

The German Cobbler Tells Some Stories

How the Fairy Assisted an Old Woman—Nancy and the Wonderful Cold Cream.

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ONE day when a woman about fifty years old brings in a shoe to be fixed up and sits down and sighs and seems to feel bad I tell her this story:

"Once upon a time there was a woman who had got to be feisty years old. She was a married woman, but she don't have much happiness with her husband. She works hard, and she lives poor, and not one time in five years does she go by der theater or a picnic. Once in a great while she laughs, but most always she has tears in her eyes."
 "Why, dot vhas shust like my case," says der woman.

"Dis poor woman keeps right on being sad," I says, "and she don't belief



"My good woman, but why dis sorrow?" she chill ever have some good times in dis world, when she goes out in der forest one day to gather fagots. She walks around and picks oop sticks, and some tears vhas in her eye when a leetle girl comes out of der bushes and speaks oop and says:

"My good woman, but why dis sorrow?"

"Because my husband vhas not good to me, and I vhas an old woman. Not one time in my life do I go to a circus or have soda water mit ice cream in it. If I had a piece of clothesline I should hang myself to a tree."

"Say not so," replied dot leetle gal. "I keep my eye on you for a long time. You vhas patient and hardworking, and now you shall be rewarded. One, two, three, and presto, change!"

"Und den what takes place?" asks der woman of me.

"Vhell, dot person goes home to find dot her husband falls off der dock and vhas drowned. Dere vhas a carriage at der door, and in dot carriage vhas a member of der beef trust. He vhas come to ask her to marry him, and to say dot he vhas worth \$10,000,000 and would make her life a perfect paradise on earth."

"She shumps into der carriage and goes avhay and vhas wed. She vhas no longer feisty years old, but thirty. She no longer has gray hairs and wrinkles, but vhas so handsome dot all dry good stores make her a discount of 10 per cent. In one year she goes to Niagara falls and ten circuses and feisty theaters. She has ten carriages, a hundred dresses and sixty servants. She goes by der races and bets \$1,000."

"Und vhas dot leetle gal in der forest a fairy?" asks der woman.

"She vhas, und what she does for one woman she can do for another. You don't have to go out in der forest. Shust sit down at home and be good and dot fairy can find you."

"Und when dot woman goes avhay she vhas smiling and humming to herself and more happy dan for six months. She knows it vhas only a story, but it cheers her oop and brings new hopes."

Dot same day a leetle girl about ten years old comes in to get her mudder's shoe fixed. Her hands and face vhas dirty and her dress ragged. She vhas sad dot she have to bring der shoe

and she woa't talk to me. I wait five minutes und den I begin:

"One time dere vhas a leetle girl und her name vhas Nancy. She vhas der daughter of poor parents, and she wears old clothes and neffer goes on a Sunday school picnic or rides on der merry-go-round. Her fadder don't care for her, und her mudder gives her ash munny ash ten cuffs on der ear every day."

"Dot's der vhay it vhas mit me," says der leetle girl, ash she shakes her head.

"Dis girl dot I tell you about she don't like it a bit, but what can she do? She cries und cries, but dot vhas no good. If her fadder finds her weeping he swears at her, und if her mudder finds her she gives her ten cuffs und a slap. She is not old enough to get married, und if she runs avhay der police bring her back."

"Just my case, old man," says der girl mit der shoe, "but you can bet your life I'm not going to put up with it much longer."

"Dere vhas no happiness for der girl in my story, und every night when she goes to bed she wishes she vhas dead. One night she vhas going to eat some pounded glass, but a leetle old woman mit a kind face suddenly appeared at her bedside und said:

"Stop, my child. Don't you know dot pounded glass vwill send you to der graveyard?"

"But dere is where I like to go."

"Foolish leetle girl. I have known all about you for a year. I vhas a fairy, und your sufferings vhas oafed. Dere vhas a box of cold cream und a looking glass. When I vhas gone rub der cream on your chin und look into der glass. If you should ever vwant to see me again telephone to 'O. K.' on Jay street."

"Und what more happened?" asked der leetle girl mit der shoe.

