

**TANTE PHIL'S FAIRY
STORIES:
VIOLETTE AND HER
SHOE LEATHER COFFIN**

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Tante Phil's Fairy Stories: Violette and Her Shoe Leather Coffin by Marie Emelie von Overstolz

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MARIE EMELIE VON OVERSTOLZ

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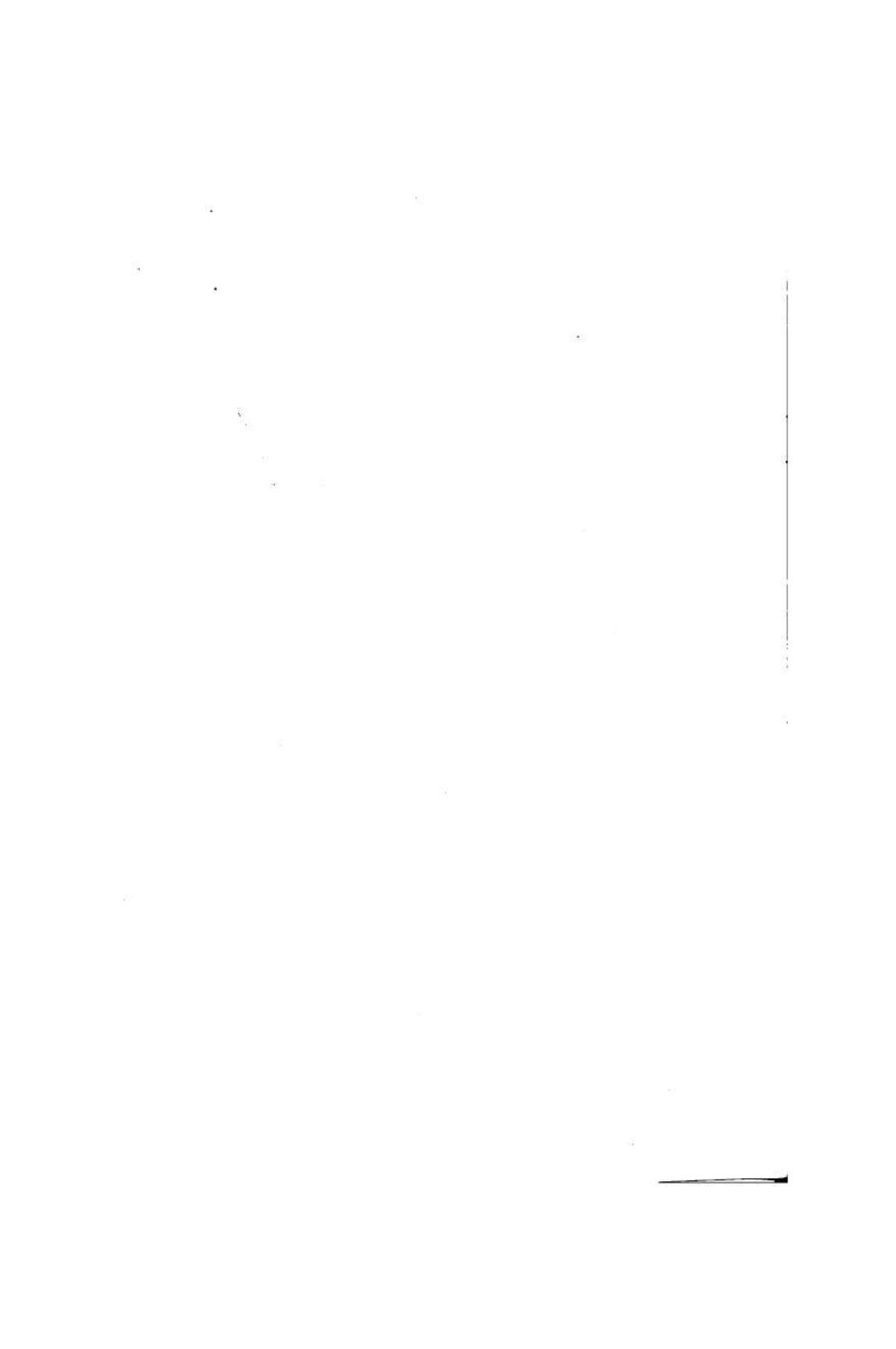
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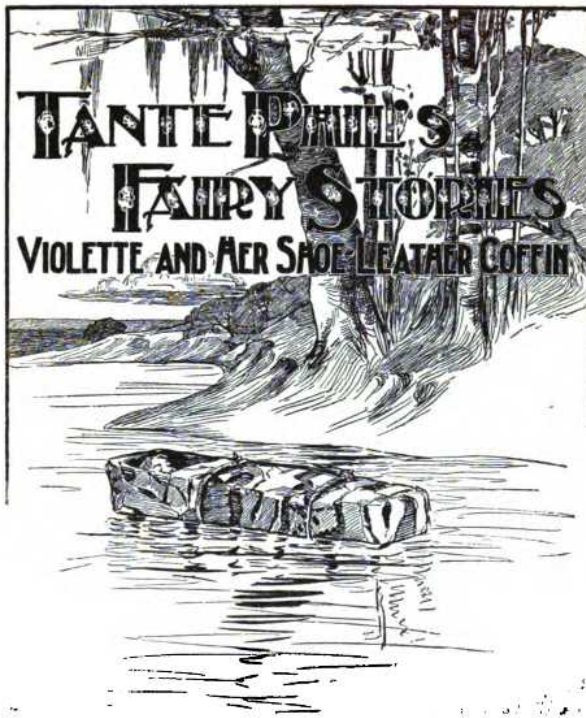
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“VIOLETTE AND HER SHOE- LEATHER COFFIN.”

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1802, when our great Western country still belonged to France, there lived upon the banks of the Red river a man by the name of Papillon, whose family consisted of a good wife and one happy-go-lucky little girl, Violette. She was always getting into trouble by her mischievous acts, and often running away to play with the little Indians whose wigwams surrounded the village. She was especially fond of climbing and many a time was found hanging upside down on a picket fence, several times she fell from off a tree, and once was laid up for weeks with broken fingers, once broken toes, and again with a great gash across her neck, but all these accidents did not seem to frighten her, for as soon as she was well again, she would be as wild and adventuresome as ever.

In the settlement where these people lived there was a small fort upon which the flag of France was hoisted on a pole every morning, and taken down every evening. All the little children in the place were warned against going on top of this building, with its winding stairs. But Violette was unmindful, and one day was brought home nearly dead, having fallen down the winding, treacherous stairs of the fort. As usual, her recovery was wonderfully rapid, and soon she was as wild and gay, as though she were in reality, as she was in name, a butterfly; for indeed, all her pranks caused more suffering to her mother than to Violette. At last the poor old mother, to prepare her daughter, prophesied that if Violette again risked her life, she would be brought home dead, and be sewed up in a leather coffin, made out of all the old shoes to be found, and her grave should be in the river.