

A WUR BARN'D

David Dunster, ower varm bailee, wur a goodish zart of a man enuff, bit rather gone a lettle on zom things. Wonce when Zalzbury races wur on, a zed ta his wife, “Car'line, I'd a good min't ta run across an zee tha hosses rin a bit;” “Well,” zaays she, “if ya do, lave thic ar watch an chain a-touam;” “What var,” zaays he; “Never mine,” zaays she, “lave un here an then ya'll know he's seaf;” “God bless tha ooman,” a zaays, “why tha man yeant barn as can rob I.” Zoo off a went an got ta tha course just in time var tha vust race. Zoo a got a good pplace jist cloas to tha winnin pwost, an in a vew moments tha crowd begun ta bawl out “thame a commin, thame a commin,” an David hung auver tha ropes, an stretched out his neck, ta zee em come up tha course; an his watch wur lugged out of his weastcwoat pocket in a jiffy, bless ee, an he know'd nuthen about it, till zom biddy zeed his watch chain a danglin an twould un on't. “Dang that,” zed David, “*tha feller is barn'd*, an up here it zeems zure enuff. What'll Car'line zaay now?” An as ya mid be zure she diden varget ta twit un about neither.