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persons which had brought him. "Monsieur Baze," said he, with that villainous kind of courtesy which the agents of the coup d'état willingly blended with their crime, "you must be uncomfortable with those three men in the fiacre. You are cramped; come in with me." "Let me alone," said the prisoner. "With these three men | am cramped; with you | should be contaminated." An escort of infantry was ranged on both sides of the fiacre. Colonel Espinasse called to the coachman, "Drive slowly by the Quai d'Orsay until you meet a cavalry escort. When the cavalry shall have assumed the charge, the infantry can come back." They set out. As the fiacre turned into the Quai d'Orsay a picket of the 7th Lancers arrived at full speed. It was the escort: the troopers surrounded the fiacre, and the whole galloped off. No incident occurred during the journey. Here and there, at the noise of the horses' hoofs, windows were opened and heads put forth; and the prisoner, who had at length succeeded in lowering a window heard startled voices saying, "What is the matter?" The fiacre stopped. "Where are we?" asked M. Baze. "At Mazas," said a sergent de ville. The Questor