

Monsieur Jouet rose, and walked up and down the tiny dismal room. The customers one by one left the shop below. When the clock had struck midnight Monsieur had determined to go to France, in fact he had prepared everything to leave his shop, in order to catch the early stage, which would take him to the coast, from thence he would sail to France, then by stage to Paris, where he would easily find the rooms Citizeness Corday had taken, near those of the great Citizen Marat. Jouet locked the door opening to the yard and then, going out, locked the main entrance after him and walked down the narrow street in the still hours before dawn.

Monsieur had determined to deter Charlotte from this mad scheme. She had always been so venturesome and gay. She could not understand the danger entailed in this enterprise; she was only maddened by the murder of her lover. But if she should insist on the death of Marat, if her happiness depended upon it, he himself would kill the villain, and she could return, unstained by murder, to her home in Caen. She was young and could forget; she would soon laugh again.

Monsieur reached Paris with difficulty on July 15, and soon located the rooms of the Citizeness Corday. He entered it ready to explain to her his plans for her safety. But when he left that house—how she had changed! The Revolution had laid its hands upon the most innocent souls in France. Hunger and bloodshed had hardened her heart till there was nothing left in her life now but that unsatiable desire for revenge. She would listen to no one's reasonings, not even to those of her trusted friend Monsieur Jouet. She herself would murder Marat and spill his blood as her lover's had been spilt. Monsieur saw the awful change and realized that she would never allow him to do the murder in her place; for that might mean that she would live, and what torture would be that life to her then. That is why Jouet, distracted by the awful turmoil in his mind, the struggle between the innocence of Charlotte and her happiness, left the house about an hour after he had entered it, and hired a little room in a common inn nearby, in which he might quietly think.

After ordering a glass of wine, Jouet sat down and attempted to form plans; but he could not keep his mind from reverting to the happy time when he had loved Charlotte in the peaceful town of Caen. Then there came to his mind the awful day on which she had refused his love, his wild frenzy and later his calmer determination to go to England, to change his occupation and to forget. And then the horrible reality of the present—Monsieur settled back to his work.

At half-past eight Jouet was aroused by the wild cries of the mob outside the inn. Their shouting and screeching were so loud that words were indistinguishable. But Monsieur in horror guessed the cause—the struggle in his mind had been settled by fate; any human effort would now be unavailable. He hurried below where the excited innkeeper was serving wine to a few hurrid customers. It was just as Monsieur had thought. The innkeeper quickly explained that Marat had been stabbed by a woman called Charlotte Corday. She had been attempting for some days to get an audi-