

The Real Jean Valjean.

M. Moreau-Christophe, the Inspector of Prisons under the Second Empire, knew the man who served as the prototype of Jean Valjean, and whose story haunted the brain of Victor Hugo and inspired his famous 'Miserables.' M. Moreau Christophe had a passion for reforming convicts. He gathered many confessions, and knew many strange secrets. The following story of the convict Urbain Lemelle is taken from his notes:

Urbain Lemelle, like Jean Valjean, was the abandoned child of a drunken father. When he was only 8 years old he went from farm to farm to offer for a piece of bread the work that his little hands could do. He was first taken in hand by a kind-hearted peasant named Brisset, who kept him minding cows for three years. Then he was employed by two neighboring farmers, who sent him to tend sheep for three years more. Urbain tired of the life of a shepherd and determined to become a sailor, when he reached the age of 14. He began as cabin boy in a river boat from Angers, whose captain generally spoke to him with the end of the rope. Three years passed in this way, during which Urbain's only consolation was his friendship for the son of the captain, a young man named Gervais, who was no less badly treated than himself. Their friendship was unfortunate for Urbain. One winter's day, when the waters of the Loire were frozen and navigation was suspended, Gervais proposed to Urbain to take away the money that was in the safe of the boat for the pay of the hands.

'Then,' said he, 'we will go to Nantes where we will become real sailors.'

'But that is robbery you propose to me!' said Urbain.

'Robbery, nonsense!' replied Gervais. 'Doesn't my father owe you 80 francs? Well, you can pay yourself the 80 francs out of the sack, and then you will be square.'

An hour afterward the money was no longer on board the boat. Gervais had taken it away, and Urbain hid it in the trunk of a willow tree. Next day the imprint of his feet upon the snow led to the tree, where the treasure was found. Urbain was arrested, and, the lock of the safe having been broken, he was condemned to seven years' penal servitude. He was then only 17.

During his seven years' imprisonment Urbain was resigned, industrious, religious and exemplary in his conduct. When he left the penitentiary, where he had lost seven years, he thought he had nothing to do but to return to Angers purified completely. It was at Angers that he committed his crime, and he wanted to prove that he was reformed. This hope was disappointed. The fact that he was an ex-convict closed all doors and all hearts to him. He found it extremely difficult to get work and when by chance he did procure some arduous employment, the other workmen refused to associate with him. He was condemned to idleness, beggary and theft.

One Sunday, while roaming through the country he stopped, fatigued, to rest himself in a field where there were some horses at liberty. He thought of the sea that was only thirty leagues from him, and of America, that new world where he expected to live as an honest workingman. The idea turned his head. He jumped like a mad man upon one of the horses and started the animal along the road, without a saddle or bridle. He set out in the evening and arrived at the break of day at In-Grandes. Nearing that place on the edge of the road there was a prairie. There he turned loose the horse and entered the town. An unknown person turning a horse loose was suspected. He was followed, arrested and brought before the Mayor. He gave his name without hesitation, but while they were discussing his case he managed to escape. He reached Nantes and tried to ship with some captain on a long voyage. But to embark, it was necessary to have papers, and Urbain didn't have them.

For some time he wandered along the quays almost on the verge of suicide, when a big hand touched his shoulder, the hand of a boatman of Angers, who recognized him. The boatman wanted help, so Urbain went with him to Angers. He had hardly arrived before he was arrested and put in prison on the complaint of stealing a horse. Now, it happened that the honest peasant Brisset, was the owner of the horse in question. He testified before the court that his horse came back to him and that Urbain was too honest a fellow to

want to steal it. But he pleaded for him in vain. The unfortunate young man was convicted a second time by the Assizes Court of Maine-et-Loire to twelve years penal servitude.

At Brest he served his time just as he did formerly at Toulon. (In prison his conduct was irreproachable, but after four years of tortures inflicted upon him in that dreadful place, he escaped. Where was he to go? Paris was the only place that could hide him from the police. He went there without encountering any difficulties, and the very next day after his arrival he was on the Place de Greve among the laboring men. There he was taken by a building contractor, with whom he remained three years, whose regrets followed him to the establishment of M. Masse, a dry goods manufacturer, where he received better wages. For four years M. Masse kept him and entrusted to his hands large sums of money, which Urbain always handled with zeal and intelligence and perfect honesty. He commenced to prosper and married an honest working girl. Happy in the thought that at last he was loved and respected, he lived with her for seven years.