"Vhell, Nancy rubbed der cream on her chin und looked in der glass, und behold, she vhas changed into one of der handsomest und sweetest girls of eighteen you ever saw. By her bed vhas twenty beautiful dresses, mit hats to match, und der diamond jewelry made her cry out mit pleasure."

"Dat vhas a jolly. But go on."

"Nancy vhas looking at der dresses und diamonds when she suddenly flies through der air, und begins pop in a

panace. Her husband vhas dere, he vhas a beautiful man, wid no bow to his legs. Dere vhas gold und silver und dried oysters, und ice cream, und angel cake. Dere vhas horses und carriages und servants, und dere vhas no baker to come along und say dot if his bill wasn't paid oop he would cut off der bread. It vhas shust happy happiness, und Nancy lived to be one hundred years old und enjoyed herself every hour."

"Und do you think dot may happen to me?" asks my leetle customer.

"Why not? If it can happen to one leetle girl, why not to another?"

"Dot vhas so. Do you belief dot old woman fairy will come tonight?"

"I can't say, but you must be on der watch."

"You bet I vhas on der watch, und shall I tell you what vwill happen if I vhas changed oafed und get all dose things? I tell fadder und mudder und der old crowd to go to der tuyvel und be hanged to 'em, und if dey ever come on my street I'll whistle for der police und der hurry up wagon. Goodby, old man. Dot story of yours vhas all sour milk, und I don't belief a word of it, but you have a kind heart, und I thank you all der same."

Und she goes avhay whistling und skipping, und I know she half believes dot some good thing is going to happen to her.

Half an hour later a fat woman comes in to get a cement patch on a shoe. My, but she vhas fat! She vhas so big she can hardly get in der door. When she tells me what she wants und sits down I begin:

"One time dere vhas a good woman mit a sorrow. She vhas sooch a good woman dot everybody likes her, but dot sorrow vhas ever at hand to bring tears to her eyes."

"Vhas you telling me a fairy story?" she asks.

"Yes."

"Vhell, dot vhas all right. So der woman had a sorrow, eh?"

"She did. It vhas der sorriest sorrow in der world."

"Vhell, trot it out und let's hear what it vhas. Did she have a drunken husband?"

"No."

"A game leg?"

"No."

"Wasn't she loved?"

"In a vhay, yes, but her sorrow vhas her fatness. She vhas der fattest woman on der block. It took her ten minutes to get into bed, und when she fell out again der whole house shook."

"I vhas going on to tell how a fairy came one day und blew dot fatness away und gave dot woman der form of a sylph, but before I could do so she shumps oop und hits me a cuff on der ear und grabs der shoe und sails out, und when she vhas on der sidewalk she

shakes her hat at me und shouts: "Oh, you old Dutchmans, but if I vhas a man instead of a frail girl I don't let up till I break every bone in your body!"

M. QUAD.

Scotch.

Joey Eskimo—Give me a bite of your seal blubber.

Madge Eskimo—No, I won't!

Joey Eskimo—All right, you! Didn't I let you drink half the oil when I hooked the lamp out of the mission Sunday school?—Puck.

Might Be True.

"Honesty is the best policy," remarked the quotation fiend.

"Perhaps you are right," rejoined the skeptical person. "Anyway, an insurance policy isn't always the best honesty."—Chicago News.

Enjoyable.

"Did you enjoy the musicale last night?"

"Very much. I spent the evening in the conservatory with the prettiest girl in attendance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Some Painful Cases.

"Do you think it is possible to love two girls at the same time?"

"Possible? Some fellows have a hard time trying not to."—Detroit Free Press.

"A Square Meal."



—Harper's Weekly.

The One True Love.

You may talk of your love for women. You may talk of your love for self. But the only true and steadfast love is the love for one's own self.

—New York Press.

Dairy Form.

The type of the cow has just as much to do with milk giving capacity in proportion to feed consumed as the form of the horse does in making of him a wasteful or an economical feeder. We have all seen slab sided, leggy horses that required a barnful of hay and fifty ears of corn a day to fill up. There is the same difference in cows. It pays the farmer to be able to judge of the value of cows by the animal's form—dairy form.—Farm and Ranch.

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Mrs. T. C. Willadsen

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