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Poetry.

The First Suit.

Put away the little dress.

Mamma's boy is four years old.

Spoke awhile the silver tresses.

For, though papa seems to fear it.

None a little girl will see

In the stately form with tresses

Ending at the dimpled knee.

From the cap, with waving feather.

To the snug and shapely foot.

Perfect to the boyish suit.

And, with the boyish suit.

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Miscellaneous.

A Great Operation.

"Say, John, didn't that woman go

away crying?"

"She was sniffling a bit," answered

John Gledin, sitting around him

behind his counter.

"I should call it crying," said George

Austin, the first speaker. "What was

it?"

"Why—fact is, old fellow, she pawned

a brooch here a few weeks ago, and

just now she wanted to redeem it; but

the time was more than up, and I

couldn't do it."

"Why—bless your soul? The brooch was

pearls and garnet in one of the

finest settings I ever saw—the pearls

pure oriental, and the garnet like a

crimson ruby."

"And how much had you advanced on

it?"

"Ten dollars."

"And it is worth—"

"Fifty, at least."

"And very likely, it was a keeper,"

John Gledin said, "for it had been

in the family for two generations—

she had her needs and I have my

rules. She knew the rules before she

left the brooch, and she had no business

to come back for it before the

time was up."

John Gledin and George Austin

had been a sister to John's father; but

the mother and the father were both

dead, and John and George were both

orphans. George had learned the printer's

trade, and was at present engaged

upon a daily paper, while John had

worked his way into a pawn-broker's

office; and, though only five-and-twenty,

had learned all the tricks of trade,

that can extort money from the poor

and the needy. But John Gledin did

not do business under his own name.

The man before him had used the

name of "Joshua Shurt," and this same

name John used. "Joshua Shurt" had

appeared beneath the three golden balls

over the door; and it was also upon

the business cards; and, furthermore,

all his receipts and pawn tickets John

signed "J. Shurt."

"I don't know, John," said George,

who was his cousin's junior by two

years, after a season of reflection, "but

I think I would rather plod on at my

typical case than be in your business."

"Pshaw! You're soft-headed. I tell

you, George, I am making money. You

have no idea of the profit. For

instance, said George, "you have

made perhaps twenty dollars on that

brooch."

"Aye,—thirty."

"Well, I wouldn't have the weight of

that poor woman's sins and tears on my

conscience for ten times the amount.

So you can just see how I feel."

Shortly after George Austin went

