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[] and* have been used to indicate that a word is doubtful or illegible, respectively

SALAMANINI

Farnell, A. (?-?),

A Miner's Wooing: A Yorkshire Dialect Story
(1922)

Ruth Pearson was still young and comely when her husband died, leaving her a widow. With the exception of a few household goods, that was all he did leave her. She was thus thrown on her own resources. But she was a plucky Yorkshire woman, and did not mourn long on that account. Hating the very thought of charity, she determined to start some little business of her own. Being of a practical nature and a rare cook, she finally decided to open a small “fish and chips” shop in the main village street. Whether it was owing to a * patronage or to the attractiveness of her personal charms is hard to tell, but she was soon doing a roaring trade.

The Salamanca Corpus: *A Miner's Wooing* (1922)

One of her best customers was Joe Entwistle, a miner, and seldom a night without his calling for a chat and a purchase of the succulent "fish and chips" that Ruth served. At first he admired her capable manner and womanly charm, but later his admiration turned to a deeper feeling: and one night he waited until she closed the shop and the bashfully professed to escort her home.

Probably Ruth divined his intentions, for she calmly yet firmly refused him that honour.

"No, thanks, Joe", she said. "I haven't far to go".

"But I want to ax thi summat", Joe persisted. "I want to know if tha'll wed mi?"

"Sorry!" said Ruth. "But it can't be done. I want no more husbands!" With that she tripped away and left him.

Ruth's blunt refusal staggered him and weighed so heavily on his mind that he shared his secret next day with his bosom pal at the pit.

"I'll tell tha what it is", said his mate. "She's doing ower weel i' yond shop, and thinks she can do [baht] a husband nah!"

"I believe that's reight", Joe agreed, gloomily. "But I wod like to hev her".

"Well", said his pal, after a long silence, "theer's mooar ways than one o' winning a wife. I think I hev a plan at'll do it!"

"An' what's that?" asked Joe, eagerly.

"Why, start i' opposition to her!"

Joe shook his head. "That wodn't be fair", he said. "Besides, I knaw nowt abaht cooking fish and chips".

"But I can do a bit at it", replied his mate. "Nah, just do as I tell thi, an' I'll bet in a week or to she'll alter her tune."

Being desperately in love, Joe was willing to try almost anything to gain his object. So a day or two after that chat, another little fish saloon was opened neary opposite to Ruth's, with Joe and his mate installed as partners.

Not feeling any adverse effects for a while, Ruth smiled to herself but said nothing, although she shrewdly guessed the meaning of the opposition. But later, as the rumour went round that Joe Entwistle was giving twice as much for the money as she gave, she noticed a decided falling off in her nightly takings.

The Salamanca Corpus: A Miner's Wooing (1922)

As her custom went on declining, Ruth was ultimately faced with the likelihood of having to shut up shop altogether.

Before doing so, she decided to give Joe Entwistle a piece of her mind.

"I hope tha'rt satisfied, nah", she said one night as Joe came out of his shop.

Joe hung his head sheepishly.

"What's ta mean", he asked, evasively,

"Why, for ruining a poor widow like tha's done, all for spite!"

"I've as much reight as thee to hev a chip-hoil, hevn't I!" said Joe.

"No, tha hesn't", flared Ruth, "an' I'll bet tha'rt losing brass at it ivery neet!"

He seemed almost on the verge of *, and Joe felt a lumo rise in his throat.

"Na, doan't get nasty, Ruth", he said tenderly. "Happen we can come to some agreement, if we talk it ower a bit".

Ruth made no reply.

He laid his hand on her shoulder and went on:

"I've nobbut done this becos I love th' lass, and if tha'll nobbut wed mi, tha can hev t' shop, and thee an' me will run it".

"An' what abaht that scamp, thi mate?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, he's nowt to do wi it: he's bobbut been helping me a bit. Nah, come or", he continued, taking her arm, "tha'll be all reight wi' me".

Ruth looked at him with a semblance of a smile on her lips. "Well, tha art a d[oo]m 'un, Joe Entwistle", she said, so they walked away together.

"Nivver mind", chuckled Joe. "All's fair i' love or war, they say".

A few * * they were married and are now doing a flourishing trade: but Joe is not giving such huge pen'orts as he once did.