THE DOBLEYS IN A PLOT.

THEY TRY THEIR LUCK AT MATCH-MAKING AND SOMETHING DROPS.

A Pretty Cousin From Baltimore and Mr Freshington the Proposed Victims—A Cosey Corner Prepared for the Wooing—Dobley's Reminiscences of Courtship.

It was an understood thing in the Dobley household that the morning mail might be discussed over the breakfast table. This morning Mrs. Dobley had two sheets of paper with a gold monogram written over in great black angular characters.

"It's from Cousin Leila!" she exclaimed, "and she is coming on to spend a few days with us while she does some shopping. I am perfectly delighted at the prospect! She is one of those charming girls that seem to be as nearly perfect as a human being could be in manner, disposition, dress, voice, looks, ideas, everything!"

"Cousin Leila is what you might call a sweet thing," said Mr. Dobley. "All those Baltimore girls are in the peach class."

"Isn't it most remarkable that she has never married?" said Mrs. Dobley. "She's been out three seasons and has had any number of offers. I suppose she is too much of a society girl."

"They say the nicest girls never do marry," said Mr. Dobley, thoughtlessly.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Dobley.

"That is to say," said Dobley, hurriedly, "the old maids are always so perfect and self-sacrificing and all that. The theory is, first, that they are of such intensely affectionate dispositions that they fall desperately in love when they are very young; then being exquisitely sensitive they are disillusioned and being unusually constant they remain true to the first ideal."

"I see," said Mrs. Dobley; "but they are not all so lovely. There are many of the old-fashioned typical old maids, catlike, narrow minded, envious, almost malicious things that never say a kind word a'out any one. So the theory is not entirely correct."

"There are exceptions," said Mr. Dobley, gallantly; "and I have an opportunity to observe a most notable one."

Mrs. Dobley dimpled visibly when she spoke. "But Leila meets so many men and dances and golfs and flirts with them; but she seems to regard them superficially, as a part of the social plan. She doesn't give them any individuality in her ideas of them."

"Funny! That's about the way in which Freshington regards girls," mused Dobley. "He says they are all exactly alike except as to points."

"Points?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"That is looks, style, action, general appearance, you understand," explained Mr. Dobley. "He says society girls always talk about the very same things in the identically same way."

"Probably that is how he impresses them," said Mrs. Dobley. "Men always expect so much in a woman and they give so very little themselves—that is, most men."

"Society," said Dobley, with the air of an authority, "is very apt to give every one a superficial point of view. People meet in society for many seasons without even knowing each other really. That is, during a regular season. A few weeks at a winter resort or a trip on a yacht or a steamer brings young people together sometimes; but pink teas never do."

"Yes, it was not until that summer at Bar Harbor that I even began to consider you," said Mrs. Dobley, thoughtfully. "I began by being grateful when you taught me to swim."

"And even then," said Dobley, "I don't think I should have had the courage to propose——"

"Do you mean the time on the raft when the tide came up and the squall and we thought we should be washed out to sea?" asked Mrs. Dobley with interest.

"No, that was the first time; you refused me so decidedly then."

"I said I didn't see any sense in getting engaged when we were going to be drowned in bathing suits and no ring or announcement cards or anything," interposed Mrs. Dobley.

"At all events," said Dobley, "you were so unenthusiastic at that time that I do not think I should ever have proposed again——"

"That was at Aunt Alice's in Baltimore," said Mrs. Dobley. "Leila's mother's; just fancy!"

"Yes; but I only called formally and had no intention of alluding to the matter again. It was the cosey corner that did it."

"The cosey corner?"

"Yes; I've always laid it to the cosey corner," said Dobley seriously. "They encourage propinquity. Sit on a chair opposite a girl on another chair, and while only a few feet separate you you are in reality miles apart. But cosey corner is different. The very draperies breathe Oriental romance and charm. The armor suggests brave deeds, valor, knighthood——"

"You can get beautiful battleaxes for 49 cents now at Hangem & Nailem's," interrupted Mrs. Dobley, "and shields from a dollar eighteen up."

"Then they were always lit by dim swinging lamps," went on Dobley, "and girls have a way of unconsciously posing their feet attractively in cosey corners as in hammocks. I can distinctly recollect that evening in Baltimore. You wore scarlet morocco slippers with Swiss rosettes——"

"Chiffon," corrected Mrs. Dobley.

"And passementerie stockings," continued Dobley.

"Never," said Mrs. Dobley, firmly. "Not guilty."

"Well, there were little holes in them and a sort of lattice work effect."

"You mean open work," said Mrs. Dobley.

"That's it," said Dobley; "but think how that impression has remained. I should never have seen your feet if you sat in an ordinary chair."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Dobley. "You were strangely unobservant in those days. Now you notice everything new I get and ask me how much it has cost."

"One learns a great deal in a few years of matrimony," said Mr. Dobley. "Freshington is a perfect infant compared to me on the subject of trimmings and things. Why, he don't even know what reversible plaid is."

