

## THA MEANIN A DITTO

Bill Spicer wur a main stingy feller, an tho voke zed he had plenty a money, he hood never low his wife nooan, nar skiercely anything var ta buy her clothes wie. A used ta buy every thing hiszelf, and tho a wurden nar bit a scholard, dang if a cooden reckon to a varden. A wur took main bad once, zoo that he wur blidged ta let his wife av zim money ta buy in ther things, var aten an drinken. One days a lets her av a zoverign ta buy zim groceries, an she wur ta be zure an av what it com to, put down on peaper. When she com back, a looked at it, an a zaays, “Butter zo much, tay zo much, sugar zoo much, an ditto zo much, whats ditto?” a zaays, “An where is it?” “I dwoant know,” zed his wife, who wur no better scholard than her man. “Goo back then,” a zaays, “an ax tha shopmin what, an where tis.” Zoo she, jist ta zatisfy un, gooes back an axes tha shopmin about it. “My good ooman,” zaays he, “ditto means tha zeam agean.” Zoo when she gets wom, Bill baals out, “Well, what did er zaay.” “Zaay,” zed his better haaf, “why a zed I wur a vool an thee wurst ditto, which means tha zeam agean.”