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arrested." "Bah!" exclaimed Versigny. "Is the Mauguin business beginning again?" "It is more than that," replied Michel. "Baune's wife and daughter came to me half-anhour ago. They awoke me. Baune was arrested in bed at six o'clock this morning." "What does that mean?" asked Versigny. The bell rang again. "This will probably tell us," answered Michel de Bourges. Versigny opened the door. It was the Representative Pierre Lefranc. He brought, in truth, the solution of the enigma. "Do you know what is happening?" said he. "Yes," answered Michel. "Baune is in prison." "It is the Republic who is a prisoner," said Pierre Lefranc. "Have you read the placards?" "No." Pierre Lefranc explained to them that the walls at that moment were covered with placards which the curious crowd were thronging to read, that he had glanced over one of them at the corner of his street, and that the blow had fallen. "The blow!" exclaimed Michel. "Say rather the crime." Pierre Lefranc added that there were three placards—one decree and two proclamations—all three on white paper, and pasted close together. The decree was printed in large letters. The ex-