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**The Pawnbroker:  
How He  
Makes His Money**

How does the pawnbroker make money? Is a question not easily answered, although it is pretty well understood that he makes it easily and more or less plentifully. The successful pawnbroker must be a good judge of values, so that he may know just what he may safely pay for everything that is brought for him to buy. He must know how to buy so very cheaply that he can sell cheaply and still enjoy a large profit. It is the boast of the progressive and prosperous pawnbroker that he will buy anything that is offered, no matter what it may be, for some price. Nothing is so insignificant in value that he cannot take it and find for it a purchaser who needs it, and nothing so valuable that he cannot tempt its owner if the latter needs money badly.

In fact pawnbrokers do buy everything imaginable. Often they acquire things that they are required to keep for years before they may find purchasers, and sometimes they are known to give up their money sparingly for objects that seem never likely to be sought for. There is a pawnbroker in a city not far from Lincoln who has a motley collection of such articles. Among them is a tombstone, carefully carved with the name of the person over whose remains it was made to stand and wholly unfit for service over the grave of any other person. This tombstone has passed back and forth between its owner and the pawnbroker many times. It belongs to an old soldier who has in his day of healthful activity and industry been a stonecutter by trade. In a whimsical moment he determined to prepare his own headstone and did so. Adversity came with advanced age, but he lingers on, sustained chiefly by the pension he receives each quarter from the government. He is addicted somewhat to drink and while in his cups inclines to squander his scant competence. When his means are exhausted he is wont to carry his headstone to the pawnbroker and obtain upon it an advance sufficient to carry him through to the next pension day. The watchfulness of the pawnbroker prevents him from getting beyond his depth, and when Uncle Sam's remittance comes along he devotes a share of it to putting himself in readiness for burial and the redemption of his epitaph. This has been going on for several years and each time he brings it in he expresses the conviction that it will be the last. He has spent enough in redeeming it to have bought a better one several times over.

It is nothing unusual for the hockshop man to have a man walk into his store, pick an eye out of his head, lay it down upon the counter and ask how much he can get upon it. Almost any pawnbroker will have a glass eye or two in stock. One was recently encountered who had several sets of false teeth, and they were not gold either. Nor are these the only members upon which unfortunate men and women seek to secure the means of tiding over temporary misfortunes.

"I want to get fifteen dollars on my leg," a well dressed woman was recently heard to remark in a Nebraska pawnshop. The pawnbroker was evidently nonplussed for a moment, but only for a moment.

"I will have to see it first, madame."

was the quiet response. A moment of silence ensued in which the spectator was studiously observing everything else but those who were bent on the transaction in question, and then the woman was heard to say that if the pawnbroker would call at a number specified, which was her home, and bring the \$15 with him, he could secure the limb. Hardly had she left the store when he pawnshop man hustled out after her, and within fifteen minutes returned without the money, but in its stead he carried an artificial limb. She had especially cautioned him that he was not to sell it, as she proposed to take it out of soak again and to keep the interest paid until she did.

There is a pawnbroker in Lincoln who acquired some years ago a fine assortment of gloves of all grades and styles, from the rough leathern mit of the laborer to the finest kid and silk. A traveling man had become hard up and had asked an advance upon the lot. It was given, in spite of the fact that the gloves were all samples made only for use upon the right hand. The drummer never came back, but the pawnbroker has enjoyed patronage ever since from one-armed men and women who find that his place is the only one in which

they can secure one glove without buying two, one of which must be useless to them.

The successful pawnbroker must possess exceptional qualifications as a good seller, and most of them can actually sell anything. Some of their achievements in that line are really laughable and they do not hesitate to recount their triumphs to their acquaintances. Not long since a countryman entered a pawnshop and expressed a desire to buy a mackintosh. The proprietor was instantly ready to accommodate him and assured him that he had just what the visitor wanted. He brought out a long, flowing garment that proved to be sleeveless, but accompanying it was a capacious cape which took the countryman's fancy. The price was satisfactory and a few minutes thereafter pedestrians were seen to stop and gaze in wonder and amusement at an angular countryman proudly promenading down the crowded street with a woman's mackintosh flowing in the breeze. Really it is a very cold day when your uncle gets left.

Do not brush against persons on the street, nor elbow, nor jostle them. When in this condition, take an automobile.—Town Topics.

"Is it possible you caught Daffney trying to abduct your wife?"  
"Perfectly true."  
"I wonder you didn't kill him!"  
"I tried to."  
"You did!"  
"Yes; he wanted to back out at the last moment."—Town Topics.

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