

THA CRAFTY POACHER

Ned Strouter wur a cunnen woold poacher, a cood mismerize rabbits and hares like a stoat, an as var vish, if a ony clapped his eyes on one, a wur out a water in a jiffy, tha keepers ael roun, had as much as thay cood do to look atter un, bit twur zeldom thay cotch un. One day tha Squire's zon zeed un prowlin about in tha river cloas ta withy bade, neaked as a wur born'd, "What are ye doin there?" zaays he. "Avin a bathe," zaays Ned, "ta be zure." "Come out o'it, I shall zarch ee," zoo Ned gets out a tha river an gooes up to un wieout a rag on, and a zaays, "here I be, zarch me." Tha young Squire cooden help grinnin, an a zed, "I shall auver haul yer clothes," zoo a turned Ned's clothes about wie his stick, bit deuce a bit cood he vind any vish, aelthough tha crafty woold baiger had got a couple a vine trout, hid away in a hawl in tha baink, an which a diden varget ta carry away wen twur dark. A had tha cheek one day ta offer a vine brace to tha Squire's own cook, an Squire happened ta come out, as Ned wur at the dooer, an a zed, "I spoose Strouter, if tha truth wur know'd, thease vish com out a me own river?" "O no, zur," zed he, "Thay com vrim a river tother zide tha Jordan." Ned wur a good mechanic, but a diden like wirk, he hood wander var ten miles auver tha downs var a vew musherrooms, zooner than yarn good money at his trade. Ther wur a good lot a musherrooms on tha downs near ower village, an one marnen, I took it into me yead to get up at vawer a clock, an goo and get a vew, jist as I got on top a down I meets woold Ned louaded wie em, and a zaays, "If ya wants ta get musherrooms av yer breakvist auvernite an start bout twelve." Bit diden matter how zoon ya

started, he wur ther avore ee.