

Thénardier exclaimed, —

"Are you mad? are you drunk? Why, what a set of humbugs; lose time, I suppose, draw lots, eh, — with a wet finger, a short straw, write our names and put them in a cap —"

"Would you like my hat?" a voice said at the door.

All turned; it was Javert, who held his hat in his hand and offered it smilingly.