"Well, you only knew since last Saturday when I told you," said Mrs. Dobley.

"Yes, but he doesn't know yet, although I took a quarter of an hour to explain it to him. He said he had just learned what a box plaited back was and that would have to hold him for a while.

"He is a strange young man," said Mrs. Dobley.

"But he has many good points," said Dobley; "his faults are all of the negative sort."

"Marriage would improve him," said Mrs. Dobley.

"But he has one of those deep intense natures and can never get over his first disappointment in love. He's grown cynical. When a man asks him, he says he thinks women are all alike and when a girl asks him he says all women are charming," said Dobley.

"How I wish he might meet Leila," said Mrs. Dobley; "it would completely revolutionize his ideas. She never met any man that hasn't become perfectly fascinated."

"But would it be fair to Freshington to lead him right into the lion's den," said Dobley.

"If you are alluding to Leila," said Mrs. Dobley, "I am sure she never intends anything. It just happens. Then she might like Freshington and he really is a nice fellow and he has——"

"Has money," said Dobley. "Yes, he has money to burn."

"If he could only get a good match," said Mrs. Dobley. "We might invite them both to dinner?"

"And say that Leila cooked everything on the table," suggested Dobley.

"Then I've been thinking," said Mrs. Dobley, "that a cosey corner would add very much to the appearance of the library."

"Do you get 'em ready made?" asked Dobley; "or are they imported from the Orient in sections and then put together?"

"You mean have them put up by the decorators," said Mrs. Dobley, "or you can put them up yourself. They are very simple—a paper of tacks and a stepladder and a few draperies are all that is needed."

"An hour's work will fix up a beautiful one," said Dobley.

"I count me out," said Dobley. "I remember the time you held the ladder while I hung pictures, and I put my head through a valuable landscape painting and lay unconscious for an hour with a gold frame around my neck."

"That was your own fault," said Mrs. Dobley, "you tried to hold a hammer in your mouth and fix the same time. I thought you wanted the ladder pushed closer to the wall. You were just reaching for a point further on."

"And standing on one foot on the top of the ladder to do so," said Dobley. "You can make it an invariable rule never to attempt to push a stepladder that has a hundred-and-eighty pound man posed on one foot on its apex balancing a hundred-pound picture in one hand and holding onto nothing. No matter what you think he says about pushing the ladder, don't you do it."

"Well a cosey corner is easy and I shall fix it up myself," said Mrs. Dobley. "Besides, if Leila should get engaged it will be lovely to think that the decorators didn't do it."

That evening, when Dobley came home late, having received a telegram requesting him to get dinner out—he found Mrs. Dobley apparently deep in the work of erecting the corner. The library presented the appearance of an Eastern bazaar.

"At least," said Mrs. Dobley, "you will hand me the tacks as I want them. I can't run up and down the ladder every time I want a tack."

"If I've got to be caddie in this game I might as well do the whole thing," said Dobley, resigning himself to his fate. "But understand, Mrs. Dobley, you are to keep away from the ladder and give your impressions from a distance. I don't wish you to be seized with any impulse to change the base of these steps while I am upon them."

"I'll stay 'way over here," said Mrs. Dobley, seating herself in an easy chair, "and I'll tell you just how it looks. I'm so tired from shopping that I can hardly stand. Suppose you put up the roof and the background first."

"Do you wish the Chinese pagoda or the Persian mosque effect," asked Dobley. "Or do you prefer the chaste Italian style of architecture? I see you have all nations represented in your materials."

"Just mix them all up," said Mrs. Dobley. "It doesn't really matter. In fact, it's more artistic."

"What is this gold-lined horse blanket for," asked Mr. Dobley.

"That's a real vestment from India," said Mrs. Dobley. "Put that where it will show up well."

"And these Catskill Mountain staffs?"

"Can't you see they are Zulu spears? You just cross them and tie them in the centre and tack the stuff over them. That's it. Now it's practically built. But you must dispose the draperies carelessly. They mustn't look too fixed."

"Just throw them at the wall and put a tack in it," said Dobley. "The only rule of architecture in putting up these things is to tack everything in sight."

"It is getting to look like a real cosey corner now," said Mrs. Dobley, delightedly. "We should have had one long ago. It will be too cute for anything."

"Suppose they should neither of them notice this?" said Dobley. "We'll have to drive them into this room and lock up all the rest of the house."

"It is the next best thing to a conservatory," said Mrs. Dobley. "We'll explain that the painters are at work in the drawing room and the carpets up and everything in disorder."

"Where does this cornucopia go?" asked Mr. Dobley. "It's getting to look like a Christmas tree, this corner. Have you got any candles to put around here and there and a few oranges and some popcorn?"

"That's a Sheik's headdress," said Mrs. Dobley. "You must have one in a cosey corner or it isn't a cosey corner. And here's this Italian iron lantern."

"It's exactly like a lamppost without the post," said Mr. Dobley. "Does this hang on a tack too?"

