He was dead—the head of a high tribuna, the upright magistrate whose irrepochable life was a proverb in all the courts of France. Advocates, young counsellors, judges had greeted him at sight of his large thing plae face lighted up by two sparkling deep-set eyes, bowing low in token of respect.  
He had passed his life in pursuing crime and in protecting the weak. Swindlers and murderers had no more redoubtable enemy, for he seemed to read the secret thoughts of their minds.  
He was dead, now, at the age of eighty-two, honored by the homage and followed by the regrets of a while people. Soldiers in red trousers had escorted him to the topmb and men in white cravats had spoken in words shed tears that seemed to be sincere beside his grave. But here is the strange paper found by the dismayed notary in the desk where he had kept the records of great criminals! It was entitled:  
WHY?  
20th June, 1851. I have just left court. I had condemned Blondel to death! Now, why did this man