill Marat and die.

Charlotte Corday.