"I'd put in two tacks for that if I were you," suggested Mrs. Dobley. "It's best to be quite secure. Mr. Freshington is surely coming to dinner to-morrow, isn't he?"

"He has so assured me."

"And he doesn't know any one else is to be here?"

"I didn't mention it."

"Leila will arrive by an early train and I'll have her put on one of her prettiest gowns. Then when you come in I'll say you've brought some one home to dine informally and that he is a delightful young man. Then during dinner you must do your best to draw Mr. Freshington out so that he will be at his very best. I'll get Leila talking about music and you admire all the things she does and I'll side with Mr. Freshington. Then after dinner I'll suggest having coffee in here. Don't pretend that this corner hasn't been up for years, you know."

"I'll act as though it's an heirloom," said Dobley.

"You arrange to have some one call you up on the telephone and——"

"Go out?" suggested Dobley, pleasantly.

"You needn't really go out; just go quietly upstairs and you leave them to me."

"Do you expect him to propose in the first round?" asked Dobley. "You don't know Freshington as I do."

"Certainly not! But I expect that he will be tremendously interested and Leila herself will do the rest. You see the way it is, Leila is just in fun and they think she is in earnest. She makes each one think that he has made the deepest kind of an impression. It isn't so difficult to make a man think that."

"No?" said Dobley.

"Then he begins to feel sorry for the girl and wonder why it is that he is so tremendously fascinating. That is the way with Leila."

"It's really a system," said Dobley. "It's a case of awakened pity for the girl on the part of the man, that gradually dawns into pity for himself."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Dobley; "but don't you dare to warn Freshington."

"It will please me to see him caught," said Dobley.

The next evening the Dobley dining room was a dream of fine linen and silver and flowers and shaded candles. Mrs. Dobley's pretty cousin looked charming in a white organdie frock, while Mrs. Dobley herself was radiant with the undoubted success of her dinner and the apparent success of her matchmaking designs. With difficulty she restrained her jubilant glances of triumph from Mr. Dobley, and finally a very happy party filed into the library for coffee.

Then the telephone bell rang and Mr. Dobley held an audible conversation with some one at the club, apologizing to his guests, said he would return immediately and went away. After bringing out various attractions of the Dobley home in the way of amateur photographs and cameras, Mrs. Dobley led the way to the music room which was an alcove off the library, and begged her cousin to sing. Mr. Freshington was enchanted and began to hum a love song he had composed. Then Mrs. Dobley was called out by the cook.

She stole up to the sitting room where Mr. Dobley was playing a game of solitaire. He looked up questioningly as she entered.

"It's getting along beautifully," she said; "far better than I expected. Mr. Freshington is very much impressed, and while Leila always acts that way, I think she really admires him. Just listen to the piano."

"A sort of 'fingers straying idly over the ivory keys' effect," remarked Dobley.

"When you hear people play like that, well, it's always a sure sign they are more interested in each other than in the music. And didn't Leila look perfectly lovely when she sat in the corner? I made Mr. Freshington sit beside her and took a flash light of them. What do you think of that?"

"A capital idea," said Mr. Dobley. "The music has stopped!"

"And Leila's so fond of music! You can never get her away from the piano."

"How long is the intermission?" asked Dobley.

"You must go quietly out the back way and then come up and ring the bell. Then say that you forgot your latchkey. I will run downstairs and when we go in, suppose you propose a theatre party or something and see how Freshington acts."

"All right," said Dobley. "I'll tinkle that bell in two minutes. I suppose the maid will think it odd my sneaking out like this and then finding me on the stoop when she opens the door. I'd better give her a wink."

"Do nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Dobley; "it's not her business to think." And Dobley vanished.

Mrs. Dobley listened eagerly for the bell. She found this mystery perfectly delightful. Soon she heard it. Then she heard Dobley say, "Yes, forgot my key." Then came a horrible crash from the library. She rushed down the stairs and confronted Dobley in the hall. He looked troubled.

They went in. The cosey corner and its draperies were in a heap, having collapsed evidently, the heads of Cousin Leila and Mr. Freshington. They were helped out of the wreck by Mr. Dobley and his wife, who apologized for the accident. Both victims were polite enough to laugh, although Freshington's coat was ornamented with candle wax and he had a bump over his eye caused by the fall of the Italian lamp.

"What do you have those horrid things for, anyhow?" asked Cousin Leila.

"It was Mrs. Dobley's idea," said Dobley.

"I don't believe it," said Freshington. "I believe that you originated, designed and put it up."

"But, my dear boy," said Dobley, "no one ever sits in a cosey corner! What did you take it for, a hammock?"

