

district, but she was prepared to starve before knowingly admitting a malefactor to dwell beneath her roof. If the street bore an evil reputation, was she to blame—she who had endeavoured in her quiet way to raise the tone of the neighbourhood by opening honest lodgings in a Christian home? It was enough to make a woman break from the principles of a lifetime to have her poor abode thus raided by the servants of the law. If a high standard of morality had not aided her, if she had obtained an evil reputation together with the place, of what use was it to continue along the hard and unprofitable path of virtue? But, she remembered, the police were not there to bestow sympathy. Let them search the house from cellar to roof. She had at that time only one lodger, a poor minister, who found himself temporarily without a congregation, and he, good man, was out in the city, seeking to reclaim a few lost sheep. And at this point it was customary for a drop of water to hiss lugubriously upon the range in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Doolittle.

But when the police were out of the street, and the Icelandic servant had recalled the vagabonds by ringing a cracked bell at the back, the proprietress would single out the sinner who had called down the visitation, and accost him thus :

"See here, sonnie, if you're such a lightning-struck fool as to fetch the cops down here agin, I'll hand ye over."

On one occasion Mrs. Doolittle had felt it her duty to thus surrender a lodger; but this evil-doer was notoriously skilful in evading the frying-pan, and happened to be far too muscular for Mr. Doolittle. There was also a reward in that case.