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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Paroled from the galleys after a five-year sentence for stealing a loaf of bread, Jean Valjean, with revenge in his heart, stumbles into the home of kindly old Bishop Bienvenu and finds in him at least one man with faith in the world and willing to trust an ex-galley slave. Valjean, however, has cast covetous glances on the bishop's silver.

He gets out of bed quietly, goes to his knapsack—takes out an iron bar, feels it, menacingly. The door to the bishop's room is ajar. It makes him hesitate. It is too easy. He enters, regards the sleeping man with haggard astonishment, not unmixed with fear, then moves to the cupboard to pry it open.

There is no need to use force—the key is already there. Again it seems too easy, and he glances suspiciously in the bishop's direction, then begins to pull out the silver, which is piled together in a basket.

The Silver is Gone!

The bishop is busy writing in the dining-room. He looks up as he hears a scream from Magloire and the sound of running feet.

"The silver is gone! I told you—that man! He went off without a word and he's taken the silver. Now we've no silver plates."

The bishop goes back to his notes, un-

concerned. "Well, well, well, what are plates, after all? We can just as well eat off tin."

"How can we? Tin tastes."

"Well, then, iron plates."

"Iron's as bad."

"Well, then wood—"

"Who ever heard of a bishop eating on wooden plates?"

With a twinkle in his eye: "They'd probably be all the better if they did."

There is a heavy knocking at the door. Magloire is immediately apprehensive.

The door is already half-open when the bishop unperturbed, again calls in his usual easy manner:

"Come in!"

Three gendarmes are there and between them is Jean, utterly dejected.

"This man, Jean Valjean—we saw him running away. We stopped him and found he had this silver with your crest on it."

"Now, what is all this? I'm very glad to see you again, Jean—"

The gendarmes look astonished. Jean glares at the bishop. Is this some new trick?

"Yes, because I gave you the two silver candlesticks, as well, and they're worth perhaps two hundred francs. How did you come to leave them behind?"

Jean is too astonished to reply. The bishop turns to the police:

"Didn't he tell you that the good priest with whom he passed the night gave him this silver?"

"He said so, but naturally we thought—"

"That was very clever of you. You do your work well. But it's quite a mis-

(Continued on inside back cover.)



"I have denounced you, sir, as an ex-convict."