

in mouth, beside the cook-stove, regardless of season or temperature, Mr. Doolittle was generally to be found across the way, indulging in the pastime known as "shooting craps." For the rest he lived up to his name. His hawk-nosed wife managed the business with a keen eye, a terrible tongue, and a hard hand. The character of her lodgers was nothing to her, so long as their money was forthcoming in advance. The blackguard with a few dollars in his pocket was welcomed into the fold; the itinerant and earnest preacher who came without a dime was told to "go an' soak." Dollars alone appealed to the lump of gneiss which served Mrs. Doolittle for a heart; and her husband, had he owned such a thing as a mind of his own, would have cheerfully applauded that sentiment.

There was a secret door at the back of the house, used only upon those occasions when a body of police came to make inquiries relative to some notorious gentleman who had so grievously bungled in the discharge of his professional duties as to leave a clue behind him. It was when the officers confronted her in the desolate building with hard questions and suspicious glances that Mrs. Doolittle rose to a sublime height. With sable ringlets shaking, and eyes flashing, she would extend her toil-worn hands, and in pathetic voice and manner indicate the poverty of the surroundings. Honesty, she declared, was the policy to which she had tuned her life. Lodgers she might have in abundance, but did the officers think that she and her simple-minded, broken old husband—and here Mr. Doolittle sniffed—would admit any of the city scum of burglars and deadbeats? She knew that such thronged the