Marksmanship of Kentucky Mountaineers.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"The South Kentucky mountaineers, or 'feudists,' as the papers call them, are certainly wonderful rifle shots," said a gentleman from Louisville. "Last summer I went down in the Cumberland Mountains, below Somerset, on a hunting trip and stayed for several weeks at the cabin of a quite noted character named Joe Mills. He was a confirmed moonshiner and had had endless trouble with the deputy marshals, but aside from that he was a simple-minded, hospitable soul, and he did his level best to make me comfortable. He hunted a great deal and his shooting was marvellous. The gun he generally used was an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading squirrel rifle, and whatever he covered he was morally certain to bring down. Joe's brother Bob occupied a shanty on the other side of a wide gulch, and one day we wanted to surprise him to join us in a hunt. An iron skillet was hanging against the side of the shanty, but, from where we were standing, it was simply a small black spot. Joe raised his rifle, blazed away almost instantly, and a moment later out rushed Bob and we beckoned him to come over. The bullet had struck the skillet square in the centre and, what made it all the more remarkable, the shot was fired at an elevation and had considerable 'drop.' On another occasion I saw Joe cut off a small limb from near the top of a high beech tree. There was a bird's nest that I wanted at the end and the limb itself was swaying backward and forward in a pretty stiff breeze. The mountaineer took two shots, and brought it down at the second. His old rifle carried away to the left, and nobody else could hit a barn door with it, but he understood all its idiosyncracies as thoroughly as a mother understands the character of a favorite child. He was considered a good marksman by his neighbors, but not phenomenal."

CENSUS MAN COMING SOON.

HE'LL ASK BLUNT QUESTIONS, BUT DON'T GET ANGRY.

Orders Given to Him to Be Firm, but Always Polite—His Mission Is Absolutely Confidential and Jail and a Fine Await If He Tells What He Finds Out—His Instructions.

Some time about June 1 a man will call at your house and ask you questions. It may be that the questions that he asks will strike you as being very personal in nature. You will find him possessed of a raging curiosity as to your age, condition, business status, family relations and financial capabilities. He will even go so far as to inquire earnestly of you whether you are white or black. Perhaps he may exasperate you, but you must remember that he is a man and a brother and refrain from hitting him with the furniture, for he is employed by the Government to get you down on paper and make you a part of the census of 1900. If you refrain from replying to any of his queries perhaps he'll put you down as a deaf mute, for there is a special catalogue of persons thus afflicted and also of the blind. But if you turn him out of your house by force or commit any assault upon him you will have your Uncle Sam to reckon with and the next time your name appears on a list it may be on the roster of a jail.

Officially the census begins on June 1. As there aren't enough census enumerators to make the entire rounds on that day, or for many days following, in all probability the process will be stretched out a good deal, but all questions will be asked and answered with reference to that day. For instance, the enumerator may arrive at your house on June 6 or 7 and find that you were married on June 2. Down you go on his list as a bachelor; your wife set down as a spinster living at the residence of her parents. The census won't recognize your marriage at all because it took place after June 1. Similarly you may be dead since the first day of the month, but if the enumerator finds out that you were alive on that day you are part of the population of New York and will eke out a fictitious existence in the sum total. Should a baby be born in your household after June 1, the child is non-existant so far as the census goes. Nothing, absolutely nothing, can happen to you between the 1st of June and the date of the enumerator's arrival. The law says so and the law goes.

When the enumerator comes to your house he will identify himself by his official schedules and also by a badge which he will wear on his waistcoat. He is bound by his instructions to be not only civil but patiently polite, and if he isn't you can write a complaint about him which, supposedly, will receive prompt attention. Special stress has been laid on this matter of politeness in the instructions to the enumerators and they have been warned that any proof of bad manners on their part will result unpleasantly for them. Uncle Sam recognizes that the average American resents having to discuss his private affairs with outsiders and has set out to make this census as little of an ordeal as possible. At the same time it is to be pretty sweeping in its scope.

Here are some of the things which the enumerator will want to know about yourself and the inmates of your household, and he will necessarily depend upon the evidence of his eyes, other. He will ask you outright your sex and color, and the fact that you wear trousers and a white skin wont excuse you from answering. He will ask you the date of your birth, month and year, whether you are single, married, widowed or divorced; how long you have been married to your present consort, how many children you have had and how many are now living, whether they are deaf, dumb, or blind, and he will require to know these things about each member of your family. You will be expected to tell where you were born and if you are a native of another country, when you came to this country and what steps, if any, you have taken to become a citizen.

Then your business will come under consideration, and here is where the enumerators anticipate the greatest trouble. A business man generally considers his business as his own business and nobody else's, and prefers to tell almost anything else about himself rather than give details of the processes whereby he makes his living. But the Government is just as much interested in your business as it is in your household. It wants to know just what your occupation is, and if you have more than one you will be listed under the head of that one from which you derive the chief part of your income. In case you aren't sure of that, the one you spend the most time and effort on will be that under which you will be described. Then, if you tend bar in the daytime and usher in the theatre in the evening you will go down as a bartender. Some persons have no occupation. They will be asked whence their income is derived, and if they receive most of it from loaned money, stocks, bonds, or other securities, you are a capitalist by the Government definition. In case one lists an income at all there will probably be a note to that effect, as the Government is too polite to set anybody down as a hobo. If there were any months or parts of months in the last year when you were out of work the enumerator will want to know about that, but vacation isn't sufficient to land you in the great company of the unemployed. Also, you are expected to state whether you can read and write the English language. If you can't, but can read and write some other language, that is duly set down to your credit and saves you from the stigma of illiteracy.

