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nor I can read, it was no use our looking at it.

Hercule-that is my husband's name, citizens-asked the corporal what the Committee of Public Safety wanted with us poor hoteliers of a wayside inn.

"Only food and shelter for tonight for me and my men," replied the corporal, quite civilly.

"You can rest here," said Hercule, and he pointed to the benches in the coffee-room, "and if there is any soup left in the stock-pot, you are welcome to it.'

Hercule, you see, is a good patriot, and he had been a soldier in his day. No! no! do not interrupt me, any of you-you would only be saying that I ought to have known; but listen to the end.

"The soup we'll gladly eat." said the corporal, very pleasantly 'As for shelter-well, I am afraid that this nice warm coffee-room will not exactly serve our purpose. We want a place where we can lie hidden, and at the same time keep a watch on the road. I noticed an outhouse as we came. By your leave we will sleep in there."

"As you please," said my man, curtly.

He frowned as he said this, and it suddenly seemed to me as if some vague suspicion had crept into Hercule's mind.

The corporal, however, appeared quite unaware of this, for he went on quite cheerfully-

"Ah! that is excellent. Entre nous, citizen, my men and I have a desperate customer to deal with. I'll not mention his name, for I see you have guessed it already. A small red flower-what? Well, we know that he must be making straight for the Port of Calais, for he has been traced through St. Omer and Ardred. But he cannot possibly enter Calais to-night for we are on the watch for him. He must seek shelter somewhere for himself and any other aristocrat he may have with him, and bar this house there is no other place between Andres and Calais where he can get it. The night is bitterly cold with a snow blizzard raging round. I and my men have been detailed to watch this road. other patrols are guarding the ones that lead toward Boulogne and to Gravelines; but I have an idea, citizen, that our fox is making for Calais, and that to me will fall the honor of handing that tiresome scarlet flower to the Public Prosecutor en route for Madame la Guillotine."

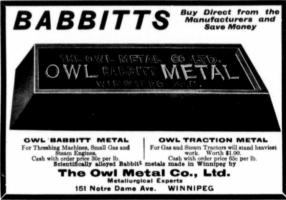
Now, I could not really tell you, citizens, what suspicions had by this time entered Hercule's head or mine. Certainly what suspicions we did have were still very vague.

I prepared the soup for the men,





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