



## HOW ZAM SLINGER TOOK THA SWARM A BEES

As I tawld ee in tha tale about tha woold Tin Tay Kiddle, Zam Slinger wur aelwys moochen about ta zee what a cood vind, ar lay he's hans on zoos he cood get money var drink. Well, one day tha latter peart a May he'd bin auver tha hill ta help Squire Bucksters gierdener do zim wirk, and wur a commin whoam in tha evenin be a shart cut droo tha hood. It had bin terryable hot an muggy thic day var tha time a year; an Zam zat un down under one a tha girt big bache trees ta raste he's zelf a bit, an av a pipe a baccy.

Ael at wonce, he yeard zich a hummen an buzzen gwain on in tha copse, a wur main puzzled var ta knaa tha caas on it. Zoo a crapes droo tha bushes as quiets a mouse tawards tha pleace wur tha zoun come vrom, an begar, if there wurden a girt vine swaarm a bees hangin on to a bush, jist like a girt cluster a grapes, as ya da zee, hangen down vrim tha roof in a gennelmin's greenhouse.

Lar bless my zawl, zays Zam! What a vine swaarm ta be zure, an a May swaarm too, thame woth a lot a money, var as I've yeard zay:

“A swaarm a bees in May,

Be woth a loud a hay.”

Bit dang my ticker! how in tha name a thunder be I ta teak em, an get em whoam. I ant a got nuthen handy var ta putt em in, an ifs za be I da rin whoam var a skep, ten ta one if thay beant ael vlow'd away avore I gets back agean. Zoo a studied an studied, ow he shood capter thic ar swaarm a bees. Atter gien on it up two ar dree times as a bad job, ael at wonce a brillent hidear took hold on un, an a jumps up, an zings out “I've a got it.” “Be drat if I dwoant chance it anyhow, yer gooes ta meak a baig out a me shirt.”

Zoo a pulls off he's cwoat an wacecwoat teaks off he's blue check shirt, ties up tha yarm holes an neck we string “as a wur never shart o' ” nice an tight like, holded up tha baig auver tha branch a tha bush, an shook tha bees in, there wur skiercely a score as wurden cotch.

Dally, zays Zam, thats what I da call a tarblish tidy an clever trick, let it be how twill. Zoo a ties em up nice an tight, an then meaks his way whoam we em as vast as he's laigs hood carry un, an zill'd em ta woold Barmy at tha Pig an Whistle var vive shillings. An ta zelebrate he's good vartun traded every biddys as wur in tap room to a pwint a beer, an had no less than vawer he's ownself, a wur tha plazed.

When a got whoam to he's own cottage, twur main leat, an atter a good jaain vrim he's wife when she zeed tha steat a wur in, Zam slunk off ta bade out of her way, an tha zoun a her clapper.

Well, bout tha middle a tha night Zam wur weaked up be he's wife zuddenly jumpen out a bade in a terryable vright an she bawls out at tha top a hur voice “Var goodness seak, what's in tha bade?”

“Why I be, beant I,” says Zam quite innercent like.

“Eece I knaa thee bist, wuss luck,” says she.

“Bit whats a got we thee I shid like to knaa?”

“Here be I ael in a sting an craal we zim nasty stingin varmints as I swear wurden yer this marnin when I made tha bade up.

“Wurs a bin ya good var nuthen rascal to get sich things about ee?”

“Noo wur” says Zam.

“Dwoant tell lies, zays she, I know thee hast, an I'll vind out avore I lays down in thic ar blessed bade agean.” Zoo she bundles Zam out, turns back tha bade clothes, an be drat if thay're wurden zeven ar haight girt bees craalen about in tha bottom a tha bade. “Ya good var nuthen lyen houn on thee she zays, whats mean be playen zich a trick on I as this?”

Zam zeein she wur in a terrible pelt an bwilin auver amwoast we rage twould her ael about he's teaking tha swaarm a bees in copse, an bringen on em whoam in he's shirt, an ta prove a wurden tellen on her lies took out of he's britches pocket ael tha money as wur laved out a tha vive shillings a zwold em var an handed to her.

Tha zite a tha money had the effect of calmin on her down a leetle, an when she wur zatisfied twurden no trick of Zams to upzet an annoy her, she relented an bouath on em zet ta wirk to heject tha bees vrim their unnatural hive, which took up haaf tha night purty nigh, an she hood persist in havin every sheet an blankit well shook out, avore she mead up tha bade agean.

Bit as you mid gace, narn on em diden sleep very zoon tha raste peart a tha night, an nex marnen she zays “Look yer Zam'l, tha nex time thee'se vind a swaarm a bees in copse an bring em whoam in thee shirt, jist tell I on't hoot.”

An Zam zed as how he hood.