One Sunday while he was walking in the suburbs with his wife, he met a policeman who was a former convict, who knew him at Brest. This policeman destroyed his entire happiness. He arrested him. Urbain was brought to Bicetre, and from there was taken to Brest to finish the eight years of penal servitude that he had still to serve, in addition to the supplementary years for the crime of escaping.

It was during the few months of his detention at Bicetre in 1833, that Moreau-Christophe knew Urbain and learned his story. M. Moreau-Christophe obtained for him the favor of exemption from the first chain gang, on leaving Bicetre for Brest; and a few months later he managed to send him back to Paris. In other words, he brought the case to the attention of the king, who pardoned the man upon the spot.

Urbain Lemelle lived to a great old age. He was the best of husbands, and wished to be the best of fathers, but that joy was denied him. He consoled himself, nevertheless, by making pets of all the children in the place where he lived, and he amused them often by telling them stories of brigands. Heaven only knows what queer stories he must have learned during his ten years in Bagne!—Figaro.

TIPS IN THE FATHERLAND.

Curious Features of the Prevailing Custom in Regard to Gratuities.

The question of giving gratuities to waiters and servants is as much a vexed one in this country as it is on your side of the channel says a Berlin letter in the London Post. Even your man servant or maid expects in Germany a "tip" from your guests after they have dined or lunched with you, and it constantly happens that on engaging a servant you are asked, "How about tips? Can I expect much from this source, and may I keep all I get, or have I to share the tips with other servants?" I have even known mistresses hold out as an inducement to servants the fact that they entertain a good deal, whereby the wages are considerably supplemented by gratuities from guests.

One very curious feature about German everyday life is the readiness of people to give a "trinkgeld," the equivalent of the French "pourboire," under "which name the donation is more familiar to English ears. The feature is curious, because the Teuton is by nature thrifty, and many of them are more close than thrifty. And yet, the same person who will expect a hardworking teacher of languages to give lessons at from sixpence to one shilling an hour will often be seen to bestow a groshen on the shop servant who has brought a parcel to his house, or a half penny to be tramway conductor for handing him his penny ticket. The postal officials who pay the money orders and bring the money to your house are entitled to charge a half penny for doing so, but look very sour if you do not add another half penny of your own accord. Small "tips" all round are de rigueur in Germany daily life.

I always understood that the porter and the boots at a hotel may expect a gratuity from the guests. Now, the porter does little more than hand you your key and take off his hat as you enter and leave hostelry, and in small towns he summons the boots at your departure by vigorously ringing his bell, and for amenities he is

rewarded in a sort of geometrical progression. The boots really does render services; he blacks your boots and brushes your clothes, and is ready to assist you to pack, and sits on your portmanteau for you if need be when you want to lock it. Notwithstanding this, it often happens that he comes off second or third best in the way of rewards.

It has, however, always been supposed that largesse assigned to him was a voluntary one. This idea, has now, according to the decision of a court at Chemnitz, in Saxony, been shown, at the expense of a certain commercial traveller who recently visited that town, to have been allusion. The man in question remained at Chemnitz for four weeks at a local hostelry, performing his mercantile duties and on leaving handed to the boots for the usual service rendered by that functionary the sum of four shillings as a gratuity. The boots demanded twelve shillings that is to say, at the rate of three shillings a week. As the higher sum was not paid he brought action against the traveller, and the court declared that the latter was to pay ten shillings. The reasons given for judgement were that, although the boots received board and lodging from the landlord, he was paid nothing in cash; on the other hand, he had to give remuneration in money out of his own pocket to two assistants who helped him to do the work of boot cleaning and clothes brushing.

HE BEARS NEWS OF DEATH.

Mr. Dimmet the Only Remaining Aanspreker in America.

'Yes, mine is a queer business. Death to you means a loss; to me it is not only a profit but a livelihood. Death and I are friends. On him depends my living. Were there no death, I, aanspreker of the Dutch families of this city, would not be in demand. As it is, I am his messenger.'

