**project-plan-d**

of a valet, his end was that of a scullion. The unprecedented attitude that M. Dupin assumed before the gendarmes when uttering with a grimace his mockery of a protest, even engendered suspicion. Gambion exclaimed, "He resists like an accomplice. He knew all." We believe these suspicions to be unjust. M. Dupin knew nothing. Who indeed amongst the organizers of the coup d'état would have taken the trouble to make sure of his joining them? Corrupt M. Dupin? was it possible? and, further, to what purpose? To pay him? Why? It would be money wasted when fear alone was enough. Some connivances are secured before they are sought for. Cowardice is the old fawner upon felony. The blood of the law is quickly wiped up. Behind the assassin who holds the poniard comes the trembling wretch who holds the sponge. Dupin took refuge in his study. They followed him. "My God!" he cried, "can't they understand that | want to be left in peace." In truth they had tortured him ever since the morning, in order to extract from him an impossible scrap of courage. "You ill-treat me worse than the gendarmes," said he. The Representatives installed