

## JIM JEFFS BEAKED BRITCHES

Jim Jeff tha drobner, come wom one nite soak'd droo vrum yead ta voot. "Here," a zaays ta his wife teakin off his leathern britches, "put em zom where var em ta be dry be tha marnen," zoo she, poor ooman, shoves em inta tha oven, jist atter she'd a draad their batch a brade, an vargot ta teak em out; nex marnen Jim baals out, "wurst put me britches?" "Lar a massy," zaays his lovin wife, "they be in oven that they be, an I quite vargot ta teak em out," Jim went ta tha oven, an there that wur zure enuff, shrivelled up jist like a dry'd eel skin; a tugged an tugged, an swor'd as how a cooden get inta em no how, not at ael, "av patience min," zaays his better haaf, "look at tha patience a Job as we da rade about in scripter," "Job be bodderd," zaays Jim, "thee doosen rade as how he had any beaked britches ta get onto, I know."