

## THA BASTE JUMPER

Jim Stumps wur ower village cobbler, an a knowin blade a wur too. A wur a short thick zet feller, zo that voke nick neamed un, stumpin Jimmy. One nite down at tha Pig an Whistle, zom a tha chaps got braigen bout ther runnin an jumpin. “Well,” zaays Jim, “I haant a got very long laigs, zertinly, bit I'm dang if I dwoant bet ee a shillin a piece I da jump as vur as any on ee, if you'll let I draa tha line an jump vust.”

“Done,” zaays every one on em, “Down wie thee money Jimmy.” Zo thay ael lugged out ther shillins an Lanlard holded em. “Now then, Jimmy,” cries thay, zoo Jim we a nub a chaak, draas a line bout haighteen inches vrim tha wall, an jumped up to un, “now then,” a zaays, “toe tha line, an jump vurder then that will ee.” A coose thay purty quick zeed thay'd bin done, an lanlard handed Jim auver tha money, bit zom on em diden zeem to glitch it very well. Zom years atter, zim hurdle jumpin wur gwain on at tha club veast, out in Lanlard's archet, an thay got plaigen Jim about his short laigs. “I'll jump a hurdle we any on ee, var haaf a crown, there now.” “Done,” zaays a long lanky chap nearly zix voot high. Zo thay put down their money, a hurdle wur stuck upright, and tha lanky chap wur auver un in a jiffy, zoo Jim runs up, lays tha hurdle down vlat, and jumped auver un clane enough, and a coose claimed tha money, which wur handed up to un, as a diden gree, to jump auver un upright.