

A COUNTRY GRUB CHANGED TO A CITY BUTTERFLY.

This is a portrait of a raw and unsophisticated child of nature, leaving his hoe and rake to become a tape and needle clerk, and ends by becoming a rake himself.



A caterpillar no more,
the butterfly shines forth
the effects of two years'
counterspumping in the
city: "I say, Jem, sa-
lary's cursed low, dem-
me; and if it was't for
sour krowl, I could't go
March Street."

XI.

First
Full

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19	A		
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25	7		
26	A		
27	2		
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