When the census enumerator gets through with you he will probably know things about you that your most intimate friend doesn't know. As soon as he has asked and received the answer to his last question he is expected to leave your premises and promptly forget everything he has found out. If he doesn't forget it, or behave as if he had forgotten it, he will get into very hot water.

Severe penalties are established for the punishment of any betrayal of information received by the enumerator. Whatever you tell him is a confidence between you and the Government and he is merely the apparatus through which the desired information passes. If he is false to his trust and repeats to any person any information received in the performance of his duties he may be fined $5,000 upon conviction. Not only may he not show his schedules to any person other than his superiors in the Census Office, but he must promptly destroy all imperfect copies. For returning false information about any person on his schedules he may be fined $5,000 and imprisoned for two years. Canvassing or advertising of any kind while in the discharge of his duties is forbidden to him and he must do his work himself and not delegate it to any one else. He cannot even take any one with him while making his rounds except another Census Office employee, nor can he take any interpreter except by special authority. Every precaution to protect the public has been taken.

In all there will be 1,200 enumerators under Census Supervisor Wilbur, who says that there has been a lively demand for appointment and that the men are exceptionally intelligent, including many young professional men who are glad to pick up a few dollars in this way in the dull season. Each man upon receiving notice of his appointment is instructed to present himself at the Census Supervisor's office. There a large corps of clerks and notaries are ready to provide the appointees with schedules and badges and swear them in, for an oath of faithful service is exacted from all of them. As soon as the appointee has signed the oath, which is on a form blank he is taken before one of the official notaries and sworn. His oath binds him to secrecy in the matter of information received in reply to the questions asked by him in the carrying out of his duties. After being sworn he is taken in hand by one of the experts who have been brought on from Washington for the particular work and receives his instructions from him. The expert talks with the new man, gets his views of his duties and proceeds to explain to him not only the duties themselves, but the best way of going about them. To a young man just out of college and brimming over with importance and self confidence he says:

"Don't be too brash. Don't go at a man as if you had a pistol at his head. If you get on the wrong side of a man at the outset you will have difficulty in finding out anything from him. First, last and all the time, be polite and considerate. Your superiors will protect you and make yourself a nuisance and get people down on you and if complaints that are well founded come in here you will get into trouble. Above all, go easy with the women. If they are rattled and won't answer at first go away and try them again next day."

To the appointee who seems to be timid and lack nerve the wise and experienced instructor gives advice along different lines.

"Don't be afraid of the people you are going to question. It is a legitimate business and you have the right to press your questions. Meet them facily and squarely and don't let anybody bluff you. You will find that you have very little trouble."

Supervisor Wilbur anticipates very little difficulty of any kind.

"So far," he said recently, "we have a fine lot of men. They have been picked as being sensible fellows who know how to get on with people. Their instructions are that they must show every consideration to the public and that they must bear in mind that it is primarily unpleasant for a man to have to answer questions about his own business. Where there is a lack of understanding they will explain whatever is told them will be absolutely confidential. The matter of apportioning them in districts will be somewhat difficult and we have not yet formulated any particular plan, but we shall not send a small and timid man into a tough district and the men who are sent there will have the best protection that we can give them, if any disposition is shown to make their work unpleasant."

There was a great rush in the Census Supervisor's office last week, getting the enumerators sworn in and instructed. In the department of manufactures, which requires a special form of questions and is quite complicated, more than a hundred men are already at work and a dozen or fifteen are receiving their instructions every day. Each man fills out seven or eight schedules a day, but it is expected that the work will be done faster after the men become more familiar with it.

CRIMINALS DO NOT REFORM.

So Says the Old Detective, Who Cites the Case of Jim Dunlap, the Bank Burglar.

The old detective, who doesn't believe that criminals ever reform, found another example with which to sustain his contention the other day, and of course his friends, who are more charitable in their views, had to listen. Once or twice they have differed with him, and the result has been a long succession of stories from the old detective, on the subject, some of which have already been printed in THE SUN.

"It's James Dunlap this time, boys," he began. "Maybe you don't know Jim, but you will recall him when I tell some of the things that he did. Jim was one of the leading lights of the old Dave Cummings gang, and the Dave Cummings crowd was the crowd that robbed the Northampton Bank of a cool million and a half in the late '70s. There was Billy Connors, now a prosperous bookmaker in this city, Shang Draper, poor old Bob Scott and Edson, who finally squealed and had them all roped in, after one of the biggest and most successful jobs ever carried out in this country.

