

## THA SHOEMAKER HARTIST

Zi Goombs wur a Ladies' Shoemaker at Walsbury, voke caal'd un tha shoemaker hartist, becaas when a wurden snobbin a wur draain picters, at wich a wur a tarblish han. Zom zed, as how he'd mead anodder "Crookshaink," if a ad bit bin put under a good draain measter when a wur young; howsemever, he wur a good ladies shoemaker, an turned em out a han proper; his wife zed as how he med a rod in his carriage if tadden a bin var tha drink. Times wur got terryable bad wie Zi, bit a aelways manidged ta keep up what he caal'd a genteel appearance, var when out a dooers a wur aelways rigged out black, wie girt patches a greeney brown at tha elbows an knees, as var tha cuffs of he's cwoat, the backs on em shined like zilk, as he aelways mead em do steed of a pocket handkershere, zom zed as how he got tha suit out a paanshop, an zom zed twur tha Vicar's left off suit. One day, a young ooman came to his house ta be midger'd var a pair a shoes, jist ta get married in, they wur ta be mead as nice an lite as he cood possibly meak em, white zatin uppers, wie rid roses on tha tops, an tha zoles wurden ta be much thicker than brown peaper, an she greed ta gied un a guinea var em. Zoo Zi an his wife zet ta wirk an mead tha shoes, tha young ooman wur terrible plazed we em an gied un a shillin extry. When she com out a church atter bein married, in her zitement in getting inta tha carridge, she happen'd ta hatch her voot in tha carridge step, an tore one a tha uppers vrum tha zole amwoast. She wur too confounded an ashamed ta zaay anything about it to her usbind at tha time, bit atter tha honeymoon, she gooes down ta Mister Zi Goombs in a terrible rage, an

axes un what a meaned be meakin her zich a pawltry flimsy pair a shoes as that, as diden last a day. "Look here, young ooman," a zaays, "you ordered thic ar pair a shoes ta be mead as light as possible, as you ony wanted em jist to be married in did'nee?" "eece," zaays she; "well then," a zaays, "you wur married in em wurden ee," "eece," she zaays;" "well then what av ee got ta grumble about."

When sheenery wur invented var meaken boots an shoes, times got wusser an wusser we poor Zi, a used ta meak a vew pairs an hawk em about tha villages. One day, a vound hiszelf right auver to Bower Chaak, we out a varden ta his neam, as a adden zould a single pair ael tha day. Tired out, a plodded his way back wom, an ta raste a vew moments, quat up on a geat as auverlooked a vine varm house jist tother zide tha road; ta wile away tha time, a teaks out his sketch book as a aelwys car'd we un, an begun ta draa tha house; a adden bin there above ten minets, when tha varmer cotch'd zite on un, an comes across tha lawn an wishes un good evenin; "Good evenin, zur," zaays Measter Zi Goombs in his mwoast genteel way. "I trust you'll parden me, bit I've just taken tha liberty in passen, of taking a sketch of your very beautiful house an its zurroundins. I'm an hartist you see, engaged on one of tha Lunnen peapers, an am zent down ta take sketches of tha different objects of interest in these locality, an your beautiful house taking my eye, I'm sketching it, zo that in due course it will appear in ower Journil." Tha woold varmer wur main plazed wie that, an zed as how he hoped he'd put in tha picter, he an his wife waakin bout on tha lawn, wich a coose Measter Goombs promised ta do; "An when yo've done yer sketch," zaays tha varmer, "do ee come in an av zim

luncheon, we shall be delighted. I'll go in and tell my maid Nan to put it out at once." Zoo Zi thanked un, and as a wurr main peckish, purty zoon vinished the draain, pulled hiszelf together, and struttled ael up across the lawn to the house, jist as tho a wurr a lard. Varmer hiszelf opened the door, and show'd un into the dinin room, wurr a vine spread a beef and ham, wie zom bottles a ale, wurr already; and wich ya med be zure a diden vail to do justice to. Atter he'd had a good tightener, and Nan had a clared the cloth, the varmer comes in and axes un to av a grog and a segar; and ther the two on em zat, taakin about picters and Lunnen, till twur nearly dark, ael at wonce Zi jumps up and a zaays, "I raaly mist toddle as I've to get to Zalsbury to nite and its zix miles, I believe." "Dwoant ee caddle yerself," zed his host, "hav another glass, and my man shall drave ee in." Zi ad anodder, and purty zoon hoss and gig stood at the vront doer. The varmer and his Missus gied ower hartist a hearty zend off, and twould un they shood be plazed to zee un agean at any time, and a wurr to be zure and zend a dozen copies a the Journil, wen the pictur o' ther house and lawn com out in un. Zoo off went Zi and the groom, and ower hartist wurr puzzlin his brains ael the way to Zalsbury how ee shood get rid o' the man wieout appearin shabby, as a adden a got a varden in his pocket. Zoo jist as they got auver Harnim Brudge, and wurr cloas agen wurr the road da branch off, Zi bawls out, "Stop, coachmin, stop! Ther's a brother hartist jist gone droo the Close geat, I mist jist spake to un a minet," zoo a jumped out a the gig, took to his heels, and mead his way ael droo the Close, High Street, and Crane Street, to his cottage in Vishitin, as vast as he cood; lavin the groom wie the hoss and gig to bide ther as long as a wurr minteed. Twur a main shabby trick, now werden it? bit tis zartin true.