

HOW THA MYSTERY WUR CLARED UP

Jim Bond wur a puzzle ta ael tha parish, a lived in a good cottage, put on a good zuit a clothes on Zundys, wore a long sleeved hat, and yaller kid gloves, an never zeemed ta be shart a money; neet a diden do about dree ar vawer days wirk a week, hedgin an ditchen, as wur his trade. Voke cooden reckon un up at ael. Bim bye, it turned out, as how tha butcher as com droo tha village every Vridy, wie his tilted cart, had lost a lot a mate, one time an tother, zoo tha bobby wur zet ta watch ta vind out tha thief. One nite atter dark, as tha butcher's cart wur gwain down tha road, Jim Bond wur zeed volleren on behine, an every now an then putten his yarm auver tha tail bouard, taken zummit out, an drowen it auver tha hedge. The Bobby wur a hiden inzide, an a popped out jist as Jim wur handen out a laig a mutton. Zoo thay collared un, an drove un off at once ta tha perleece stayshin. Thay zarched his house, an voun dree hams, zix chops, dree ar vower high-pieces, an a piece a salt beef, which tha butcher swared wur ael stole vrim his cart. Jim wur tried, an got zix months hard leabour, zo thic ar mystery wur clared up.