"Well, I won't stop to tell you about the Northampton Bank robbery, because it's the duty of every man to know about such a famous crime as that, anyway. What I want to talk about is Jim Dunlap, the brains of that affair, and of many another. You know that I don't think there's such a thing as a criminal reforming. I've told you about Mark Shinburn and a half a dozen others, and the only one of all the old timers that's made a bluff at keeping straight is Dan Noble. Now Bob Scott and Jim Dunlap got a twenty bit piece as the result of Edson's squeal, and moved into Charlestown Prison near Boston, to serve it out. If ever two men got it hard those two did. They were young, bright and strong men, when they went in and a determined effort was made, under orders, I suppose, to break them down. It's a trick they have of killing crooks in prison, and don't look that way, because I know what I'm talking about.

"Well, Bob Scott died under the gaff they gave him, but before he gave up the ghost he sent down to New York for his wife, Mary Scott, now the well-known Mary Scott Rowland, the confection woman, and he told her that it was only a matter of days with him, and that he wanted her to transfer her interest in him, after his death, to his pal, Jim Dunlap, and to never cease working to secure a pardon for him. Mary Scott swore that she would do it, and after Bob's death she never missed making at least one visit a month to the Charlestown prison, to see Jim, and to do all that she could to make his prison life brighter. Say, her kindness to her late husband's friend was the only ray of sunshine in his life, and it kept him alive. Furthermore, she made miserable the life of every Governor of Massachusetts, with her never-ceasing pleas for the pardon of Jim Dunlap. Her fight for the man attracted universal attention and there was a great deal of sympathy for her. But Jim Dunlap was generally regarded as a man dangerous to the community in which he moved, and the police of every city in the country protested against his being pardoned.

"Mary Scott's efforts were all in vain until Gov. Russell came in. At that time Dunlap was a physical wreck. He had been in the hospital for weeks and it wasn't thought that he would live long. Mrs. Scott painted such a picture of Jim Dunlap's sufferings that it moved Gov. Russell, and after eighteen years in prison Dunlap was pardoned. He came out of Charlestown a physical wreck, and I remember that there was a great sensation at the time, because of the man's great crimes and his interesting record. Mrs. Scott brought him back to New York, and when the train pulled in at the Grand Central station there was a small army of reporters at the depot to get interviews with the famous Northampton bank burglar, who had been shut up in prison for eighteen years. The next day the papers were full of his story, and there was an interview with the woman who had done so much to secure his pardon, in which she said that Dunlap was broken in body and spirit, and would not live long. His remaining days, she said, would be spent in some quiet retreat. There was a whole lot more stuff written about Jim Dunlap and his reentrance into the world, but greater stress was laid on his penitence for his crimes and his determination to spend his last few years of life in a decent way than anything else.

"Very little was heard of Jim Dunlap after his release, but I heard from some crooks that he had entirely recovered his health. I asked them what he was doing and they only winked, so as it was not any business of mine as long as he wasn't in New York I let it go at that. Just the same I had my own views on the matter and how correct they were you will see in a minute. Not long ago Jim Dunlap was arrested in Chicago as he was entering his apartments. He had a little black bag with him, which, when opened, was found to contain a full set of finely wrought burglars' tools. There was also in the bag a glittering $10 silver piece. Jim made no kick about his arrest, but went along quietly, and is now awaiting trial on a charge of having burglars' tools in his possession. Dunlap was arrested because there have been a dozen safe blowings in Chicago in the past few months, and the character of the work indicated that it had been done by an old hand. He was known to be in Chicago because when he left New York he went there and opened a saloon. Have you any doubt that Jim Dunlap had a hand in those Chicago safe blowings? Anyway, it's perfectly clear to a normal mind that a man with a bag of burglars' tools, especially when it happens to be a man who has had forty years' experience as a cracksman is a crook and not a man of good intentions. That's the point I want to make.

"I tell you they don't reform, not a one of them. If eighteen years in the toughest prison in the country, and friends and opportunities such as few ex-convicts have, wont reform a man, nothing will. Jim Dunlap had all of these things, and yet the monkey's around at his old tricks, when he's a gray haired old man, and sure to be nailed sooner or later. No, sir, there's no such thing as reforming a crook."

DOORKNOCKERS ON ENGINE HOUSES.

Good Reasons Why They Are Preferred by the Fireman to Doorbells.

There is placed upon the front door of every new house built for the New York Fire Department an old-fashioned doorknocker. The first house thus equipped was built five years ago for the company of Engine 57, the fireboat New Yorker, on the wharf where the boat is moored, at the Battery. There are now in the city a number of fire houses with doorknockers. These are alike on all the houses which they appear, the design selected being of a simple, colonial style, rather elongated in form.

The doorknocker is larger, more conspicuously placed, and more likely to be seen than the plate of an electric push button, and nobody approaching the door at night, as for example, a citizen desiring to give an alarm, could fail to see it. No time is lost in looking for a bell, and inside the house there is no possibility of even momentarily confusing the sound of the doorknocker, as there might be in the case of a doorbell, with that of the gongs upon which the alarms are sounded.

