**project-plan-d**

cord round his neck, and, as they had said, they dragged him towards the Hall, begging for his "liberty," moaning, kicking—| would say wrestling, if the word were not too exalted. Some minutes after the clearance, this Salle des Pas Perdus, which had just witnessed Representatives pass by in the clutch of gendarmes, saw M. Dupin in the clutch of the Representatives. They did not get far. Soldiers barred the great green folding- doors. Colonel Espinasse hurried thither, the commander of the gendarmerie came up. The butt-ends of a pair of pistols were seen peeping out of the commander's pocket. The colonel was pale, the commander was pale, M. Dupin was livid. Both sides were afraid. M. Dupin was afraid of the colonel; the colonel assuredly was not afraid of M. Dupin, but behind this laughable and miserable figure he saw a terrible phantom rise up—his crime, and he trembled. In Homer there is a scene where Nemesis appears behind Thersites. M. Dupin remained for some moments stupefied, bewildered and speechless. The Representative Gambon exclaimed to him, — "Now then, speak, M. Dupin, the Left does not interrupt you." Then, with the