So spoke Adrian Dimmet of Milwaukee. He continued:

'Yes, the live of an aanspreker is indeed a strange one, and yet in Holland it does not attract much attention. But here in America little of us is known. In the early Dutch colonial days in the East there were many of us. At present I know of no other person in this country who makes his living as I do. I am perhaps the only survivor in the United States of an ancient custom which is still in vogue in the rural districts in Holland; but the progress of the time has gradually crowded us out of the business in this country. As for myself, I cannot expect to follow my strange vocation much longer. I am 82 years of age and life at that stage is uncertain. I sometimes wonder whether I will have a successor or whether with me will die the custom of the Dutch aanspreker of Milwaukee.'

Mr. Dimmet's business is to go from house to house and announce the death of member of the Holland colony who may die here. In the rural districts of Holland every village and town has its aanspreker or announcer. The relatives of the deceased engage the aanspreker and he calls on a list of the friends and acquaintance that the bereaved family may wish to inform of the death. These announcements take the place of the customary newspaper notice. Usually where daily newspapers are printed there is little need for the aanspreker.

When years ago the Dutch settled in Milwaukee the need of an aanspreker became apparent. Although there are several thousand Dutch families in this city, there is no newspaper published in their language. Consequently they have for years relied on the aanspreker, Mr. Dimmet, to keep them informed on the deaths of members of the colony.

'You see,' explained Mr. Dimmet, 'there is no way in which our people would know of the death of a Hollander were it not for the aanspreker. When an American or a German dies, the usual death notice in the newspapers is all that is necessary. But we have no Dutch papers here. It is true that many of the 1500 families of Dutch descent in this city do take some of our city papers. Many read German and the younger generation reads English. But take the old Dutch settler, he who came direct from the rural districts of Holland to this country, he cannot read any other than his native language and not always that. He has spent his days on the farm and is now ending his last years in quiet retirement. Outside of meeting his people at the Dutch church on Sunday he knows little of what his fellow countrymen are doing. When a death occurs late in the week we can always reach him with an announcement of the funeral from the pulpit



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on Sundays. But when a Dutch resident dies early in the week and the funeral occurs on or just before Sunday, we can not reach him by this means. The aanspreker is then called in.

'I have followed this business for many years and I suppose I must have broken the news of death to thousands of people.

No, it is not always an easy task. One must understand the business like anything else. It is easier to inform a chance acquaintance than a dear friend or relative. The aanspreker must use tact and judgment. He must adapt himself to circumstances.'

When it is taken into consideration that in his rounds he calls on two or three hundred families and then when he makes the announcement of death he is plying with a hundred and one questions, it will be seen he has no time for gossip. Neither has he time to console friends or to listen to reminiscences of the departed. Usually before he starts out on his trips he obtains all the information he can from the relatives as to the illness of the dead person. He ascertains the funeral arrangements, and then studies to put his facts into as few words as possible. When he starts on his trips, he figures as closely as he can to save time on the arrangement of the order in which he takes the families. He does not ring the bells nor rap at the door. That would be time wasted. He must work quickly, and therefore walks right into the house of the family he is to notify. He announces briefly the circumstances of the death and the details of the funeral. Then he leaves. It is not necessary for him to preface his remarks with an introduction of himself. Every Dutch resident in Milwaukee knows him. He does not have to say whether he is on official business or just paying a visit. Everybody knows that when Adrian Dimmet, attired in his black suit of mourning, calls, he brings bad news and that somebody has passed over the meridian of life.

Although 82 Mr. Dimmet is a man of remarkable activity. His trips take him miles about the city, but he goes over his routes with a vigor that surprises many of the younger men of his people. Winter and summer, rain or shine, he makes the trips whenever he is called upon. His journeys last from early morning until late at night. Where meal times overtakes him he dines. The old man finds a meal awaiting him whenever he chooses to eat. But even his meal hours are often curtailed when the time for his getting his notices about is short.

RESPECT FOR A RAW RECRUIT.

How it Was Created in the Breast of a Lieutenant in the Philippines.

Sometimes a raw recruit will put up with all sorts of abuse, and sometimes he will wiggle and squirm and turn upon his tormentor and make the tormentor sorry. The tormentor in this instance was a Lieutenant who did not like raw recruits. He did not see why such pests should ever be permitted to get into the army. When they shot each other in the foot, or invariably fired a salute at guardmount when the command "open chambers and cartridge boxes" was given, the Lieutenant rejoiced, because then he could descend on them like a storm out of the clouds and fill their young lives with gloom.