So it comes about that while everything within the modern fire house is up to date to the last extreme limit, there is placed upon its door outside, as being the thing best adapted to its use there, an old-fashioned brass doorknocker.

Sandy's Toast to the Queen.

From the Glasgow Weekly Mail.

"Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm about to bring forrit 'The Queen.' [Applause.] Oor Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderful woman, if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae Whigmaleeries of falderals about her, but a douce, daecent body. She's respectable beyond a doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' weel-faured lads and lasses—her auldest son being a credit to ony mither—and they're a weel married. Ae daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, ye'll may be no' believe it, but I ance saw the Queen. [Sensation.] I did. It was when I took my auld broon coo to Perth Show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair!" [Interruption and cries of "Is it the coo or the Queen ye're proposing?"]

"The Queen, gentleman, I' beg your pardon, but I was talking about the coo. However, as to the Queen, somebody pointed her oot to me at Perth Station, and there she was, smart and tidy-like' and says I to mysel' 'Gin my auld woman at hame chips awa'ye needda remain a widower anither hour langer. [Cheers.] Noo, gentleman, the whusky's guid, the night is lang, the weather is wet, and the roads are saft, and will harm naebody that comes to grief. So aff wi' yer drink to the bottom! 'The Queen.'" [Cheers.]

POOLROOM'S AMENITIES.

THE SEEDY MAN'S DOLLAR AND THE MONEY IT BROUGHT.

Stratagem Needed to Get It Down on a Race—Got Twenty-five for It and Let It Pile Up, Bringing in $600—The Money Taker's Pride and Subsequent Humiliation.

A stout man with broken but highly polished shoes, frayed but spotless linen, dented but carefully brushed derby hat, fringe at the bottoms of his trousers, and a self-contained manner, gave the haughty money-taker behind the desk of the Forty-second street poolroom several opportunities for thought on Wednesday afternoon last. The man got into the upstairs poolroom without the usual card of introduction. He walked through the saloon behind a man whom he probably knew was going upstairs to the poolroom. The lynx-eyed watchers at the top of the stairs were off their guard for the moment, and the man with the hard-luck story in his raiment stuck right behind the privileged man in the van and passed in without question as to who stood for him.

The betting was just in on the first race at Morris Park when he arrived. He stood and looked at the card and the blue-pencilled odds thereon for a moment, grinned deprecatingly, walked over to the farthest corner of the room, sat down by a Swiss-curtained window and stretched his arms. There he sat for three straight hours without ever getting up either to look at the shifting odds on the races or to get near the youth who was calling off the results as the races were run. He spent most of the time in reading a paper-bound dog's-eared copy of "Dombey and Son" that he produced from his inside coat pocket. After a couple of hours, when he wearied of "Dombey," he pulled a large bundle of "dope" from another coat pocket. Some of his charts took him back to races run away last spring, and most of them were charts of races run on the Western tracks. He spent an hour over the "dope," and then it was 5 o'clock.

"First line o' bettin' on th' fift' race at Lakeside!" sang out the youth who calls out the results, placing the card of the fifth race at Lakeside in the rack.

The man whose apparel was eloquent of hard luck rose slowly from his chair, put away his "dope" and walked over to the rack where the betting cards were on exhibition.

"Thirty to one," he muttered, as if to himself, "and he'll limp in."

Then he slouched over to the room where the haughty money-taker sat enthroned. He pulled four quarters out of his right-hand vest pocket and put them on the counter.

"Dollar on Owensboro," he said, pushing the four quarters toward the haughty man.

The haughty man looked up from the tall stack of fifties and hundreds that he was engaged in counting. When his eye fell upon the four quarters he looked like Chuck Conners in the act of saying, "Fergit it."

"No dollars," he said, gruffly.

"Hey?" asked the man with the dented hat.

"Don't take no dollars," said the haughty money-taker, distinctly. "Nothin' less'n two."

"That so?" said the man with the hard-luck make-up. "Real chesty about it, ain't you?"

"Go ay-way," said the man behind the desk.

The man with the broken shoes picked up his four quarters and walked into the front room again. He got his eye on the young man who attends to the serving of drinks from the dumbwaiter, and approached him from behind.

"Hey, Reggie," he said to the dumbwaiter attendant, "get this ace down on Owensboro for me, will you? I'm shy the other one, and the white chips here cost two, it seems. I guess they'd get you take a flyer for a one-spot, wouldn't they?"

The young fellow at the dumbwaiter good-naturedly took the four quarters.

"Oh, maybe they'd pull off the limit for me if I whimpered a little," he replied. "Owensboro you want, hey? That's 30 to 1, ain't it? Say, you'd better go and get your laundry out with the white chip, chum. Owensboro'll be smothered."

"You get it down for me, Louie, and I'll hunch him home. He'll limp," said the hard-luck-looking man, passing over the four quarters. The youth in charge of the dumbwaiter took the four pieces of silver, stuck them into his change pocket, pulled out a dollar bill, and went into the room where the haughty money-taker sat enthroned.

