THA BASTE COW

Woold Hayes prided hisself mainly bout his vine deary a cows. He, an his milk man Tom, had a vine shindy one day, an a dreatened ta zack un. Tom wur a zulky zart of a chap, an it stuck in his gizzard mainly. Zo one day, as woold Hayes wur showin tha Squire auver tha deary an cow shed, Tom wur there at his wirk, an his measter zaays, "Tom, teak a yarmvul a hay an put down ta tha baste cow." Tom got tha hay an went an stuffed it up tha nozzle of tha pump an zaays, *Thic's ower baste Cow, Squire.*" Woold Hayes got za martil spitevul that a gied un tha zack ther an then, while Squire wur abliged ta hold his zides wie laffin. Zoon atter, Tom bought a couple a cows, an zet up dearyman hiszelf, an twur woondervul how ee got on wie two cows, an a yeacre a lan. Zom zed a mist av had a windvall, bit one day it com'd out. Var as a wur midgerin out tha lanleady's milk at tha 'Pig an Whissle,' out vill a slice a turmit about dree quarters of a ninch thick, into her beasin. "What da this mean?" zaays she. "Be danged if I knaas," zed tha bewilderd Tom, "zombiddy mist a bin playin a trick wie my midger." "ratt thee," zaays she, "tis thy own rougish tricks thee'se a bin playin on voke long enough. Dwoant thee show thy veace yer no mwore, ar I'll zummins thee var gien shart midger." Tom zoon atter zould off an laved tha village, as twur getting a leetle too hot vor'n.