

WOULD TIMS'S LIFE POLICY

Zam Tubs bought a Life Policy of a Woold Tims, who wur hard up an abliged ta zill un. Zom vew months atter, zim waggish chaps met Tubbs at tha village public house, an var a lark, twold un as how woold Tims had a died suddent tha nite avore. “Lar a massy on me,” zaays Zam, “ye don't zaay zo! an I ony jist bought his Life Policy, well, tis a baddish job var poor woold Tims, bit a slice a good luck var I,” zoo a stood glasses roun on tha straingth on't; an nex marnen off a went drased in black, ta tha village wur poor woold Tims did live, var ta hear tha rights on't, an ta get a copy of tha death cistificate. Zoo wie a tear in his eye, an as mwornvul a look as a cood muster up, a knock'd at tha dooer, an who shood come ta open un bit woold Tims hisself, hale and hearty like. Zam's hair nearly stood on en to see un, an a blubbers out “why I thought you wur dade, I wur twold on't var zartin;” “Dade,” zaays tha woold man, “I spoose thee'se want me dade doosen? clare out a this” a zed, slammin tha dooer in his veace. Zam went wom a wiser man, bit vowin vengeance on thay there chaps as had hoaxed un zo.