

HOW WOOLD BARMY BOUGHT THA CROCKERY

Woold Barmy an he's wife at tha "Pig an Whissle" wur a couple a cute uns, at laste thay thought thay wur. An tood teak a tarblish clever feller to get auver em, ar teak em in, thay used ta zay.

Howzemever, clever an cute as thay wur, thay took their ownzelves in purty tidy wonce.

There wur a girt sale on up at tha big house, zoon atter tha woold Squire died, an Missus Barmy mead up her mine ta buy a woold vaishoned zet a dinner crockery. She'd a lived at tha Squires in her young days dwoant ee zee, as cook, an had zarved up many a dinner in thic ar zet a crockery, zoo she vow'd no razonable zum shood keep her vrim buyen on em out a spect like to tha Woold Squire, an var woold acquaintance seak too.

Zoo she an her usbind planned how ta act in tha Sale Room, he wur ta be one side, an she tother, jist in zite a one anodder like, an when tha auctioneer, "who wur a strainger in tha nayberhood" did ax var bids, Barmy wur ta bid an then look across to he's wife who hood nod back to un as to ow var she hood av un goo var tha things.

Zoo when tha auctioneer comed to tha desired lot Barmy let a vew a tha bidders meak a start, zoo's

not ta be thought auver anxious var tha things.

At las tha auctioneer come to what a thought wur tha last bid “*Dree poun vive*” an wur jist agwain ta knock em down, when Barmy at he's wife's zignal zings out *Dree poun ten*, then Missus Barmy nodded agean, tha auctioneer's keen eye detected her an he forthwith declares *Three pound fifteen* is offered. *Vower pound*, zays Barmy. Mrs Barmy nodded agean. “Four pounds five” is offered says tha auctioneer. *Vower pound ten*, zays Barmy. Mrs Barmy nodded agean. “Four pounds fifteen” says tha auctioneer. *Vive pound*, zays Barmy. Mrs Barmy nodded agean, “Five guineas,” says tha auctioneer. “Eece, an I'm drat if you medden av em, zays Barmy, var I wunt spring anodder varden that I wunt.”

Tha auctioneer knocked em down, an looken across to Missus Barmy, zays, “the lots yours Madam, What name please?” “*Barmy*,” zays she, bit I hant a bin bidden tis me usbin there. Oh I cant help that Madam, says he, I took your nods as bids, as is usual in a sale room, you must have the goods at the price “Five Guineas.”

At this every biddy in tha sale room roared we laffter, when thay voun as ow woold Barmy an he's wife had bin bidden one agean tother, an had to pay vive guineas var tha crockery when thay med a had it var dree if thay adden a bin za darned cute an cunnen.

Measter Barmy an he's wife wur quite flabbergastered, when thay vound out what vools thay'd mead a therzelves thay looked as zowr as vargess at tha voke aroun em, an at one anodder too,

ache o'm blamin the tother.

They had a badish time on it at the “Pig an Whistle” var many a longvull day, an even now when thair customers be ar bit merry, thay ull zay “Hows tha Squires Vive Guinea crockery zet a wearin Measter?”