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Mr. Beiler Wanted a Wife and Folk Tale Medicine

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MR. BEILER WANTED A WIFE.

Mr. B----r was a young Amishman , very much undersized, so very much undersized indeed, that the girls did not take to him. It made him unhappy, ^{to have} everyone teased him about not having a girl. The letter carrier too, would say " Have a date to-night Jake?" or "Hows your girl, Jake?" ^E and everytime he saw him, he joshed him; but in a friendly way, and really won his confidence.

"Why don't you advertise for a girl in a matrimonial paper? You know if you want something, you must go after it." *said the mailman*

"I don't know how to write such an advertisement", *said the Amishman*

" Well I will help you", *answered the letter carrier*

So they both got their heads together and sent the following ad to a matrimonial agency in Ohio.

Wanted to correspond with a young woman matrimonially inclined. Farmer has a farm of his own, cow, horse and carriage. Able to provide for a family. Lanc R.D.

They waited for a letter. One came along and ~~they~~ ^{letters were} exchanged letters. Things seemed to be progressing and the young man was feeling good. Then a letter came, with her picture, ^{one day} a rather good looking young woman ^{she was shy} and asking his picture in exchange. Now this was something an Amishman could not well do- it was against their religious belief. ^{church "adding"} So he sent a letter in answer without the picture. But the next letter insisted on a photograph. He ^{came into town} had them taken and sent her one. ^{There was} She never replied again. ^{and had} The big bushy beard ^{spoiled} it.

The young man got sick, even sick in bed, and one day he had ~~them~~ ^{called} call the letter carrier in. He said "I cannot live and I cannot die. Those photographs are in the bottom bureau drawer, no one of my family know about it. Take them out, tear them up and burn them"

This the letter carrier did.

AND THE YOUNG MAN DIED .

This story was told me by the mother of the letter carrier: she said he should not have done it ".

Please do not let my name be know. because the people are living here in Lancaster, at least relatives.

Folk Tale Medicine.

Miss B----- was the supervisor of a school, when she told this.
" She said when I was a young woman, I had pneumonia; the doctor tried to cut down the fever- he gave me about twenty shots of the new drug just then discovered - but they had no effect. But I was so sore in my hips I could hardly know which way to lie."

" An old lady came to the house and asked my mother how I was. Mother was worried and said 'not at all, we can't bring down the fever'. Well ^{she replied} my people, would tie a salted mackerel under the sole of each foot. Why don't you try that?"

Her mother did, and she got well.

This supervisor was not superstitious, and doesn't know if the drug at last did take effect or possibly it was the salted mackerel.

This tale is contributed by a member of my evening course on the folklore of southeastern Pennsylvania. It was told by the mother of the letter carrier who said his son should never have done what he did.