It was on the Calamba expedition, and the dismounted cavalry regiment had been alternately fighting and hiking all day. First, they would hike for a while through rice paddles and across bamboo jungles. Then the enemy would bob up and they would pause and fight. At night they were tired. About three-fourths of the command were raw recruits, and the day had been a trying one to raw recruits. At night they were almost too tired to lie down and sleep, and some would have slept standing up if their friends had not pushed them over, so that they lay upon the ground. One of the recruits, the smallest and newest man in the regiment, had been told off for post duty and sent to keep watch on the edge of a river that flowed some six hundred yards away from the camp. Across the river, somewhere in the dense jungles of bamboo, were the insurgents, and the outpost had to move quietly and speak in whispers, so as not to become too popular with the sharpshooters hidden in the mysterious blackness across the stream.

At 9 o'clock the officer of the day came around inspecting the outpost. The recruit was sitting on the bank of the river

holding his feet straight out in front of him. The corporal had told him that if he sat with his feet held up he would not go to sleep. The recruit was so busy holding out his feet that he did not see the officer of the day, who happened to be the lieutenant who scorned raw recruits. The recruit finally realized that the officer of the day had come up, and he arose, clumsily enough, and tried to look as soldierly as the rest of the men. But the officer of the day looked at the little boy in the khaki soldier clothes with contempt. Then he glanced across the river, and a happy idea struck him.

'Sergeant' he said to the non commissioned officer of the outpost, 'you ought to have a man across the river. If they come in on us there we could be forming while they were coming across, if we only had a man there to give the alarm.'

'Yes sir,' said the sergeant.

'You go over there,' said the lieutenant to the shivering little recruit. 'Get behind the bushes and watch close. If the guggies start for us, fire once, anyhow. Then you can drop over the bank and come back to the outpost'—the lieutenant paused for a moment, and then concluded—"maybe."

The little recruit shivered so that his teeth rattled, and to hide his fear he merely shuddered and hastily waded into the cold, dark river and across. The current was swift, and at one time the water came up to his armpits, but he got safely over, and then, alone in the enemy's country, he sat shivering through the night, trying to make out the fantastic shapes that loomed up in the darkness.

About midnight he heard some one walking along the beach on the American side of the river. He raised his rifle and challenged 'halt.' The figure across the river halted.

'Who's there?' asked the recruit.

'Officer of the day,' came back the response in the unmistakable voice of that individual.

'Advance, officer of the day!' commanded the recruit with all the dignity of a Brigadier-General ordering the formation of his brigade, 'and be recognized.'

'O, that's all right, my man,' said the officer of the day. 'I can't advance across this muddy river, you know. How is everything over there?'

'Advance, officer of the day,' came from the recruit on the other side, 'and be recognized.' Then followed a peculiar click such as is made when the safety catch is thrown back so as to permit the firing of a Krag-Jorgensen rifle.

The officer of the day hesitated no longer. He plunged into the cold water and waded across. He stepped into a hole and went in over his head. He walked ashore so wet he could have been wrung out by hand. The recruit looked at him.

'It's all right,' he said, tossing his gun to port. 'I recognize you. Everything is quiet, sir.'

Then he stood waiting for the officer of the day to empty a vial of wrath upon his head. But nothing of the kind happened. The Lieutenant asked the usual questions, then waded back. And he never showed by word or action, that he remembered the thing afterward. Except that he seemed to have more respect for raw recruits, and for one raw recruit in particular.

Unanswerable.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence.

'What is the price of this pin?' asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship.

'Twenty francs, monsieur,' said the young American. 'It's for a present to my sister; I'll give you five francs for it.'

'Zen it would be I at gave ze present to your sister,' said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, 'and I do not know the young Mademoiselle!'

Bacon—Some people carry a joke too far.

Egbert—Yes, Penman, the humorist, carried one to 14 different newspaper offices, I understand and didn't sell it even then.

Will soon be heard—'Porter, call me a cab.' 'With or without, sir?' 'Eh?' 'Horse or auto, sir?'

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