

## HOW THA HOSS-COPERS

DONE

WOOLD POPLA

Woold Pople wur a goodish zart of a man as yer med meet anywhere, a aelways had a good wurd ta zaay to, ar about anybiddy; mwore than that, he hood do anybiddy a kineness if it led in his power. Las Zeptember vair, a wur a looken at tha hosses, an a spectable zart of a dalin man wur showen off, an laden backurd an vorred, what appear'd ta be a rale good stamp of a cart hoss. "That looks a usevul zart of a hanimal," zaays he to a bystander, "Eece an zo tis," zaays tha strainger, "an ta tell ee tha truth, I've tried ta buy un mezelf, bit a vows an declares a wunt zill un ta I." "Hows that," zaays woold Pople getting a bit interested; "well, tis like this me vren, dwoant ee zee, I've took a leetle varm jist thase zide a Warmister, an he an I had a main dispute about a hoss I bought on un, an he swears as how he'll nevir zill another hoss ta I as long as he lives. I own I wur in vaat, as tha hoss turned out a rale good un atter ael," "dally thats a pity," zaays woold Pople, "bit cood nee get zomebiddy ta buy un var ee?" "well I didn think a that," zaays tha varmer, "bit bein a strainger in thease em here pearts, I dwoant know a anybiddy who hood do me zich a good turn," "what do er ax varn?" zaays Pople, "twenty pounds," zaays he, "an I'd willinly gie a couple a zovereigns to anybiddy as can get un var me," "will ee?" zaays Pople, "I will," zaays tha strainger, "var he'll be woth quite vive an twenty ta I," "well," zaays Pople, "I da like ta do anybiddy a good turn if I can, zoo I'll go an zee what I can do var ee; you goo on out agean thic

thar tent, an I'll goon zee tha hoss.” Zoo Pople gooes up, looks tha hoss ael auver, smooths down his laigs, pats his neck an back, an zaays ta tha ziller, “niceish zart of a hoss yeant er, Mister?” “narn better in tha vair, yer ta day var tha money,” zaays tha owner, “What do ee ax varn?” “twenty pouns,” a zed, “will ee teak nineteen?” “No, I wunt, that's tha lowest varden I'll teak, in vact I've been offer'd ael tha money be a varmer jist thease zide a Warmister, bit as he an I had a vew words about a hoss deal zom time agoo, I swore on oath, that I'd never av no mwore truck we'n, an bein a religious man mezelf I beant agwain ta brake me word.” Dally, thought woold Pople, thic tother man wurden a tellin lies then, zoo a gooes back ta tha tent wur a wur waiten varn, an a zaays, “I da think I can get thic hoss var ee , measter.” “Well, do, me good vren,” zaays he, “an if you'll do me zich a good turn, an bring un down to tha “Whatesheaf”, wur I da put up, I'll putt twenty-two goolden zoveigns into yer han, an trate ee ta whatever ya min't ta av bezides; thay da ael knaa I down there, Jeames Witty, Tinkers varm, Hatchbury, that's my neam an address.” Woold Pople hadden a got ael tha money we un, bit a zoon voun out a vren who let un av enuff. Zoo a gooes back, buys tha hoss, an gied a bwoy zixpence ta lade un down to tha 'Whatesheaf' Inn. When a got there nar a Mister Witty wur ta be zeed; thay look'd about varn, an then zent inta tha house, bit no biddy there diden know nuthen about zich a man. Poor woold Pople gun ta get a bit nervous, an a zent tha bwoy back to tha Hoss Vair ta look varn. Bim bye, a perleecemin as know'd un, an zeein on un leaden about a hoss, come up an spoke to un. Zoo Pople twould un ael about it; tha Bobby shook his yead, an zed as how he wur much aveard he'd a bin swindled. I'd better let ower Super know about it at

wonce, a zed; an jist as thay wur gwain up tha road as leades to tha vair ground to vind un, thay met tha bwoy runnin var tha life on un, an zo out a breath that a cooden speak var a minute ar two. “Measter Pople,” a zed, “thic man as ya bought tha hoss on, an thic as ya bought un var, be jist gone up tha road together in a little pwony trap, an draven like mad.” “Wich way did em turn?” zaays tha perleecemin. “Under tha railway arch, an up King way.” “Jist as I thought,” zaays tha Bobby, “you've bin took in be a pair a swindlin Hoss-copers.” Thay voun out tha Super, an as zoon as a cood he put men on ther track, bit twerden no good, thay diden catch em. Poor woold Pople voun hiszelf left wie a hoss as werden woth vive pounds; an lucky it wur that one a ower varmers took pity on un, an took tha hoss off his hands, an nex day zould un to zim gipsys, who zeem'd ta know zummat about tha hoss, but it cooden be proved thay wur in tha swim. A subscription wur got up var poor Pople, zo a diden loose much, ael's tis, a good many vokes laffs an jokes un about it to thease day. Bit teant no laffen matter ta he; “Ta think,” zaays he, “that zich nice religious men as they bouth pertended ta be, should plan ta teak I in like that ar.”