"Guess I'll place this one, boss," he said to the man behind the counter, passing over the dollar, and the bet on Owensboro at 30 to 1 was down.

"You're on," said the young fellow to the man with the fringed trousers, returning to the main room. "But it's cigarette money for the house. Owensboro won't get a whistle."

Then they were off at Lakeside, and Owensboro, leading for the entire mile and a quarter, won in a romp by four lengths. The man whose four quarters were thus transmuted into $31 took it coolly enough.

"I knew he'd limp in," he said to the young fellow at the dumbwaiter. "It was real mint sauce at the weights. You'll get your bit when you cash that, Maurice."

When the race was confirmed the young man at the dumbwaiter was first in line, and as the haughty man behind the desk handed him the six fives and the one he said:

"You'll be too hefty for light work if you keep on pikin' that way, wont you?"

The young man handed the $31 to the seedy-looking man, and the latter stripped off one of the fives and the dollar bill and passed them over to the dumbwaiter attendant.

"That's your bit for getting it down for me," he said. "If you want to chase it along with mine, you'll go home weighted to-night."

Then the seedy-looking man went back to his corner chair and sat down until the betting came in on the sixth Lakeside race. When the first line of betting was put up on the card he looked it over for a moment, and then walked into the haughty man's throne room.

"Give us about twenty-five on La Princessa," he said.

"What, cents?" said the haughty man, remembering the seedy man's four quarters.

"Say, you've got your Sandow vest on all right to-day, haven't you?" said the man with the dented hat to the money-taker. "These," and he pushed his five five-dollar bills across the counter. "He got $125 against the $25 on La Princessa, gave his initials to the sheet writer, and walked into the front room to wait.

La Princessa tiptoed her field from the start and won, pulled to a walk.

"D'je get any o' that?" the seedy man asked the young fellow at the dumb waiter.

"Naw, I didn't think she had a show to fall down," was the reply. "Did you?"

"I win a hundred and a quarter on it," said the man with the broken shoes.

The young man in charge of the dumb waiter pulled out the four quarters that he had got from the seedy man, spat on them, and returned them to his pocket.

"I'll hang on to those," said he. "They're the Big Four for me from now on."

When the La Princessa race was confirmed all of the men in the poolroom who had won on the event fell into line to cash, but the man with the hard luck make-up didn't appear to be in any hurry for his money. He waited for the betting to come in on the last race at Lakeside, and after glancing at the odds, threaded his way slowly to the back room.

The haughty man received him this time with quite some consideration.

"Say, they're flitting right for you, ain't they?" he said.

"Oh, they'll do," said the seedy man. "Must a'e you a heap to dig one o' yer $150, all built up from those four two-bit pieces that you tried to make me feel small about, eh?"

"How'd you get 'em down?" inquired the haughty man behind the counter, looking a bit surprised.

"Oh, I put 'em with another duck's dollar," said the seedy man. "You don't have to chuck a coy smile at a well to drown yer troubles, tu!"

"Oh, well, it's a rule o' the house not to take dollar bets, y'see," said the man behind the counter, in a tone that was really quite apologetic. "Can't blame me for followin' th' rule, can you?"

"I haven't got a blame a-coming," replied the seedy man. "I'm all to the good. You can just keep that $150 and put it on Blue Lick for me—that is, if your game here isn't too much on the piking order to do that."

The haughty man was only too glad to get another chance to keep that roll of $150 in his drawer, and, as the betting against Blue Lick was 3 to 1 against, he wrote $450 against the seedy man's $150 with plenty of willingness.

Ten minutes later they were off at Lakeside, and, according to the way the race was called, an animal named Prestar, the rank outsider in the betting, won all the way. The seedy man was standing by the haughty money-taker's desk when the youth who calls out the results sang out: "Prestar wins!"

The haughty man behind the desk got up from his chair and leaned over the counter to the seedy man.

"Now, you piker," said he, in a gloating tone, to the man with the broken shoes, "you ain't so giddy as you was, are you? Say, I don't know how you butted in here, but we don't want no more piker's play around here. See? Now, go ay-way."

"That's all right, Montmorency," said the seedy man, not looking down in the mouth at all. "I gave you a run for those eight bits I had when I came in, didn't I? Brought the goose-flesh out some, hey? Showed you up for a pretty bum loser at that, didn't I?"

Just then the key started to click again, and the operator beat his ear to its report. Then the telegrapher looked up and announced:

"Mistake in colors at Lakeside. Blue Lick was in front all the way, and he wins easy by a length and a half. Prestar second."

The haughty money-taker's fat chops fell dismally. The seedy man grinned, pulled out a torn, but clean handkerchief, mopped his forehead, and leaned over to the haughty man.

"Say, my Marcus Superbus friend," he said, not in any particular tone of elation, with a certain gleam of triumph