

Just then des Lupeaulx, insinuating advocate of abuses, entered the cabinet.

"I am going down to my constituents, Your Excellency."

"Wait!" returned His Excellency, and turning from his private secretary, he drew des Lupeaulx to a window. "Give up that arrondissement to me, my dear fellow; you shall have the title of Count, and I will pay your debts. . . . And—and if I am still in office after next election, I will find a way of putting you in with a batch to be made a peer of France."

"You are a man of honor; I accept."

And so it came to pass that Clément Chardin des Lupeaulx, whose father was ennobled by Louis XV., and bore *quarterly; of the first, argent, a wolf sable, ravissant, carrying a lamb, gules; of the second, purpur, three buckles argent, two and one; of the third, barry of six, gules and argent; of the fourth, gules, a caduceus winged and wreathed with serpents, vert; with four griffins' claws for supporters; and EX LUPUS IN HISTORIA* for a motto, managed to surmount his half-burlesque escutcheon with a Count's coronet.

Towards the end of December 1830, business brought Rabourdin back to his old office. The whole department had been shaken by changes from top to bottom; and the revolution affected the messengers more than anybody else—they are never very fond of new faces. Knowing all the people in the place, Rabourdin had come early in the morning, and so chanced to overhear a conversation between Laurent's nephews, for Antoine had been pensioned.

"Well, how is your chief?"

"Don't speak of him; I can make nothing of him. He rings to ask whether I have seen his pocket-handkerchief or his snuff-box. He does not keep people waiting, but has them shown in at once; he has not the least dignity, in fact. I myself am obliged to say, 'Why, sir, the Count, your predecessor, in the interests of authority, used to whittle his armchair with a penknife to make people believe that he worked.' In short, he makes a regular muddle of it; the place does not know